



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

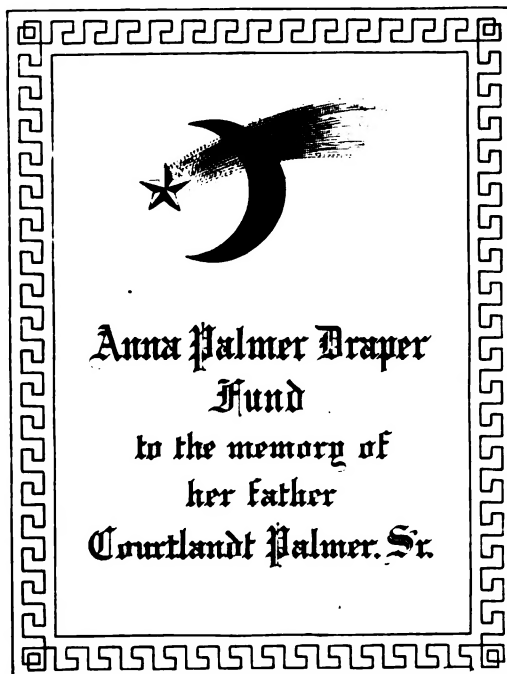
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 08166103 9



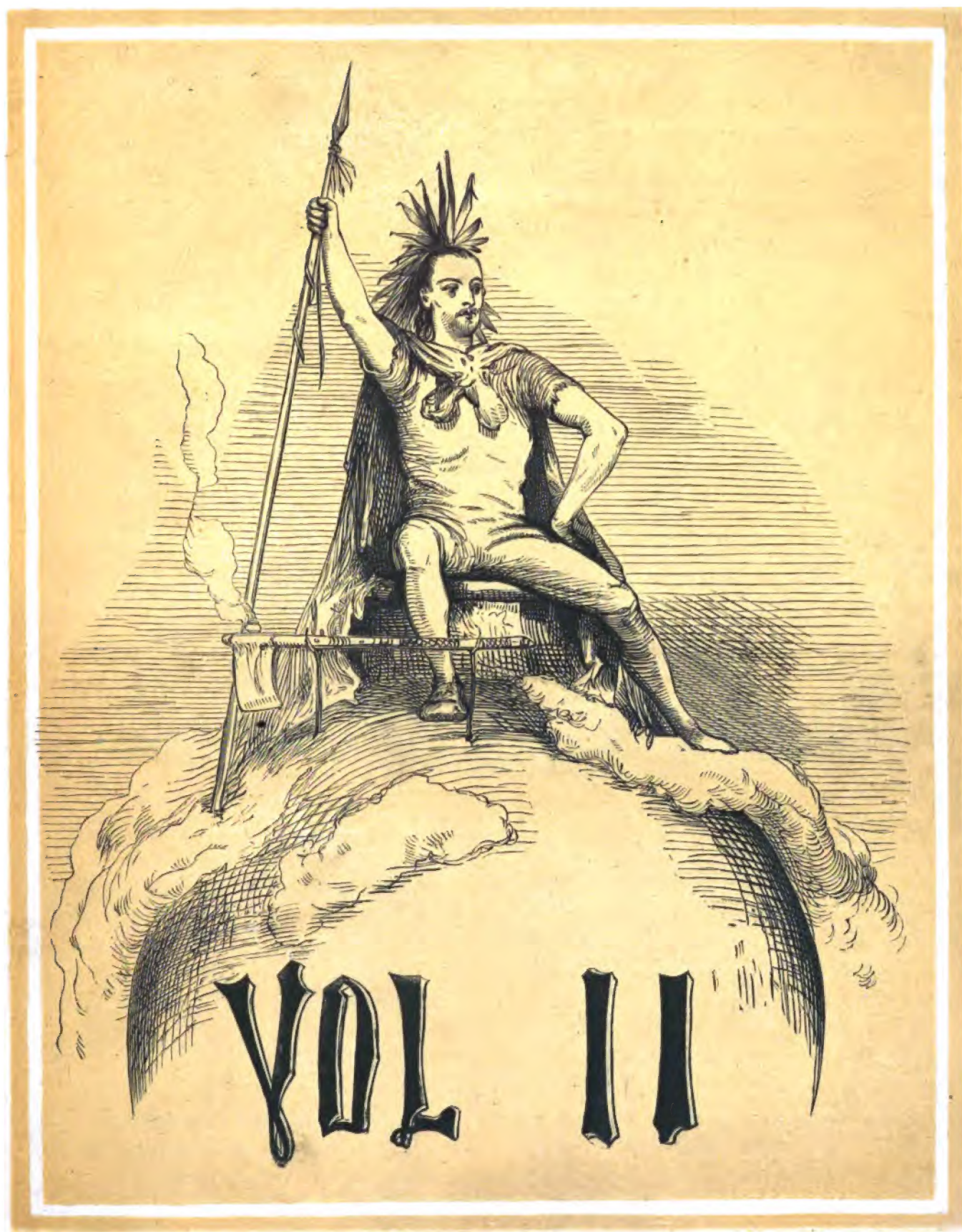
Robert Starnbank



*DA
Tomahawk.

Tomahawk

*DE



LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.
1868.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

LONDON:

M'LOWAN AND DANKS, STEAM PRINTERS,
16 GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
548063
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1913 L



FLOATING in the Air.

Floating in the Air, TOMAHAWK passes o'er the World free as the eagle, and as fearless. With eyes cast down in sorrow or raised in ecstasy. Disdainful of the Earth, and sustained by something nobler, something infinitely better than the muddy ambition of Wordly Men. Passing o'er the Earth and making towards the Great Hereafter. Away from the smoke and impurities of the earthly air into the purer atmosphere of the skies. Away from contemptible Man to soar among the rays of the Sun.

And as TOMAHAWK floats away his eyes are turned towards the Earth, and as he passed o'er the Nations—so contemptibly small when viewed from the clouds—he pauses now and again—yes, he pauses and ponders.

A mighty Land, icy cold and burning hot. A mighty Land, numbering a score of Nations—Nations that have been ruthlessly subdued, and taught to sing of their conqueror's triumphs—Nations that have learned to make a bow at the command of their enemy like unto the cringe of a wretched cur performed at the bid of its master. A mighty Land, the home of a race of mighty Bullies—Bullies who, in spite of their strength, are stolid and spiritless—who have in the Cannon their Law-giver and in the Knout a Public Instructor. TOMAHAWK leaves Russia

drunken with the blood of Poland and thirsting for further territory. Leaves the cold Barbarian with her mock Church and her Creed of Cruelty—her Chains and her Prisons—her Grandeur of to-day and her Obscurity of yesterday!

Floating in the Air, past the Nations. At last the Country of Smoky Philosophers, the Home of the Needle-gun. Hail, most valiant people, winning your battles without risk, and stealing your neighbours' property without hesitation! Hail, noble thieves and cautious cut-throats—success gives popularity, and you have been *very* successful!

Floating past the Land of Bismarck, TOMAHAWK hovers over the Country of a Usurper. He looks down upon a noble city built of stone and bankruptcy, upon an army composed of unwilling conscripts, upon a people dissatisfied and oppressed. He looks down upon the Usurper and there is blood upon his hands, and falsehood upon his soul. He looks down upon the Throne, and it is built up of Lies and Tyranny. He looks down upon the Country and he finds nought but "Sham!" False Glory, false Commerce, false Security! The power of the Usurper has risen like a dream—his prosperity may disappear like a nightmare! And TOMAHAWK looks down upon Louis Napoleon, as (remembering the *coup d'état*) well he may. Crime successful, and trickery triumphant—he sees nothing more!

Floating away from France he passes over Spain and Italy—two Countries once the pride of Europe. How changed are they now! Spain, land of decay—Italy, home of dishonesty: The first holding fast to the traditions of the Past, the last careless of the advent of the Future.

Floating more quickly now—nay, flying, for TOMAHAWK is nearing his native land,—he hovers over London. An empty Palace that should be full; a full "House" that might well be empty. A retired Queen who should be among her people; an active Statesman who should not refuse to retire into the bosom of his family. "Place not patriotism:" Once more the sentiment forces itself upon the mind of TOMAHAWK,—Oh, "Land of the Brave and the Free," where gross injustice is tolerated, and Society has a code of rules, which manufactures chains for the hands and ruin for the soul!

A little further to the West, and TOMAHAWK passes over a spot of green. This is the land of "Paddy"—poor pig-headed, warm-hearted Paddy. See how pleased he looks. He has just seen our dear Princess Alexandra—that accounts for his smile and his loyalty.

And now TOMAHAWK has to take his adieu. See, then, here is his Second Volume produced in spite of the machinations of an unfriendly Press. He has nothing to regret or complain of. The Public have been his friend. TOMAHAWK rejoices at the fact, and hopes for many, many years to return the Public's compliment.



INDEX

TO

VOLUME II.

ARTICLES.

"A HERO of Romance," 124
 "A Voice from Erin," 257
 Abyssinia, From our own Correspondent, 2, 11, 36, 94, 144, 187—Another Telegram from, 31
 Academy Midnight Meeting, the, 206
 Academy of Music, the, 82
 Acro-tic, Double, 10, 62, 102, 142, 192, 172, 192, 224—Answer to, 20, 32, 72, 112, 152, 172, 182, 202, 234
 Alabama Claims; or, Which is it to be? the, 45
 Ali Baba in Pall Mall, 57
 Always at It! 86
 Ambassadors, the, 91
 Among the Gods, 181
 Another Abyssinian Difficulty, 239
 Another Comedy, 10
 Another Eastern Question, 181
 Answers to Insane Correspondents, 256
 Anthropophagy—Important Meeting, 101
 At it Again! 34
 BAL-MORALIZING, 213
 Battle Fields of Britain, the, 172
 "Beautiful for Ever," 257
 Beaux and Belles, 121
 Bheels Again! 105
 Black and White, 240
 Boat Race, the Late, 155
 Books Received, 244
 Breaches of Etiquette! 76
 Bribery and Corruption Reformed, 96
 Brought to the Block, 84
 CANARDS aux Olives, 104
 "Capital" Joke, a, 12
 Carlisle Christianity, 101
 Carted Away, 114
 Case for the Lash, a, 151
 Charity Market, the, 186
 Cheap at the Price, 84
 Cheap Charity, 19
 Chelmsford, C., 137
 Chinese Prize Poem, a, 1
 Christmas Entertainments, the, 3
 Christmas Pantomimes, 19
 Church Militant, the, 161
 Clerical Error, a, 101
 Close Reasoning, 91

Comitist Calendar; or, the Holy days of the Positivists, the, 30
 Conscience-Money, 253
 Contraband Morals, 163
 Contradictions, 185
 Coping with a Difficulty, 135
 Court Bumbledom, 27
 Credit Judeus, 182
 Crowning the Edifice, 166
 Cruel Sports of the Far West, 240
 Cum Grano, 214
 Cure for Fenianism, a, 5
 Customs of the Country, the, 84
 DAMPING to the Ardour, 236
 Decorative Art, 197
 Definite Greed, 106
 Derby, the, 228
 Dinner Parties, 54
 Drama and its Regeneration, the, 215
 Dream of British Artists, a, 154
 Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, to his Grace the, 173
 Echo from Pall Mall, 42
 Education and Soap-history, 143
 Electric Shock, an, 54
 Empty "Heads," 116
 End of Close, 93
 Enlightened Age, the, 153
 Extracts from the Mems. of a Special Constable, 61, 77
 English History à la Française, 21
 Enigma, 42, 82, 122, 202—Answer to, 52, 92, 132, 212
 FELIX Infelix, 186
 Fenianism in the Provinces, 41
 Fiat Justitia! 141
 Follygraphic Intelligence, 152
 Force of Example, the, 48
 Fore-armed is Fore-warned, 86
 For Gentlemen Only, 66
 Free Press, a, '81
 French and Flemish Exhibition, the, 164
 Friends the French, our, 37
 From Gay to Grave! 45
 Froth, 163
 From the "Daily Telegraph," 210
 Full of Thorns, 105
 Fun of the Derby, the, 221
 Fund of Amusement, a, 208

GENTLEMEN of the Guard, 196
 Girl and the Period, the, 174
 Gladstone's Popish Plot, 182
 Golden Pippins, the, 184
 Great Improvement, a, 157

HINT, a, 74
 Hiss in Time, a, 22
 Hocus Cheaters, the, 135
 Home for the Holidays, 65
 Home! Sweet Home! 65
 Honourable Membership, 212
 How to do It, 68

ILL—"Nature's Nobleman," 136
 In Formâ Pauperis, 4
 In Memoriam.—Henry Brougham, 203
 In My Lady's Chamber, 257
 In Partibus Infidelium? 75
 In the Smoking-Room, 6, 157
 Interpreter, the:—
 Cat-o'-Nine Tales, the, 42
 Give U-a Hand, 42
 Incense, Sir, 5
 On the Cards, 42
 Too Good to be True, 42
 "Wind-bags" to the Rescue, 5
 Inevitable! the, 141

"JENKINS" of "Jupiter Junior," the, 92
 Jules once More on a Great Event, 161
 Justice for Ireland, 235

KID-GLOVEISM, 133
 King Beales the Martyr, 45
 King Stork in Pall Mall, 256

LAST Venture, the, 46
 Late Boat Race, the, 144
 Leap before a Fall, a, 234
 Leaves from a Diary kept in Paris, 33
 Liberty of the Press, 56
 Literary, 197
 Little Sense about the "Censor," a, 78
 Logogriphe, 3, 20, 32, 52, 72, 92, 111, 132—Answer to, 20, 42, 61, 82, 102, 122, 142
 Looking it in the Face, 103
 Lord Campbell's Farce, 195

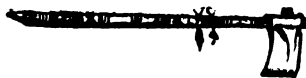
Love of a Joke! a, 81
 Lower Deep, a, 71
 MAGNA est Veritas, 154
 Making the Most of It, 212
 Maniac's Column: or, Puzzles for Lunatics, 244, 254
 Marriage Reform, 73
 Matter of Course, 241
 Medal and Muddle, 248
 Merry and Wise, 6
 "M-History the Avenger," 117
 Military Mess, a, 154
 Military Reform, 23, 37, 62, 64, 74, 98, 116, 134, 144, 206, 225
 Monstrous Ingratitude! 31
 Moral Tales for Little Statesmen, 95
 More Death than Glory, 143
 More Half-pence than Kicks, 104
 Mottoes for Sportsmen, 233
 Much Ado about Nothing, 83
 Music of the Future, the, 83
 My Fenian Friend, to, 1

NATION of Shopkeepers, a, 122
 National "Noah's Ark," the, 55
 New Convert to Orangeism, a, 62
 New Inquisition, the, 225
 News! News! News! 243
 Next War, the, 236
 Night and Morning, 6
 "Noblesse Oblige," 65
 No Soapery, 93
 Notes on the Academy, 237

OFFICIAL, 115
 "Oh! Shocking!" 36
 O Tempora! O Mores! 75
 On a Par with Mars, 145
 On the Books, 239
 On the Threshold 11
 One Man's Meat, 103
 Opera Season, the, 194
 Our Reader, 247
 Out of the Commons, 193
 Out of the Gutter, 46
 Out of the Kennel, 95
 Out of the Lines, 172
 Out of Tune, 254
 Omnibus Business, the, 137
 Ossified Asses, 205
 Other Side of the Question, the, 123
 Owl's Light, or, Darkness Visible, 131

- P's and Q-lars, on, 77
 Painted Ships and Painted Oceans, 114
 Panacea, or Panic? 21
 Paradox of the Period, the, 202
 Parliamentary Panaceas, 121
 Pat's Republic: or, the Dream and the Reality, 35, 55
 Paul Bedford's Benefit, 205
 Peace Footing, a, 53
 Peculiar People, 57
 Peep-Show, the:—
 At the Old Bailey, 191
 Glorious Sport! 171
 "The Most Shameful Sight in the World!" 29
 Under the Scaffold! 233
 People's Paradise, a, 214
 Picking Holes in Coates, 61
 Picking Up Your Spirits, 227
 Pillory Papers, the, 134
 Piping Times, 185
 Pity the Poor Agents! 116
 Plague Ship, a, 84
 "Play!" 85
 Playing at Bricks, 221
 Playing at Parliament, 208
 Pluto's Holiday, 223
 Policeman Bumble, 141
 Political Education, 153
 Poor Humbugs:—
 My Brother in the Church, 115
 My Cousin—"the Garri-on Hack," 156
 My Father "on the Turf," 105
 My Friend—in the Army, 201
 My Idol!—the "Man about Town," 211
 What made me a Humbug, 97
 Pork Quoi? 121
 Pray, don't be Frightened!
 Premium on Poisoning, a, 38
 Protest, a, 30
 Princely Patronage, 256
 Princely Pleasantry, 248
 Princely Programme, a, 95
 Puris Non Omnia Pura, 62
 Putting it to the Test, 131
 QUEEN'S Book, the, 22
 Question of the Day, the, 33
 Question of the Week, the, 163, 175, 183, 197, 208, 215
 Question of Very Existence, 217
 Question to those it may Concern, a, 121
 Quicksands and Quack-mires, 192
 RAIL at the Railings, a, 188
 Rather too Bad, 57
 Re-appearance of Mr. Speke for One Night Only, 114
 Religion of Self, the, 34
 Religious Holywell Street, 204
 Reserve Fund, the, 175
 Rewards, 2
 Roche-trop-fort, 237
 Ruat Justitia, 238
 SALADE de la Saison, 52
 "Save us from our Friends!" 152
 Sauce for Geese, 246
 Sectarian Logic, 135
 Septua: Sexa: Quinqu: Ge-ima, 101
 Sermon on the Strand, a, 107
 Shavings from the Board, 142
 Shocking Performance, a, 166
 Snobs and Snobs, 207
 Social Anomalies, 132
 Solved at Last, 101
 Some Lines by the Laureate, on, 22
 Something like Philosophy, 255
 Something that deserves Pulling, 44
 Songs with Words, 75
 Soothing Syrup, 141
 Special Administration, 63
 Speciality of Specials, the, 19
 "Spirited" Announcement, a, 185
 Spoon Meat, 24
 Stage and State, 151
 Steps to the Gallows, 204
 Storm and Tea-cups, 112
 Struggle! or Place, not Patriotism, a, 198
 Superfluous Loyalty, 33
 Surpliced Snob, a, 181
 Sweets to the Sweets, 63, 137
 Swimming on Bladders, 202
 TECHNICAL Education, 23
 Telegraph Teachings, 76
 "The Girl of the Period," 136
 "The Mayne Difficulty," 43
 "The Most Shameful Sight in the World":—
 A Good Samaritan! 71
 An Impudent Quack! 81
 A Word about the Police, 41
 Waiting for the Verdict! 58
 Water in the Desert! 61
 "The Sweet Little Cherub who Sits up Aloft," 187
 Tip of the TOMAHAWK, the, 216
 Tip, the Derby, 228
 Tadmorden Tragedy, the, 123
 TOMAHAWK's Review, 253
 "Too Civil Law," 113
 Total Annihilation of an Alderman, 84
 Townshend's Reformation, 210
 Traitor in the Camp, a, 21
 Trump in Abyssinia, a, 137
 Tu Quoque, 96
 Turf.—A Satire, the, 222
 UNDER the Index, 176
 Under the Moon, 44, 55, 64, 74, 94
 Undistinguished Amateurs, 137
 Unhappy Valley, the, 64
 University Examinations, 1899, 4
 Unseen Illuminations, 221
 VALENTINE and Orson, 137
 Valetudinarian Christianity, 35
 Very Bold Dragoon! a, 23
 Very Civil List, the, 9
 Very Harmonious Meeting, a, 111
 Very Likely! 188
 Views about a Site, 1
 Vi-Tupper-ation, 181
 Vive la France! 248
 Volo Episcopari, 24
 Vox Pumpuli! 35
 WAITS and Measures in Abyssinia, 45
 Wanted—A Few Fig-leaves, 238
 West-end Grievances, 105
 What Base Uses, to, 53
 What is Manslaughter? 7
 Where Charity Begins! 57
 Where is the Lord Chamberlain? 56
 Which is Which, and What is What? 151
 Who Cares? 78
 Who Speaks First? 95
 Why Not? 155
 Will and the Way, the, 222
 Wings of Fancy, on the, 165
 Wisly-Washy, 55
 Wolf-Crying, 247
 Woman and Her Critics, 72
 Woman's Emancipation, 134
 Woman's Word-book, 111, 121, 132, 136, 152, 157, 164, 176, 186, 197, 204, 216, 228, 236, 246, 268
 Women of England, to the, 245
 Word to the Police, a, 44
 Worked by Wires, 237
 "Working Man"—His Sentiments, the:—
 Orator Stubbings on "Magner Charter," 9
 Orator Stubbings on "the Year 67," 14
 Orator Stubbings on Ireland, 115
 Worse and Worse, 196
 CARTOONS:—
 "A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK!" or, Translated from the German, 9
 After the Battle! or, Easter, 1868, 158
 At Last! 127-128
 DEFENDING THE THRONE! or, the English Joan of Arc, 259
 Defying the Avalanche! or, Disraeli versus Justice, 148-149
 Duel in the Dark, a, or, a Yankee Notion, 65-69
 FALSE STEP! a, or, the Foad to Ruin, 119
 Fenian Faust! the, 48-49
 "Foul Play!" or, a Valentine to the Rescue, 88-89
 "HERE WE ARE AGAIN!" or, a Clerical Clown, 99
 Home from the Derby! 218-219
 "Home, Sweet Home!" or, the Friend of the Spirits, 189
 JUSTICE FOR IRELAND! a New Version of the Colleen Bawn, 16-17
 LONDON BY NIGHT! or, Who will draw the Curtain? 26-27
 "MAD, MY MASTERS, MAD!" 7
 Modern Hercules! the, or Tomahawk's Anniversary, 173-179
 PRUSSIAN PHAFTON! the, 108-109
 RACING DEATH! or, Sketched at Bromley, 168-169
 Respite—Not Pardon! or, the Execution of the Irish Church, 209
 Rotten Row, 250-51
 SETTLING DAY! 230-231
 Slender Chance! a, 79
 Struggle! a, or, Place, not Patriotism, 199
 "TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!" or, What it Must Never Come to, 241
 "The Girl of the Period!" or, Painted by a Prudent Prude, 139
 WAITING FOR THE VERDICT! or, "The Most Shameful Sight in the World," 89

(The above Index does not include short Paragraphs.)



CALENDAR



January.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

February.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

March.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

April.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

May.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

June.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

July.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

August.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

September.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

October.

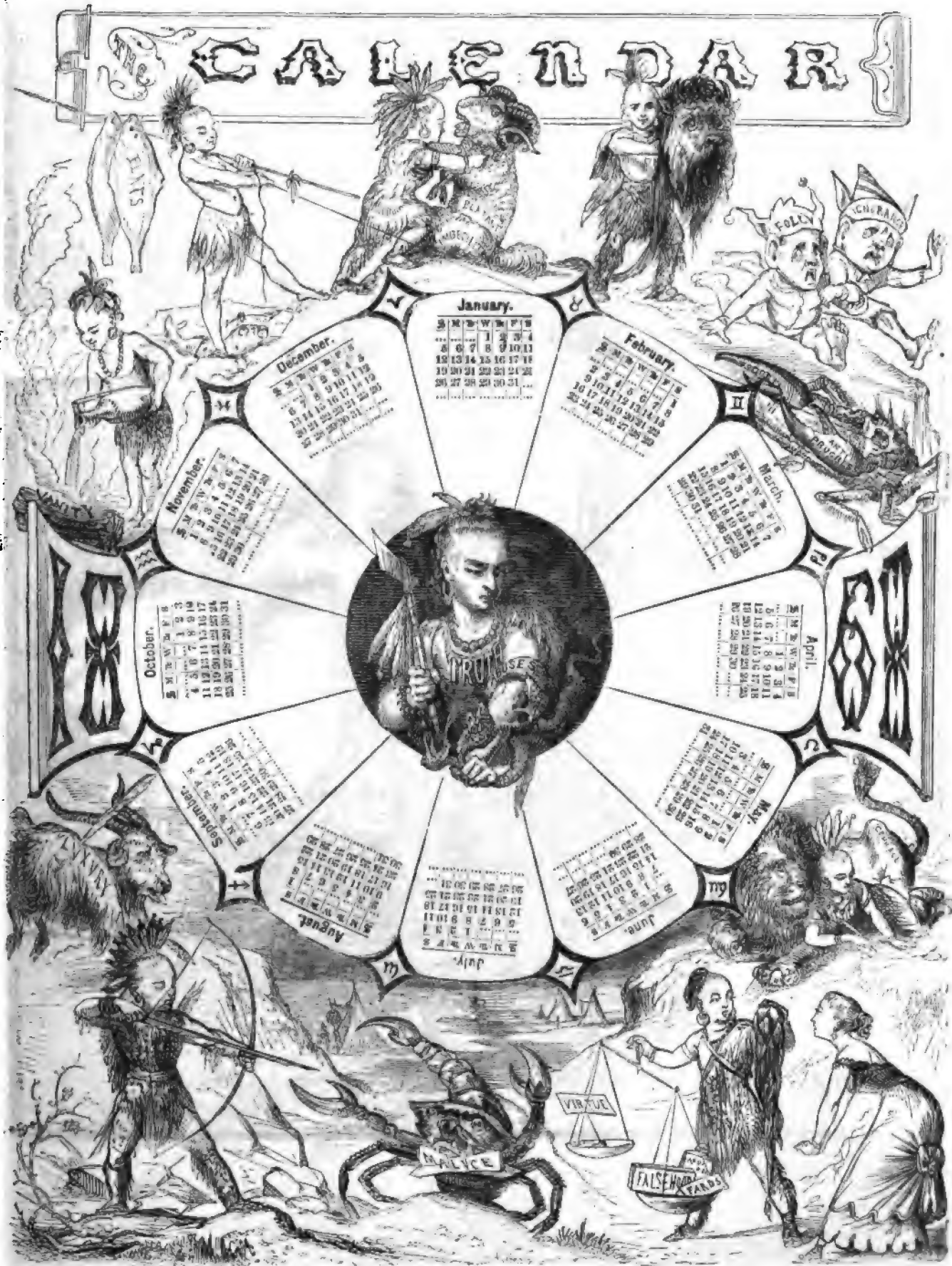
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

November.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

December.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

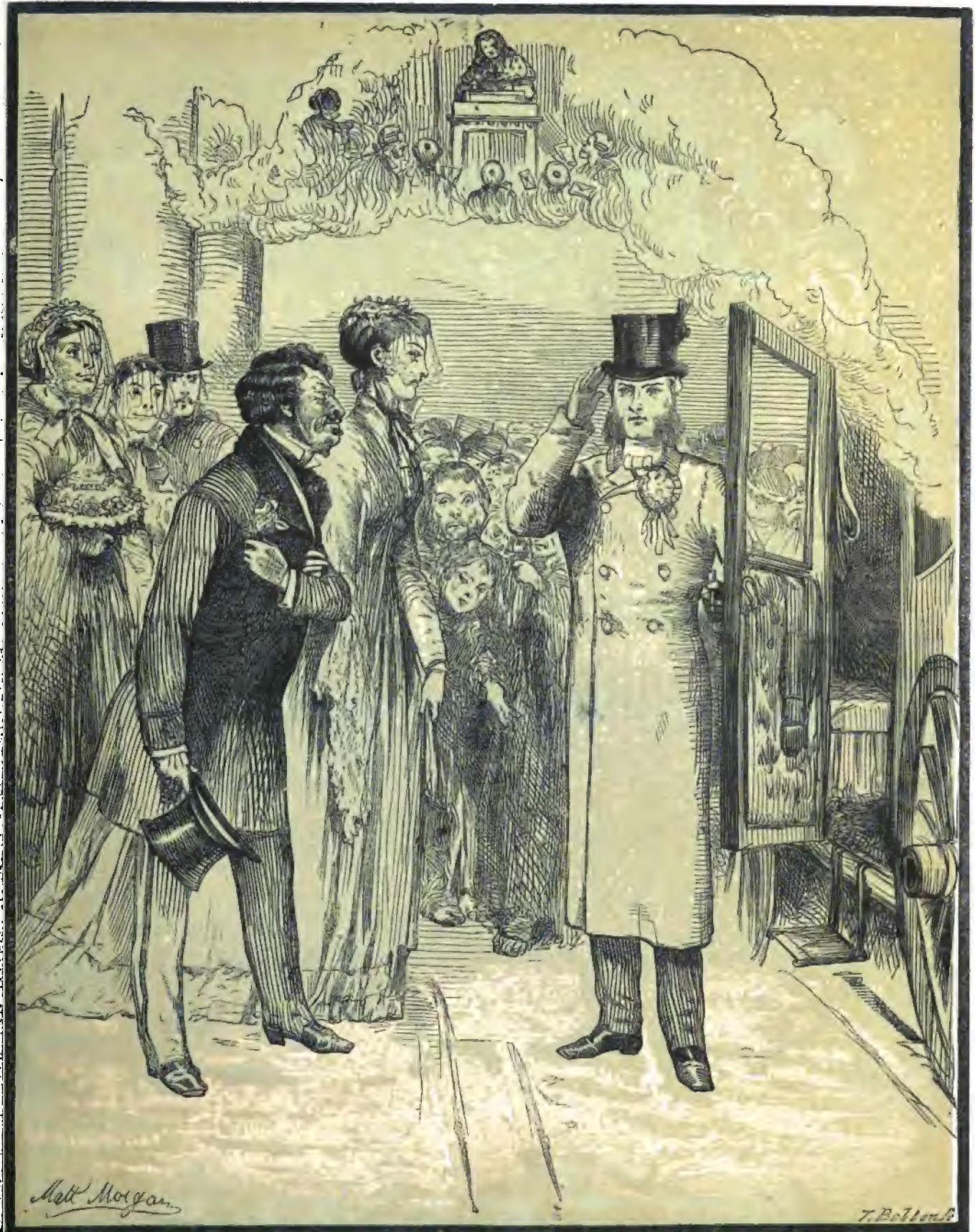




A. B. C!

Pretty, and only playing!
 Playing; yet as you bend
 The twig, so runs the saying,
 The tree will grow. Worth weighing,
 That bent—its aim—its end!

Feed every whim. No measure
 To selfish thoughts—Ah me!
 Why poison life with pleasure?
 Why waste the young hearts' treasure!
 Why?—This is A. B. C.



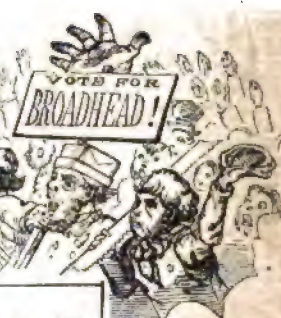
L. S. D!

Alas ! that youth entices
Such things as these—yet gold
Will blind the world, and vices,
Like maidens, name their prices—
While truth is bought and sold.

Happier those around her ;
Happier—they are free !
For a golden snake has bound her,
In its fatal coil has wound her—
Cursed, venom'd, L. S. D.



THE POLITICAL YEAR



BALTIMORE



RHINE



IN the latter days of the year when the trees waved their large arms, and the cold winds blew stronger, TOMAHAWK arose and looked abroad backwards over the journey he had taken through the land of Shams. And as he gazed his heart grew sad within him, for there was not a moon of all those that lit his path but had brought to him some woe, some regret, some shame, for the great land which men have so disfigured with their lies and hypocrisies. And he wondered above all things at the men he had beheld, for they seemed as ants running here and there, struggling, driving, and pushing wildly night and day to drag ever so little a blade of straw into ever so little a hole.

Then he saw in the far distance a great palaver of national talking-men tugging and tearing at a great shapeless mass of scraps and ends, and old clouts, which they called Reform, each man striving to burrow his own nest in it, and calling Heaven and earth to witness against the nests of his fellows. Now, the Take-alls had got the whole heap into their possession, and Disraeli, their chief, climbed up to the top of the heap and made faces by the space of three whole moons, till men were tired to death. And he took all the standards, and the bows and arrows of the Take-alls, and trampled upon them, and threw them down to the Give-alls, making his own braves eat dirt for many moons. Then he came down with a great medicine-bag, and drew out from it a machine with glasses, which he set up in the palaver, and drew therewith ever-changing and dissolving pictures such as make those who look upon them to wonder, and he showed the talking-men monsters, called Dual Votes, Fancy Franchises, and Compound Householdors; but they would not look at them. So then he changed the slides, and showed them pictures of virtue and happiness, and working men, beautiful to see. Some of the wise Give-alls said that they were cheats, but the rest were very glad, and as TOMAHAWK looked, he saw Disraeli standing on the top of the heap crying that he alone had built it up, and calling upon the world to do him honour; but it had already begun to crumble away, and a great shadow was coming upon it from below, which makes all those who have eyes to see it tremble.

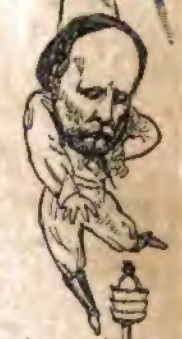
Near to that place was a black spot ringing with the sound of the loom and the mill, where dwell men who have made it black for themselves, and who go thence, silently and stealthily, to murder those who will not dwell with them.

And some fools praised these men for their wisdom; but TOMAHAWK saw nothing but selfishness and hempen halts in their philosophy.

Nearer still, was a dark pit in the track, which was made hundreds of years ago in the greenest spot of the land of Shams, and since then many generations of men have dug into it, until the whole earth around has been undermined. From that pit many a wail of distress, and many a cry for pity arose in old times, but no heed was given, except that now and then some statesman would sprinkle in a handful of earth, and bid the dwellers therein be quiet, for he had filled up the pit. But in the second moon of the year, these dwellers in darkness rose up madly and returned for wickedness, greater wickedness, so that the statesmen of the land of Shams trembled. And the blood flowed in a bitter stream, which made all the old seeds of hate send out roots and spring up till they overshadowed the land like poison trees. And TOMAHAWK sighed for a man who should be strong enough to cut down those trees and fill up the pit, so that all men should live in light and liberty.

Far away over the seas, there were huge shapeless clouds looming up as though they would cover the sky for ever. There in the West, a deceived and betrayed man was lying out in the light of day, with bullets through his heart—a bitter punishment for ambition of power and trust to allies. Nearer, sat Caesar the Frenchman, declaring that he had made all men happy by showing them arts and manufactures where they wanted liberty, and training his cannon upon the Northern Giant, whose appetite no states can satisfy. And turning to the sun, TOMAHAWK saw Caesar's godchild, Victor the Salacious, chasing with red-shirts rolled back from Rome. And everywhere blood, till the earth was ruddy from East to West. Still, further away, over the tombs of the Pharaohs, more blood to be shed; for the officials of the land of Shams had, in their lordly way, hustled some poor men into a pit, and being unable to pull them out again, resolved to cave in the pit with horse, foot, and artillery on the heads of all who were in it—at which work they are still labouring, after their manner.

Many, many other things, did the Savage hear and see, honesty overthrown and vice triumphant, merit wallowing in the gutter, and brazen effrontery lordling it in the high places at the feasts and the festivals.





Place aux Dames. A vision of fair women; many that should be girls, but never were and never will be—toiling, scheming, pretending, lying, all for the same end. See them preparing for the auction! False bloom on the cheeks, false locks on their head, false brightness in their eyes, false smiles on their faces, false bosoms and false hearts: this is the armour which chastity puts on in its struggle for holy marriage. What a wearisome round of labour? Is that the treadmill? No! it is the round of pleasure in the Season, over and over again; the cheek needs more colour still to hide its ghastly pallor. And when the prize is gained, is it worth one of these days of toilsome deceit? A magnificent trousseau, a troop of titled bridesmaids, a husband noble in rank at least; but the white dress is a shroud which hides a dead heart.

Four worn, anxious-looking faces—men this time—trying to keep themselves awake with stimulants, nodding half-stupified over some cards and a green table, playing mechanically, winning without pleasure, losing without regret, dead to everything now; but as each at length leaves the room, the bright sun breaking in, spite of blinds and curtains, a paper is handed to them which, when they wake from their heavy sleep, will tell them what last night's pleasure cost. We have done away with gambling Hells; let us congratulate ourselves, and if we are courting respectable ruin, let us have a quiet rubber at the Club.

A crowd of eager busy faces, with deep lines of cunning and greed of gain stamped on them, agitated by every rumour, feverishly studying every share list, rarely looking at their own ledger, putting their hands every now and then into their own pockets and finding no money there, putting them next into those of widows and saving fathers of families, and other foolish, steady, jog-trotting creatures who don't know how to turn money over and over. These are honest men; these are an honour to their country; these are our great City men. Home at night to splendid palaces in the West-end; home to dine off rich plate and on every luxury that money can procure, and the next evening their names in the Gazette—an honourable bankruptcy, and for those who trusted them dishonourable poverty.

Still men, but some relief to the picture at last. Horses, too; men trying to infect these noble animals with their own vices, and only succeeding where the animals cannot help them-

selves. Vulgar faces, noisy harsh voices, pushing bragging ways; but they rub shoulder to shoulder with noblemen who are glad enough to touch their money, if not their hands. Gentlemen and cads mingle here in delightful social intercourse, each trying to cheat the other. Here comes a face that should be young, but which is haggard already; shouts of triumph greet him from all his noble comrades; he has broke the Ring! Before TOMAHAWK can join in the shout the scene changes, and the same face appears more haggard still; this time no shouts, but a rapid buzz of whispers, and shrugs of shoulders, and some cold looks, for this time the Ring have broken him, and one of England's richest noblemen is a pauper! But never mind, he has learnt one or two sharp tricks, and the breed of horses is improved. By all means let us keep up racing.

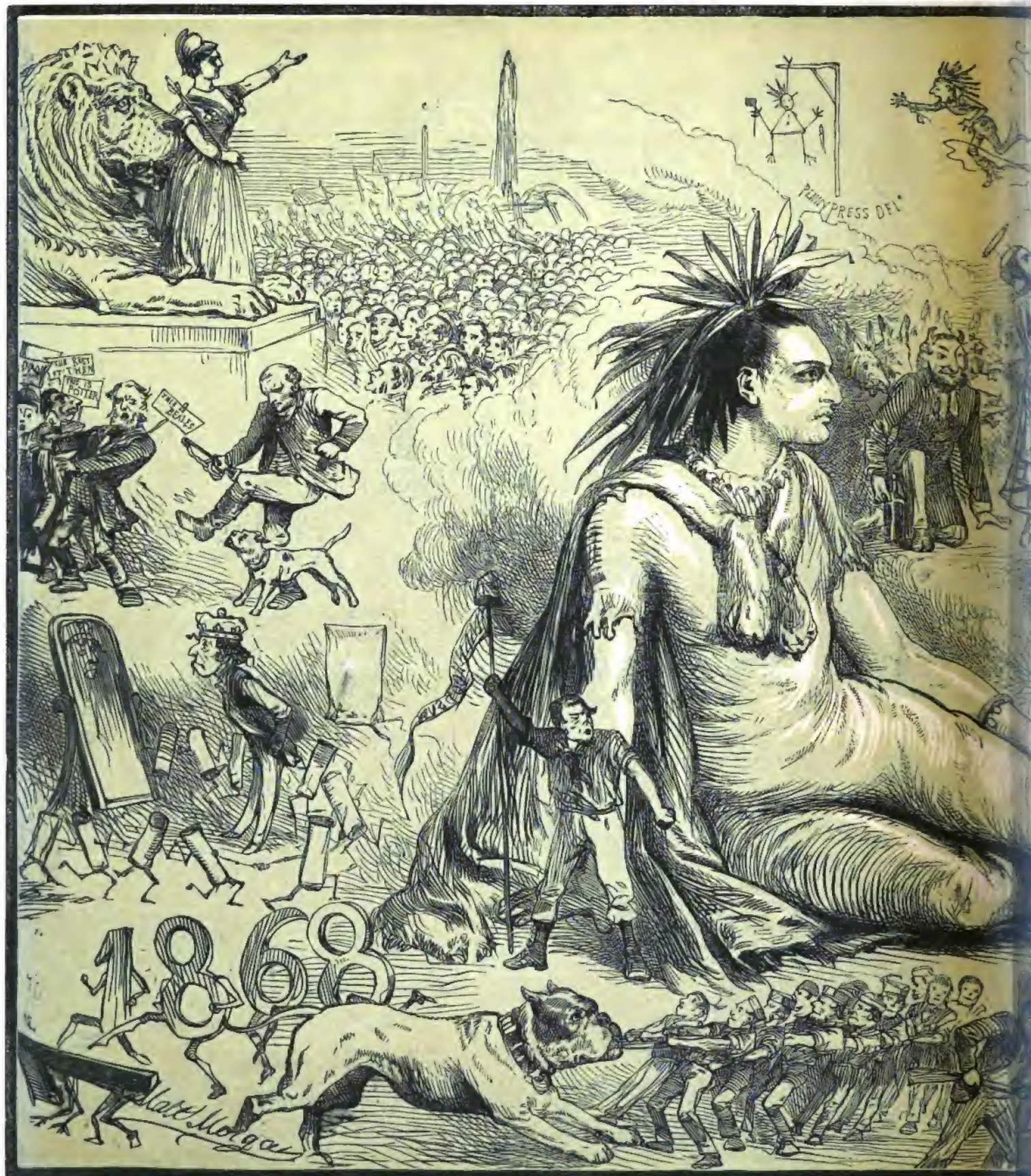
But are there not brighter visions? Let us go to higher scenes. The Court: that at least is happy. Many strange faces, sovereigns from distant lands, pass before me: one who is the first of his race that ever visited our shores; I see a people, I see a Prince welcome him, but for one face TOMAHAWK looks in vain. A cloud comes over the picture, but in the cloud is a rainbow. May its promise not be a false one.

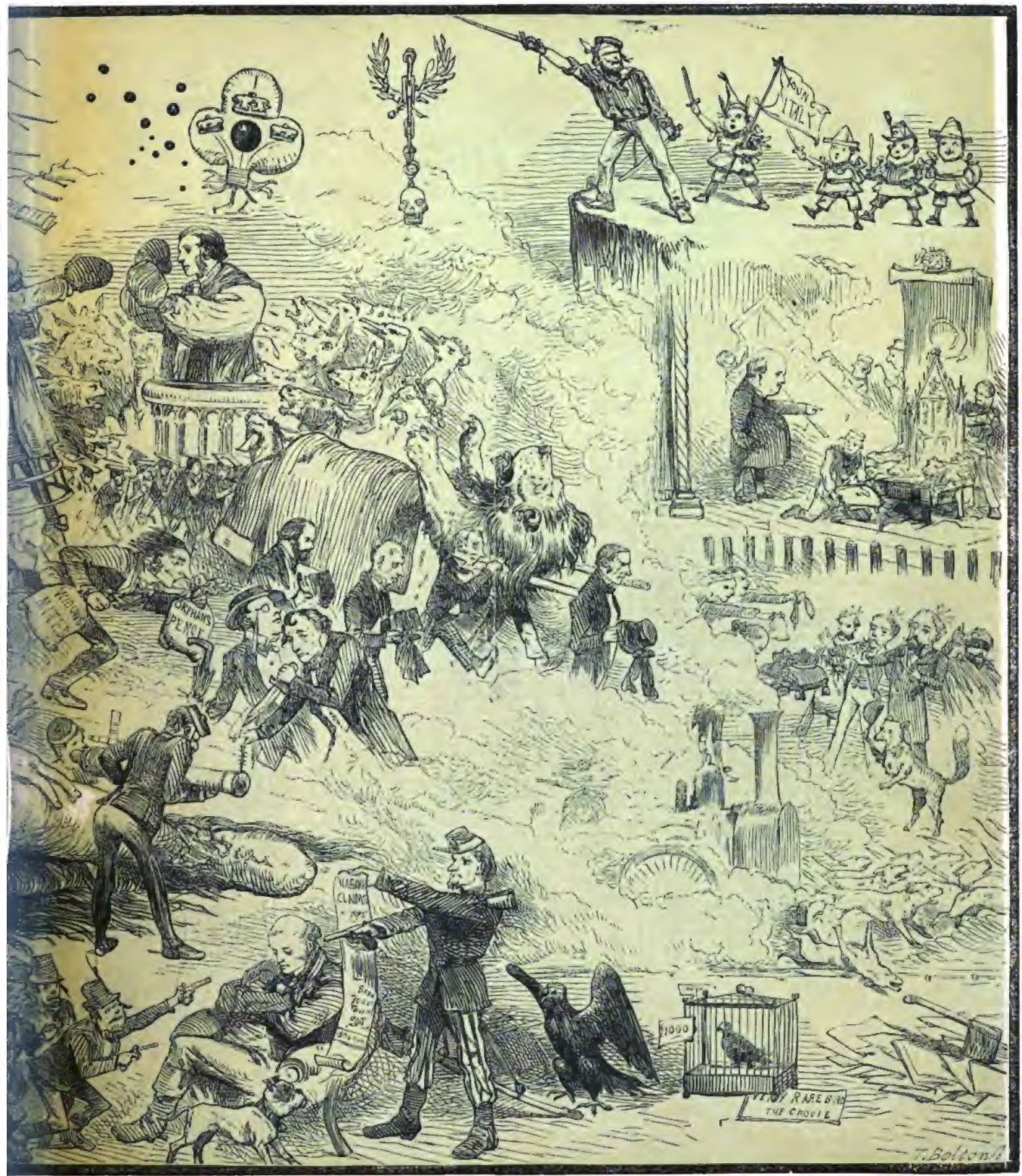
Holier visions now. There can be no social life without religion. Surely there will be a bright picture now. Men and women too, with eyes raised to Heaven so devoutly, and see! crowds of priests in beautiful robes, and incense and candles, and all the external splendour of a great faith, and no doubt its self-devotion and charity too.

Certainly, for here are the priests and here are devout sisters helping them, cutting out wonderful patterns, and piecing together gay-coloured silks, and a crowd of gloomy men in plain, rusty black, and gloomier sisters cursing these workers of fine raiment for their sins.

And outside, in the dark damp lanes and filthy crowded alleys and courts, obstinate human beings starving and dying of fever and consumption,—dying without a faith, except in the curse of poverty. This is the greatest crowd of all, and among them some bright forms flit to and fro; but there are few angels among so many! One word more. Let TOMAHAWK end his review in the hearty English fashion, by wishing the world a right Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!









THE CAPTAIN SPEAKS.

"SIR," said Captain Slater, as he lighted his cheroot in the smoking-room of the London, "I will speak to you about the literature of the year. I will tell you what has been doing. Look at the paper magazines! Why, there have been two or three fresh ones coming out every month during the year to take part in the Great Padding—ton Handicap; and the majority of them have joined in the race so heavily weighted that they have not been able to make any running at all. The name of every street, square, court, and blind alley in London will soon be used up, and become a registered title for a Mag. And what will be the result of this, sir? Why they will have to apply to the Metropolitan Board of Works to invent new names for old streets, to provide titles for the forthcoming magazines; and they will have to procure new copies of all the old magazines and cyclopedias at the British Museum, to enable the contributors to the new publications to get their articles ready in time, so great will be the rush of the 'Gleaners' and the 'Paddlers.'

"Poetry, sir? Ah! here we have something choice, indeed. Have we not the Poet Close, the Poet Menken, and the Poet Swinburne? Did you ever read *La Noyade*? If you have not, don't. I have, and the only thing it suggests to me is the horrible idea of poetry being lashed to such a poet, hurled from Parnassus, and falling into the inky sewer of literature, where everything that is foul and filthy, from the old Holywell street garbage to the 'Confessional Unmasked,' seethes and stews amidst the rank and loathsome ink-tipped reeds.

"And what novels we have had during the year! Novels written by boarding-school misses about great crimes and heroic criminals! Novels written by clerks about the habits and conduct of lords and ladies! Novels written by women about Bohemianism! Novels written by Bohemians about women! Old books under new titles. Plagiarisms from the works of others. Translations from the French. Literary morality is all cant and humbug. Literature, sir, is a trade, and its motto ought to be, 'Put money in thy till.' Just think for a moment of the absurd hubbub made about poor Babington White. What did he do? Why nothing more than this: He simply translated a French work by Octave

Feuillet, called 'Dahlia,' produced it as his own, and called it 'Cicee,' an original novel. Was it not most offensive and brutal for two envious journals to call out 'Stop Thief' and attack poor White for such a literary success? Was it not the height of generosity for Babington's Editor to throw herself before her *protégé*, and defend him from his noisy pursuers, who showed themselves so ignorant of all true literary principle? Like Queen Isabella, when the indignant Barons burst upon her, and she exclaimed 'Spare! oh! spare my gentle Mortimer,' so did the great Queen of Fiction heroically call to the fierce and cruel scribes to spare the noble White! What's that you ask me, sir? Did I go to the Pickwick Banquet? Of course I did. I went to see the great men eat and drink, and bow down before the great Pickwickian, and offer him their homage. Was it not an event, sir, to stir the whole world of Literature, Science, and Art? The great Pickwickian was going to America to open a show, and so all the Pickwickian devotees assembled round their idol, and beat their gongs, and blew their trumpets, and called out to the anxious Universe to 'Walk up! Walk up!' for the great Pickwickian was 'Alive! Alive!' and was 'just going to begin!' Derogatory, do you call it? Rubbish. Every literary man in these days must have his show of some sort. Whether it is a recitation with comic voices and comic faces, and two candles and a glass of water, or a panorama with comic singing, or imitations of vulgar old women, Punch and Judy, and a pig under a gate, it does not matter. If he wants to make money, and raise the standard of the literary profession, he must have a show! Why sir, I should not be in the least surprised to see some day the author of 'Pelham' going about the country with a wax-work exhibition, containing 'working figur.'s of the principal characters of his creation; or the Poet Laureate visiting the watering places with his face blackened, and singing his own poems to the accompaniment of a banjo.

"The Royal Press has been busy, sir, during the past year, and promises to be more so during the year to come. Grey, Martin, Helps, will have their work to do. What is the name of the new work announced? Is it not 'Life in the Highlands; or Butter Scotch'? If so, may we not soon expect the companion work, and will not this be called 'Life in Higher—land; or Melted Pats'? There, sir, I've told you all I know about the literary year. Waiter! bring me 'The Quarterly.'"





THE DRAMATIC YEAR



SCENE.—A particularly good Border of the TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.

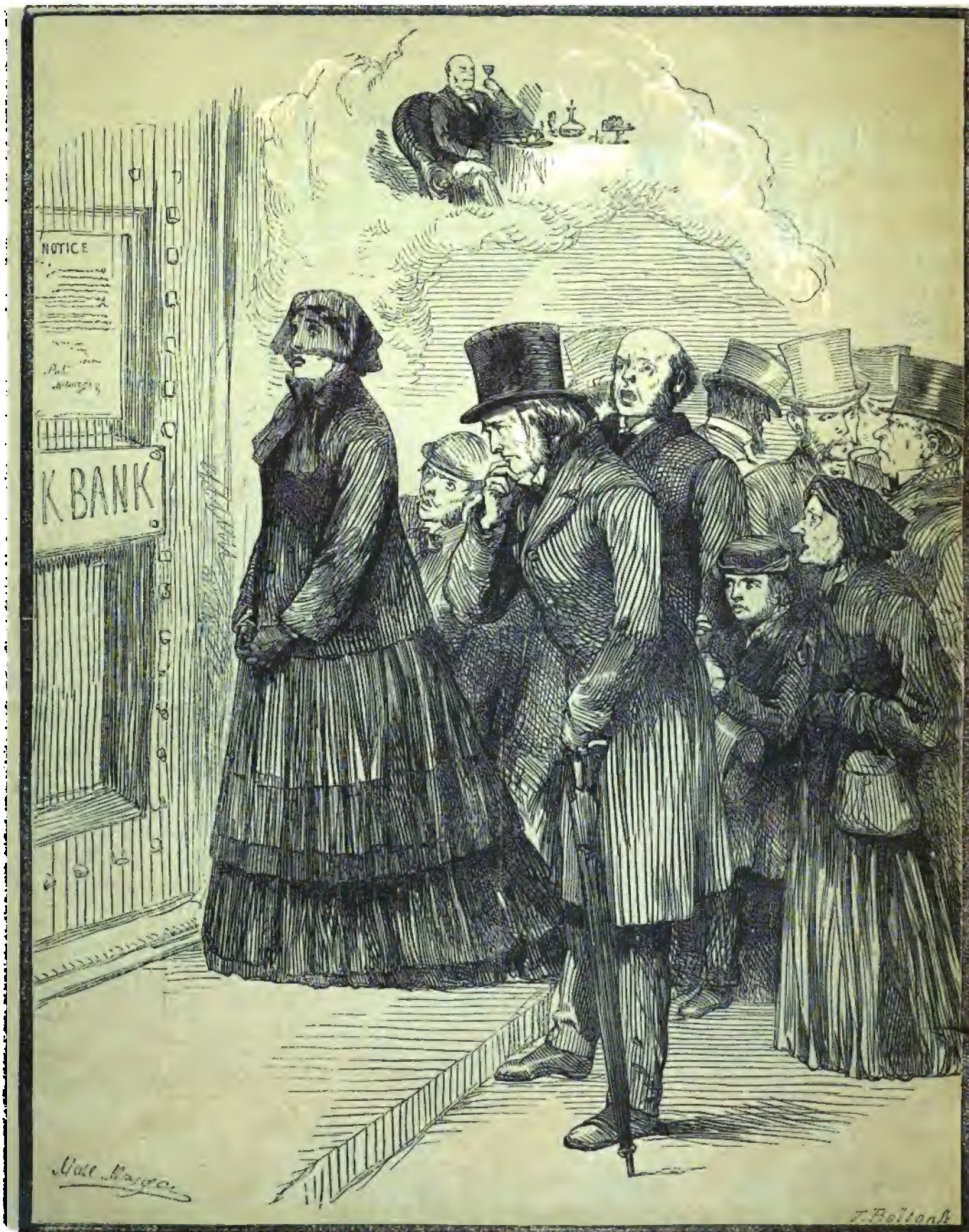
"Ah, this is an improvement" I can hear you say, as you take yet another glance through the glass of my Peep-Show. You will make no mistake about it *this* time. You will not talk rubbish like you did about the "*Morning Thunderbolt*" being an attack upon such and such a paper (when, if you had considered just one little moment, you would have known very well that the *Thunderbolt*, after all, was merely the incarnation of journalistic roguery), nor stuff as you did about "the Poor Players," being a cruel unmanly hit at such and such a deserving actress, pretending that the tableau was being aimed at a person and not at a system. Neither will you descend to "bosh," as you did in discussing the merits of my words, anent "Gentlemen and Scholars." No, sapient members of the press (for to you do I address my preface), you shall have no room for a mistake *this* time. I purpose calling on this occasion a spade a spade, a swan a swan, and a goose a goosey-goosey-gander. To commence then. Look above. Do you see a cook dipping into the heads of Dumas and Maquet. Yes. Well, that's an original dramatic author preparing a dish for the public. If he could speak you would hear him say—

"Fe fi fo fum,
I smell the wit of a Frenchy man,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I will suck his brains to earn my bread."

However, as he does *not* speak, you can't hear him. For your consolation I may tell you that with all their culinary labours these miserable cooks seldom produce anything more valuable than a sad hash. For all that, as they seem to be partial to "dishing up," I should very much like to see what they'd do if the public one day took it into its head to give them their just reward—the cold shoulder. To the right please. "The British Drama." All that is wanted now-a-days, to secure a gigantic success is one of two things, either a sensation drama or a classical burlesque. For the sensation drama secured a hack and a "Hansom." It won't cost you much, you can get your "Hansom" from the cab-rank, and your hack from—somewhere else. For the burlesque, what you lack in brains, make up with legs. Down the side please. Do you recognise that young lady? It is meant for Mrs. Scott Siddons. She will be very nice one of these days when she has distinguished the difference that

exists between reading and acting the works of Shakespeare. The young lady beneath her (in only one sense of the word) *ought* to be saying "Oh Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou the *Times*' critic in the absence of Mr. John Oxenford?" I suspect were the question put that few people would be able to give "the reason why?" Strange to say the gentleman addressing her, although bearing a strong resemblance to a *tailor*, belongs to quite a different profession. If not a cheese-monger, to say the least, he's very fond of butter! Along the bottom of the page please. There you have the "Distinguished Amateurs." I'm sorry to say that "our artist" hasn't been quite honest in this part of the picture. The fact is, Lord Townsend's coronet has been a little too much for him, and has induced him to descend to *gross flattery*! Next you have a scene from "For Love." In this piece author, manager, actors, and everybody concerned in the matter were at sea—in fact, the only thing in the drama that couldn't possibly have been at sea was the ship introduced into the second act! Next you have Captain Crosstree. Don't you think that the burlesque of the British Sailor, commenced by Douglas Jerrold, has been completed to some purpose by Mr. Frank Burnand? Four figures at the very least my dear sir!—burlesques are very profitable things I can assure you! Of course they are great "bosh," but—write one! The next is Miss Mazeppa. If she'd lived before the Fall she might have contributed to a Book of Fashions, edited by Eve! And now for a pleasant duty—I'm going to bury the hatchet. You must not think me ugly if I tell you I've a "*caste*" in my eye, because its only my waggish way of alluding to the great success of the season. First then Miss Marie Wilton—perfectly charming. Second Mr. Bancroft,—a little dollish perhaps, but on the whole exceedingly good. Mr. Honey, far, very far from horrible; Miss Lydia Foote, very nice; and Mr. F. Younge, very, h'm, very (well,—the hatchet's buried) very *conscientious*! Bravo! bravo! Mr. Hare, and bravissimo a thousand times Mr. Tom Robertson. By-the-bye, I have been requested to inform you that the pleasant-looking gentleman in evening dress at the top of the group is a correct likeness of the "Author of Society." This announcement, while proving of great service to those who have *not* seen Mr. Tom Robertson, will (of course) be regarded as *quite* superfluous by those who have!





I. O. U!

Ruin, that's all—to-morrow,
 Ruin? God help them then!
 To starve, to beg, to borrow,
 Their lot? Well, wherefore sorrow—
 Are we not gentlemen?

What "fraud and theft?" oh! no, sir,
 Such charges are not true!
 A duty, you must know, sir,
 That to ourselves we owe, sir,
 But laugh at I. O. U.



R. I. P!

Tears, loving tears, have started
From every eye; be still—
For we are broken-hearted,
We miss the dear departed,
God bless him!—Where's his Will?

What! nothing? Not a penny!
The miser!—Hush! you see
He cuts up well for many—
Who cares? I've not got any—
Ah! who? Well—**R. I. P.**



The Music of 1867! Yes; but only so much of it as has been heard in this country. For, were we to wander beyond our own shores, and discuss the music of other nations, the entire TOMTAWK ALMANACK itself would scarce suffice for the amount of space which we should require. Even though we confine our remarks to the music which has been brought out in England, we shall find that the present notice must necessarily partake of the nature of an epitome, inasmuch as the past twelve-month has not been unfruitful in novelty.

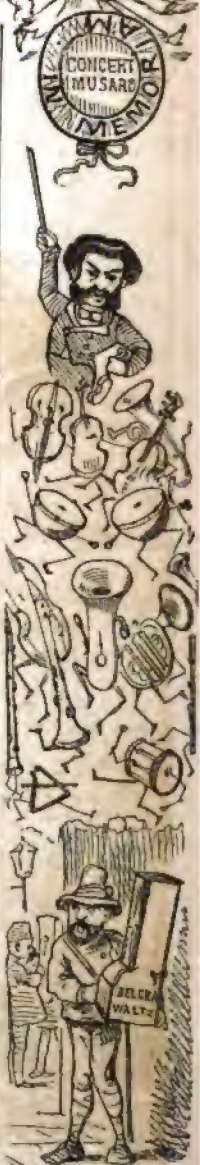
Let us first turn our attention to Italian Opera, and it will be found that three new works of importance have been produced during the last season, viz.: *Don Carlos*, *La Forza del Destino*, and *Roméo e Giulietta*. With regard to the first-named, which was written for the Grand Opera at Paris, where it was produced in the early portion of the year, we can only say that Signor Verdi selected a gloomy subject, and rendered it still more gloomy, by his mode of treatment. It has achieved no public success either in Paris or London, and we do not believe it to be in the nature of things that the piece should ever be acceptable to the great majority of those who hear it. Still, *Don Carlos* contains some admirable music, and affords evidence of careful and anxious attention which is not usually to be found in its composer's works; we should have been pleased if the opera had proved more successful. We cannot repeat this observation with regard to the *Forza del Destino*, the libretto whereof is from the pen of Signor Piave, who has been the collaborateur of Signor Verdi in nearly all the latter's triumphs. This poet, however appears to have a natural taste for murder, and, in the present instance, he has given free reins to his fancy. The piece was well mounted at Her Majesty's Theatre, but proved no success; in fact, it was hard to guess what the story was about, further than that nobody was left alive at the end of the opera excepting Signor Arditi. Adverting to the dearth of good voices, it was a treat to hear (as we did in the *Forza del Destino*) such a fine toned quartette as Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley.

We will now go back to Covent Garden, and see what happened to M. Gounod's last dramatic work, *Roméo e Giulietta*. The advent of this piece was looked to with much interest; the more so as its first performances in Paris, with Madame Carvalho and M. Michot in the principal parts, had been received with an unusual degree of favour.

We question if this opera will ever obtain the success in this country which it has met with abroad; it may be that Englishmen do not like a foreigner to meddle with Shakspeare—it may be that the subject of the play, in all the wealth of its beauty and poetic tenderness, is somewhat too much of the same colour to render it well fitted for an operatic work. We cannot pretend to know the reason, but we are inclined to believe that this last musical version of *Roméo*—the best which has been made, and containing rare beauties—will never prove entirely acceptable in this country. With regard to the performance, it should be mentioned that, although the score was much cut about (and not very judiciously) in order to bring it within the limits of duration which are prescribed for an opera brought out at Covent Garden, the manner in which the piece was mounted, and its general execution were satisfactory. A special word of praise is due to Madlle. Patti, whose *Juliet* is, to our thinking, her best part.

Let us now find our way amongst English composers, to stay for a brief moment with them before concluding our remarks. We shall find that Mr. Sullivan, who is justly in the foremost rank, has been idle, and, since the composition of his overture to *Marmion*, has given nothing to the world except a certain number of songs; now, some of these songs are well enough in their way, whilst others are so completely the reverse that Mr. Sullivan's name ought never to have been attached to them. Shall we single out the songs we mean? Well, no we will not—undoubtedly, he knows which they are as well as we do, and if he will promise us that this sort of thing shall not occur again, we will say no more about it; for has he not composed "*Cox and Box*," as graceful and refined a piece of musical comedy as we know?

A word, too, for Miss Virginia Gabriel, who has written charming melodies, and shown much dramatic instinct in a comic opera, entitled the *Lion's Mouth*. This accomplished lady, whose work, by the way, is invariably graceful and vocal, was assisted, in the performance of the above piece, by amateurs who, both dramatically and vocally, can have left her but little to desire. Whilst on the subject of comic opera, we may ask whether Mr. Frederic Clay is going to "rest and be thankful" upon the good fortune which has attended the performances of his operetta, *Out of Sight*. We almost think that it is about time that he should write something else.



THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 35.]

LONDON, JANUARY 4, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO MY FENIAN FRIEND!

Is it a useless task to preach to madmen? If not—listen to me.

Oh thou representative of a miserable rabble of patriotic shoe-makers and public-spirited scavengers open wide your Irish ears (they are long enough by all conscience), and drink in a little reason. I don't expect you will, because I know you to be a dolt, an idiot,—a mischievous maniac. I'm not going to mount upon stilts, for eloquence would be lost upon you, nor am I going to take any particular trouble about my style, because I know my audience, I know you to be either a fool or a knave, or perchance, both. Anything in the absence of the hangman's rope will be good enough for *you*. No, listen to me as you would at one time have hearkened to your parish priest, to Father O'Toole, or the Reverend Patrick O'Flannagan. Why are you not near them now? You hang down your head, "You don't know." *But I do!* You *daren't* go near them! If you appeared in their churches they would send you away unabsolved from the Confessional, unblessed from the rails of the altar!

Why?

Simply because you are accursed! You know it full well. You are unclean, accursed, condemned to perdition. These are not my words, they form but the sentence pronounced by your own people, by your own Church. There is not a priest in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland that would give you absolution were you, yes, on your death-bed. In the sight of the Pope and the "Holy Roman Catholic Church" you rank with those gallant soldiers, the Garibaldians, with those noble patriots, the members of the secret societies of Italy. In the name of all you hold sacred be accursed. Mark me well, I reiterate what has already been said before by your prelates. Be accursed, be accursed!

Now I don't expect you will answer me logically. Supposing that you find out my name, and it turns out to be something different from TOMAHAWK, I don't expect any fair fighting or discussion. No, you are far too great a coward to meet me face to face. However, if you are *very* brave you will set my house on fire, if you are *very* tipsy you will do your best to shoot at me from the friendly shelter of a lamp-post. My sweet traitor, my charming ragamuffin, I know you to be an arrant coward, a blustering bully. You have quite enough pluck to murder a woman in cold blood, but you are not the man I take you to be if you don't turn very very pale when Calcraft gets at your neck at Newgate!

And you pretend to be an Irishman!

An Irishman! A countryman of some of the greatest men the world has ever seen. A countryman of heroic warriors,

skilful statesmen, learned scholars. A countryman of dear kind hearted Pat, with his ready wit and genial smile. Why I'm proud of my Irish fellow-countrymen, and what do you imagine I think of you?

Why, I *know* you to be a wretched mean-spirited cur. A traitor by chance, a murderer by choice, an informer by profession! Away with you, don't disgrace poor old Ireland by claiming her as your mother. The cause of justice is lost by such as you. Back, hound, back to your kennel beyond the seas!

TOMAHAWK.

1st January, 1868.

VIEWS ABOUT A SITE.

THE disastrous fire in the Haymarket has opened the question if a play-house should again occupy the spot on which Her Majesty's Theatre once stood, or whether the vacant space could not be made more profitable use of for some other purpose. We subjoin a few of the more important applications which have poured in upon the noble landlord for the utilization of the ground:—

The Board of Works propose that the property should be handed over to the Crown with a view to the erection of a Central Post Office and Government Savings' Bank.

Viscount Ranelagh considers that the space should be converted into a monster drill-shed for the use of the Metropolitan Volunteers in wet weather.

The Earl of Shaftesbury is of opinion that a company might be formed under the title of the "London Consolidated Cathedral and Popular Preaching Company, Limited," who should erect a suitable edifice to be let to ministers of all religious persuasions, at the following tariff:—

	£	s.	d.
Methodists, Wesleyans, Baptists, and other Independent Dissenters	0	1	0 an hour.
Presbyterians	0	2	6 "
Church of England	0	10	6 "
Greek Church	1	1	0 "
Mormons	1	5	0 "
Bhuddists, and all other sects not stated above, with exception of Jews and Roman Catholics	2	0	0 "
Jews	By special arrangement.		
Roman Catholics	1,000	0	0 an hour.

A Gentleman Residing at Richmond thinks that a huge shamble should be built on which all beasts brought into London should be slaughtered.

The Hon. Miss ———, Carlton Terrace, says that space must be levelled and prettily laid out as a Croquet Ground.

Mr. Cole, C.B., claims that the valuable site should be removed to South Kensington.

TOMAHAWK would wish to see the finest theatre in the world rise from the ashes of the largest play-house but two in Europe, and its late director placed in a position to renew the good service he has already rendered to music in England.

REWARDS.

THE system of offering rewards to induce some individual to do the work of the Executive has met with so great and deserved a success, and is in itself so consonant with the spirit of the age, and altogether so noble an assertion of the principle of government by the people, that the Cabinet has decided upon extending it still further. From motives connected with the education of the public mind, it is not yet admitted that such a decision has been arrived at, and possibly it may be flatly denied; but we pledge our veracity that our readers have only to wait long enough to find that the scheme will be realised. We give a few specimens of offers of reward which have already been drafted, and only await the fitting moment of desperation to be produced.

[WAR OFFICE FORM.]
OUTRAGE.

WHEREAS one Theodorus *alias* Tedroo *alias* Theodore did several years ago falsely imprison several of Her Majesty's subjects.

Whereas he has treacherously prolonged the captivity of the said subjects by lodging and feeding them pretty well.

And Whereas a British army of 10,000 men has been got under weigh, and £5,000,000 of money spent in order to procure the release of the said captives.

And Whereas there is not the slightest probability that the army and expenditure will effect such release.

A reward of £5 will be paid to any person or persons (not being the said Theodore himself), who shall give such information as will lead to the release of the said captives and their safe delivery in Pall Mall. And a further reward of £2 10s will be paid to the person or persons actually capturing the said Theodore.

Given at &c., &c.

[POOR-LAW FORM.]

WHEREAS certain persons have met with death, in various parts of the country by being starved, frozen, neglected, and in other ways maltreated by certain offenders perfectly well known to Her Majesty's Government.

And Whereas, there is in existence a staff of Inspectors paid out of the Public taxes, and specially appointed to prevent any such maltreatment as aforesaid.

And Whereas, the said Inspectors have never yet either prevented or remedied anything whatever; and whereas the President of the Poor-law Board is desirous of bringing home to the offenders aforesaid the crimes of which they have been guilty, and of protecting the Inspectors in the due non-performance of their duties.

A reward of half-an-hour's public abuse, either in Parliament or in a full and unabbreviated Official Report, will be paid to any newspaper or newspapers which shall give such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the offenders in question; and a further reward of an Action at Law for a false and malicious libel will be given to any newspaper or newspapers actually capturing and naming any one or more of the said offenders.

Given at &c., &c.

[CABINET FORM.]

WHEREAS, during the last Session of Parliament, some person or persons did maliciously and traitorously set fire to the British Constitution, whereby it was destroyed.

And Whereas information has been received that various other incendiary attempts of a like nature are shortly to be made. And Whereas Her Majesty's Government has hitherto been unable to discern the principle or principles which have produced the said conflagration and destruction of properties.

A reward of the eternal gratitude of the Conservative party, and a free education will be given to any Member or Members of Parliament who will give such information as will lead to the discovery and apprehension of the said principles.

And a further reward of a possible nomination to compete for a clerkship in the Customs will be given to any member or members who shall make a speech or speeches leading to a conviction of the soundness of the said principles, and to a recognition of the fact that the present Government is the only one capable of giving effect to this.

Given at &c., &c.

WANTED AN AUDIENCE (WITH THE CHILL OFF).—Apply at the Box office, Queens' Theatre, from 10 till 5.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

Zylla, Dec. 14, 1867.

BEFORE the date at which this will come into your hands, doubtless the letter of my excellent friend, the *Times* Correspondent, will have gone the round of the London papers. Of course I have seen it, and therefore am in a position to state that every word of it is true. If there is any fault to be found with it, it is that it is somewhat short. Well, here I am in Abyssinia! (N.B.—I wish you could manage to send me the back numbers of the "TOMAHAWK," for I forget where I leave off, and am afraid of telling you the same thing over again.) I think I told you about the exploring expedition, and sent a telegram. (I hope, by the way, you did not put the telegram in. It was a mistake altogether. You see *Slopper*, the professor,—I'll tell you about him afterwards—got sitting up and talking over "Old England," and we opened a bottle or two of champagne in honour of the dear ones at home! "You can reach them by the electric spark, absolutely speak to them!" *Slopper* remarked, and so I thought it a nice sort of thing to do. I suppose you got it all right. Something about hyenas, wasn't it? However, that doesn't much matter; the idea was the thing. By the way, it cost me £13 5s.) But to return to matters of a public character. You see I am again at Zylla (*that's* the real way to spell it). The fact is, the exploring expedition was a dead failure. The chiefs were the cause, of course. The very first evening they all struck, killed, and eat nine mules, and dressed themselves in the harness. We remonstrated of course, through our interpreter, but as he only spoke simple *Amharic*, and they replied in the Upper *Ye-koosh* dialect, their explanation was worth nothing. These different dialects are a great bore here, and what is most serious, they tell me it is "much worse" further on. *Bracer* told us this last night, but he seems to think it rather a good joke, and talks of "Gunpowder being the only language a British army ought to use." Perhaps he may be right as far as this expedition is concerned, but I think a little diplomacy ought certainly to be tried first. For you know, although I made no stipulation on the subject, I most assuredly came out here solely on that understanding. However, we shall not begin using gunpowder just at present, as you will most probably have gathered from the *Times* Correspondent's letter. Fancy the mules loose all over this part of Abyssinia! Not a soul to take care of them, or feed them, and they tell me they are dying here and there, in short in all directions! *Bracer* is very disgusted at the bad management that has brought such a state of things as this about, but I think it rather funny. I forget what the mules cost British taxpayers—£50 a piece wasn't it? Oh, its capital! As to the natives here—well, every single article of clothing I brought out with me is gone—they are the thieves of creation. *Slopper* said it is very wonderful thus personally to experience the existence of this hereditary vice, and gave me a short account of Lower Abyssinia in the time of *Amenophis III.* (B.C. 2004). It was rather interesting (anything goes down out here, it is so awfully slow), but I wish they had left me my boots. I suppose you know that everything is as badly managed as it ought to be, remembering that this is a British expedition. Indeed, what with the non-arrival of labourers, stores, and the miserable character of the *Land Transport Corps*, things are about as bad as they can well be. Then to add to all this, there is the utter want of discipline, honesty, and self-respect of the scum of Upper Egypt, which, by some unfortunate chance, has swept down here upon us with a view to business. *Bracer* says a fresh Manifesto ought to be posted up, to meet this state of things, and our German friend has promised to put it into blank verse (for the use of the natives). Official documents are always written in blank verse here. Funny isn't it? Fortunately *Slopper* can't account for *that*! Perhaps I cannot better describe to you the *status quo* than by giving you a sketch of the proclamation that is to be placarded all over this part of the coast, as soon as we can get it printed.

PROCLAMATION TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice.

ANY Native, Coolie, Kaffir, Abyssinian, Egyptian, Gentleman, or OTHER VAGABOND, who may be discovered in the act

of bullying, eating, or otherwise ill-treating any MULE, friend, or other beast of burthen, is hereby specially informed that he will be immediately prosecuted at the direction of the Society for the Protection of CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

FURTHERMORE with a view to the proper maintenance of law and order, be it understood that the undermentioned crimes and offences will be summarily punished, the authorities having instructed their solicitors to proceed forthwith against any person or persons who may render themselves liable to prosecution.

- (1.) Removing a sign post either for the purpose of using it as a walking-stick, flag, umbrella, may-pole, or with any other object whatever.
- (2.) Emptying the public lamps, drinking train oil, or abstracting any other rich delicacy with a view to using it as an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast, or otherwise.
- (3.) Dressing in sail-cloth, rope, leather straps, fog signals or other articles not considered necessary additions to a gentleman's *toilette*.
- (4.) Eating gun-cotton.
- (5.) Disposing of large tracts of country (not designated in recognised maps), wives, poor relations, alligators, connections by marriage, and other peoples' property generally, in exchange for halfpence, postage stamps, rum, beads, back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph*, hair pins, blacking, &c., &c.
- (6.) Wearing this proclamation as a hat.

Bracer thinks this will be very well received if he can only get it put nicely into Amharic. Our interpreter says the only difficulty will be in translating some of the words—as the words “gun-cotton,” “honesty,” “hair-pins,” “gentleman,” for instance, are not to be found in the Amharic Dictionary, you see.

Not a moment to be lost, or I shall miss the mail. I was interrupted here by the escape of *Slopper's Scleptopendra Hydrocephala*. I mentioned it in my last, I think? It is a poisonous creature of the Tarantula family. We can't find it, but *Slopper* says he is sure it is somewhere about the house, and will come out when it is dark.

I open this to say that the Egyptians join us!—whether we like it or not!

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY OUR SPECIAL.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—If you can't afford to send more than one of your Staff round the various theatres and places of entertainment at Christmas, owing no doubt to your praiseworthy determination to refuse orders and give independent criticisms to a Public surfeited with the mercenary praises of a venial, &c.—you can finish this better than I can at the present moment, for the plain fact is, that I am more fit for a lodging in Cobney Hatch than for anything else. I feel hopelessly idiotic. Why? Because I have assisted, according to orders, at every dramatic, vocal, and magical performance given in the Metropolis on Boxing Day.

Boxing Day, indeed! What with bolting from one establishment to another, and the concomitant corn-crushing, elbow-jogging, and general squeezing which was required to effect an exit, I was invited to use my fists, by indignant sightseers, over and over again. I might have been boxing to this moment had I not had your interests at heart. But I suppose I mustn't complain, as your scale of remuneration is sufficiently high to allow me, like the Great Vance or the Amateur Casual, a private brougham to convey me from one door to another. Of course, these remarks are not meant for publication, they are simply a remonstrance, in case you should be dissatisfied with the result of my labours.

Boxing Day, Christmas Amusements.

Intense excitement. Stupid piece to begin with. Pit growling. Boxes looking nervous. Stalls unsettled. Gallery stamping. The curtain is down and the lights are up. The Pantomime entitled *Harlequin Punium Gatherum or The Babes in the Fee Faw Thoroughfare, and the Colleen Robin, or, How She loves the Caliph Humbug and the Fair Contrabandista Gorgibuster*. Written especially for this occasion by a host of auxiliaries. Scenery by Messrs. Maccabe and Rubini. Dresses by the Christy Minstrels. Gas appointments and devices by Madame

Tussaud. Wigs by Professor Pepper (registered). The curtain rose and the troubles of the Demon Honeydone who is busy opening the Goose with the Golden Eggs to determine the destiny of the Babes in the Wood. The fairy Matt Morgan la Faye arrives in a splendid transformation scene, and driving the Giant Cormoran into the waistcoat of our American Cousin, causes the appearance of Valentine and Orson, who have just come up for the Cattle show. They agree to enter the Water-cave together, but are disappointed at discovering that there is No Thoroughfare—but on hearing the orders for a box on the Grantier, the Caliph of Bagdad charmingly impersonated by Mrs. German Reed, appears, and the change commences. Harlequin, Mr. Ernst Schulz, Columbine, Mr. John Parry, Clown, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Pantaloon, Mr. Thomas Tobin (registered). The comic scenes were eminently side-splitting. We may mention the last new song for the Christy Minstrels by the Claribel Steam Company (Unlimited). The Chamber of Horrors, introducing the decapitation of a lady with a pantomimic arm-chair, and the Aïoussas who turn themselves completely inside out; view of their interior painted by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. *Scene*, the Christmas Tree at the Crystal Palace. Excellent footing: General smash of Negretti and Zambra's Bohemian glass, and sudden appearance of Mr. George Conquest, as the Trappist Monk(ey), the best thing out—and in again. Arrival of Signor Jean Marie Farina and Son XXX., or Extraordinary Exciting Extravaganza Shamfights! Attack by allied Music-halls, including marvellous pantomimists, lion consignees, and negro delineators. Happy appearance of the Fairy, Nelsonilee, surrounded by a thousand pantomimics, and final tying of the True Lover's Knot—for Joseph.

This was written at Evans's, under the united influences of gin-sling and young Mr. Green. I hope you are satisfied.

Yours ever, JUPITER, JUNIOR.

LOGOGRIPE.

To law and order I'm a foe,
To peace and common-sense also;
For modern fools an ancient name
I am, and to my lasting shame
I murder when I can by sleight,
But dare not stand in open fight;
I stab, shoot, kill in any way
By night—but run away by day.
He who my name and properties demands
Should view me as a landscape. Now you see
A marsh, beside of which a pronoun stands
Leaning upon an article. To be
As just as true I fairly must declare
That the pronoun is not accusative,
Nor definite article the article that's there,
For were they, they would not deserve to live
A moment longer in the language—nay,
I am not English, be I what I may.
Hang, draw and quarter me as I deserve,
In all my letters, and now pray observe;—
The unsevered limbs—if sagely they are planned,
Will make the native of a northern land.
Now take the severed limbs, and you will see
That there is yet a holy place in me.
Dissect me, otherwise you may behold
A Queen, of whose decease strange tales are told,
And, if to further toil you still incline,
You still may see,
Embraced in me,
Two words to rhyme with this very line,
Two words of equal length, as I opine;
But what they are I leave you to divine;
And now, if you remember, how at first
You made a native form—my limbs dispersed.
Cut off his head, and you at once will see
What poets have declared the world to be;
And what you'd wish for if you were to go
To seek that native in his native snow.
Come, have you caught me? If you have, be smart,
And play no blundering detective's part,
But hold me fast, and only set me free,
By hanging me upon the nearest tree.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, 1899.

Now that accomplishments have at last been declared supreme in our University educational course, while the crumbling old classical system is only here and there exposing its mildewed existence, the aspect of our great college towns is indeed changed for the better. It inspires the imagination with dreams of the return of the Age of Heroes, when one sees the crowds of noble young athletes who attend the classes of the Honourable Professors of Gymnastics, or the eager thirst which attracts the histrionic competitors to the Thespian Lecturer's Dramatic Series. No longer are caps and gowns to be seen in the streets. During the day every varied costume suggested by aquatic, athletic, or acrobatic taste lends a charm to the every-day life of the student. At night the several Amateur Dramatic Classes pour forth their companies dressed for the representation of the evening. These classes are so followed that the audience is generally recruited among the porters and beadles of the colleges, Heads of Houses being always retained for the Heavy business.

We have received some of the papers set in the last examination for honours, and are convinced the young Englishmen now preparing at our Public Schools for the matriculation will do well to study them as showing what is now the great desideratum of the University Triennial Competition:—

ATHLETIC EXAMINATION, 1899.

By Professor Risleysen.

- 1.—State the present condition of your muscle, and give the exact measure round biceps and forearm.
- 2.—Give the greatest number of consecutive somersaults ever yet turned, and by whom.
- 3.—Give derivations of the words "trapeze," "tranka," "trick-act," "back-fall," and "somersault." Why?
- 4.—Give a short biography of the great Leotard, with date of his *début*.
- 5.—Have you any hope of ever rising to his standard of grace and daring? Give your reasons.
- 6.—Describe the course of training pursued by the Greek or Roman Athlete.
- 7.—How did it differ from that in use at the present day?

DRAMATIC EXAMINATION, 1899.

By Professor Crosstree.

- 1.—Give a list of the principal dramas produced in the year 1869, and on what stages.
- 2.—Compute the ages of the following pieces, and attempt to state the number of representations of each: *Our American Cousin*; *The Streets of London*; and *Black-eyed Susan*.
- 3.—Explain the allusions in this latter comedy, as performed at the Royalty.
- 4.—Which do you consider the best piece for private performance, *Delicate Ground* or *Little Toddlekins*?
- 5.—Give a short account of the great Tom Robertson's last success, entitled *Whichever*.
- 6.—Explain the duties of a heavy father, a singing chambermaid, and a second walking gentleman.
- 7.—Describe a transformation scene, with novel changes.
- 8.—Give illustrations of the superiority of legs over brains in modern drama.

GENERAL PAPERS, 1899.

Professor J. Ofalltrades.

- 1.—Give the greatest score made by any left-handed cricketer since 1870.
- 2.—Give dates of Introduction of Croquet; Inauguration of the Albert Gymnastic College, Cambridge; Death of Tom Cribb; and first appearance of a lady in the part of King Lear.
- 3.—Give the names of the medallists in the years 1878 and 1880, who respectively took the first prizes on the river and in the cricket-field, carrying off the largest share of applause in the A. D. C. rooms afterwards.
- 4.—Give the force of left arm necessary to the student competing in the Muscular Christianity Tripos.
- 5.—Write a short treatise on the sacred character of the trapeze.

6.—Show the abject folly exhibited by our ancestors in enforcing a classical education.

7.—Prove the axiom, by quotations from the best professors, that a sound body makes a sound mind.

8.—Give imitations of such animals as you think calculated to be effective in a parliamentary career.

9.—Describe a new game, out-door or otherwise, with the rules you may propose for playing the same.

We are heartily glad to see that Muscle is at last king. We have been racking our poor brains far too long, and reaction has only been too tardy in arriving.

IN FORMÂ PAUPERIS.

OXFORD is expanding herself, and this is how she is doing it. The advantages of University Education are to be thrown open, not only to the humbler classes, but in fact to the very dregs of society. The new candidates for matriculation must actually produce an "official proof" of their "poverty." We hear that the following form will have to be filled up by all those who wish to avail themselves of the handsome privilege:—

- (1.)—It is to be presumed that you have been through the Bankruptcy Court; if so, how many times?
- (2.)—Give the name of your parish, and state the nature of your work during your residence in the "Union."
- (3.)—Have you ever
 - (a.)—Swept a crossing?
 - (b.)—Sold roast chestnuts?
 - (c.)—Served in the shoeblack brigade?
 - (d.)—Sung songs as a destitute tramp?
 - (e.)—Written a five act tragedy?
- (4.)—Will you swear you have not a halfpenny to bless yourself with?
- (5.)—Are you sure that you have a coat to your back?
- (6.)—And lastly, are you a poor wretch who will stand any humiliation to secure a University degree?

PRAY, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!

IN the presence of the dreadful outrage which, within the last few weeks, has so greatly shocked the public mind, we are far from wishing to discourage due, nay, even extreme, precaution on the part of the public generally, and especially on the part of those with whom lies the responsibility of preserving the public peace. But none the less must TOMAHAWK disdain to countenance the white faces which have so generally usurped the place of the ordinary rubicund looks that at this festive season so well become the British physiognomy. None the less must his unquailable heart refuse to sympathise with the overwhelming terror which seems to have seized upon many of those who should lead the public mind, not "fright the isle from its propriety" with reports and rumours which need only begin to be apprehended when a foreign army of 500,000 men has secured possession of the English soil.

"The fleet at Portsmouth is on the point of being destroyed," cries one. "Manchester has been in flames for hours," cries another, "and all the London engines have been telegraphed for." "Windsor Castle is undermined with a thousand secret galleries." "The Bank of England will be sacked to-night." "The Isle of Wight is surrounded with torpedoes, and two ships bearing the flag of the Irish Republic are ready to carry off the whole of the Royal Family."

Surely, with public affairs in such imminent danger, domestic security should not be neglected.

Surely Paterfamilias should each morning examine the high-lows and bluchers of himself and offspring, to see if they have been charged with detonating powder by some Fenian shoe-black during the past night. He should try the pepper box, and the other cruets, especially the oil-bottle, most cautiously every half-hour, to test the presence of fulminating fire, or nitro-glycerine oil. He should see if anything is in his coal-cellar, particularly now that the cold weather is come. He should look to his kitchen boiler, and bid Materfamilias be

very particular as to the nationality of the tea-dealer from whom she purchases her one-and-ninepenny gunpowder.

Seriously, let us all be ready—be vigilant; but let us not be scared and terror-stricken—let us not believe that the desperate acts of a few misguided men are anything more than the madness of an insignificant *minimum* in the midst of a thoroughly loyal and right-minded people—a passing cloud over a sky of almost unchequered brightness—a momentary disturbance in the otherwise calm season of prosperity and progress which this country has so long enjoyed, and is not now to be deprived of by the casual importation of some few “disembodied spirits” from the armies that have lost their occupation in another hemisphere.

A CURE FOR FENIANISM.

THAT flowing river of the milk of human kindness, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, P.C., has sketched out the following amiable and conciliatory programme for the Government's adoption with regard to Fenianism. As the weeping philosopher beautifully expresses it,—“The ghastly paraphernalia of strangulation must no longer blacken with its hateful shadow the crystal pillars of Mercy's jewelled throne. The sacred mantle of Justice must be no longer empurpled with the blood of the victims of Vindictiveness.”

“Do Justice to Ireland,” says Mr. Bright, and we ask him whether this is not the way to do it.

The irresistible outburst of long pent-up patriotism, falsely called the Fenian Conspiracy, can no longer be resisted. Virtue long trampled on has turned on her oppressors at last, and utters in iron accents and golden words the just demands of an enslaved people. The following measures have been decided upon by a benignant and self-educated Government, and they humbly apologise if they have, in their haste to redress a great wrong, overlooked any minor details:—

Provisions for Satisfying the Fenians and their Sympathisers.

1.—All landowners in Ireland are hereby given notice to quit their houses, messuages, tenements, with pleasure-grounds and parks thereto appertaining, their farms, barns, out-buildings, and all lands tilled or untilled thereto appertaining within a month of the date of this proclamation.

2.—No such landowner shall be allowed to remove any furniture, plate, or other valuables from his abode, save and excepting as much as he can carry himself in a moderate-sized hat-box.

3.—No such landowner or proprietor must sell or cause to be sold, any land, house, or building, any cow, horse, or pig, nor any stock, live or dead, of which he may be at present possessed.

4.—The various estates will be apportioned by lot to the members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood as now constituted; the residences and valuables therein shall be handed over to them in complete repair.

5.—The former landowners or proprietors shall be required to serve the new landowners and proprietors without wages or reward of any kind.

6.—Any member of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood who shall have acquired any estate, house, or farm, or part of such by these provisions shall, if he suffers any loss in money, goods, or cattle through his own or any one else's fault, have the loss made good to him from the Exchequer of Great Britain.

7.—Pending the completion of the above arrangements, lodgings shall be provided, with board, free of charge, for all members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood in Buckingham and St. James's Palaces, Windsor Castle, and the principal hotels of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester. (Table d'Hôte at one and six o'clock every day.)

8.—That every member of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood shall receive an income of £1,000 per annum from the State, and perfect exemption from all taxation.

9.—That the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood be allowed to construct in Ireland any government they may prefer; that all expenses incidental to the administration of such government be borne by the Exchequer of Great Britain.

10.—That the Regalia, Robes of Office, &c., &c., together with all the dresses and properties of such government be paid for from the same source.

11.—That the surgeon's bills after each election, under the new government, be also paid by the people of Great Britain.

12.—That the present Public Buildings throughout Great Britain be given up to the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood, and that the same be furnished with women and children, &c. complete, in order that the members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood may indulge in the harmless diversion of blowing them up when and how they please.

13.—That the cost of the explosive agent used in such diversions be borne by the Exchequer of Great Britain.

14.—That the members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood be given anything else which they may ask for.

THE INTERPRETER.

INCENSE—SIR.

“Three cheers were given for the ‘Censor’ and the ‘Queen.’”—*Vide Newspaper Report of “Censor's” Christmas Dinner for poor Children.*

There are some men—let us hope not very many—who wear the mask of Charity to ventilate their vanity. The cloak of benevolence, however, but thinly covers their inordinate desire to force themselves, no matter how, into notoriety. In the instance under notice—none more daring, more glaring—it shall be our duty to tear off both mask and cloak, and expose the Sham beneath them.

Says the “Censor” of the *Morning Star*:—“Christmas is a festive season,” and we are struck with the startling originality and beauty of the idea.

He continues:—“There are thousands of little children—poor, hungry, and starving—to whom a plentiful meal on Christmas day would be a God-send,” and the tear-drops stand in his eyes, which, on being wiped, display a kind of transformation-scene in which the blue fire of benevolence blends harmoniously with the red fire of love, good-will, and charity—and we are fairly dazzled.

Vanity the while keeps well in the back-ground.

“Come,” whimpers this embodiment of all the Virtues, wiping his eyes, in which the forced tear no longer stands, on the principle, no doubt (*Si nullus erit pulvis tamen excute nullum*), “Come, ladies and gentlemen, open wide your purse strings and pour out the precious metals to buy a Christmas dinner for some of the poor and starving children of this huge metropolis.”

The appeal appears earnest: the cause is good: and we all know that no earnest appeal in a good cause ever yet failed in this country to evoke an immediate and substantial response. £ s. d. pour in hand-in-hand and pell mell: and we rejoice, heartily rejoice. But, whilst rejoicing, we stand aghast: for the hand held out in the cause of Charity is the hand of “Censor,” whilst the foot peeping out from beneath the cloak of Benevolence is the cloven foot of Sham, the offspring of a restless vanity and overweening conceit.

But the “Censor” speaks once again:—“This dinner, which a benevolent public provides, shall be called ‘THE CENSOR'S DINNER,’” complacently says that Spirit of Good.

And why? Does the cook in the kitchen who roasts and boils, or the butler who places the dishes on the table, usually arrogate to her or himself the credit of providing the banquet? We look upon the “Censor” just in the light of a cook or butler—nothing more. To give the “Censor” his due, he originated the idea of the dinner. It was most commendable. But when he modestly calls it (THE CENSOR'S DINNER) we cannot help saying what we think, that it is a pitiable sight to find Sham boldly seeking to acquire a reputation for benevolence upon the charity of the public. We hope there may be room for this benevolent gentleman at the Zoological, where he might usefully employ himself in getting up a subscription for a few Bath buns on behalf of the poor caged beasts.

“WIND-BAGS” TO THE RESCUE.

“The author of ‘Sartor Resartus’ has just had a new honour thrust upon him: he has been made a justice of the peace for Dumfriesshire, his native county.”—*Morning Paper.*

Is this the “after,” that was to prove the sequel of “Shooting Niagara?”



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, JANUARY 4, 1868.

THIS is Christmas time; and consequently we like to look up our friends and acquaintances. Among the latter we may class Mrs. Janman, the would-be murderess, who so nearly swore away the life of poor Groves, the alleged assassin of McDonnel, the Bandsman. What has become of this amiable lady? Surely it would be to the interest of that useful official, Mr. Calcraft, to discover her hiding-place.

It has lately become the fashion among fourth-rate literary men at this season of the year, to appeal (like "the true and original dustman," on Boxing-day), to the charitably-disposed. Thus we have had a "Christmas Dinner," founded by one of the fraternity, and a "fund" inaugurated by some dozen more. This is all very well, as among the many sins she is so frequently called upon to cover, Charity may reasonably include Vanity. However, there should be a limit to everything—even to the geniality of Grub street. It is said that some of our "brothers of the pen" intend to erect a monument to that kind-hearted humourist, Artemus Ward. We hope not, as it is always a painful sight to find the names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson scribbled o'er the lid of a great man's coffin!

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

SCENE.—Full of members, smoke, cigars, coffee, brandy and soda. Evening papers just brought in.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Well, after all, we've had a pleasant Christmas. Been to any of the theatres, Penner?

LITERARY MEMBER (N.B. Known to have written one article in a Metropolitan magazine, and suspected of having contributed several Leaders to a popular daily).—Ya-as! You see I'm obliged to go to these sort of places for the "M. T." Ya-as, went to all of 'em.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Any of 'em worth seeing?

LITERARY MEMBER.—Some of 'em. Drury lane tol lol, Covent Garden nice, Lyceum rather jolly, Holborn smile-able. Jolly scenery at Covent Garden, awfully jolly ballet at Covent Garden.

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Well, for my part, I think Christmas bosh, stuff, rubbish!

GENIAL MEMBER.—Why?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Why! Can you, a serious man of the world, ask me why? Don't one's bills come in at Christmas, and one's children home from school, and one's ough, and one's ough, all that kind of thing you know? What's the good of Christmas? Why should I hang up the holly and the mistletoe to celebrate my butcher placing his account in the hands of his solicitor? Why should I call my friends together to rejoice with me over my approaching bankruptcy? Why should I sit by the fireside, that I may count the gaps that Death has made in the family circle? Call Christmas jovial! Humbug! If you really wish to show him in his proper colours, dress him in a robe of tombstones, and crown him with a wreath of writhes!

GENIAL MEMBER.—Yes, yes, all you say may be very original and very brilliant—but how about Christianity?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—We live in the nineteenth century! The world has grown too old and experienced for fables and fairyland.

GENIAL MEMBER.—So old, that if I fathom the meaning of your last remark, I would imagine that the world has reached its second childhood! Over-ripe wisdom often degenerates into utter foolishness. But away with Christianity, we will talk of that—hereafter! Any news in the evening papers?

LITERARY MEMBER.—News! Of course not. Who'd ever expect news at Christmas time? "The Fenians, and nothing but the Fenians."—There, in those words you have the "Contents Bill."

GENIAL MEMBER.—The "Specials" don't seem to have had much to do except to guard the Post Office.

CYNICAL MEMBER.—*Apropos*, I hope the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Whalley have not given any of their *proteges* a place in the Savings Bank Department of the delightful *bureau* you have just mentioned.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Why?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Because such an appointment would be dangerous to their Protestantism. No one could work in the Savings' Bank Department of the Post Office a week without acquiring a practical belief in the doctrine of purgatory! However, I don't imagine any clerk in that branch of the Civil Service would be guilty of self-murder.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Why?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Because the sin of suicide would prevent them from bettering (in any material degree) their unhappy condition!

MERRY AND WISE.

THERE is an advertisement going about which invites all mirth-seeking, merry Londoners to pay a visit to MADAME TUSSAUDS, for the purpose of gazing on an effigy of the late convict BAKER. This is obviously a Christmas treat, and as the young are supposed to be especially interested in the great Wax-Work Show near Portman square, comment is superfluous. The idea, however, may be worth something to enterprising publishers, and next year we may confidently expect a shower of some such pretty Christmas books as the following:—

LITTLE TOMMY GREENACRE, or the Naughty Boy and his Funny Carpet Bag.

HOW BABY WAS HANGED, and What Came of it. "A Sweet Christmas story."—*Vide Press*.

PLEASE PAPA TAKE ME TO NEWGATE, or Little Jackey's Treat. *Profusely Illustrated*.

THE CHILD'S TYBURN CALENDAR, or the Nursery Cracksmen's Guide. "A book that ought to be in the hand of every infant."—*Halfpenny Review*.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHAP. I.—ON THE WAY TO DINNER.

CHRISTMAS-Day. Bless everybody. Bless the cabman whom I could not find! How delightful it is to walk in the picturesque mist of this great metropolis! Crossing-sweeper! Bless you! Here's sixpence. Bless your wife and babies. Oh you have not got any? Never mind, bless them when you do have any! I should like to embrace the tailor who put me in the County Court, and tell him I forgive him. I wish I could meet the tax-collector—I'd give him a Christmas box. Oh! don't mention it, you only took all the skin off one of my toes. Bless you—don't mention it. A merry Christmas to you!

CHAP. II.—DURING DINNER.

I love the whole world, babies included. What a happy, holy time is dear dear Christmas. A little more turkey—thank you. Plum-pudding of course I can't refuse. Bless everybody. The waiter has upset the gravy all down my back. Oh never mind him. Bless the dear fellow. Here's to merry old Christmas! Well I think I must have just a little bit more. Bless the cook who made the pudding. Oh, if I could only kiss all my creditors—perhaps they'd consider themselves paid in full.

CHAP. III.—NEXT MORNING.

Boxing Day—cursed nuisance—nobody will do anything. Oh, my head! I hate Christmas, confounded humbug! That beastly plum-pudding! I wish I had never touched it. Christmas, indeed! Oh, curse that organ. Who's that? The Postman wants a Christmas-box. Does he? Tell him I'll see him hanged! Four more bills—I wish the Fenians would blow up every tradesman's home in London, children and all—oh, that confounded brute of a baby. Tell them to stop that brat's squalling. Cursed fog! Cursed climate, this England. Curse everybody!



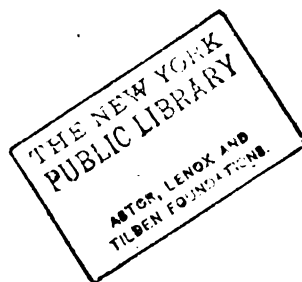
“MAD, MY MASTERS, MAD!”

(A SCENE FROM *KING JOHN*, ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.)

KING JOHN (BULL).—Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!

CONSTANCE (IRELAND).—No, I defy all counsel, all redress
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, Death!

King John. Act III. Scene IV.



THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better!"

ORATOR STUBBINGS ON "MAGNER CHARTER."

I've got a bit of good news for yer bloated ones! You'll be werry glad to 'ear as 'ow I've a mission to larn yer a few lessons. The Union 'as behaved werry 'andsome. Yer see (and I ain't too proud to let yer be'ind the scenes of my private life), yer see, I repeat, work 'as been werry slack of late. Stop; don't jump at a "conclusion" (oh, I can write long words enough: I don't take in the *Telegraph* for nothink), "conclusion," I repeat. By work yer musn't think I mean "manual" labour—not a bit on it. No; by "work" I mean odd jobs, such as blowing up of this, or shooting through the 'eddy of that, and such like kind of things; but law bless yer, ever since that humbugging commission was 'eld, yer 'ardly can get a nice little piece of rattening, or a tasty bit of blasting, for love or for money. Well, the "Union" 'as behaved 'andsome, and 'as employed me to give you stuck-up ones a few lectures. Well, anything for a change—smashing winders and jumping on the "prostrate forms" of peelers is werry pleasant employment, but perhaps lecturing may be considered more h'intellectual. Mind I only says *perhaps*. 'Owsomever, 'ere I am a lecturing of you, and I says, if you're pleased with my exertions, make a barrownite of me. I scorns all titles, and turns up my nose at filthy lucre; nevertheless, I says, if you're pleased with my exertions, make a barrownite of me. You says "why?" and I says, "mind yer own business—yer wants to know too much." Yer begins to say something more, when I werry quickly stops yer by a calling out of "Yah!" I repeats, I scorns titles and I turns up my nose at filthy lucre—but still I says "make a barrownite of me—that's what you do; you make a barrownite of me!"

And now a word to you, Mr. Editor. If yer *ain't* fond of getting 'arf a brick chucked at yer 'ead while yer a 'aving of yer breakfast, just remember in future to call me Orator—till they makes a barrownite of me.

Now then!

Do any of yer bloated-ones know anythink about the constitution of yer country? Not a bit of it. I knew yer didn't afore I asked you. Law bless you're so hignorant! Yer knows a lot about things that is bloated, but yer knows nothink about the laws of yer country. Yer knows all about dancing, and a bowing, and a cringing, and a bobbing. Yer knows all about the "invitation to the dance" with your "Now marm, will yer just ketch 'old of my arm and just foot this 'ere polka," or your "Much be 'olden to you Sir, but I'm werry fatigued—is it a asking you too much for you to get me a little 'ot water and sugar, with just the *least* drop in it," and such like sayings and simperings. (Just yer see 'ow well acquainted I am with the goings on of Belgravier. Ah, I can be werry bloated when I like—*make a barrownite of me!*) Yer knows about them sorts of things, but what d'ye know about the greatest bulwark of yer country, the noblest gift of man, the thingamy that for a thousand years 'as braved the battle, likewise the storm? If yer weren't so precious h'ignorant yer would know as 'ow I've alluded in the above poetical strain to—what? Guess. The Lord Mayor's Show? No! Plum puddin'? No, but yer ain't far from it—try again. Magner Charter? That's it, right you are. Magner Charter. Now, what d'ye know about Magner Charter? Nothink. Of course not. Werry well then, I'm a going to tell you this week all about Magner Charter. Ain't it pleasant of me!

Now then!

'Ave any of you bloated-ones ever 'eard of a certain English King as lived nearly two 'undred years ago—and 'as was called Roofus on account of 'is bad 'at? Not you! Well I'll give yer another chance. I'll tell yer a little more about him. 'Im 'as was likewise called *cur der lean*, which is the Latin for lean dog, or dog starver. Now yer knows who I mean? Not you! Well, I means King John. Well, this 'ere King 'ad a werry great row with the Barons. Now yer want's to know "what's a baron?" Well, 'ave yer ever been tried for burglary? Not you—you are so precious h'ignorant! Well, if yer 'ad been tried for burglary you'd a come afore a judge. Now a judge is sometimes a Baron. Now I 'opes as 'ow you're satisfied, for yer knows as much about the matter as I do myself. Well, as I've said, King John he 'ad a row with 'is barons. I forgets what

the row was about, as the *Telegraph* (from which I gets my English 'istory) is werry beautiful writing, but not so clear as it might be about some of its stories, but I know as 'ow it was after a row that King John rode up to Runimede for to 'ave a little friendly chat with 'is Barons.

"Well," says the King, when he comes up to the "judicial gents," (as the *Telegraph* would say) "Well, and what may your little game be this morning?"

"Well Sire," says the Barons, "we wants you to sign this ere document."

"What's that there document about?" asks the King.

"Why this 'ere document," answers the Barons, "is the greatest bulwark of the country, it is the noblest gift of man, it is the thingamy that for a thousand years 'as braved the battle, likewise the storm."

"Oh, that's what's its about?" said the King.

"That's what's its about," responded the Barons.

"Suppose as 'ow I can't write," says the King—he had a nasty temper that King had.

"Stick yer mark to it," says the Barons. They also says "Gammon!" and they likewise says "Spinach!"

So the King sticks his mark to it and that's 'ow we got 'old of Magner Charter.

And now yer bloated-ones I s'pose as 'ow yer wants to know what is Magner Charter. Werry well, 'ere gogs. Magner Charter is ——. I say Magner Charter is ——. But law bless yer, yer always a wanting to know somethink or other! So yer wants to know what Magner Charter is now do yer? Well then, *yer wants to know too much!* Yah!

THE VERY CIVIL LIST.

THE liberality with which we reward those who have done good service in our Army or Navy is well known. No soldier or sailor, who has faithfully done his duty, need fear that if sickness overtakes him he will be neglected. No, a grateful country, and an administration which is wise as well as generous, are both ready to watch over him, to relieve his distress, to soothe his anguish, and render his path to the grave as easy as possible. Those too who have given their brains instead of their bodies for the nation's good are even better cared for. The author, who after years of toil spent in adding to the pleasure or knowledge of his fellow creatures, is just beginning to reap the reward of his labours, suddenly is struck down, perhaps, by paralysis. He leaves behind him a widow and children but for them he has no anxiety. Is there not the Civil List, that liberal fund from which the richest nation in the world provides splendid annuities to the families of those whom talents well employed, and severe intellectual labour have not emancipated from the tyranny of poverty? Yes, there is indeed, at the disposal of the First Minister of the Queen of England for such a purpose an annual sum very nearly as much as is shot away in an hour by some one of our many formidable guns, in order to prove that it never can be of any use under any circumstances whatever. We say nothing of the munificent and discriminating patronage displayed by the Royal Family. "Every little helps"—we know the proverb. Certainly, there is every inducement for a man of great intellectual power to devote his time to some grand national work, something that will benefit all his fellow countrymen, though he gets little or nothing by it, instead of frittering away his brains in writing for magazines, though he gets well paid for so doing. A list of pensions, rewards, &c., purporting to be the Civil List, has been published in some journals; the public has been deceived, for we publish now, for the first time, the real Civil List for this year:—

To the widow and three daughters of Dr. James Tester, in acknowledgment of his valuable discoveries in chemistry, twopence a week (between the lot).

The five daughters of James Primer, for his important services in the cause of education, sixpence a month, and a saveloy once a week.

The seven sons of the late Rev. Henry Linguer, on account of the eminence of their father as a Chinese scholar, fourpence a week (less income-tax).

To Mrs. Griselda Jones, in recognition of her late husband's highly-important services in the cause of sanitary reform, 2s. 6d. a year and a dinner at the Shades (fish and joint, 1s.) on Christmas-day.

To the brother and sister of the late Leonard Lyric, for his extensive and affecting poem (365 pages, 2 cantos), in praise of the infant daughter of the late Duke of Donnerhausen, £120 per annum (memorial signed by 1,500 of the aristocracy.)

ANOTHER COMEDY.

IF "How She Loves Him" could only have stopped at the end of the Third Act we should have gone away in a perfect ecstasy of delight. The dialogue was really brilliant. One enjoyed that rare luxury of being "tickled" into laughter; it was not necessary to have the points dug into your ribs and be made to laugh in the hope of avoiding a repetition of the torture; but oh! "what a falling off was there" in the two last acts! We estimate at its real value the noisy disapprobation of those whose virtue is so irrepressible, so wide awake, so morbidly sensitive in public, but so modest, so drowsy, so long suffering in private, that really one would never suspect its existence. We honour, we admire, we respect the pure mind of the British tradesman, who shudders at the mere shadow of an intrigue on the stage, who has such a keen scent for an improper allusion, that he detects one long before the author has had time to create it; whose virtuous indignation when suffering this indignity to his moral feelings is fearful to witness; but who sells you next day some fancy assortment of poisons in lieu of wholesome food, or gives you half the weight for which you pay, or palms worthless imitation on you for a valuable reality with a righteous self possession, and an obstinate honesty which take your approbation by storm, and extort praise from the most censorious. But putting aside these angelic creatures, and dismissing the unprejudiced censure of those who silently sneered at, and ridiculed in whispers, the audacious pretension of any man who attempted to write a comedy and was not called Robertson, we must confess that there was very much both in the design and in the business of the piece to excite disapprobation. The introduction of pantomime business into the fourth act was rather a weak way of acknowledging a lack of material on the part of the author. And the idea of tacking on a fifth act, which was like a supplement to a novel, assuring the public that all the happy couples had really been married, and had decorated, or were hoping to decorate their husband's tables with olive branches may be original, but not clever. The live baby showed more discretion than those who introduced it, but not even this flourishing infant's reticence could quite disabuse the audience of a morbid desire to see the creature made into mince pies. But these are trifling details—Mr. Boucicault's experience can have been of little use to him if it has not taught him that an English audience do not like a serious situation being marred by an incongruous absurdity. The sympathy of a devoted wife, if meant to be real, or to seem so, should not be wasted on an invalid who is too plainly shamming. We cannot stop to point out many faults in the construction of this five-act comedy, we much regret so much excellent dialogue should have been wasted on a framework of incidents so hastily and ill put together. The acting was, with two exceptions, really excellent. Miss Marie Wilton is determined to show us that she is nearly if not quite the best actress of high-comedy on the stage. We are not given to praising extravagantly, but no one can have witnessed her delicately-finished acting on Saturday night and not feel grateful for having tasted one new pleasure. Mr. Hare justified the expectations of his admirers, and Mr. Bancroft staggered us by proving that he really was not made of wood.

If the piece can be judiciously reduced to three acts, and the pantomime played as such without disguise; and last, not least, a fearful specimen of the Blakesley Gun, which bellowed forth extravagant caricatures of Mr. Kean and Mr. Phelps, sen., from out the shelter of an invalid chair, can be sent to some chalybeate waters without a return ticket, or be gently muffled. We hope that "How She Loves Him" may prove as lucky a throw to the directress as "Caste."

THE EPITOME OF MERRY CHRISTMAS.—Bile and Bills.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—An estimable correspondent writes to say that, what with mince-pies, and what with turkeys stuffed with chestnuts, and the Christmas Waits, he gets so out of sorts and dizzy, that he quite loses his balance at his banker's.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Yes, spite of the weather and spite of the Waits,
And spite of the Duns who encumber my gates,
I'm determined preferring gay Fancy to Reason,
To make myself jolly in spite of the Season;
Not all the pale horrors dyspepsia possesses
Shall make me refuse the cook's delicate messes.
I'm determined to set this sweet tower in a blaze;
When the blue waves surround it in rapture I'll gaze,
And declare as I view its old frosty head burning,
This is one of th' unwholesomes I have given up spurning.

(1.)

From the east and the west,
And the north and the south,
I search for a true friend,
Who will open his mouth.

(2.)

We've sat down to dinner,
And as I'm a sinner,—
The soup is a novelty—pssha! Don't you shiver.
'Tisn't turtle, but still it came out of a river.

(3.)

How withered thy face since I saw thee, sweet fruit!
'Neath the life-giving warmth of the sun.
And to think that the next time I gaze on thy face,
I should find it concealed in a bun.

(4.)

And well did he know, this patriarch brave,
How the cook should his venison baste.
He had blessed both his sons had the second not put
Too much pepper and salt for his taste.

(5.)

"Now I'll trouble you, dear, if you please,
For a little bit more of the stuffing.
We know that the turkey is good,
And its quite fat enough without puffing."

(6.)

"Now, John, if your head is not hard,
You had better not say that again,
Or I'll give you the best—yes, I know,
But don't go and turn on the main."

(7.)

Without the carols sweet I hear,
How soft the children's voices sound;
Like the wise men I almost fear,
To kneel upon the holy ground.

(8.)

Yes, come the tankards now are filled,
Drink love and benison to all;
Let not a drop be idly spilled,
'Twas brewed you know at Maltby Hall.

(9.)

I wished so much to wish you well
My readers, yes I fain would bless
If I had power, but take the will,
And may you all reap—what you guess!

TO THE UNLUCKY.—As the year is nearly over, we will finish it by performing a supplementary act of courtesy. During the last few days, communications (which are declined with thanks) have been received from the following correspondents:—T. L. C., S. E., A. W. R., S. Y. P., G. M. R., "A Wit," L. T., and "A Wag."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 36.]

LONDON, JANUARY 11, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

ON THE THRESHOLD.

STANDING on the threshold of the New Year, 1868, we cannot help feeling that a serious word is more in place than any attempt at jocularity.

Green is generally held to be a colour which rests and comforts the eye; but in the case of the Emerald Isle it seems to be quite the contrary. The eyesore of England at present is Ireland; the latent disease which, spite of its boasted vigour and health is preying upon the British Constitution, has broken out in that point again with unusual severity; and unless we wish to see it spread till the whole body of the State be corrupted, we must adopt some more vigorous remedy than Conservative Surgery.

Fenianism is one of the most difficult forms of rebellion to deal with, for this reason; it is the vehicle for the expression, not only of Irish discontent, but of that secret and malignant hatred of England which characterises so many of our Yankee cousins. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the ties between America and England. It is the very fact that we are so nearly related, that makes us really hate one another. We are speaking now of the bulk of the two nations. There is (no one can fail to observe them, for they are not of a modest or retiring nature) a section of English politicians and sentimentalists, whose main and guiding principle is a rancorous aversion to all authority, whether political, social, or religious; these have fixed their affections, or rather caprices, on the ultra-radical party in America, the very party which secretly encourages Fenianism in every way which does not involve personal discomfort or danger. These persons do not know exactly what they want, whether it is a republic, or a democracy, or an oligarchy of intellect; but they know this, that they respect nothing, reverence nothing, and worship nothing except themselves. They talk the most elastic and comprehensive benevolence, they think the most narrow and brutalizing tyranny; they profess a more than fatherly love for all the human race, while they are really endeavouring all they can to debase the souls of men, and rob them of every feeling or belief which may comfort them in sorrow, or support them in the struggle against evil.

With all the impulsiveness, but with none of the concentration of enthusiasts, these men are constantly feebly pretending to pursue measures of humanity which they never bring to any practical issue—for so intent are they on destroying all creeds and systems, that they leave themselves no faith to animate them, and no principles to guide them. So that while their power for doing mischief is weakened by their want of unity, they are, on this very account, more dangerous at such a time as the present, inasmuch, as whilst they content themselves with being the apologists of actions which they never instigated, they obstruct the cause of law and order without openly resisting it; and as Success is their Fetish, to which they offer the superstitious homage which serves them for religion, the most bloodthirsty rabble have only to obtain a few triumphs over society to find these professors of Universal Liberty and Charity on their side. Were the Fenians to succeed in dragging this country into a war with America, it is in these creatures that they would find a useful band of auxiliary traitors.

With regard to Ireland itself—it is not the nursery, but the exercise-ground, of Fenianism. We must lose no time in doing what

we ought to have done long ago—viz., in giving a Free Church and Free Education to Ireland, and in affording the greatest facilities, consistent with the rights of property, to all tenants anxious to improve their land. It is our interest plainly, on every ground, that the resources of the country should be developed to their greatest extent; and Englishmen must not grudge what may seem extravagant liberality to a country which has been pauperized and depopulated, as no other country has been, by causes, many of which were certainly beyond our control, but for some of which we were directly responsible. We cannot make an America of Ireland—we cannot change the climate—but we can render it within the reach of industry to achieve prosperity on this side of the Atlantic. Once let the Irish see that we are really in earnest in attempting to help those who are willing to improve the land which they occupy, and we shall find that they can be industrious and thrifty in their own country as well as in America.

The more people whom we can make to feel that they have a stake in the country, the more zealous and faithful allies shall we have against all disaffection and outrage, from whatever quarter they come.

It may be an open question, whether, by avoiding the conflict which our precious cousins seem to wish to force upon us, we are only putting off the evil day. But so fearful would be a war between England and America, that forbearance must be exercised patiently, and for a long time, before we can possibly be justified in accepting a challenge. We have for a long time been tiffing, let us hope that the day will come when we can talk over our quarrel as an amusing reminiscence of a common folly. No trembling hand must guide the helm of our vessel now. Above all, earnestness and sincerity are needed, and perseverance in carrying measures of Social Reform which have been long needed; in meeting riot and violence with unflinching, not spasmodic, severity; and in sweeping away injustice with single-minded resolution. To palter with palliatives now in any of these matters would be fatal.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN ABYSSINIA.

Annesley Bay, Dec. 23rd, 1867.

WELL, here I am at the "the Bay," and I dare say you will wonder how I got *here*. Well, the fact is simply this: Matters are beginning to take a very serious complexion further on, and as my duties are, as you are well aware, purely of an elegant and unmilitary nature, I think it is only consistent with a proper devotion to your interests to keep well at a distance from any really disagreeable business. What settled me in this determination, I need scarcely say, was the "friendly" offers of the chief of Tigré, backed up, as they were, by 7,000 armed men. Bracer owned he did not like the look of it, but said it did not matter one way or the other, as "we should soon make short work of them." I have no doubt *we* shall, but I have come back—so has Slopper. Bracer wanted us very much to "stop and see some fun," but I told him the pen was mightier than the sword, and all that sort of thing, but he took it very nastily, and mumbled something about penny-a-lining, which, considering we are thousands of miles away from dear Old England, was really in very bad taste. You see, I do not

take that semi-warlike view of my position, which finds favour with so many of my *confères*. When I started, you know our understanding was that I was to put up at the best hotel at every place we arrived at "on the march." Slopper has since told me that this too was his idea of the expedition.

But how has it all turned out? Here am I fed on the fag end of "native rations," hanging about to pick up such scraps of news as I can, and getting generally in everybody's way. The fact is, the position is anomalous. It is true I am got up in rather soldier-like fashion, with an opera-glass slung to my back, and a towel round my head, and no doubt pass muster as "somebody" with the natives. But for all that, I did not come out here to be shot at, and you quiet people at home no doubt never thought I did. But a Special Correspondent's work in this expedition is no joke. Three hundred miles of march amidst doubtful friends, with a chance of being cut off from all communication with the shore, as a climax! All honour to those who can face it—I can't. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of coming back altogether. Slopper is quite decided, and upon my word I think he is right. He says, very truly, that he can write the "History of Abyssinia" much better in Bedford Square, and that as to the "Insect World of Upper Egypt," he does not find it half so interesting a subject out here as it appeared to him at the British Museum. He is going, therefore, to let it stand over. You must not mind my saying it, but, looking at things purely as a man of business, I never felt more gloomy in my life! Never!

Just finished dinner. Was interrupted above by several young fellows of the 33rd, who asked me to mess with them. Drank the Queen's health in champagne, Sir, three times three. What do you think of that? Not so bad for old Annesley Bay, is it? This Abyssinian business isn't half bad fun after all. By-the-way, cut out a lot of the first part of this letter. I have forgotten exactly what it's all about, but it is rather in the desponding line, I fancy. Of course I shall "go up" with the troops. I think I told you that that atrocious Slopper talked of turning back. These are the kind of fellows who disgrace the name of Englishman abroad, and get us so little respected in the Red Sea! As to the pen being mightier than the sword—nonsense, that's what *that* is. As Bracer says, it is by the sword alone we shall cut our way to Debra Thabor (I think that is the place?) and it is from Debra Thabor (if that is the place) that you shall hear, whether he be dead or alive, from

YOUR OWN SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

P.S.—I open this because it has just occurred to me that what *you* most require of me is a chronicle of the various abuses to which this Expedition must give rise. All I can say is, read the last letter of my friend the Special Correspondent to the *Standard*. What do you say to the £50 mules dying by the hundred; vultures moving over the poor drooping creatures; camels with their bones coming through; water costing two-pence halfpenny per gallon for man and beast; troops arriving without beds to lie down upon, canvass to cover them, or food to feed them? What do you say, British taxpayer!—(I feel in better spirits, you see; that 33 champagne was first-rate)—British taxpayer, to this mull, that is to cost £5,000,000, and will cost £20,000,000! What do you say to stores to be landed and no means of landing them? What do you say to departments all fighting with each other, to an undertaking with no understanding, to an army with no organisation, in fact, to another regular British Expedition?

Talk of the Crimea, and the Afghan affair?—(by-the-way, we are on the eve of another). Why they were mere jokes to this Abyssinian business! Do you know, too, why we are out here at all, with a prospect of failure, to say nothing of overwhelming outlay, before us? Do you know, British taxpayer (that idea tickles me), why, instead of spending a few thousands in proper diplomacy—that is to say, in marbles, fireworks, musical-boxes, cocked-hats, and rum, you are going to spend £20,000,000 in an Expedition? Jealousy of French influence through the completion of the Suez Canal. *That* is what the Abyssinian "difficulty" means. Do you know also, why the Egyptians are coming with 12,000 men (whether we like it or not), to help us all the way? To look after French interests. There—you have the whole thing in a nut-shell. Rather heavy, I dare say all this, but I picked it up at the mess

(before we drank the Queen's health)—so depend upon it, it's a fact.

I open this once more to beg you not to send me my salary by crossed cheque. The chiefs are willing to cash a play-bill, *Times* supplement, or a TOMAHAWK cartoon, but not a cheque. If you can, send me the next remittance in peppermint lozenges or hair-pins, as I am told they are as good as an English sovereign in the Upper Kerjoof-Gebhor. Oh! it's a splendid country! More in my next.

A "CAPITAL." JOKE.

Is anybody surprised to hear that there is every reason to suspect that, as a sanitary measure, the Thames Embankment will prove a gigantic failure? We suppose not. However, there is the unpleasant fact staring us in the face plainly enough. The sewage, it seems, is not inclined to do what science had arranged for it. The outfall is a great deal too near the metropolis; too near, in short, to enable the tides to affect it as it was contemplated they would when the present plan was as yet on paper. The very Embankment itself is terribly after its time, and, beyond Blackfriars, does not exist even in mud. So much, therefore, for the great Metropolitan Drainage Scheme and its hand maiden! The whole thing promises to be a failure. In a smaller matter *swindle* would be the correct term. But large things never descend to little names; and if every householder in London is paying an exorbitant rate for these improvements, let him comfort himself, at least, with the reflection that he is buying experience, or something equally useful, for posterity. It is perhaps difficult to hit on any satisfactory way of punishing the fools—for it is to be presumed that British thick-headedness is somewhere at the bottom of the matter—who have wasted the public money and patience in a bungling enterprise. One idea, however, does suggest itself, and, as it may be worth something, here it is: let it then be given out forthwith that a London statue will be immediately erected to the memory of everyone distinguishing himself by any notorious bit of insanity in connection with this metropolitan work. Let this be made well known, and we shall hear of no more "mistakes" in the Main Drainage Scheme. If Jenner could only have had a slight, even so slight, a suspicion of what public gratitude would have done with him one day at Charing cross, inoculation would have slumbered, and the question of compulsory vaccination never have arisen to trouble the mind of man!

A CHINESE PRIZE POEM.

THE University of Nanking has lately held the examination for the Ku Jin, or M.A. Degree. The examination was unusually severe; seventy-five candidates died by the hand of death, or their own, during the process of torture. We are, fortunately, enabled to give the "English Poem" which won the Ku-shu-shin Prize for this year. It shows what great advance has been made in the knowledge of the English language in this most exclusive of countries:—

BELPHEGOR; OR, THE HERO OF MANCHURIA.

An Original English Poem,

BY

KO-FOW-LI-CHOW-CHOP,

To which was awarded the Ku-shu-shin Prize for 1857.

(With Notes by Professor Twang-Chin-Hum.)

Note.—This Poem is founded on an incident in the early history of Manchooria, which, as everybody knows, was the original nucleus of the Chinese Empire. Ginsallur III. ascended the throne of Manchooria B.C. 6027. Three years after his accession, the Khurds, led by Gadzeuxes, invaded his territory, and laid it completely waste, murdering his wife Zedzina (the pink-eyed gazelle); he himself succeeded in escaping with his infant son Belphegor, to the neighbouring territory of Cashmere, which had just been annexed by Ginsallur. Here the king and his child lived a life of misery and privation, being constantly hunted by the vindictive Gadzeuxes from

one hiding place to another. At last, Guishallur having died, Belphegor, who was much beloved of his people, raised a rebellion against the Khurds, and defeating them at the battle of the Khistnah (April 3rd, B.C. 6001), where he slew Gadzeuxes with his own hand, he was crowned King of Manchooria and Cashmere on the following day. Unfortunately, he had allowed himself to be fascinated by Nanze, a beautiful princess of the Kalmuck Tartars, and she, intriguing with El Macne, the Prince of Turkhistan, betrayed the army of Belphegor into his hands (April 12th, B.C. 6001), when they were completely cut to pieces. Belphegor escaped, and after wandering about for two days on the hills, he put an end to his own existence (April 14th, B.C. 6001). Thus, in the short space of ten days, did he regain and lose his kingdom.

'Twas Evening, and on Ocean's crimsoned Breast
Sank the great Orb⁽¹⁾ to his primeval rest :
Perched on the summit of Al-washas⁽²⁾ height
One lonely figure caught the traveller's⁽³⁾ sight ;
Folded his arms, with rapt and moody gaze
He eyed the splendours of the fading rays ;
Then with a sigh that echoed of the grave
Thus to his thoughts portentous utterance gave—
" Ah me ! 'tis ever thus on victory's brink
" The Hero's dazzling star is doomed to sink :
" E'en while he clasps the hard won wreath of Fame,
" And pants to stamp a never-dying Name
" On History's Page, rush fell⁽⁴⁾ misfortune's hounds
" Strangle success, and hush the joyous sounds,
" Dash to the ground the Palace Hope has raised,
" While Ruin gapes 'midst her own wreck⁽⁵⁾ amazed !

" But ten days since and I, Belphegor, stood
" Within the confines of yon sacred Wood ;
" While far and wide the universal throng
" Raised high to Heaven, the deathless Ghunshce's song, ⁽⁶⁾
" While the deep voice of⁽⁷⁾ Bauzah's dread Hadzeef⁽⁸⁾
" Hailed me Manchooria's Monarch, Cashmere's chief !
" But now deserted, friendless, and forlorn,
" My schemes all shattered and my raiment torn ;
" Spoiled of my splendour, plundered of my power,
" An exile, forced 'mid craggy wilds to cower,
" Or else half-starved in desert wastes to roam,
" Houseless on earth, the tomb my only home ;
" Without the tribute of one subject's eye
" Ginshallur's eldest son⁽⁹⁾ is doomed to die !

" But 'ere in Death's wide-circling stream I'm cast,
" Once more let Memory paint the golden Past !
" Once more before my weary tear-dimmed eyes
" Let the bright days of 'Halcyon' Youth arise ;
" Once more unshackled let the Pulse of Hope
" With nascent dangers all undaunted cope !
" When first I leapt my country's life to save
" And planted Freedom's Flag o'er dastard Serfdom's grave !

" Ah me ! how cruel clear the mind can see
" That time when gambolling at my father's knee,
" My childish orbs dilated with surprise,
" I heard the tale of proud Manchooria's rise ;
" And then while sobs his manly bosom shook,
" Undying hatred prisoned in his look,
" My noble sire in slow and measured words,
" Laid bare the treachery of those cursed Khurds.⁽¹⁰⁾

" With mimic rage my puny lips I gnawed,
" As he narrated how the treacherous horde
" Poured in rebellious torrents o'er the plain,
" That waves its tresses ⁽¹¹⁾ 'neath yon snow-capped chain ;
" With Lust and Murder stalking in the van
" Spared neither maid nor matron, babe nor man !
" " Ah, boy, methinks I hear thy mother's cry
" " Once more unheeded pierce the un pitying sky,
" " While flashing in the mocking beams of light,
" " Gadzeuxes' sabre cleaves her bosom white.
" " Listen, Belphegor, grown to man's estate, ⁽¹²⁾
" " Swear thou wilt hug unquenched this heirloom Hate—
" " 'Tis all thy once crowned father has to leave,
" " Accept the Trust, and trust Revenge t' achieve."

" Shade of my great Progenitor, may thou
" Assure the Man he kept the Infant's vow.

" Why trace the course of Triumph's jewelled car
" From Khistnah's streams to golden-towered Shuhgar ?
" Why flout Despondency's regretful gaze
" With sunny memories of those glorious days,
" When like a flock of terror-stricken birds,
" From dread Belphegor fled the gore-stained Khurds—
" When cleft in twain Gadzeuxes' cursed head,
" Grinned futile Malice from a mound of dead ?
" Zedzina's spirit blessed her worthy boy, ⁽¹³⁾
" And great Ginshallur's Ghost drank deep of vengeful Joy.

" Oh ! cursed Fortune ! oh ! thrice cursed Fate !
" Why, with brief surfeit mock my deathless hate ?
" Why snatch the goblet from these lips away,
" Scarce moistened with the soul inspiring spray.
" Fool, that I was, to trust such god-like schemes
" To that bright Hour of my boyish dreams !
" Fool, that I was, to think a Woman's Tongue
" For aught but Mischief in her mouth was hung !
" Yes, lying harlot ! view thy noble work,
" Clapsed in the arms of thy lewd leman Turk.
" When Passion gorged repels the fond caress,
" Sick with Satiety of Loveliness,
" Then, faithless Nanze, shalt thou know at least,
" The difference 'twixt a Hero and a Beast !"

(He draws his sword, and addresses it.)

" Come thou dear Falchion, thou my truest friend,
" These vain repinings now for ever end—
" Methinks I see upon thy polished blade
" Some dim regret, this arm should be obeyed ;
" Nay, do thy work, though thou hast oft before
" Plunged to the hilt in Foemen's crimson Gore,
" Yet, never didst thou taste such god-like Life,
" As now, when thus thou still'st Belphegor's bosom's Strife."

(He falls on his sword.)

Thus died the Chief, slain by the only hand
Worthy to do such Deed in all the Land :
His Fate we mourn ; a single purposed mind
Like his, 'twere hard in History's page to find.
Still, may his fate some golden Precepts teach
To those who after Glory's baubles reach,
Bid them remember, that by Victory's side,
Defeat, though veiled in mist, doth ever ride.

(1) *Orb*. The Sun—a luminary invented by the Chinese. Its place in England is supplied by gas.

(2) *Al-washa*. A mountain of Manchooria.—See Maps.

(3) Supposing any traveller happened to be passing. No individual allusion is intended.

(4) *Misfortune*. The daughter of Dame Fortune.

(5) *Her own wreck*, i.e., the wreck she made. ("Leave not a wreck behind."—*Shakespeare*.)

(6) *Ghunshce's song*. The native air of Manchooria, from which "God Save the Queen" is taken.

(7) *Bauzah*. The tutelary deity of Manchooria.

(8) *Hadzeef*. The title of the high priest.

(9) Meaning himself.

(10) *Halcyon*. The Greek for kingfisher, from *ἄλς* a king and *κύων* a fisher. As Belphegor had been fishing for a kingdom all his youth the epithet is very well chosen.

(11) See Prefatory Note. Confucius says, that it is to be observed that wherever the *Khurds* came the people made way for them.

(12) In allusion to Al Pahkur, the beautiful wavy grass of Manchooria, from which Alpaca is made.

(13) This is evidently the origin of Hannibal's vow.

(14) See Prefatory Note.

SOMETHING FOR GOOD CHILDREN.—A little work has recently been published by one Sydney Darrell, entitled, "Told in the Twi-light," which is full of charming stories for boys and girls. If TOMAHAWK were a boy or a girl he would certainly devour this pretty book from beginning to end. As it is, he glances at its contents, says his word of hearty praise, and passes on.

Now ready,
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, JANUARY 11, 1868.

THE appointment of Sir Henry Storks to the post of Controller-in-Chief, with a salary of £2,000 a-year, is no doubt a very proper proceeding; but still the public have a right to expect that a reduction should be made in some other direction in the War Office, especially as Sir Henry brings with him an Assistant Controller at £1,000 a-year in the person of General Balfour, late a member of the Recruiting Commission. What all the high dignitaries in Pall Mall can find to do, except to quarrel with each other, we are at a loss to guess; but we trust that the retirement of at least half their number will be among the early results of Sir Henry Storks' administration. To discharge half a dozen junior clerks is something to talk about in the House of Commons, but, in reality, very little to do; and if we are to have any saving of expense in the War Office, the reductions must take place from the top, not the bottom, of the existing over-weighted establishment.

THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better!"

ORATOR STUBBINGS ON THE YEAR "'67."

WE've just closed a werry ewentful year. The bloated ones, them that is affluent and wealthy, them that never knows what it is to be 'ungry, and 'as an unlimited supply o' gin on the mere asking, 'ave at last learnt a right good wholesome lesson. They 'ave learnt that the working man, with his 'orny 'and of industry, is not to be gammoned, that, like a worm, he 'as turned upon the monsters as would 'ave devoured 'im, 'as bitten the iron they tried to push into his soul just as snaps the lonely periwinkle at the heartless pin as would invade 'is sea-smitten shell! Now that there sentiment is what I calls poetry—real poetry! None of your verse, but real poetry. Its werry like what they writes in the *Daily Telegraph*, and its werry beautiful! Well, 'ere we are with the new year. We ought to be charitable oughtn't we? Well then, oh yer bloated ones which 'as 'earts like paving stones, and consciences as 'eavy 'as the income tax, ye that are all that is bad, ye that are purse proud and hypocritical, ye that are not only always a doing of wicked things but is for ever a *thinking* of wicked things, ye that are lyars, and scoundrels, murderers, pickpockets, and thieves, ye that are all this, in the name of Charity I ask you to stand some-think considerable for the benefit of your friend and brother—the "Working Man." It was absolutely ridiculous you a coming as you did the other day to the conclusion as 'ow I am "your own flesh and blood." Of course I am. The only thing I ain't at all sure about is whether you are *my* flesh and blood! But there, I've begun the new year well by performing a work of charity! Mind you bloated ones attend to my words, or look to your winders! I don't say much, but what I do say I means!

And now for the year "'67." You know what its celebrated for, don't you? Of course you do! Says you artfully, "Why the year '67 is celebrated for the Paris Exhibition, it is likewise celebrated for the pantomime at Covent Garden, it is likewise celebrated for the discovery of the Chef Sauce, it is likewise celebrated for the dearness of oysters," and there you stops! Oh, that's what '67 is celebrated for is it? Why yer great big h'ignorant hidiots you knows nothink about the matter at all! But oh yer does, I quite understand yer, yer knows werry well what "'67" is celebrated for, but yer daren't allow it even to yerselves. Werry well then, I'll just throw a little light upon the subject. Now Mr. Editor just print what is a coming in capitals. Ready! That's right. Then

THE YEAR '67 IS CELEBRATED FOR ME!

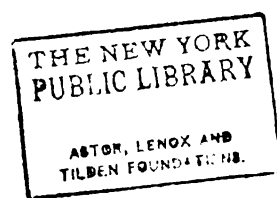
For me, the "Working Man," the "representative of the people," "the honest artisan, with 'is 'orny 'and of industry," 'im as is your master, 'im as cares just two straws for what yer says and thinks about 'im. And now yer wants to know what I am. Werry well I'll tell yer.

Does my name explain what I am? Not a bit of it? It *was* a lark a calling *me* a Working Man! Well, then, what am I? Why this.

I'm a lazy skulking scoundrel, a good judge of beer, and not a bad 'and at wife-beating. Oh, I knows all that, and law bless yer, I'm proud of it. I likes going "a-demonstrating;" I likes a-marching along the streets, and a-smashing of the winders. I ain't much at a speech, unless I've got a werry 'eavy stick; but then I can be werry effective! With a 'eavy stick in my 'and I back myself to bring the water to yer eyes before Mr. Disraeli! I can't read werry well, and I can't write werry well, but there's a good deal of eloquence in my hob-nailed boots! I ain't fond of children, and I 'ates dawgs,—cause children, yer see, are *suck* fools, and 'cause dawgs, as a rule, is *so* conceited. I knows that the dawgs looks down upon me. Many's the time when I've 'ad a drop too much, and 'ave made a bed of the gutter, 'ave I seen them dawgs a-turning up their noses at me! They seemed to say, "Bill Stubbings, yer scoundrel, yer drunken beast, what do yer mean by living in a town where we live—why don't yer go to the Z'logical Gardens? But there's no need to ask yer why yer don't, 'cause the reason's as plain as a spike-staff; yer know werry well as 'ow they wouldn't take yer in—they draws the line at the skunks!" And that's why I'm riled with the dawgs! Well, from what I've said you may think as 'ow I ain't a werry pleasant party! Well, then, I ain't a pleasant party, and what's more, I means yer to know it. But pleasant or unpleasant, I'm yer master! Yes, that's all right; and if yer want to know 'ow I became yer master, it won't take me long to tell yer. Law, I ain't afraid to let yer in the secret *now*, as yer can't do nothink. So 'ere goes.

Last year you caved in! There, in them words I've told you every think. You caved in, you know you did, and by caving in, you got into my power for ever and a day. When my dear friend Mr. Beales, M.A., began a spouting and a calling upon me "to arise," then was the time for action. Yer see I'm a werry good 'and at knocking down a woman, but I 'ates a policeman almost as bad as soap and water. But no, when my friend Mr. Beales, M.A., was a spouting and I was "arising," you did nothink. "No," says you, "it is the woice of the people that I'm a listening to. It's their woice which a smashes of the park pailings and a shatters of my winders. It is a nice woice and I'll 'earken to it!" And when one of the perlice gives me a trumper on the 'ed, you calls out "Oh spare that there human creater!" In 'im be'old one of natur's nobleman—'e is the honest artizan with the 'orny 'and of industry. Better that a 'undred winders be smashed and a thousand laws be broken than that dear sweet feller's 'ed be tapped with the weapon of one of the law's myrmidons?" And I laughed in my sleeve, and Mr. Walpole he weeped in his pocket handkercher, and altogether it was werry affecting! Since Januwerry I've done a lot for my country, I've interfered with trade, ruined labour and encouraged the Fenian insurrection! Law bless yer as this is what I've done in '67 you may be sure I shan't be idle in '68!

And now to conclude I advise yer to be werry obedient. Flatter me and pamper me, make a deal of me and try to 'ide your chains with clap trap and butter. You've made me your master, and now I 'opes as 'ow yer likes yer bondage. Some one *must* 'ave the 'upper 'and, and in my opinion a 'eavy stick is better than clever brains. As the *Telegraph* would say "*Wox bopuli, Wox dei!*" Yah!





JUSTICE FOR
A NEW
THE "GOLD



FOR IRELAND!
VERSION OF
THE EN BAWN."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

CHEAP CHARITY.

SOME well-meaning and benevolently disposed people have lately been writing to the newspapers to suggest that the refuse of Club dinners, the dregs of the soup-plates and the bones of the cutlets, should be carefully saved and given to poor people who, this cold weather would appreciate such princely fare.

We so deeply sympathize in the good taste and kindly feeling with which the originators of this new system of relief are inspired, that we would gladly see not only every Club house, but every private establishment in London contribute in some measure towards the feeding of the hungry.

Although it is not possible that the good things which can be put aside for the poor in a Club can be spared in the families of ordinary people, yet we would suggest that there are few houses where a stock-pot could not be kept, in which a good and nutritious broth might not be collected with the same charitable view.

In the first place the water in which fish, pudding, or vegetables have been boiled should be put aside, and with this should be mixed the tea-leaves, which, after having served their ordinary purpose of assisting the housemaid to sweep the carpets will still be found to possess considerable strength and wholesome nourishment.

In establishments where no dogs are kept meat bones may be advantageously added, but in case these cannot be spared, there are very few houses where there are not broken corners of loaves and remnants of bread which will be a great improvement to the broth. Of course, when people keep dogs who do not refuse to eat bread, the broken pieces should be given to their animals; but under such circumstances (which, however, we believe, would seldom occur, for dogs, on the whole, are sagacious beasts, and for the most part refuse to eat dry bread), the parings of the potatoes will be found a satisfactory substitute.

The great difficulty that will present itself to those charitable persons who institute a soup tureen of the ingredients we have described, will, no doubt, be the fear of the great crowd of hungry paupers who will besiege their homes to partake of such goodly cheer. To avoid therefore any inconvenient crowding, we would suggest that any person who may appear to be in a starving condition and begs for food, should in no case be relieved in the first instance, but his appearance should be carefully observed, and he should be desired to return on the following day. This arrangement will also prove a great safeguard against imposition, as, if the beggar presents himself on the second occasion, it will be fair to presume that the case is one of genuine necessity.

If everybody would only follow the excellent example of the Club committees, and generally adopt our practical suggestions for the relief of our poorer neighbours, such a system must do much to strengthen that bond of mutual good feeling and respect, which already exists in so marked a degree between the middle and lower classes of society.

THE SPECIALTY OF SPECIALS.

WITH a praiseworthy desire to add to the confusion already existing in the minds of the brave clerks, tradesmen, work-people, and the "other respectable persons" who have come forward with so much impetuosity to invest themselves with the awful authority of the law; and in order to throw a little more haziness over the notions that these patriots have of their position, functions, privileges, and staves, a set of instructions has been drawn up for their guidance by the law officers of the crown. The document is a model of perspicuity, and its strict legality may be relied upon, for every case of riot since Jack Cade's has been investigated, in order to furnish the necessary precedents as to the status of those who assume the duty of repressing popular disturbances:—

- 1.—Special constables are held to represent, and for practical purposes, to be, the Sovereign of the country. Nevertheless they are not considered to possess the power of declaring war, of levying taxes, or of holding a parliament, and they are expected to refrain from any such acts for the present.
- 2.—Special constables only retain their executive delegation from the Sovereign for the time specified in the warrants

issued to them, and if a renewal is required the new bill on a stamped form should be presented to the original drawer.

- 3.—As Special Constables are to be employed solely in the case of extraordinary necessity, and in the maintenance of the Queen's peace, it should be understood that by "extraordinary necessity" is meant—
 - a.—Incapacity of the regular police to perform their duties.
 - b.—Publication of a newspaper article or paragraph expressing alarm at the state of the country.
 - c.—The receipt of an anonymous letter by anybody.
 - d.—The occurrence of an escape of gas.
 - e.—The discovery of any mare's nest whatever.
- 4.—By the "Queen's peace" is meant, in the first instance, the present government which personifies it from Ireland to Abyssinia, and secondly
 - a.—The efficiency and popularity of the volunteer force.
 - b.—The mortal panic as to Fenianism, which happily exists throughout the kingdom.
 - c.—The perpetuation of the spirit of animosity which has lasted between the English and Irish for the last five hundred years.
 - d.—The glorification of the British tradesman for his patriotism and devotion to the laws and (present) government of the country.
- 5.—In the event of any one of the cases arising which are enumerated in paragraph (3), and the Queen's peace, or any such part of it as is specified in paragraph (4) being endangered, the Special Constables will be at once called out.
- 6.—When so called, it is not expected that any of them will come; but in case any should do so, they will at once address themselves, under the direction of their officers, to the maintenance or re-establishment of the Queen's peace as above specified.
- 7.—In order to do this, they will parade the streets of the district to which they are assigned in due order, and will pay domiciliary visits to all the public-houses therein.
- 8.—In the event of any popular or Fenian outbreak, the Special Constables will immediately disperse and retire with all convenient speed, each to his respective home, which he will defend from attack by taking up a defensive position in the cellar.
- 9.—Should any doubt arise as to whether any proceedings which may be observed do or do not constitute an outbreak, the Special Constables are to request the persons concerned in the said proceedings to abstain from further action for the present, and shall apply to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against them.
- 10.—As soon as the said outbreak is over, the Special Constables will again be called out and receive the thanks of Parliament on due proof being afforded of their thirst and incapacity.
- 11.—Should any doubt arise as to the meaning of these instructions, each Special Constable is expected to take his own view of the matter, and to do exactly as he likes about it.
- 12.—The Home Secretary wishes the Special Constables a specially Happy New Year.

Home Office,
1st January, 1868.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

SIR,—I know that you have many demands upon your space, and, in asking you to afford insertion to the following protest, I give you my word that I will try to "cut it short."

You will remember Sir, that about four months ago, I sent you a couple of letters upon the subject of music, with both of which you were so pleased, that they found ready admission into your columns; since that time, I have been waiting patiently in the conviction that you would press me to join your staff. You have not done so, however, but when you have perused the following remarks you will doubtless concede to me that the loss has been yours.

I want to draw the attention of your readers (who, I feel satis-

fied, are thoughtful and intelligent persons), to the present condition of the Pantomime; and I want to point out that Pantomimes now-a-days are not what they used to be when I was a boy, and that the change which has taken place is not for the better. In my time Sir, the opening part of a Pantomime used to consist of a pretty little fairy tale of two or three scenes, then we had a transformation scene (which took less than a quarter of an hour to develop itself into perfection), and the two artists who had played the parts of the "Wicked Baron" and "His Thievish Attendant," were turned respectively into Clown and Pantaloon, and it was always a great pleasure to me (not unmingled with anxiety), to watch them untie their strings furtively, in anticipation of the coming change. After this Sir, would come three scenes of rollicking Harlequinade, and then home to bed by midnight.

But we don't get this sort of wholesome fun now-a-days; mirth and frolic go to the wall before glitter and display. Why Sir, at a great many of the theatres, they have two or three clowns, harlequins, &c., and what does this prove? It proves that a single company cannot undergo the fatigue of the harlequinade as at present in vogue; and from this last fact, we may draw the deduction that the entertainment is needlessly and wearisomely spun out. Now if the actors are so done up by their night's work, is it not reasonable to suppose that the audience may perhaps have had enough of it, when you remember that they take their seats at about seven o'clock and get out of them about twelve o'clock?

I went to the Lyceum on Boxing Night, and hang me, Sir, if I did not think that the performance was going to last till the next day. It was, no doubt, scarcely fair to judge of the merits of that pantomime on its opening night, because nobody knew when to come on to the stage, or what to say when they got there; and the carpenters could not get the scenes on; and when they succeeded in setting a scene, they could in no way contrive to take it away again. But a Christmas audience is an indulgent one, and when Mr. E. T. Smith ("the spirited and enterprising," &c., &c.) stepped forward to the footlights with his hat on his heart, and assured his "kind patrons" that he was just as sorry as they were, but that he had had only ten days to prepare his pantomime and so forth, you would have thought that his "kind patrons" would have brought the house down, so anxious were they to show that they had come to the theatre to be amused, and that they would not allow themselves to be put out by trifles. But the pantomime at the Lyceum, when brought within proper limits, will, I think, prove to be a good one; and there is a young lady there, a Miss Goodall, who has a capital voice, and she sings (very nicely) a song about a lot of birds, which would be a deal more effective if the verses were less than (shall I say?) seventy-three in number. By the way, Sir, please ask your musical critic to tell Miss Goodall that she must never sing higher than F sharp or G, otherwise she will injure a voice which is too pretty to be spoiled.

I had one or two things more to say, only I have mislaid my note-book, and cannot recollect what they were. Ah! to be sure; I remember, I wanted to protest against sprites in a pantomime; I hate sprites, because they stop the legitimate action of the entertainment; besides, Sir, I can't endure to see human beings undergoing such hideous physical contortions as to induce the belief that they cannot possibly have such a thing as a bone in any part of their bodies.

Then, again, I ask, what has become of the tricks? I rarely see that enchanting illusion which consisted in putting the harlequin in at one end of a sausage-machine and bringing him out at the other end in the form of a glittering and various-hued string of sausages! I frankly confess, also, that once before I die, I should dearly like to see a policeman shot out of a mortar.

All this, you will say, is not the highest class of humour. Very true, Sir; but I uphold that it is the essence of Pantomime, and I venture to think, that if there was more fun, and less display, we should be better off than we are now.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, Sir, and many of them,

I remain your obedient servant,

POOR OLD TOMMY.

P.S.—I forgot to say that I shall be glad if you will advise Mr. Disraeli to bring in a bill next session, making it illegal for any pantomime to last longer than two hours.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

What of my Second will my First bring forth?
Is asked from West, from East, from South, from North.
Dark clouds hang o'er the cradle of the child
Ere yet 'tis born; dire Signs and Rumours wild
On all sides seen and heard; a lurid glare
Scorches the Wings of Hope and turns her to Despair.

(1.)

A chasm on the Sea of ice,
A gulf of blazing fire
Do this as well as little boys,
Whom prosy sermons tire.

(2.)

Flow on thou boundary of strife,
Flow on remorseless River—
'Tis Blood, and not thy cold, cold waves,
That makes the gazer shiver.

(3.)

But few there are who wish not thus
They might begin their life;
Yet if they could, it would not change
The issue of the Strife.

(4.)

"A Bear and Ragged Staff's" a sign,
Which oft allures a thirsty soul.
This People sure would say, the sign
Should be "The Bear and Broken Pole."

ANSWER TO THE LOGOGRIPE IN OUR LAST.

FENIAN.

FEN I AN
FINEAN
FANE
ANN
FINE
NINE
INANE
INN

ANSWERS to the above have been received from R. R., Your Loving Flute, S. L. C., Ellen Orton, W. C. H. B. Ives, The Spider, Mrs. Sea Cole, C.B., Cublington, Joe, Ernest, Se-Se, W. H. T., Trissie, X. X., Fannie S., Porcupine, W. T. C., J. A. S., Ermine and Woolsack, H. W. R., Cinderella, Chang, Torment, C. P. L. (Hampton Wick), "Fenians Plotting."

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

C Chum M
H Hippopotami I
R Raisin N
I Isaac C
S Sausage E
T Tap P
M Magi I
A Ale E
S Success S

ANSWERS to the above have been received from R. R., Circe and Aristides, The Bishop and Words, Se-Se, Joe, Porcupine, W. T. C., J. A. S., Ermine and Woolsack, H. W. R., Cinderella, Chang, Torment, C. P. L. (Hampton Wick).

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 37.]

LONDON, JANUARY 18, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

PANACEA, OR PANIC?

THE *Times* has, either for want of more interesting copy, or for some inscrutable reason best known to itself, lately been devoting more than a column of its valuable space to accounts of the holding of meetings, the passing of resolutions, the publication of manifestoes, and the general dissemination of what not else, on the subject of Fenianism. It is true that the provincial element holds the place of honour in keeping up the agitation to which we refer. But it is to be supposed that by giving it a wide publicity the *Times* thoroughly endorses the spirit with which it is animated. The *Times*, therefore, has a good deal to answer for.

Precaution is one thing but panic is another, and we conclude that, as our views on the subject of revolution have been already pretty plainly expressed in these pages, we shall not be suspected of indulging in Fenian sympathies when we denounce a good deal of this recent public meeting holding as dangerous and foolish. The continual swearing-in, too, of special constables, (we suppose it is heresy to say it) appears to be but little better, if not the least bit cowardly to wit. Perhaps those who for one moment will take the trouble soberly to compare the present condition of things with that of 1848, or even to take a more modern instance, of 1866, will understand what we mean. Were all London to be sworn-in and armed to the teeth, an outrage such as that recently perpetrated at Clerkenwell could scarcely be provided against, inasmuch as it depends for its execution, not upon the combined action of many, but upon the savage determination of few. A small band of well organised secret police, therefore, and not an army of raw and ready-made constables, is the proper antidote for reckless conspiracy of this kind. To ignore the former, and adopt the latter, is simply to magnify the evil which has to be eradicated. This is obviously foolish to a degree. Compared to the overwhelming masses of the loyal and peaceably disposed population of London, the sum total of disaffected Irishmen must be, numerically, simply ridiculous. Most probably the professional thieves are to them in number as ten to one. To pay this compliment to the effective strength of Fenianism is, if not a stupid blunder, certainly most injudicious diplomacy.

Again, as to the public meetings, which are apparently held for the sole purpose of enabling Englishmen to assure each other by resolution that, spite the obvious reputation they have acquired in a contrary direction, they really do condemn wanton bloodshed and brutal massacre,—what can be urged in their favour? Is it necessary that Englishmen, of all men in the world, should deem it a duty to come forward to clear themselves from such reproaches as these? What, then, is the good of the whole thing? Perhaps the *Times* can say? Some three years ago, when sensible men could divine that whatever Fenianism did mean, it did not mean inaction, the great guide of English Public Opinion was capering about like a fool, and cracking vulgar jokes about Ireland and its national "Green." To-day it pitches its tale in quite another key. Its last estimate of Fenianism is, however, just about as creditable to its sagacity as its first. In short, if such want of ballast in a leading journal were not a matter for reflection, it might be amusing to note how the gibbering of the talky jackdaw has imperceptibly given place to the howl of the frightened hyæna.

ENGLISH HISTORY À LA FRANCAISE.

THERE is playing now at the Ambigu in Paris, a piece called *Les Chevaliers du Brouillards*, from which we learnt (our French, we admit, is rather so so) the following important historical facts:—

- 1st.—That Jack Sheppard discovered a Jacobite plot for the destruction of Westminster Abbey by gunpowder.
- 2nd.—That the Tower of London is situated at Greenwich.
- 3rd.—That George I. was in the habit of walking about Newgate disguised as the Lord Mayor of London, and attended by "Sir William Hogarth."
- 4th.—That Jack Sheppard was, in early youth, the heir presumptive to the British throne.

And yet there are some people who *will* have it that the French know nothing of English History!

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

THERE is an amusing side of most matters, and Fenianism, despite all its abominations, has given rise to a good many ridiculous incidents within the last few days. Not the least laughable of these occurred last week in the Brigade of Guards, and was on this wise.

The sentries having orders to report fully to their commanding officers all occurrences that attract their attention or arouse their suspicions, the sentinel on guard near the Powder Magazine, in Hyde Park, reported, when relieved, that he had observed in the immediate vicinity of the Magazine a suspicious-looking individual, of a dark, gloomy cast of countenance, and with evident signs that he was making particular observations of the arrangements around the place. This report having been duly forwarded to the Captain of the Guard, was by him promptly reported to the Major-General Commanding the Brigade, who immediately ordered out a Troop of the Royal Horse Guards Blue to patrol the Park throughout the night, and intimated his intention of fully investigating the matter in the morning—adding that the sentinels were most praiseworthy for the vigilance with which they performed their duties, as he was himself aware, having that very day gone round to all the sentry posts unknown to the men or their officers.

Early the following morning the Major-General accordingly proceeded to the Barracks and instituted the fullest inquiries, ascertained the exact time and circumstances of the matter, and particularly the extremely dangerous and treasonable appearance of the mysterious and ill-looking stranger. At his orders the soldier was brought before him, and being called upon by the Major-General to state whether he thought he could identify the man if he saw him again, Private Tommy Atkins immediately replied in dreadful trepidation "Yes Sir, indeed I could, and, please sir, you're the party yourself!"

A good story, and what is more, a true one! It was very right of Private Tommy Atkins to observe the mysterious stranger, and no less the duty of the Major-General to take every measure of precaution, but it was unfortunate perhaps that the Private and the Major-General did not compare notes a little earlier, at least the Troop of Horse Guards Blue (very blue!) who patrolled Hyde Park for a long wet wintry night may possibly have thought so.

ON SOME LINES BY THE LAUREATE.

IF the adage is admissible that you may as well hang a dog at once as give him a bad name, there is not a shade of doubt that the inverse is still more certain in this our snobbish fatherland.

There seems to be a Laureate mania cropping up, and within a week of each other two publications have prevailed on Alfred the Great to supply them with copy in the shape of verses. In each case the contribution is little more than "a copy of verses." Of the first, "The Victim," which appeared in *Good Words*, we have little to say. The idea was not new, but picturesquely put, though the versification was anything but smooth, and the genius anything but obtrusive. Of course "The Victim" was reproduced in almost all the daily prints, and everyone, literary or pseudo-literary, was asking everyone else whether they had seen Tennyson's last poem.

Now the new series of *Once a Week* rushes into the field with more copy by the Laureate "hot and hot," with the elegant title "On a Spiteful letter." Six stanzas, written, one might imagine between the first and second cups of tea at breakfast, under the influence of a bad head-ache after a Christmas dinner and the hottest of accompanying coppers; and suggested by the receipt of a long-standing bill from an irate tailor, who had more taste for notes than strophes.

Hear the indignant bard :—

"Here it is here, the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter;
My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better."

Does not this remind us of childhood's song? Has it not the true *Jack and Gill* ring? Here is poetry my masters! The poetry of the nursery rhymers. "My fame in song!" The head-ache has brought vanity with a rush to the front. We are beginning to be proud of our English Laureate!

"O, foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or mine—
I hear the roll of the ages."

If ever foolish bard thought of addressing Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., in terms of indignation, what crushing sarcasm he meets with. Colossal satire! Gigantic humiliation! And all this while he hears "the roll of the ages," which, being interpreted, means that the irate poet had been waiting in dudgeon for his morning roll, which had not come at the proper hour.

Third and fourth stanzas :—

"This fallen leaf—isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger.
[He won't give in.]
Yet hate me not [*hypercritical charity*], but abide your lot—
I last but a moment longer.
[If this is what you've come to, O Alfred!
not a moment longer, we beseech.]

"O, faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
What room is here for a hater?
[We might imagine that the bill was sent
in by a hatter. A t has been omitted,
no doubt.]

Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later."

[This is most likely a passing observation
on the quality of some Assam tea which
the great man is discussing.]

But the great D.C.L. scorns to continue the quarrel in verse; he proceeds to show his superiority in simple prose.

"What!" says he, "greater than I—isn't that your cry? And I shall live to see it. Well, you know, if it be so, so it is; and if it isn't, why it aint!" This rejoinder shows an almost feminine logic within it, and we almost fancy some repulsed or repulsive washer-woman might have been in the room at the time, and her words have been ringing in the poet's ears. But poets don't wash.

Last stanza :—

"O, summer leaf, isn't life as brief?

[Third time of asking.]

But this is the time for hollies :—

And my heart, my heart, is an evergreen—

[The bard has evidently been swallowing
his own laurels and they have got into
his head.]

I hate the spites and the follies."

We have doubts as to these lines, and are half inclined to think that the great man had been to a bad pantomime over night, and had intended to write—

"I hate the sprites and the follies."

However, that is immaterial, and only refers to the omission of the spiteful letter r.

These are the stanzas for which we dare not surmise how much has been paid by a spirited editor, and which are returned as an equivalent for his gold. Why, if Catnach had sent such lines out into the streets on the Clerkenwell Explosion, or other popular excitement, he would have been hissed off the flags.

If some young aspirant from Grub street had offered such ware for insertion in the most commonplace of half-penny miscellanies, he would have been kicked out of the office by an editor, without an $\frac{1}{2}$ at his service. And we do not hesitate to say that there is not a redeeming line or thought, or the ghost of a thought, from beginning to end of the weak invention. And to see Napoleon on the rock at Elba turn round and run after his cocked hat, which the wind might have blown off, would not be as great a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous as is this sad ebullition of childishness on the part of the author of "In Memoriam."

We do not doubt that, ere this, he has recovered from the violent dyspepsia from which he has been suffering (and the public too), and is sitting on his butt of sherry in sack cloth and ashes. If he is really penitent he will not object to our addressing him in a

PAULO-POST STANZA.

O, fallen bard, isn't this too hard?
But think us not uncivil;
You've got it hot, so abide your lot,
And give up writing drivell.

A HISS IN TIME.

THE re-action has come at last over the water.

Everybody has heard of the signal triumph gained over the civic force at the Porte St. Martin Theatre a few nights back. Expression of adverse opinion, in the shape of "goosing," was sustained by a whole theatre-full, to the great chagrin, no doubt, of the police who had to yield. It has been said that the hiss was directed against a caricature of Schneider's way of acting. We have no hesitation in saying that this was not so. Madlle. Silly, the actress hissed, is undeniably clever, but at the same time, the *strangest* (to put it mildly) young person when she likes it has ever been our lot to see. On this occasion she put out her tongue—a gesture as repulsive as is possible, when committed by a fish-woman, but which, performed on the stage, would raise a storm in England which neither managers nor police would be sufficient to quell. Some hisses had already been remarked on the entrance of Madlle. Delval, who shows too much of herself, even for the money now paid for a stall—and the prices have risen—so that there is no doubt in the Parisian mind that there was a portion of the public who felt that indecency had come to its ultimate boundary, and that it was high time brains should step in and drive the intruders back.

There is a cry going up in Paris, now crying, "Let us have plays which our wives and daughters may see; we are sick of pieces in which the plot depends on most legs or least shoulders! Sensuality and degradation have had their turn: send the witless harlotry of the *revue* to the new streets and the public gardens, and let us have food for thought, and place for the wit that elevates." Nor can our neighbours throw the fault on the World's Fair of last year. The fungus has been growing and infecting the whole stage for years, culminating in the shameless atrocities of last year's *féeries*, and though here

and there, at the *Gymnase*, or the *Français*, occasional pieces have occurred which one recalls with pleasure, nearly all the houses have resorted to spectacle to fill their seats.

We do not doubt for one instant that nausea has at last taken hold of literary Paris; but they will not like to own on the Boulevards that they have brought the disease on themselves.

And yet it is so. There is a lack of delicacy, with all their grace and gallantry, about French men—and French women too, we are sorry to say, which, allowed like all faults, to run on unchecked, degenerates into vice. Why are young French girls kept so rigidly in leading strings by their mothers? Because there is a licence in society—a liberty to indulge in scandalous conversation—a looseness, in fact, of *mœurs*, which can only corrupt the *morale* of a girl, already by the atmosphere she has been bred in only too apt to understand half-way.

Why, Messieurs, when a novel like *Fanny* or the *Affaire Clemenceau* appears, instead of manfully and honestly, for the sake of wives and daughters, hissing aloud at the coarse blots there only too evident, you set aside the adverse criticism and say, such and such passages are clever, are full of wit or humour, or graceful sentiment, let us cover one eye while we admire with the other, and so encourage the festering sore to spread. And it does, and has spread, and we regret to say, finds a reflection on our own shores. The stage has seen this last year or so such liberties of undress as would have made our mothers blush. Our novels are tainted with the adulterous plague, and wanton vice holds her head up where five years ago she crept about concealed. Let us clean our own doorsteps, for the beam in our eye has been getting very heavy of late.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

WE are happy to be able to announce that the Government ever anxious to carry out Administrative Reforms of any and every character, have determined to establish at once, a comprehensive and extensive scheme of technical education, and the following Minute which has been made by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, will enable our readers to appreciate the advantages to arise from the new system.

My Lords consider the subject of trade instruction with a view to extend and improve it.

1. They refer to all consumers, customers, and generally to everybody who has to do with any tradesman whatever, they also refer to the Christmas bills which are flowing in at this period of the year.
2. My Lords perceive that there is the greatest difficulty in getting anybody to make a decent pair of boots, a respectably cut coat, or a hat with any character in it; and that the custom of sending in bills and calling for payment is on the increase.
3. In order to assist the classes interested, my Lords resolve to aid individual efforts by founding schools for their instruction in trade and proper principles.
4. My Lords propose so to instruct the young men of the country that the next generation of shop-keepers shall be at least an endurable class of creatures.
5. In the schools to be established, the tailor will be taught the æsthetics of cutting and showing—the hatter elevated to the crowning principles of his art—the bootmaker carried beyond his last—and all trade taught upon the improved principles which have enabled foreign nations to persuade the jurors at the Paris Exhibition that they are better workmen than we are.
6. The tradesman or master will also be instructed in his business, and be shown that it is his duty and privilege to supply goods of the best description, on the worst chance of payment, and he will be taught to avoid the error of judgment now so generally deplored, which leads to the demand for cheques on account, or other payments, subversive of those principles of mutual confidence which should exist between all classes.
7. The Science and Art Department will make a grant of the custom of all its officials to any of the students who may distinguish themselves by passing a satisfactory examination to be conducted by a joint committee of men about town and creditors.
8. Transmit a copy to the Treasury, and request sanction to provide in the estimate for payment of the increased debts likely to be incurred under this Minute.

MILITARY REFORM.

THERE is little doubt but that the subject of Military Reform must attract considerable interest in the coming session, even though the last months of the expiring Parliament will doubtless be mainly devoted by the members to preparing characters for themselves for use on the hustings already looming in the near future. Doubtless also Financial Reform will be loudly paraded by Ministers as the best card left them now that the pack is so nearly played out.

But it is not difficult to see that the union of Army Reform and Financial Reform or Retrenchment will not be an easy one, or wholly unattended with the usual incompatibility of such forced unions. The great question of Army Reform—the abolition of the purchase system—must await a new Parliament. It is a matter too vast in all its bearings to be grappled with by an expiring House. That and its sister question of Double Government—Parliamentary through the War Minister, and prerogative through the Commander-in-Chief, must “bide a wee.”

Other military questions, secondary indeed to these very large ones, but of a good deal of importance in themselves, will, however, engage the attention of the House during the session of this year. These are points relating directly to the administration of the Army; and first of all there must be ranged the question of the enormous machine, the unwieldy and overgrown machine, in Pall Mall. The organisation of the War Office itself really calls for immediate attention. The steps recently taken to infuse new blood into the decrepit body tends rather to aggravate the disease—plethora—from which that body already suffers, unless some substantial reductions are made, and that in time for this year's estimates, the enormous cost of the War Office will form a very uncomfortable item of hustings declamation and hustings pledges.

It is well known that the officials in Pall Mall are so numerous, that literally it is impossible for them to move without treading on each others' toes, and the confusion which so many persons capable of forming a sound judgment on the matter predict as inevitable in case of a war breaking out, is mainly the result of the overcrowded condition of the Upper Appointments in the War Office. Nor is it possible to avoid the conclusion, that with so many Major-Generals filling all the highest posts in Pall Mall, it cannot be very necessary to have as many more Major-Generals a few hundred yards off to be controlled by them. When the fight—the great battle of Double Government—does come on, as come it will some fine day, the Military Chiefs at the Horse Guards, who now so greatly rejoice that the Military element has got so firm a footing in the Civil Departments at Pall Mall, may then find that the country thinks that two military bodies are not absolutely necessary in one system of administration, and may desire to dispense with the staff at the Horse Guards altogether.

A VERY BOLD DRAGON!

Private O'Bean of the Royal Irish Fusiliers gets taken down to “the Dashing Dragoon” in the slums adjoining the Rotbury Barracks, and after imbibing the lowest of gin, and exciting himself by all the degrading means at the disposition of the “Dashing Dragoon” and his landlord, is caught blustering out some silly slight on her Majesty whose shilling and uniform have forced him from the plough. He is immediately seized, put under arrest, tried for treason-felony, and condemned to at least two years' imprisonment. Hector O'Sullivan of the “Four-leaved Shamrock,” or Miles Blathevan, Esq., of the “Fenian Fire-eater,” are respectable literary men—editors of organs of some power. They are allowed to insult the Queen, rave at the Government, and generally foam at the mouth on the topic of England, doing all in their blood-shot frenzy to suggest evil of every kind, to the unhappy rebels who support them. What is the divinity which hedges an Irish rebel editor, and in what is Private O'Bean more culpable? We should like a prompt answer to arrive through the Government.

A PRETTY PUFF FOR A PRETTY THING.—Why is the First Volume of the TOMAHAWK like Tennyson? Because 'tis bound to a-muse.

Now ready,
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, JANUARY 18, 1868.

WE hear from New York, *apropos* of Miss Adah Menken's forthcoming Poems, that "she has clothed her ideas in the chastest imagery." Well! judging from our reminiscences of the "Beautiful" authoress, her lines would require some wrapping up this cold weather.

IN the spring of the present year London is to be treated to a contest of machines that are to establish the possibility of aerial navigation. It is to be hoped that the Jamaica Committee will not avail themselves of an occasion which unfortunately so obviously suggests "walking into *Eyre*!"

So the Guardians of the Farnham Workhouse have had a testimonial presented to them. All honour to those who subscribed to it; but how about the poor, wronged creatures who are languishing in prison on account of that little affair at Clerkenwell? Will no one get up a testimonial to them? Surely they are more deserving, for they have suffered already for a fault of which they are not yet proved guilty, while the Guardians of Farnham Workhouse have been proved guilty of faults, but have suffered nothing.

WHO is M. Felix Pyat? If he is a Spy in pay of the Emperor of France he has well deserved his pay by exposing the utter meanness and brutality of the French Democrats. The sublime humanity and noble satire displayed by those who state that the three criminals at Manchester killed two horses and a police-agent, may be excused in a nation which has learnt to eat horse-flesh, and which would be only too glad if it could eat police-agents. But the writers of that sentence knew that Sergeant Brett was no more like a French police-agent than they are like honest patriots. French Democrats are delightful creatures, and noble champions of liberty (as they understand it). But the Clerkenwell Outrage is a work too much after their own hearts for them to give an unbiassed opinion on; and their tirades against the gallows we can bear with equanimity, since none are at once so likely to deserve, and so certain to fear, capital punishment as these amiable disciples of the "Bonnet Rouge."

NEW PROVERB (Dedicated to the late Premier).—Give Russell an Inch and he'll get in an Elliot.

THE architect of the latest "Pall Mall" grievance.—The "WREN" of the Curragh.

VOLO EPISCOPARI.

SOME good has come of the famous Pan-Anglican Synod. It has sent one respectable American Bishop home very happy. Accustomed in his own land of perfect religious independence to be addressed possibly by an hotel waiter in some such familiar strain as "Wall you clerical old cuss, you air rayther a guy, I guess, fixed up in them black tights, just every bit like a nigger about to swaller himself slick! Wall, what's the liquor?" It is to be presumed that the "Yes, my lord; will your lordship take a little lemon in it?" of the old country, has proved too much for him. Describing the Bishop of Oxford as the "English Chrysostom," and alluding to the "Bishop" of Canterbury in terms somewhat too flattering for republication, he proceeded to dwell in rapture on episcopal life in England generally. Palaces, peers, parties, and piety—all of them together fairly overcame him! But what struck him most was what he saw in the Synod itself; and that was the collection of fine-looking white headed old men, some of them weeping because none of them could agree! The worst of the thing is, that it was just this little difficulty in the Council which set all sober men laughing outside it.

SPOON MEAT.

"MR. DUNCOMBE, M.P. for Finsbury," has found a Biographer; that is to say, his son has recently given to the world two thick volumes of fashionable tittle tattle. These, which constitute "the life" in question have been largely advertised by a slashing notice in a contemporary; and as this last must have been read by all men who read anything, there is no occasion for us to do more than endorse its leading features. Two reflections, however, occur in touching upon the subject of biographies in general, and of this one in particular. In the first place, a son is the last man who should venture to handle the life of his father. In nine cases out of ten he must be either undutiful or untruthful. Both alternatives are distasteful to the reader. A son, therefore, had best let his father's virtues and vices alone. In the second place, a biography proper ought to have some higher aim than that which appears to consist in the raking up of decayed scandals, and the publication of a heap of anything but edifying private and domestic details. Such things had much better be kept religiously secret; when they are not, the roughest comment upon them needs no apology.

For it is obvious that men, who are thrust with all their personal and family concerns pell-mell into print, as matters of public interest become public property, and being such, must take their stand on the world's stage forthwith, whether it be to get heartily applauded, or what is less pleasant, well hissed. The worst of the matter, however, is, that an undesirable example, if it only pay, is sure to be followed up. Society of a certain class is always greedy for this small fry sort of literature, and so we may confidently expect the book-market to be well flooded with it for some time to come. Nobody cares to know how many times Brown has had to compound with his butcher, or how gay a dog Smith has been in his day. Drag in a Lord or two, a Bishop, a few actresses, and spice the whole with politics, cards, and scandals, and your book is to be found on every drawing-room table that is graced with the *Court Circular* and its associates. To be brief, snobbism is a thing almost too despicable to merit the hatchet. It learns nothing too when trampled under foot, for the very simplest of reasons, that it neither thinks nor feels. Taboo it as you will, it flourishes. But it must be tabooed nevertheless. TOMAHAWK, therefore, waits patiently the forthcoming Publishers' lists, for he must be true to himself and his battle cry of "Death to Snobs."

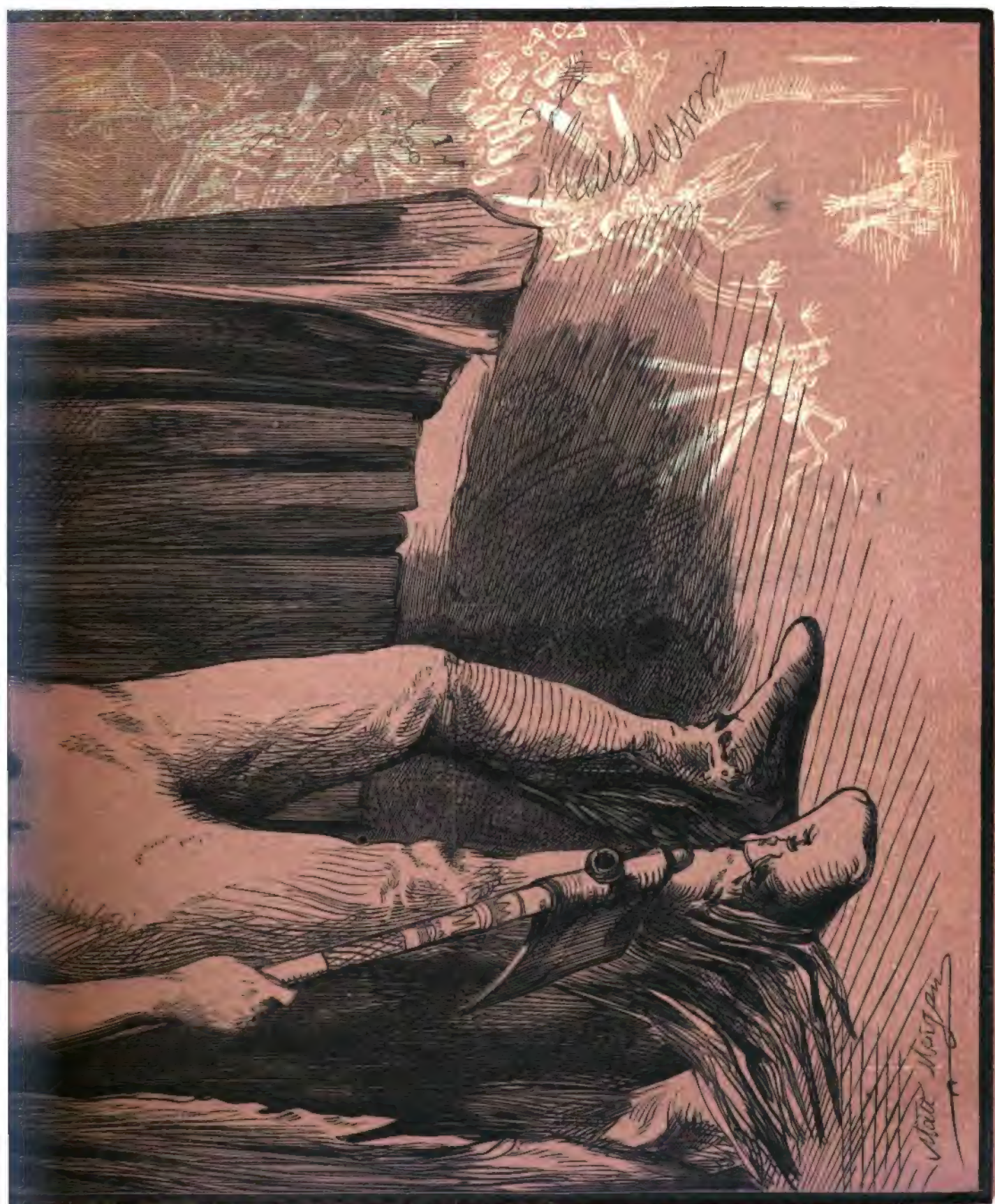
TO THOSE WHO LIKE BAD JOKES.—Everybody knows that to the unfortunate sufferers by the late explosion at Clerkenwell Her Majesty has been most Jenner-ous.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.—As everybody in France now-a-days is able to converse fluently in English, the best thing that our countrymen can do when they *don't* want to be understood by our Gallic neighbours, is to *speak in French*!

TELE NEW YORK
P.O. 101121
NEW YORK
TELE NEW YORK



THE TOMAHAWK, JANUARY 18, 1868.



LONDON BY NIGHT !
OR,
WHO WILL DRAW THE CURTAIN ?

[See The Peep-Show



THE PEEP-SHOW.

THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD!

SCENE.—*A well-known thoroughfare by night. The pavement crowded with fast shop boys, slangy lawyer's clerks, and drunken creatures. A hoarse roar composed of blasphemy and language scarcely less repulsive than blasphemy.*

DON'T shudder and turn away!

Oh, I know it is awful and disgraceful, and something that should be put out of sight and forgotten—something so much like the leper of old, that men are afraid to touch it even to work its cure—something so utterly loathsome that human nature revolts against it and shuns it as if it were the plague. But it is for this very reason that I call upon you to bear with me and to aid me in this great good work. Come, let us rise against it with all our heart and soul! Let us attack this frightful scandal tooth and nail; let us tear it away, drive it away, do our very best to kill it! This is the season of the year of all seasons for doing this good thing. It is, indeed. Down with mock morality and prurient prudery then. Down I say under our feet with such barriers to duty and charity. No, rather like the Knights of old, let us with a clear conscience and a fearless arm do our greatest deeds, our best actions, in this grand cause—the cause of holy womanhood! It is for all that is good and noble that we fight—we have for our foes the enemies of religion, of society, of honest men, and pure women.

Look at the scene before you. A nice sight for a Christian country—is it not? So nice, and good, and pleasant, that of course, we can afford to send missionaries to the four quarters of the globe, and leave this lively, cheerful spot undisturbed in all its joyous mirth and innocent gaiety! It is satisfactory—very satisfactory—to know that we have the Reverend This, and the Venerable That, doing their very best to spread the truths of the Gospel, and to teach the benefits of commerce (chiefly in rum and glass beads) in the lands inhabited by poor, ignorant Quashee and equally ignorant Sambo! Oh, it is charming to think that the scene I have set in my Peep-Show at this very moment is absolutely painted from Nature—is “realistic” to the very last degree—is photographic in its details—absolutely photographic! The only thing I can't quite reproduce in my mimic copy of the great original is the mirth—the gaiety—the jollity. And this is, perhaps, just as well, for you see there is a good deal of gaz, and blaze, and “life;” but somehow or other, the laughter amid the merriment sounds strangely artificial for so delightful a spot. Tears, you know, are nearly a-kin to smiles, and perhaps that is the reason why some merriment seems to be but weeping in disguise, grief in gala costume! It is a quaint conceit to enter a *bal masque* dressed as Death: the character is so incongruous, so very incongruous! Mirth and rouge, wit and *blanc de perle* journey along together—a light pair of heels never, never carries a heavy heart—a lively tongue is never, never the servant of an aching brain! Of course, of course, of course, a thousand times of course! And it is because it is so very much “of course” that I am just the least bit surprised at finding in this lively place merriment sounding hollow, and laughter more heartrending than the wails of crying men! However, as I must make fancy give way to fact, I reluctantly allow that the laughter heard in the original of the scene before us is just the kind of merriment that I imagine causes the very devils to shudder, and sets the angels of Heaven a-weeping!

Well, there, you see what we have before us—three young fellows, dressed after “Champagne Charlie,” rollicking, merry, and drunk. See how they stagger down the street, singing their foolish songs and laughing their meaningless laughter. They are city clerks, and are “seeing life.” “Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm” you know—Etty's picture. Isn't it a nice scene? so like the artist's fancy, too! There you see youth with his lack-lustre eyes and unsteady gait, with his ribaldry and buffoonery! And Pleasure at the helm too! But never mind Pleasure—everyone who has seen Etty's masterpiece (of course) knows very well what Pleasure is like! A little to the right please. There, that group is what we call in England “a row!” A sweet pretty name which in the present instance means two things, in shawls and bonnets and gowns, tearing, and swearing and fighting! These two things so full of oaths, and drink, and murder, are surrounded by an admiring and grinning throng, who jeeringly give them advice touching

the noble art of self defence! They fight, and fight, and fight until they are torn asunder by two policemen, and then, accompanied by the throng (more jeering than ever) they are dragged like dogs to the station-house! Like dogs! Treating things wearing bonnets and shawls like dogs! Well it is harsh, but then you see there are many dogs who would scarcely care to be named in the same breath with these screaming, tearing, raging creatures in their crushed bonnets and their torn shawls! And there, look to the left, under that archway. Do you see how that figure, in its sombre dress, is hurrying away? Do you know where? No. But I do! Yes, I know where that poor, poor figure is hurrying to. Do you want to learn? Well then listen to me.

I'm often obliged to read the newspaper. A Peep-show man must live up to the times if he wishes to succeed in life. And it was through reading the columns of a paper that I became possessed of the following little story:—One cold night a figure was walking along the wet pavement of the Strand. The figure was not very old, and was not very warmly clad. It shivered and sobbed, and seemed to be very wretched indeed. It walked up and down the Strand and met another figure, and the two figures fraternised. The first figure said “how cold it was, and how miserable it was,” and the second figure took compassion upon it and tried to soothe it. “You are hungry and cold,” said the second figure. “Never mind, my dear. If you will wait an hour or so on the bridge for me, I dare say by the end of that time I shall be able to bring you some money.” And the first figure thanked the second figure, and the two parted—the first to wait on the bridge, the second to get some money! And while the first figure waited on the bridge it began to think. And this is what it thought. “I have just left a scene full of lights and laughter. I have just seen merry people and gay rooms, sparkling wines and gorgeous dresses! And as I look over the parapet of this bridge I can just make out in the darkness the sullen waves of a black gloomy river. Which shall I choose?” When the second figure returned the first figure had chosen! *The river carried to the shore the secret of her choice!* And now can you guess whither that figure under the arcade with its dark shadow is hurrying?

Look a little to the left and you will see modest women and honest men leaving the doors of a theatre. Yes, I agree with you. 'Tis cruel that they should be hustled and elbowed by such a crowd! But what would you? Are we not in London, the centre of civilization, the metropolis of the world? Is not this a Christian God-fearing nation? Are we not unlike unto other people!—for instance, in what part of this inhabited globe of ours would one find such a scene as this! Not in Paris, not in Vienna, not in St. Petersburg. No, assuredly we have much to be thankful for!

Yes, you thought that Swift drew from his imagination the picture of his Yahoo. See how wrong you were. Is there a single figure in the scene before you who would not have given the savage man-hater the cue for his fearful satire? Riot and drunkenness, drunkenness and riot! I can add nothing to those words. Vice, stolid, stupid, wretched, miserable vice! Oh, it is a painful thing, a fearful thing, to see men made in the figure of God so degraded, so utterly beastlike—so contemptibly devilish! I am sick of the subject, I can pursue it no longer!

And yet one word more. *This thing should not be!* Why should London be cursed so terribly? Is it possible that a great people is so wretchedly governed that it cannot escape from such a miserable scandal? I have purposely described the scene on my mimic stage in language most guardedly chosen. I have done this in deference to popular prejudices. We have got so accustomed to whitened sepulchres that it has become a crime to scrape the flimsy covering from off the tomb's corruption! And yet with all this we suffer a glaring scandal in our very midst! Why? Is there no one to tear the mask aside, no one to say “this is wrong, this is shameful, THIS SHALL NOT BE?” I fear not. Well then, if no one will attempt the task TOMAHAWK is prepared to raise his weapon. The press has redressed many a grievance, surely here is a scandal calling for our very best exertions. I hope most heartily that my words may find an echo in many an editorial sanctuary, that this great evil may fall before the weight of our printer's ink. A spade must be called a spade, a scoundrel a scoundrel, a thief a thief. A little healthy publicity, and all will be well. Let my motto encourage me to attempt the task. *Invitat culpam qui peccatum praterit!*

A PROTEST.

How easy it is to fall into a bad habit, and how long it clings to you when you have once fallen in! There is perhaps nothing which we detest more heartily than the loathsome eruption which has broken out lately in social London among the classes who go for amusement to Pimlico Pavilions and Pentonville Halls of Apollo.

Need we say we refer to the comic song, with its dreamy witless monotony of never-varying design—always the same reference to low-lived flirts, who refuse the temptation of curds-and-whey, or brandy-balls, for the superior attractions held out by a purveyor of asses' milk, or a general dealer in marine stores. But we are not going to enter into a detailed description of music hall fungi, who have much more of the guy about them than the fun, by the way; nor are we going to criticise the music, which would be encroaching on the domains of one of our *collaborateurs*, but we have been suffering fearfully since Boxing-night from popular song on the brain, and, do what we will, we can't get rid of it. It attacked us with the fog on the 26th of December, and, in spite of our best efforts, everything seems to respond to "Not for Joseph."

Last night we were dining out in one of the best houses in Belgravia. We were sitting between a dowager countess on one side, to whom the name of Joseph would have appeared either entirely vulgar or improperly scriptural, and a general officer on the other, whose ideas did not run on anything but the formation of battalions and the inspection of kits.

The conversation, of course, fell at one period on Fenianism. What Charley Skittles calls a "blue funk" seems to have taken possession of most dowagers and old generals on this topic.

This of course wandered into Greek fires, nitro-glycerine, and its congenitors, and my neighbour the countess begged to know whether petroleum was a destructive acid or no. You will scarcely believe it, but I found myself assuring the dear old lady that that dangerous liquid was

"Not corrosive,
No corro—"

and it was only by biting my tongue that I could stop the dreadful current which was gushing to my lips.

"What explosive power gun cotton really has," remarked the general, with his usual originality.

There I went again—

"What explosive,
What explo—"

The general turned on me with a glare as if he would have liked to stop my rations and give me three days pack-drill, and, though quelled for the rest of dinner by his intelligent gaze, I actually asked the Honble. Mrs. Bellow, whose splendid contralto makes the glasses ring in the room below, whether she sang Claribel's last charming song, "Not for Joseph." She thought the title odd, but promised to ask for it, and I hear this morning, from her most particular friend, that she thinks it extremely questionable facetiousness on the part of nearly a stranger to recommend such odious trash. But whether she refers to Joseph or the lady composer I have not yet been informed.

The same friend of Mrs. Bellow's is a confirmed geologist, and never commences any subject, be it the merits of seltzer and sherry, or the phases of the moon, without getting astride of his hobby, and rattling off the names of the stony treasures which he may have added to his collection during the week—"fossil infusoria," "trap formation," "mica subsidiary," and all the rest of it. On this occasion he was very wild at having purchased some fabricated fossils from a navy employed on the underground railway. He had bought a mass of old bones stuck together with cement, and his wrath was great at having been taken in. "My dear sir, I did not suppose it possible to forge ossiferous concrete."

"Not forge ossiferous concrete!" I cried. But it was too much for my brain: off I went—

"Not forge ossif—
Not forge O!"

This was too much for my scientific friend too, and off he went, disgusted, as indeed I am myself, for I am humming the detestable thing continually, and don't know any cure. Oh, for a cure!

"A cure, a cure, a perfect cure." This is disgusting! Which-ever side I turn I hear the din of this torturing refrain. Is there no escape? No remedy? Alas, "Not for Joseph!"

THE COMTIST CALENDAR;
OR,
THE HOLY DAYS OF THE POSITIVISTS.

M. Lafitte (Director du Positivisme) dwelt at some length on the Nagiology of Positivism, on the Positivist Calendar, and on the monthly festivities which will be devoted to marriage, paternity, filiation, domesticity, labour, &c., &c.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, January 7th.

It is with no small pride and pleasure that we find ourselves enabled, through the kindness of some members of this most important and intellectual sect, to lay before our readers a sketch of the Calendar alluded to, which is not yet quite perfect, the titles of other festivals being still under discussion, in all of which Humanity, or something appertaining thereto, will be glorified:—

- JAN. 1.—*Festival of Indigestion.*
(Anthropomorphism of Cockle's Antibilious Pills.)
(*Gregorian Chants. Dead March in Saul.*)
- 6.—*Festival of Infantile Precocity.*
Grand Procession of Pickles.
Choral Service. Anthem,—"Spare the Rod."
- 16.—*Exaltation of Gibbon.*
(*"Decline and Fall,"* read aloud in all the Comtist Churches from 10 to 7.)
- 30.—*Festival of Auguste Comte's Wet-nurse.*
(*Music ad lib.*)
- FEB. 14.—*Festival of Spooning.*
Grand Ballet—with appropriate music.
- 25.—*Celebration of the Cutting of Auguste Comte's First Tooth.*
(Elevation of Rogers, the Dentist.)
Anthem—"It is through. It is through."
- MARCH 1.—*Glorification of the March Hare.*
(Grand Dance by Lunatics in the transept of the principal Comtist Cathedrals, assisted by the Congregation.)
- " 7.—*Festival of "Asking Papa."*
(Popular music.)
- " 30.—*Celebration of Auguste Comte being put into short clothes.*
- APRIL 1.—*Anniversary of the birth of Positivism.*
Full Choral Service (by the Vicar of Bray).
- " 20.—*Festival of the Trousseau.*
Anthem—"Who's to pay?"
- " 30.—*Celebration of Auguste Comte's first utterance of "Papa."*
- MAY 1.—*Festival of Marriage.*
Dance by all the company. (All available brass bands engaged.)
- " 20.—*Celebration of Auguste Comte's recovery from the measles.*
Anthem—"Out, damned spot."
- JUNE 1.—*Festival of Mothers-in-Law.*
Anthem—"Why do ye rage?"
- " 20.—*Anniversary of Auguste Comte's first fight.*
Chorus—Box, Brothers, Box.

The programme for the latter half of the year is not yet finished; but from the above specimen we think that the Positivists may fairly boast that their religious services will possess more intrinsic human interest, and greater external attractions, than those of any of the foolish forms of religion now existing.

A BARE ESCAPE.—At the Athenée, a new Parisian Theatre, unnecessary alarm was created a few representations ago by the fall of one of the actresses in the *revue* close to the foot-lights. The house rose under the impression that she might rise in a blaze, but was speedily reassured by the actress herself, who had sustained no injury owing to the fact that she had happily *nothing on which could possibly catch fire!*

MONSTROUS INGRATITUDE!

WE are very sorry to be compelled to accuse the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a journal for which we have the highest respect—of the crime of Monstrous Ingratitude; but we should be neglecting our duty did we not thus stigmatize the disgraceful attacks which have appeared in its columns against Mr. Elliot, the successor of Sir James Hudson, as English Ambassador at Turin.

Did the *Pall Mall Gazette* consider, before admitting the pernicious and scandalous letters of "Phillip" and "Amicus Curiae" into its columns, the sacred character of the men whom these writers dared to accuse? Who are the Elliots? The brothers-in-law of Earl Russell. Yes; they do, indeed, stand in that relation to the greatest Premier that ever governed England. But they are far more than that,—they are members of a Heaven-born race, whose sacred mission it is to fill the most important and lucrative posts which this country can offer to its faithful servants. To murmur at the appointment of an Elliot to some post of honour is as great a crime as to rebel against one's own father; nay, it is greater,—for one's father may be fallible;—an Elliot cannot be. This wonderful family were endowed at their birth by an all-wise Providence, with such remarkable and universal talent as not only to make them fit for the highest positions in the State, but to make such their absolute right, which to withhold from them, is nothing but the most short-sighted injustice. We stand aghast at the spectacle of the more than human modesty which induced some of this gifted family to accept comparatively subordinate situations; and can we be surprised that when Sir James Hudson heard that one of these demi-gods was free to accept the mission at Turin, that he should instantly have retired from his post without a murmur? Surely not; but we do wonder that Earl Russell should have set such a pernicious example to posterity as to lavish honours on the man who simply performed an obvious duty. To create Sir James Hudson G. C. B. on his retirement from Turin, was a monstrous error; for every day that he remained as Ambassador there after it was intimated to him that an Elliot was available to fill the situation, he was depriving the nation of the services of an angel in lieu of those of a mortal; he was acting as ridiculous a part as Lindley Murray would have acted were he to have kept the chair of Philosophy when Socrates was ready to sit in it. We cannot employ a stronger simile.

Really we blush for our contemporary when we find him lending himself to petty accusations against that fair Lily amongst English statesmen, Lord Russell. If there ever was a man whose godlike talents were crippled by a more than goddess-like bashfulness, he is the man. If there ever was a Minister who held his own interests, his own advancement as nothing, compared with the interests of his country and the advancement of his colleagues, he is that Minister. If there ever was a Premier who sensible, as he must needs have been, of his vast superiority in intellect and administrative powers to those associated with him, yet ruled them with a rod of rose leaves, and steeped his rebukes in honey which robbed them of their sting, he was that Premier. Lastly, if there ever was a Statesman who, Brutus-like, ignored the sweet fond ties of relationship, and knew not the face even of his own son when he was among the candidates for office; who held patronage as a sacred trust to be conferred on merit, not on connection, who felt that his countrymen were his real family, he was that Statesman; and to attempt to soil his fame now that his eagle eye and iron hand no more direct the vessel of the State, is to succeed only in bringing down contempt and aversion on the head of the accuser, not of the accused.

ANOTHER TELEGRAM FROM ABYSSINIA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Suez, Jan. 4, 1868.

EVERYTHING all right in Abyssinia. I'm no good, I only get in the way. I think I shall be more in the way when the shooting begins. Not only this, they tell me that there will be nothing to do for the next three months, and that "I'm not looking at all well." Post the next five cheques to me at the Hotel du Heloe, Rue du Helder, Paris.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

DEAR SIR,—You have upbraided me for not having sent you any contributions for your last three impressions. From the tone of the letter which I received from you yesterday, in which you advert to the possibility that my continued silence may lead to an alteration in our relative financial positions, I perceive that you are not in a mood to be tampered with.

But, dear Sir, bear with me for awhile. How is even your "own Musical Reporter" to supply you with matter if there is nothing to report! I have, to the best of my ability passed in review those musical incidents which I thought might have interest for your readers; but, as for the present, I need only remind you that the world is in holiday attire, and that my occupation is, for the moment, suspended. I have had serious thoughts of composing a work myself, in order that I might have the opportunity of furnishing an impartial criticism as to its merits for the benefit of your columns. So much for the past and present; the question now arises, can I say anything as to the future? It is one of the conditions of the world, that to-day should not profit by the experience of yesterday. Will this always be so? May we not hope that, perchance, some few seeds of timely counsel may fall on productive soil? Let us hope so—and let us trust that the following lines, written in the most sincere anxiety for the welfare of music, may be received in the same spirit of good faith as that in which they are offered.

In the first place, be it remembered that although England is very fond of music, it is not a musical nation; England has few composers, and possesses no school whatever. Thus it behoves those who are the leaders of musical taste in our country to be wary that they lead it not astray. The press has, naturally, great influence here for good and evil; and in no respect has it more despotic sway than in matters of art. This is not surprising, for, inasmuch as art is cultivated by the few, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the vast majority will be guided by those whose business it is to judge for them.

The present aspect of music in our country is not encouraging; it may almost be said that music in England is little better than a money-making concern. I readily concede that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and I rejoice when I hear that an upright and conscientious artist is gaining a well-deserved (though hardly earned) equivalent for his talent; but so long as money is the *sole* object in view, we can look to the achievement of no good result, for quality will go to the wall in favour of quantity, and a man who could turn out one really good work of art will prefer to give three mediocre works to the world, in the conviction that they will find a public of some sort.

We have no right to complain of our materials, for they are as good as money can procure; we have no right to blame the English public, because the success of the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, Mr. Hallé's Concerts at Manchester, and some few other entertainments of the highest merit, proves that English people can appreciate good music when they get it. Still, the music to be heard in our country is by no means what it might be.

It is supposed that we possess very fine orchestral bands in this country; this is both true and untrue. It is true so far as each individual performer is concerned, but wretchedly untrue as regards the general result. I have often said, and I still hold, that the best orchestral music in England is to be heard at the Crystal Palace—and why? Because the same body of men, under the same intelligent conductor, plays in the same place all the year round. It is not too much to say that all the music publicly performed in this country is, as a rule, insufficiently rehearsed. There never was a band which could show a more splendid array of distinguished artists than the (now defunct) Musical Society of London; still, I cannot recal a single occasion on which I ever heard them give a truly refined and excellent performance of any classical work. Those who doubt what I say should go to Leipzig, and hear a concert at the Gewandhaus, and they can then judge whether I am romancing.

With regard to operatic matters, I can only say that the present race of singers is but a most indifferent one; I presume that managers get hold of the best artists they can, and if I blame anybody, it must be the public who submits to paying fabulous prices for such inadequate equivalents. The florid

style of music, which was in vogue in the early days of Rossini, was assuredly a pernicious school of composition—but it trained singers. Since that time the nature of operatic music has become more simple and unaffected, and the demands on the cultivation of a singer are not so exacting; and thus the standard of vocal excellence has gone down. A wise composer, therefore, of the present day, will content himself with writing music of the simplest kind, if he hopes to obtain for it any thing bearing the semblance of a good interpretation.

The miscellaneous concerts given in London are, generally speaking, contemptible; Concert-giving is little more than advertising new, and too often worthless music. Publishers will print songs if certain artists will sing them, and artists will sing these songs if certain publishers will pay them for doing so. Thus singers and printers are in league together, and the public is the victim of the unholy alliance. I have, before now, raised my voice against this evil, the danger of which can scarcely be exaggerated.

Much of this unsatisfactory state of affairs would be obviated if English composers would step forward and vindicate their own rights. *Coraggio!* Mr. Sullivan has set a rare example; he has written a good symphony and a good comic opera, and he has found an appreciative public for both works. Let his success be an incentive to others; if young composers have good works in their portfolios, they need not fear, with the present demand for music, that they will have any very great difficulty in making them public. Moreover, it is absurd to suppose that English folks prefer music which comes from abroad; they want music of some sort, and if they cannot get it at home, they must perforce search for it elsewhere.

In the foregoing remarks I have pointed out existing evils; some of these will, I fear, be difficult to cure. But if they be boldly confronted, and if the public will judge for itself and set up a fitting standard of excellence, there is hope that Englishmen may yet hold an honourable place amongst the musicians of other nations.

Your obedient servant,

YOUR MUSICAL REPORTER.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

CERTAINLY Her Majesty's Diary is a work of no small interest, and will add to her fame as an authoress. We can heartily recommend it to those of the public who like to be "up" in the doings of the "great world," and have a "special devotion" for the *Court Circular*. We have become so accustomed to seeing the heroes and heroines of contemporaneous history in the photograph shops, got up in chimney-pot hats and unbecoming dresses, that a book like the one before us scarcely takes us by surprise. The bubble about the Queen walking about her royal parks in her coronation robes has long since exploded, and we all know that Her Majesty wears a bonnet in private life.

Altogether we have but little fault to find with the book; but what can we say sufficiently strong of some of the reviews to which its appearance has given birth? For instance, what do our readers think of this:—

"'Queen of the Sea' albeit, and attended by a phalanx of her fighting ships, she frankly confesses that 'the sea was very rough towards evening, and I was very ill;' and she naturally blames her brother Potentate, Neptune, considering that 'we had only been going three knots in the night, and were still fifty miles from St. Abb's Head.' 'From my cabin,' she adds, 'I could see Ferne Island, with Grace Darling's lighthouse on it.' Brave, good Grace was lying dead when the ship sailed past, and she never knew, in this world, that the Queen of England had got up from her sea-couch to look at the stormy rock where the North Country fisher-girl lived who risked her life for the poor sailors and passengers of the *Forfarshire*.'"

There, that's from the *Telegraph*. The picture drawn of the sea-sick queen staggering from her "sea-couch" to look at the lighthouse is too absurd! It is worse than absurd—it is traitorous!

In another part of the review, the writer talks of Her Majesty "poking a little royal fun" at somebody or other. This is several degrees too bad! Where is the headsman?

THE Fenians declare their strength is like a rock. This must surely be a sham-rock.

LOGOGRIPE.

The favourite of all who know
How seas and skies can banish woe—
Even in winter's frost and snow.

Read me a right ye constant guessers pray,
Else you will never reach me any way;
Above all take expression, lest you be
Lost in long trains, and never reach the sea.

A queer remark has oft been made of me—
Near to the truth I own it too to be—
Strangely enough, though on two feet I walk,
When younger upon three I used to stalk
Exceptionally long,—but as my fame
Rose taller still the shorter I became.

In my first foot a Radical you see,
Sever his head—you'll be what you will see.

To northern tongues a bridge would seem to span
In single arch just half across my letters;
Now cut off the last stone, add what you can
Yet find of fashion in me—you've what fetters,
As all our poets swear
Have never bound, though they have bound his betters.
A joke which I consider rich and rare,
Put by stern facts—fitly might those who spoke it
Put it—just simply in their pipes and smoke it;
Yet there is something left within me still,
Nor need he miss the way who has the will;
Either unto a hermit's lone retreat,
Where silence reigns, or where, in crowded street,
Young crowds begin as a—hush, be discreet!
Else will you make my brain to—hush again!
And with your blame all earth shall—to be plain,
Resound in sparks as from struck—silence pray!
This muse of mine inclines to run away,
Or answer for herself the words I've found
Yet hidden in a favoured spot of ground
Out then upon this beating of the bush,
Unpick this truth—that Mutton's mutton—hush!

ANSWER TO LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Y Yawn N
E Elbe E
A Anew W
R Russ S

ANSWERS have been received from Jose F. McFarren, Jabosh, Idiotic Owl, Timber, Borderer, F. G. Renard, C. P. L. (Hampton Wick), Chang, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), The Phantom of the Lock, Minnie and Phil, Ermine and Woolsack, Your Loving Flute, Sancho and Gyp, Another Shoot from "Three Poor Debtors," E. P. E. C., Porcupine, Harry, Bobby is so Clever, Two Chathamites, Cinderella, J. A. T., Miss Lollops, W. S. P., W. T. C., Bonnie Dundee, Singlewell, Lisa and Beppe, Warrior, The Spider, Aunt Snooke, W. B. S., Ruby, Struggles, W. H. T., Dumpton Sknad, Thomas John Syrett, Jerry, Joseph Urry, Leotard, W. Boyd, S. F. Jarden, Bill Belcher, G. B. Thatcher, Poor Old Mike, The Phil., Tom Tucker, James Alder, The Disappointed Chums, Time-keeper, Richard Wilkie, Hon. Sec. Camden Literary Society, Richard Pink, Japanese Tommy.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 38.]

LONDON, JANUARY 25, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

SUPERFLUOUS LOYALTY.

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR'S address is not appropriate to the present season. It is true that throughout the whole length and breadth of the land Fenianism has created a sensation of which a certain vague feeling of alarm is an acknowledged ingredient, however confident people may be of the power of the Government to root it out.

All conspiracies when they show signs of existence however contemptible, and when they show signs of organized system however defective, have more or less the effect of exciting men's minds in a degree which is far beyond the proportions of the lurking evil. We read of Fenian musters in rural solitudes, amongst the most unsophisticated innocents of the population; of meetings within a stone's throw of a police-station; of audacious and mysterious seizures of arms; of threatened attacks on the best fortified strongholds; of barefaced and daring attempts to blow down prisons and rescue prisoners, at the cost of half-a-dozen murders. Visions of suspicious looking ruffians with twelve shooters, bowie knives, and other transatlantic institutions, float before our mental vision. We read daily in the newspapers of the withholding of names of certain individuals at coroners' inquests and police-court examinations for reasons well understood, which makes us feel that there are at large those whose proclivities are dangerous to the community. These are the causes of the vague alarm, or rather uneasiness, which now pervades society. Though the number of these secret reprobate ruffians may be small, one of them is certain to be found everywhere, which gives us the idea that our next door neighbour, or the new lodger on the parlour floor, may be a Guy Faux in disguise, and that our Irish friend entertains sinister designs concerning which we hesitate to question him.

All we require to know at present in order to be on our guard is, who is a Fenian and who is not? And towards this object Mr. Digby Seymour is first in coming forward. But the efficiency of his scheme is to be doubted; even should the address to be presented to the Queen bear tons of signatures. Everybody believes and knows that, as a nation, the Irish are loyal. There is no question that beyond the desire for certain reforms principally connected with land tenure and church establishment, the Irish are not striving for any kind of revolution. We are wedded to Ireland in bonds of love which are not to be lightly severed. It is but a small degenerate class of desperate immigrants, distinct alike from true Irishmen as from Englishmen, that has brought the evil upon us. Mr. Digby Seymour's address is superfluous, for Her Majesty requires no assurance of the loyalty of her Irish subjects.

What is wanted is that each Fenian may be identified, and for this purpose Mr. Digby Seymour's delicacy is out of place. Fenianism is a pest which were a disgrace if it were indigenous to Irish soil; but this it is not. It is of foreign origin, and it is time that it were energetically stamped out for the protection of life and property in England as well as in Ireland. To this end, if all Irishmen were distinctly called upon openly to declare that they are not Fenians, which could not be insulting to their feelings, the true conspirators would be unmasked; for if Fenians are political malcontents, in fact, anything more than mere street ruffians, they will not go deliberately to sign their names where the addresses lie, and they are daring enough, as they have shown us on several occasions, to refuse

to pledge themselves to loyalty even when called upon to do so in public. Then sympathizers, too, in respectable positions, would surely have the conscience to refrain from perjury, even at the risk of confessing their proclivities.

If Fenianism is a serious evil it should be dealt with energetically, not in a maudlin sentimental way, as though the loyal Irish had corns which were not to be trodden on in endeavours to suppress it.

Mr. Digby Seymour's address may as well have emanated from some literary circle of the Fenian Brotherhood for all the confidence Her Majesty may derive from it. It is better that it should fall through rather than the Queen should be deluded by a meaningless parchment ceremoniously presented to her by a number of worthy gentlemen who never harboured a malicious thought against her Government.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY KEPT IN PARIS.

Tuileries, Paris.

BALLS, reviews, receptions, and hospital! Over and over again! No very pleasant thing to be an Empress—but what would you? We all must perform the duties allotted to us. The poor little *grisette* I passed on my way to the Hôpital Beaujon to see the cholera patients, had hard hands scarred with needle pricks, the *ouvrier* who took off his hat to me as I drove past him *en route* for the Bois de Boulogne was staggering under a heavy load—then why should I complain of my work? The *grisette* and the *ouvrier* share with me a common humanity;—they have *their* duties, I have mine. No, it would be worse than cowardly to shrink from my labours—it would be wrong! When Louis went to Italy to help those miserable Italians, it was to me he looked for assistance in the government of France. How wretched would it have been had I been unequal to the task—had I been unworthy of his confidence! But no, he knew perfectly well that he could trust in me—that I would do my best to serve him. And yet I'm not unhappy. Certainly the anxieties of court life are very wearying, but then I have my pleasant moments. It is pleasant to feel that my husband's subjects have learned to forget that I came to them as a stranger—as an alien. It is pleasant to know that these proud Frenchmen have learned to love me in spite of my foreign birth. Times were when the grandfathers of these men hurried one of my royal predecessors to a shameful death with cries of "Down with the Austrian! death to the Foreigner!" Their descendants have never called me "a foreigner,"—have never spoken unkindly of my southern birth. And why? Because, I suppose, they see that I'm prepared to accept my destiny; that I desire most earnestly to do my duty as a servant of my Creator. Ah! how much, much better to be known as "Eugenie the Good," than as "Eugenie the Spaniard!" Still I can't help feeling it would be very, very pleasant to live away from all the turmoil and worry of the Tuileries. Very pleasant indeed to live far away from Paris in happy retirement, surrounded by beautiful scenery and a happy peasantry. To resign all the cares of State for the comforts of a life of privacy. To withdraw myself from the Capitol, and be as one dead to all save my personal friends and relations. All this would be very pleasant—but *would it be right?*

AT IT AGAIN!

MR. COLE, after undertaking universal exhibitions, universal libraries, and universal catalogues, is now going into universal music. The great and glorious plan for the sake of which he has deluged South Kensington with circulars should have every publicity given to it, and here it is:—

EVENING MUSICAL CHURCH SERVICES

AT HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, BROMPTON.

Workmen with their wives and families and the Poor are especially invited to take part in these services.

W. J. IRONS, D.D., Chairman.

HENRY COLE, ESQ., C.B., Vice-Chairman.

At each service, besides usual choral singing, an Anthem will be sung by a special choir, also Psalms and the Evening Hymn, in the singing of which the congregation are especially requested to join.

Perhaps Psalms and Evening Hymns may not be thought very new features; anthems, too, have been heard before, and may be heard now without either subscription or Mr. Cole. The novelty therefore consists, it is to be presumed, in the invitation to "workmen with their wives and families and the poor" to "come and take part" in the business. Well, we had rather not hear anthems by scratch choirs; but apart from that it is not quite certain that those who are invited will be allowed to come after all. The circular, indeed, announces that

Pew holders are earnestly requested to waive their rights on these occasions, so that all parts of the church may be free.

But whether they will waive them, or if they do, how they themselves are to satisfy their cravings for evening musical séances, Mr. Cole alone knows. The plan, however, is still further developed:—

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has kindly undertaken to direct the Music, and Mr. H. Lahee will preside at the organ, which will be accompanied as at St. Paul's Cathedral, by drums, trombones, and trumpets.

There's a treat! Drums, crossbones—we beg pardon, trombones, trumpets, workmen, wives, families, *and* the poor, all at it together hammer and tongs. The pew holders ought to have been requested to waive one at least of their seven senses as well as their pews. That is not all though:—

By permission of Colonel MacLeod rehearsals of the Psalms and Hymns will take place at the head quarters of the 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers, College Street, Fulham Road, on Friday evenings (the 24th and 31st January at eight o'clock, when all persons are invited to attend.

That explains the drums and trumpets, which are no doubt a concession to the military tastes of the volunteers. Probably advantage will be taken of the practice meetings, to swear in all those who attend as special constables to guard the South Kensington Museum. However, be that as it may, some good result will certainly flow from the movement if only this last notice is properly put before the public:—

Subscriptions in aid of the expenses will be received by Capt. Festing, R.E., Treasurer, South Kensington Museum, or any member of the Committee.

So far it is not bad, but unhappily, there is appended to the circular a list of subscriptions, from which it appears that support has been received from various quarters of the South Kensington connection, the enthusiasm for the undertaking being expressed by sums varying from 2s. to 10s., and in one glorious case (it is hardly necessary to say a lady's) going as high as a guinea. But there is something too frightful in one part of this list. It stands in this way:—

	£	s.	d.
R. G. Tame, Esq.
C. A. Thrust, Esq.
P. C. Payen, Esq.
R. A. Fitzthomas

Oh! Mr. Cole, isn't it too bad to gibbet these poor fellows as having severally and collectively given £0 os. od.? But if they don't like it, we suppose they will like the sound of drums, cross—trombones, and trumpets, and if they don't like that, we suppose they can lump it, which is exactly what we mean to do.

THE RELIGION OF SELF.

TRULY we are a great, wise, and wonderful people, we English, and why all the nations of the habitable globe do not fall down and worship us is one of those problems for which no system of politics or philosophy extant furnishes an adequate solution. When we pause in the great race for a moment, draw a long breath and look around us, the wonder is, how we manage to exist at all in scenes of such dazzling and wondrous perfection as those in which our favoured lot is cast. And the enquiring mind turning away its abashed gaze from the national effulgence into its own comparatively shady depths, naturally asks by what means and upon what plan this great and glorious edifice of English society has been constructed, before which, as is well known, less happy countries become green with envy or red with rage and malice. Being then, as we are no doubt, immeasurably the richest, the happiest, the most free, and glorious of all nations, it is natural that some of us should inquire for the principles by which we have attained to that proud position, and which may be expected before any very long time has elapsed, to land us in a state of perfection which will be feebly and inadequately described as a heaven upon earth. Now it is only necessary to recal all that has been done and said for the last fifty years to perceive at once that this magnificent prospect has been attained and worked up to and realised, slowly, perhaps, but certainly, solely through the beneficent and hallowing influence of our English religion. There are nations content to worship Brama and Vishnu, of whom we know little, and care less; nations who bow down before the sun, which for our happiness we never see; nations too which retain a faith in revelations of various kinds and unequal value, and nations which are so eccentric as neither to worship nor to believe in anything at all. For all these we can but sigh and wish they may be brought to a better frame of mind, but for ourselves we hold fast, and ever mean to hold fast to the one great religion of Self, undefiled and pure as it was derived from its first apostle, the glorious and much maligned Cain. Since his day it has survived through all the vicissitudes of time, in some shape or another. It has been oppressed by laws, stamped with opprobrium by opinion, and its professors have been persecuted with relentless severity by Mankind at large; but they have held to their trust with a noble endurance; through all the long ages there has never been wanting a little band ready and eager to sacrifice kith, kin, feelings, sympathies, and all else to the one great cause; and now, at last, in this ever memorable nineteenth century, the time has arrived when no longer in holes and corners but in the full light of day, they may profess and follow their faith, for it has been taken—openly taken up and put into practice by a whole nation, which posterity will honour for the noble effort, and which even modesty does not prevent us from saying is no other than England. See what the faith has effected. The doxology of Self is not more plain, simple, and comprehensible than the actual practical carrying out of its precepts, and they have been applied thoroughly and completely through all the acts and relations of life, for herein also is the great and signal merit of this great religion, that it is for the mart as well as for the closet, for nations not less than for families, for families as well as for individuals. Have you vexed questions of trade and commerce to settle? Breathe a prayer to the Spirit of Self, and you are rewarded instantly by a revelation of free trade and unrestricted cheating. Do you find the want of a guiding hand through the intricate regions of statecraft and international relations? Another prayer, and you have borne in upon you the heaven-born idea of non-intervention. Edifying spectacle. "You, Denmark, are bound to me and I to you, by all the ties which have ever been held powerful enough to make one man or one nation come to the succour of another; you are robbed, beaten, swallowed up, extinguished by a big bully; alas! were it not for this non-intervening emanation of my religion I would help you, but Self forbids that I should do so." Or, again, "You, the Northern States of America, have a war on your hands,—a war waged for the suppression of that great blot of slavery about which I have been worrying and abusing you so long. Heaven knows that I should desire to give you aid and comfort—but then the dictates of my religion are, that your great Republic should be broken up, and much against my natural desires I must perforce lend a hand to the pious work." Or is there any question as to the manner in which

social relations are best to be carried on? Do you want to know how to demean yourself towards your neighbour? The great Religion again bids you—and it is your glory that you obey its behests with so single a mind—simply to make the most out of them, and if a woman loves you, or a friend trusts you, the consequences of such an irreligious act must be upon their own heads.

Here, then, are the grand and simple principles which have made England what she is, and brought such happiness to her people. Nevertheless, there is beginning to stalk abroad a spirit of schism and heresy which we trust has only to be pointed out in order to be at once stifled and extinguished. Infidelity is the order of the day, and it has extended its baneful influence even over the Religion of Self. This is the secret of several phenomena which to statesmen, political economists, and other high priests of the faith, appear to be all but inexplicable. How is it that our peasantry starve more or less quietly and decently within sight and sound of bloated wealth and wasteful extravagance; that our paupers hold themselves happy in the possession of the luxuries of rabbit-hutches and skilly; that our mechanics are content to exercise sparingly the sacred right of man to murder his fellow-man whenever he will not belong to the same union; that our tradesmen very often charge us no more than 300 per cent. profit, and only swindle us whenever they get the chance in their weights and measures; and that we are all of us so very willing to forego the strict rights with which Nature has invested us in diminution of the good things of this life, which we might properly claim and seize by any means open to us, and that for the sake of our fellow-citizens in this great country? The frame of mind which can result in such monstrous and portentous phenomena, can only arise from infidelity to the Religion of Self; we are already hesitating, doubting, sliding, and if we do not take heed in time the nation may be dragged down lower and lower, until at last it may reach the very blackest depths of unselfishness. It behoves all those who understand why they were sent into the world, to withstand this backsliding tendency, and to do their utmost for the preservation, extension, and glorification of that enlightened and glorious faith to which we owe all we are, and all we are likely to be!

PAT'S REPUBLIC;
OR,
THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

DENNIS O'SHANESSEY TO PHELM MAGUIRE.

NO. I.

SURE Phelim, my boy, it's come at last. *Ould Ireland's free*. The Lord Lavetenant—bad luck to him—was shipped off in a cask last week, under the sobriquet of pickled herrings; and his last aidycam was let down aisy into a small tug under the elegant disguise of a sack of coals. Yes, Phelim, we're a Raypublic, though which is the Ray and which is the Public we have not quite settled; but holy St. Patrick! we'll be having, as foin a government and as pretty a lot of taxes as ever your Purple Emperors could make out of blood and brass in three days, the darlints! Sure and won't we be happy then,—when the blood-thirsty Saxon is once away from this dainty garden? Won't the praties grow in the streets ready boiled, with a trifle of salt on the top of them? And as for the taxes, now the land of our fathers is once more their own sons', who will be bothered with taxes? For every boy will have his own still and his bit of ground, and sorra a bit more will he be asking for, but a little less of the rain that Heaven was always a pourin' down to try and clane the black hearts of those blayguards the Saxons—dhivil take them, and much good may they be to him, for it's little they've been to us—and I'm sorry that Heaven should have wasted so much good water for so little purpose.

Well, Phelim, my boy, we are going to choose the President of our Raypublic, though we ain't going to call him President, case it's an unlucky name, and might be putting it into his head to be after trying a coo d'aytar like the other blayguard, and dying his great-coat purple in the blood of the people to make an Emperor's robe of. No, we've settled to call our chafe man the Shan-van-vocht, for that's original and national into the bargain. There are only 400 candidates, and a very pretty bit of foighting is now going on in the Phanix Park, where the rival candidates are just trying to settle their election after the

rale honest Irish manner. We are a-going to have a Senate like the ancient Romans; I can't be the Shan-van-vocht, but I intend being a senator, and I've had the top of my head shaved, and ordered a jewel of a toga, in order to reprasint the character properly. Then there's going to be a "House of Representatives," where in order to make sure that nobody don't play tricks with the sacred trust imposed on them, all the boys is just going to have seats in the gallery, where they'll reprasint themselves as nate as possible. So you see we are going to be all equal, and no distinctions of persons, and every one will have a voice in the government of the country, and a pretty loud one too, barrin' sore throats and such calamities. Well, then, all Irishmen what voted for the Raypublic is to be free from taxes, and all the bloody Saxons and the traitors that helped them is to give up their pigs and praties and other valuables to them as were loyal. And it's they who will have to pay the taxes, and if they don't sorra a bit will they get to eat or a dhrop to dhrink but what the pigs may be able to spare them. So Justice is going to be done to the Imerald Isle at last—and here's success to the darlint. Faith, Justice has been a long time coming, and whether we shall know the gentleman when he does come is more than I can say

I've just been up to the Phanix, and oh Phelim, it's just a lovely soight, there's only four of the candidates for the proud position of Shan-van-Vocht able to stand, and they have not but one eye open between them. And as for the broken heads, it's just beautiful—they're all as prettily cracked as a lot of ould china. The gentleman with the one eye open is to be the Shan-van-Vocht. His features air a perfect pictur, there's hardly room for the bruises. However, I daresay if he sleeps with his head in a bag of raw beefsteaks he'll be quite praysentable in the morning. He's jist the boy for the place, for he can foight any five in the whole country—bless him. They say he's had six wives, and every one of them did he aise himself of by his gentlemanly violence. Well may ould Ireland be proud of such a son! Oh Phelim, you must come quick to the land that bore ye. Dhivil a policeman or an exciseman is there to be seen. It's a lovely place now—and no mistake. It's jist the Home of Innocence and the Paradise of Vartue—and wishing you was here to have a bit of a spree, no more at present from your old friend attached,

SENATOR DENNIS O'SHANESSEY.

You should just see the top of my head, Father Mahony's tonsure is nothing to it. You could eat your dinner off it—and see how you looked afterwards. It's so bright and clane.

VOX PUMPULI!

THAT noble regiment, that band of tea-drinking warriors, the "Havelock Volunteer Corps," seems (we regret the fact very deeply) to be coming most signally to grief! The Colonel finds it a most difficult matter to command the spirited (in every sense of the word but dram-drinking) body of soldiers, who hail him as their chieftain. If we are to believe a correspondent to one of our daily contemporaries, the officer in question the other day actually went so far as to defy his men to fire at him, accompanying the irritating invitation by a gesture expressive of revengeful contempt. Now all this is very unpleasant, and might easily be obviated by a few simple regulations. We would suggest that the following circular should receive official confirmation at head-quarters in Pall Mall:—

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF OFFICERS COMMANDING VOLUNTEER CORPS.

- 1.—Officers Commanding are directed not to shake their fists at the bandsmen, nor to call the regiment they command "a fool."
- 2.—Officers Commanding are directed not to turn up their noses at the saluting flag-staff, nor to talk in a contemptuous manner of their undress uniform.
- 3.—Officers Commanding are directed not to make "an ugly face" at their drum-major.
- 4.—Officers Commanding are directed not to laugh and jeer at their colleagues while they (the colleagues) are engaged in giving the word of command.
- 5.—Officers Commanding are directed to behave like sober gentlemen, and not like drunken snobs, when they appear on parade.

VALETUDINARIAN CHRISTIANITY.

THAT highly entertaining, if not absolutely lively case, which under the title of "*Martin v. Mackonochie*," is destined to play no unimportant part in the history of ecclesiastical dispute in the nineteenth century, has afforded us matter for a good deal of sober reflection. Of this however, hereafter. For the moment, we merely wish to suggest to Churchmen of a certain school a new line of defence that has been recently supplied by one of the able counsel engaged for the defendant. In his anxiety to clear his client from any possible *souçon* of impropriety in the habitual use of incense, the learned gentleman in question (was it Mr. Prideaux?) hinted that this ritualistic addition to the services at St. Alban's might have been made on strictly sanitary principles. The congregation was poor, it was composed of the dregs of a bad neighbourhood, and, in short, needed a decided fumigation. This idea is at once original and vigorous. It places ritualism on quite a different basis, and if it does not reflect much credit on the discretion of its propounder, it at least says a good deal for that gentleman's valour. Here is a challenge flung boldly into the very face of the *Record* that even that amiably-disposed journal may not be unable to overlook. Who in the world can object to such ritualism as this? No symbol, no doctrine—nothing but mere hygienic precaution! Let us suggest something in the shape of a catechism, that must disarm all further opposition:—

Q.—What is the cope?

A.—A sort of ecclesiastical overcoat, to be worn by rheumatically-disposed ministers.

Q.—Can you tell me when it first came into use?

A.—Yes; in the year A.D. 372, when Gregory III. adopted it as a preventive against influenza.

Q.—Quite right, my child; and now can you tell me why it is sometimes adorned with worked flowers, and variously ornamented with fringe, gold, or satin?

A.—When the case is considered severe, these things are not unfrequently added for the sole purpose of increasing its warmth.

Q.—You rightly refer ceremonial to its true origin,—a desire to minister to the comfort and health of those engaged in services of a religious character. Can you tell me why candles are lighted upon the altar?

A.—Yes, I can, and will. They are lighted in order that the heat produced by combustion may create an upward current of air, and thus carry off the noxious gas not unfrequently generated in crowded places of public resort.

Q.—You are quite right, my child; and now let me hear you reply briefly to the questions I am about to put to you. Why is the surplice worn in the pulpit?

A.—Black is a colour that is painful to the eyes. Out of consideration for those of the congregation who are affected by looking at the black gown, the white surplice is worn.

Q.—What is the use of flowers?

A.—They supply oxygen, and thereby counteract the injurious effects of too much carbonic acid.

Q.—Why is the service intoned?

A.—To strengthen the lungs of the minister and the congregation.

Q.—Why is the organ to be used throughout?

A.—For the purpose of invigorating the legs of the organist, and of giving plenty of exercise to the blower.

Q.—You talk of exercise, my child: Can you now tell me why processions in church are not unfrequently organised?

A.—Yes. Exercise is in itself a healthful, and therefore desirable thing. Processions are therefore organised in church in order that the officiating clergy and choristers may have the benefit of a walk.

Q.—Quite right, my child. And now, perhaps, you can tell me, lastly, why in these processions banners are often carried?

A.—I can. They are to provide against rain, in the event of the roof suddenly falling in.

And so on.

On the merits of the various questions at issue in the Ecclesiastical Court we have no opinion to express, but if practices are to be defended, it is better that those who undertake to shield them should do so uncompromisingly, and on intelligible grounds. If, however, there is a party in the Church of England who take their stand upon "incense as a disinfectant,"

we strongly recommend them to get in a supply of Messrs. Rimmel's vaporisers forthwith. Let them be sure the "*Censer*" by any other name would smell, not only as sweet, but a good deal sweeter to a large section of their opponents.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN ABYSSINIA.

Annesley Bay, Jan. 3, 1868.

ARE you surprised to see me date from here again? Well, it can't be helped if you are. Of course you did not put that purely private telegram in. You know, my dear fellow, it is really no joke being out here at all, and I should much prefer Paris. However, that is quite "*entre nous*," as my new French friend puts it. Oh, I have a great deal to tell you. Three French officers have joined the Expedition. As I am, to a certain extent, master of that tongue, as you know, I have been asked by "the authorities," (Bracer managed this) to mess with them. One of them speaks English, so he says, and as I rather like the French, this promises well. Moreover they will be well cared for, and what is more, are not to be in the thick of it when the fighting commences. This, as you are aware, is more in accordance with my view of the Expedition. "*Pas mauvais par le Jové* is it?" as I say to young Leguerre. That is the one who is my special friend. But more of this later. At present, a few words to explain *why* I went back again. Well, to be very brief, the Chief of Tigre turns out to be not half so bad after all. He is positively a friend, and has sent us 2,000 lbs. of butter. This is very nice, is it not? I am told that it is a great compliment. Butter is an article of wearing apparel in Tigre. All the chief officers of state cover their heads with it. It is, in fact, the Abyssinian hat; so this is a truly friendly overture. The fighting, therefore, cannot possibly commence for another three weeks or so, and so, as you might have expected, I am again at my post. News of a really important character I have very little. You will have seen from the *Times* that the Egyptians will come with us whether we like it or not. I told you this would happen. I think it a good thing for there will be more of us to fight. Bracer says it looks ugly, but then Bracer is always talking about the Spartans at Thermopylæ, and rubbish of that sort. I am no Spartan, neither is Slopper, who, by the way, is under arrest, and I think it serves him right. More of this, however, in my next.

Leguerre has just come in; and we have been discussing the Expedition. He says it is an "*atroce plaisanterie*." Disagreeable isn't it? These French are so jealous always; in fact, he got so violent on the subject of the Suez Canal, that I had to put a stop to it. I let him exhaust himself, and then quietly said "*fermez-vous*." This made him very angry. Catching up the handle of my self-exhausting condenser he glared at me for a moment, and replied "*Mor-ge-bleu blanc-bec!*" I shall stick you like one vood-cock!" I said something about "*Comme vous voulez, Monsieur*," but as he rushed off in a savage hurry, I am afraid he intends to call me out. My duties to you will, of course, prevent my thinking of such a thing as a duel; but really this *contretemps* is very unpleasant, especially as he owes me half-a-crown. I shall go and see Bracer.

Yes, there is to be a duel—(Bracer's doing): No time to say why, where, or how! The troops move forward to night. I shall start with them, or immediately. You had, perhaps, better not put this domestic letter in. I am in extremely low spirits. Mark me: this expedition will be a failure—a dead failure! That is all I have to say about it by this mail.

"OH! SHOCKING!"

SAYS one of the Paris papers, "They are playing 'La Dame aux Camélias' at the Vaudeville to crowded houses."

How very wicked of them! The very idea of such a thing causes us Englishmen to cry aloud, "Oh, shocking! shocking!" Why are they not satisfied with "*La Traviata*?" We see no harm in Verdi's opera, but—Dumas' play! Once more,—"Oh, shocking!"

THE LATEST EDITION OF "NO THOROUGHFARE."—Attempting to get places at the Adelphi.

MILITARY REFORM.

WHEN the leading, or too often the mis-leading, journal of the day heads its description of the War Office with the title "An Augæan Stable," it greatly exaggerates the faults of that much-abused establishment.

That the War Department is overgrown in size, and overruled in the number of its higher appointments, we are quite aware; but that any *filth* or *corruption* will be found pervading it after the most searching enquiry into its system we do not believe; which being so, the title labelled by the *Times* on to its extract from a much better-informed paper appears to be fitter for the sensational heading of certain sensational papers than for the columns of a respectable journal.

The task allotted to the Military Hercules recently sent to Pall Mall is not to cleanse out any "Augæan Stable," but the harder task of wrestling with the many-headed Hydra of Departmentalism.

This is the campaign that must inaugurate the reign of King Stork, if his kingdom is to be any better than in the present reign of King Log. Re-formation, concentration, organization,—such must be his war cries; and the Director-General of this, and the Inspector-General of that, and the Principal-in-Chief of the other—these are the separate, independent, and uncombined elements which the new regenerator has to weld into one homogeneous united mass. Transports, stores, armaments, weapons, medical "fixings," works, fortifications, barracks, clothing, rations of food for man and beast, each now ordered, controlled, and supplied by an independent petty monarch, must be "unificated," consolidated, and put under one supreme control. For this task, Herculean though it be, we are quite confident that the new Controller-in-Chief is admirably adapted; and it is one, in its importance both with regard to efficiency and economy, well worthy of so distinguished an administrator as Sir Henry Storks.

"Nec Hero intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

OUR FRIENDS THE FRENCH.

THE TWADDLER JOURNEYS TO PARIS!

I'm perfectly well aware that the "TOMAHAWK" is a "Saturday Journal of Satire." Many's the time that I've laughed heartily at the quaint "quip"—(yes, I think I may use the word "quip")—the quaint "quip," I repeat, of talking about "Saturday satire!" Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! He! he! he! Oh, it is so funny! Hallo, what am I about! Laughing at my own paper! Well, you see what it is to belong to the TOMAHAWK. You get so frightfully satirical that you begin even to "pitch into" yourself! You do indeed! Like the scorpion you, &c., &c.!

Well now, let it be clearly understood that I'm a brilliant satirist. I particularly wish this to be clearly understood. Even when I'm writing the most miserable of platitudes, let my readers be sure that I'm *thinking* the sharpest of epigrams and the most pleasing of drolleries. I can assure them that I'm awfully waggish, and if this doesn't come out all at once it's only on account of my natural shyness, only the bashfulness of true genius. Why, they tell me that Boucicault would write very much better plays if he only would show a *little* more self-reliance; and it is well known that Shakespeare—But stop, who will care to hear of Shakespeare after I've spoken of Boucicault? "*Hamlet*" is very nice, but you can't compare it with the "*Flying Scud*." There! all that I've written above about Boucicault and Shakespeare, and "*Hamlet*" and the "*Flying Scud*" is sarcasm. Isn't it good, and funny, and amusing? And won't it please Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Boucicault's friends? Now if I were a "literary man," that's the way I should set about making my enemies. Do you see how it's done? Hard up for copy—printer's boy waiting in the passage—hair turning white with anxiety. What's to be done? Read *Daily Telegraph*. Lemprière, bad grammar and bathos. One-third twaddle, two-thirds advertisements. Soon dispose of the *Daily Telegraph*! Then turn to *Morning Star*. Dispose of *that* in a shorter time. "Rabid rot"—and *that's* done with. Dispose of the rest of the papers, and come to the conclusion that there's nothing on earth to write about. Unhappily, too (earth having been disposed of) I find that Heaven has been swept away by Professor Beeseley. So what am I to do then?

Why, nothing easier. Out I bring my butts. First, there is Cole, C.B., he is always good for a quarter of a column. Then I take out dear Martin Farquhar Tupper, and I must be very stupid if I can't make *him* good for two or three paragraphs, and so on, and so on, until I have exhausted my list. Of course I don't do this, for I write for the TOMAHAWK. And here let me pause and say if the Editor of this paper is *very, very* funny, he will attach a star to my last remark, and insert a foot note to the effect that what I've said is untrue, and that I'm "as bad as the rest." If he does this he will be *nearly* as funny as Mr. Mark Lemon, and *quite* as funny as Mr. Tom Hood! *Only think of that!*

Now what I've written above I consider merely a specimen of what I *can* do in the shape of sarcasm, &c. Naturally you ask me, or unnaturally you *don't* ask me, what I mean by commencing an article headed "Our Friends the French," with such a farrago of nonsense? And I answer you thus: "I'm just the least bit nervous. To tell you the truth, I'm not quite sure of my subject. You see 'Our Friends the French' is a rather hacknied topic. And I want to be awfully satirical, and on my word I don't know how to set about the task." You see I might be frightfully funny about not paying my hotel bill, &c. I might pretend that I had run away from London and left my Editor in the lurch, and talk about gigantic cheques owing to me, &c., to the end of the chapter. In fact I might laugh old laughter, and exhume dead jokes, and caper and shake my imaginary bells until my readers, thoroughly disgusted at my performances, sank gradually from the realms of reality into the land of dreams. The last few words I've uttered is a "funny" way of saying "until my readers composed themselves to sleep." But stay—as I've got to get to Paris, let me write.

BOULOGNE.

I was in Boulogne a few weeks ago, and of all the dismal places I ever saw in my life!—well, never mind. It *was* dismal! There, that will do. I arrived after a rough voyage, and was received by a solitary *douane*. Do you know, I don't believe there were more than thirty soldiers in the place at the time of my visit! Of those thirty, of course ten would be drummers, fifteen officers, and the rest privates. I saw some of the officers in a wretched little café. From the conversation of a miserable *garçon* who waited upon me (and who afterwards robbed me by charging me about six shillings for a *déjeuner* that would have been dear at one and three-pence), I learned that these officers had been playing at dominoes for the last three hours. From a remark let drop by one of them, I found that it was their intention to continue the exciting diversion for three hours longer! Well—well—well—on my word, the anecdote I've just related to you has so affected me, that I can continue my twaddling no longer. I dare say, at no very distant date I shall have something to communicate about "The French Literary Man," a friend of mine, who, thank the gods, does *not* understand English. Poor fellow, how should he? He only began to learn the language *seriously* about nine years ago!

WHAT IS MANSLAUGHTER?

AS we go to press the following outrage comes under our notice. A sick man, his wife and child, apply for relief at one of our national charitable Institutions, with the following result. Let the subjoined paragraph speak for itself:

"They went to St. Luke's Workhouse at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and at ten o'clock they were let inside. They were kept waiting the whole day until half-past seven o'clock in the evening. They got nothing to eat the whole time. When they were admitted to the relieving officers, the latter said that there was no room in the house, and they gave 6d. and a loaf of bread. Witness said that 6d. was no use, and deceased said that he would not leave the house. The gentleman then took back the 6d. and gave 1s. When leaving the workhouse the man at the gate almost pushed deceased out."

Within six and thirty hours of their being "almost pushed" out of the house, the father died. There are other circumstances of a brutal character aggravating this case, to which we shall allude hereafter. For the moment it is enough to gibbet this scandal, and ask what is to be said of a legislation, that provides protection for brute animals and glazes over monstrosities like these?

Now ready,
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, JANUARY 25, 1868.

It appears that the best part of "Cork" has been sold to Fenian sympathisers in America. The expedient, it is to be supposed, has been resorted to in a hope of stopping up some of the *jars* that have recently shaken the brotherhood.

LORD DEVON has had so much of the Narsty, at the Poor Law Office, that he has gone to Nice to recruit. We hope that he will bring back from the shores of the Mediterranean Herculean vigour to aid him in cleaning out the Augean Stable.

THE publication of the telegraphic despatches which passed between the then Government of Italy and its subordinates, during the invasion of the Papal States, is not calculated to rejoice the hearts of those who wish not only to admire but to respect Italy. Of the justice with which the present kingdom of Italy may lay claim to the Papal territory we will say nothing: the juster it is, the more surely will it be injured by such underhand devices and mean duplicity. Openly to have encouraged the invasion of the Papal States would have been an open violation of their solemn engagement, and by far less disgraceful than the hypocritical pretence of adhering to the September convention, while they were secretly robbing the public stores to support a revolution. Surely such conduct can hardly entitle any Government to the affection and obedience of its subjects, any more than it does to the respect of its allies, or to the mercy of its foes.

THERE used to be a good deal said about the way in which mothers were separated from their children by slavery. When a mother enters a workhouse, it seems her child is instantly taken away from her and given to some pauper nurse to take care of. At Wigan workhouse the available staff of nurses seems to have consisted of two idiots (young), two paralysed old women, and one bedridden ditto. The result of this admirable arrangement has been that a child, who was given to one of the idiots aged seventeen, was instantly put by its nurse into a pail of boiling water and its skin then rubbed off with a rough towel. This tragedy was enacted in the presence of one of the paralytic old women, who tried in vain to save the child. This reads rather like a hideous legend of heathen mythology modernized, but it is a fact, and one which we commend to the attention of those dear kind gentlemen who have

so often made Exeter Hall resound with denunciations of the cruelties of the slave trade, and who have such tender hearts for the poor suffering negro. Half the energy and perseverance wasted in denouncing Mr. Eyre would procure such a reform in our workhouses as would make such inhuman scenes impossible.

A PREMIUM ON POISONING.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the medical profession has forwarded for our perusal the following circular received since the close of the year by him, and no doubt by hundreds more pursuing the same career. We will let the writers speak for themselves, before taking up the hatchet:—

"Established a Century.—Agents to the Cemeteries.

"SIR,—At the close of another year it again becomes our pleasing duty to tender our sincere thanks to the members of the Legal and Medical Professions for the favour of their kind interest in recommendation.

"It is always our care to sustain the high reputation our house has so long enjoyed; and we confidently look forward to the same measure of your support in the future which we have enjoyed in the past.

"Believe us your faithful servants,

"— and Sons,

"Undertakers."

"London, January, 1868.

This is a firm of undertakers rejoicing over the plentiful harvest which Death's sickle has cut down for the grave during 1867. And as the members of the Legal and Medical Professions are more or less mixed up with all deaths, it is perhaps natural that *Messieurs les Croque-morts* should look on doctors and lawyers as their natural coadjutors; but Messrs. — and Sons slip a postscript, lithographed on a separate piece of paper, into their circular, and thus the P.S. is worded:—

"We have pleasure in stating that we have increased our rate of allowance upon all introductions to ten per cent.

"— and Sons."

The italics are underlined in the original. The Postscript being translated, means simply that for every dead man, woman, or child whose funeral shall be conducted by the firm of — and Sons, ten per cent. of the expenses incurred and paid by the survivors of the deceased shall be paid over to the medical man or legal advisers influencing the doctor by whose recommendation the interment becomes the undertaking of the advertisers. This being reduced to its lowest denomination, looks uncommonly like a premium on poisoning. For instance, Dr. Poltus has been called in suddenly and finds his new patient in a fever which requires care and patience to bring the sufferer round. Poltus has just received the above letter with its traitorous riders: he has not a number of patients calling each morning with their ready guineas to drive away temptation, and the ten per cent. on the funeral expenses, which are sure to be over a hundred pounds, stares at him from all corners of the room. The family doctor is coming up to town with all haste, and the most he can get is one, perhaps two fees, and he is a general practitioner. A small dose of laudanum too much, or a few drops extra of aconite don't tell tales. The patient is gathered to his forefathers; Dr. Poltus is mentioned in the *Morning Post* or *Court Journal* as having been called in, too late, alas! to save the sick man, and Messrs. — & Sons find it their pleasing duty to hand over ten, fifteen, or twenty guineas, as it may happen, to the gentleman by whose kind interest they have been favoured with the job. Such an example seems too horrible to receive as probable, but that it is possible, a few moments' consideration of the advertisement will suffice to make certain.

We have not given the names of the tempters, for no doubt they are not the only firm which finds it a profitable speculation. Still, there are the facts, and whether it adds to crime or no, one thing is certain, there must be medical men who are glad to accept, if not to force, the offer (or it would not otherwise be made), and undertakers' accounts are as certainly raised ten per cent. to satisfy the demands of their clients and tax the pockets of their employers.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET SUBSCRIBED TO THE "CLERKENWELL EXPLOSION RELIEF FUND."—Leave not (Clerken) well alone.



"A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK !"

OR,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD!"

A WORD ABOUT THE POLICE.

(Extracts from a Letter.*)

I DON'T suppose you'll print this. Oh no, you're much too respectable for me. I can't spell and I can't write, and I can scarcely do anything but drink, and God help me, I would I could refrain from that! If you print it, print it in red ink, and then the ink can blush for the writer. God help me!—how reckless and wretched I am! Well, there is still strength left in gin, and I must leave off crying while I drink it, for tears are salt, and you can't drink and cry too, and the public-house is lighted up, and warm, and noisy, and they laugh and shout, and laughter is catching, and—Good Heavens! what am I writing about! How my poor head throbs—how I shiver—how cold and wet it is! Oh, what a night—what a dreadful night—Oh, listen at the rain as it pours down and splashes on the pavement! Oh, look how dull the lights glimmer through the streaming shop-windows! I'm weary and foot-sore, and I shiver and burn, and can scarcely crawl along. And here come the police! Oh, I must get away from them, or they will hunt me down, and down, and down, until they leave me in the river!

Away from them, oh, let me get away from them, for I'm moneyless and miserable, and therefore can look for nought but persecution and contempt. Ah, under that arch, it is sheltered from the rain, and out of the gas-light. Let me creep towards it. At last!

Ah! this is better. It is warmer here, and I can think a little. My poor head is cooler—my poor heart is calmer; I'm forgotten for the moment, and can rest. Ah, see that poor street cur, with his gentle eyes, and his shaggy coat. See how he stands looking at me. "Come doggy, come and sit beside me!" With a slow, half distrustful step, he approaches me, and his eyes ask mine in the plainest language, "Do you mean to be kind to me, do you mean to pat me, or do you mean to curse me with an oath and lame me with a kick?" And he lies beside me, and I pat him, and he licks my hand—oh, with such a look of gratitude! Ah, poor brute, he knows what it is to be homeless—he knows what it is to live in the streets—to sleep in the parks—to grovel in the gutter! Poor brute, we both are outcasts—we both are persecuted—we both are starving and miserable! He rests beside me, and I feel that I have at least one friend in the world.

Oh, how my thoughts wander; but I can't help it! I'm so wretched—so heart-broken—that I can scarcely think. A dull, dead sense of misery is all that remains to me. But stay—let me try to recollect—what was it? What was it I so wanted to say? Ah, I remember, to utter a protest on behalf of my poor sisters, to pray for a little mercy, a little charity. Oh, while my brain, sodden with drink and misery allows me, let me do this. The cry comes from out of the depths, from out of the depths of the gutter, from out of the depths of the soul!

Tramping along the streets one day, I saw a picture hanging up in a shop-window. It was a dismal picture, and a horrible picture, and I shuddered as I gazed upon it. It represented a poor woman with a child in her arms resting at the foot of a tree. It was night, and it was winter, and the poor creature was homeless and starving. And near her stood a figure clothed in the dress of a policeman. He was calling upon her to move on, and by the whiteness of the skull grinning from under the policeman's helmet, I knew that the artist had drawn the picture of Death! And I say with all my heart, never was Death more appropriately clothed, never was Death armed with greater terrors! Your idea of the police, I daresay, is no unpleasant one. If you are well dressed, you have nothing to fear from them. But say, haven't you at times seen sights that have made your heart bleed? Coming home from ball-room or play house, haven't you stumbled upon cases of cruelty and

oppression? I ask you, haven't you seen poor women and poor tramps bullied and hustled like dogs or thieves?

Wandering again from the subject—oh that I could say what I have to say—but my head throbs so, and it is so hard, so very hard, to have to think. Let me see—oh, the police!—Well, let me say while I can, what I have to say about them. I have been hunted down by them; I haven't the money to buy their compassion, and so have had to submit to their bullying. Here, look over yonder. Do you see a policeman drinking from a pewter pot? Well, that draught of ale has exempted some wretched creature from many a vicious push and cruel word. The charge I have to make can be summed up in a single sentence. *The police are corrupt—they have the power to bully and the wish to be bribed!* There, I can add nothing to that. Heaven knows, I don't wish to be unjust to honest men, but I must leave those words unaltered. I believe there are policemen who would scorn such shameful practices; but I say, as a body, the police are corruptible. Treat them and you are safe;—show them that you are penniless and you are hunted down. Have you ever passed through London streets by night? If you have, you must have seen enough to know that what I say is true.

There—I've done. Ah, what is this? The poor cur beside me has started to his feet and is listening. He slouches off. I call him back. He turns round, eyes me wistfully, listens again, and runs away. What can it be? Ah! a heavy foot-step, and now it's my time to start to my feet. A rough voice and a brutal push. "Here, you, what a'yer loitering here for? Move on!" Hunted down! Hunted down! See how the skull grins from beneath the policeman's helmet!

FENIANISM IN THE PROVINCES.

Dufferton by the Sea.

THE whole of this beautiful and salubrious town was thrown into the greatest consternation on Friday night, by what was undoubtedly a Fenian outrage. About half-past seven in the evening, our intelligent churchwarden, Mr. James John Smith, was returning home from a small tea-party, at which he had been assisting, when he observed a bright light emanating from a small hole in the wall on the north side of Prospect Terrace. Having drawn a large pocket-knife, he approached the spot cautiously, and, bending down, he discovered to his consternation a piece of something which looked like brown paper burning with a bright flame. With the greatest presence of mind, he struck at the dangerous explosive with his walking-stick, and succeeded in dragging a portion of the combustible out into the road, where, with the most astonishing courage, he at once jumped on it, and stamped out the last vestiges of the consuming element. However, he lost no time in giving the alarm, and the intelligent Sergeant of our Rural Police was soon on the spot, followed by the fire engine. Telegraphs were sent at once to Bristol and Exeter, for a reinforcement of the constabulary force, and to Birmingham for a detachment of military. The inhabitants guarded their own homes during the night, whilst the police patrolled the town. The next day 400 special constables were sworn in at the Town Hall, and a message was despatched to London requesting the authorities to send some artillery. The Town Hall and the Workhouse Infirmary will be converted into temporary barracks. No arrests have been made as yet; but the police are watching a man who has confessed to having lighted his pipe near the spot on that very evening.

Saturday night.—The military have arrived. All is quiet; but the authorities are prepared for an attack. The volunteers have removed their rifles and other arms to the Town Hall. We are expecting a battery of Armstrong guns. The public mind is still much agitated, but the precautionary measures taken are calculated to reassure all loyal subjects.

Plymouth.

Our Correspondent telegraphs that a very suspicious-looking man was seen walking on the breakwater, with a green umbrella. He was seen to be observing some of the vessels very closely. All the military are confined to barracks, and the guards have been strengthened. Boats, full of police-

* The letter has been altered and "dressed up." The letter was received with scores of crested envelopes, containing "Answers to the Acrostic."—A contrast!

constables and military, will be held in readiness during the night.

Lacingham.

A piece of paper has been picked up directed to Captain Burke or Bourke. It is not yet known whether this is the celebrated Fenian chief now in custody; but every precaution has been taken against an attack on the different public buildings. 2,000 special constables are now on duty, and the police have been armed with revolvers. If the alarm continues, they will be provided with ammunition.

THE INTERPRETER.

ON THE CARDS.

It is said that a young gentleman recently lost 10,000*l.* at a sitting at a Club.—*Court Journal.*

At what Club we ask: the Portland or the Arlington? Well, it does not matter which: it is sufficient that the large sum of £10,000 was lost and won at "a sitting." Surely, young fellows with £10,000 to throw away can do better than ape their betters. There are "poor-boxes" gaping at church-doors and hospital-doors with empty stomachs and mouths wide open. But then we all know that the poor-box does not possess the same allurements as the dice-box, any more than Virtue has the same fascination as Vice.

GIVE US A HAND.

Mr. F. G. Hand is a candidate for the office of coroner for the Western Division of the county of Middlesex, rendered vacant in consequence of the lamented death of James Bird, Esq. Mr. Hand has been deputy-coroner since 1863, and there is no doubt that the valuable services he has rendered for some time during the illness of the deceased coroner will make his promotion as certain as it is deserved.—*Morning Paper.*

Mr. Bird, the late coroner for the district around Hammer-smith and Shepherd's Bush, is said to have been an efficient officer—*ergo*, Mr. Hand must be regarded as equally so—on the ground alone that a Bird in Hand is worth two in Shepherd's Bush.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

A Magazine called the *Drawing Room* is about to appear. Its motto is, "Something that my daughters may read."—*Advertisement.*

We shall welcome this new aspirant for popular favour. There is certainly ample "room" for it, and, therefore, there can be little doubt of its "drawing." Of course, among its contributors there will be none of our well-known female novelists, otherwise the literary food for our "daughters" might be found a trifle adulterated, and consequently morally unpalatable, if not altogether poisonous.

THE CAT-O'-NINE-TALES.

"The promised 1,000 additional policemen have commenced their duties."—*Daily Paper.*

This is really alarming intelligence! We hope this large number of policemen has been judiciously scattered all over the metropolis; for their concentration in any one district would prove as embarrassing to our cooks as it would be distressing to economic housewives. Mark the intelligence,—which is clear and specific and not to be misunderstood—these men *have commenced their duty*. Will Sir Richard Mayne do us the favour to instil into the minds of these recruits that their duty is sacredly to guard our homes, and not wantonly to invade our kitchens—that cold mutton is ruinously dear just now—and that we shall refuse to accept the theory that the intelligence of cats accounts for the picking of the lock of our larder, or that the exquisite epicurean tastes of these domestic animals lead to the disappearance of cold meat and pickled cabbage, combined with a marvellously judicious selection of the choicest claret and port from our cellar. We wonder that no cook has yet essayed to write "The Adventures of a Cat."

AN ECHO FROM PALL MALL.

REMARKS by the new Controller-in-Chief of the Army.—SIR HENRY'S TALKS.

ENIGMA.

"One kiss to seal my virgin troth,"
Whispered the maiden tenderly;
His soft sad eyes bent down to her—
"O Love wilt thou be true to me?"
Her clinging lips the answer gave—
"I never can be false to thee."

Scarce six inconstant moons have waned,
And lo the self same maiden now,
With blushes of the self same hue,
Renews with kiss her virgin vow;
The self same question's asked once more;
But by another knight I throw.

Six more inconstant moons have waned;
See arm in arm the loving pair
Are billing in the linden grove
With hearts so light, they know no care;
And neither heeds the pale stern face
That gleams from out its leafy lair.

That night as o'er a bleeding corse
The teeming bride weeps bitterly;
With awful shriek she sees those eyes,
Once soft and sad, glow wrathfully;
While dry white lips hiss out the words
"I never can be false to thee."

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE
BRIGHT
RIGHT
BRIG
BRITON
GROT
THRONG
THROB
RING
IRON
BROTH

ANSWERS to the above have been received from Paul Brill Jan Steen, Your Loving Flute, Bobby is so Clever, Tongs, Pons, Ermine and Woolsack, Cross-Deep, E. Nainby, J. A. T., H. C. G., Samuel E. Thomas, Van John, W. C. H. B. Ives, E. H. Leverett, Cinderella, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Joe, Singlewell, Longshanks, Q. I. D., Reporter, Gullive, Don Juan, Sammy, Tommy Hawk, F. C. L., Punter, A Subscriber, Wat Tyler, W. M. T., R. M. T., H. Pointer, Jos. Billins, Joseph P. R. T. P., Boo, G. B. T., Timothy Maber, Wallingford (Leeds), F. J. Spencer, P. J. Sims, J. Mulvey, D. Winter, T. Babbage, F. Edwards, J. Pashfield, M. Richards, A. Algar, H. T. Watts, J. Guthrie, Tom Crocker, C. P., P. Bredacs, E. Slater, W. B., T. G. Rendell, Potman, Erin, A Lover of Truth, F. C. W. P., J. W. Dantree, L. Fulcher, F. Daniels, Pantomimist, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Borneo (Manchester square), J. L. Crompton, L. F., Rouge et Noir, F. Pope, L. T. Wright (Kensington), L. F. P., R. L. Young, and E. C.

ERRATUM.—In an extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the article entitled "The Comtist Calendar," the word *Hagiology* was printed *Nagiology* by mistake.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 39.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

WE trust that we are not doomed to disappointment when we venture to express a hope that the excellent example set by our gracious Queen may be followed by those ladies whom the fond tie of marriage has bound to the most illustrious men of our age. We feel sure that when Lady Palmerston, Lady Russell, Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Beales (if our great tribune is blessed in a helpmeet) consider what infinite benefit they will confer on posterity, what rich treasures of knowledge they can add to the history of their country if they will fling aside that reserve which shrouds the domestic hearth from the eyes of the public, and, following in the steps of their Sovereign, will not scruple to sacrifice their own selfish prejudices for the good of mankind, and will show to us those great men who have swayed the destinies of their country in the simple dressing gown (if we may use the expression) of domestic life, and teach us how, side by side, with keen intellects and dauntless hearts, there existed in these, our rulers, a child-like innocence and tender affection which, in the society of the wives of their bosoms, ever found its most congenial atmosphere. So when the history of these eventful times comes to be explored by the searching eye, and recorded by the relentless pen of posterity, not only will the sweet and simple pleasures which served to beguile the leisure hours of one of the busiest Sovereigns that ever sat on a throne be revealed to the enquirers' gaze, but the innermost recesses in the hearts of those whom their contemporaries knew for the most part but as statesmen, will be lighted up, and mankind will know the great fact that prime ministers are human.

We confess that this theme excites us. Conceive how we should rejoice could we know to-morrow the exact place in which Lord Palmerston's great enemy the gout attacked him most frequently; whether it was in the hand or the foot, the elbow or the knee? With what devotion should we trace the fluctuations of that happy temper which might be disturbed, but could never be irritated. If there ever was a public man whose manners made you long to number him among your private friends it was Lord Palmerston. Then we might learn that the coldness of Lord Russell, which repels so many of his would-be admirers, was but a superficial cloak that he wore before the world. We might learn how he relaxed in the bosom of his family, and, abandoning himself to frivolous amusements, played draughts, and perhaps even dominoes, with his youthful son and heir. Let us trust that we should not have our souls harrowed by the relation of some terrible catastrophe which had cast a temporary shadow over the childish merriment of that exemplary young nobleman, such for instance as his having been bitten by gnats when wandering with his nurse beside the murmuring stream. We thirst for details of the inner life of that great Asian Enigma, the author of the Reform Bill of 1867. What jokes may he not have made over his second cup of tea at the expense of the raw youths whom he was educating as reformers? What valuable psychological deductions might be drawn from a knowledge of whether he preferred buttered to dry toast. And last, not least, conceive the blessing which would be conferred on society could we, reading by the light of the simple home life, trace the wonderful meanderings of that giant brain which failed to rule the Whigs because it was too clever, and the heart which nourished it with blood was too

honest. We might be told how he prepared his speeches; on what diet he performed those wonderful feats of oratory which extorted admiration from his bitterest foes. We might hear with reverent silence, whether the irritation into which the unjust taunts of his assailants sometimes stung him, was ever vented on the servants or the china. We must not continue our speculations. Should our hopes be blessed with fulfilment, the natures of the great men of our age will be laid bare before us, and a series of brilliant "At Homes" will be opened for our enjoyment, compared to which the dull and colourless entertainments of society must fade into deserved obscurity. Once more let us trust that a good example may be well and wisely followed.

"THE MAYNE DIFFICULTY."

IT is a common thing to say of the Police that they are civil, if not cringing, to those who have a decent coat to their backs, and who look as if they had a spare half-crown in their pockets, while they are uniformly harsh, if not brutal, to those who are dressed in rags and manifestly guiltless of being capitalists. But the rich and respectable are by no means so safe from the tyranny of these helmeted guardians of the peace as is generally believed. A case occurred very recently in which a respectable young man, returning home at a trot on a cold night, was set on by two policemen and shamefully maltreated. He was charged with drunkenness, blasphemous language, and violence; but the magistrate very properly dismissed the case after hearing the evidence of the two policemen, and of the defendant and his friend. Sir Richard Mayne's pets never exhibit much ingenuity in these cases; they arrest a man without any cause, and when they have discovered their mistake, they knock him about, try to provoke him to violence of arm or of tongue, and if they don't succeed, take their will for the deed and charge him with such. Now this seems to us to be very gross perjury added to stupidity and brutality. But we scarcely ever hear in these cases that the policemen are punished. No doubt, terrible penalties are inflicted by the Powers of Scotland Yard, but the public does not have the satisfaction of knowing it. The expiation for the offence is done in secret. It seems to us that this is a very serious error. Many of the Police are respectable, patient, kind-hearted, if not very intelligent men. Every case like the one alluded to (and they are not uncommon) must weaken their authority and tend to bring the whole body into contempt and hatred with all lovers of truth and justice. But if the offenders in these cases were promptly prosecuted by some public officer, the bad effect of their offences would be very much diminished. An action if brought by an individual under such circumstances entails great trouble and expense, and the trial commonly takes place so long after the offence, that the effect of the punishment, if the policemen should be condemned, is much weakened. Every week the power of the Police in England is increasing; it is a power capable of terrible abuse; and however free the institutions of this country professedly be, unless there is some speedy and effective machinery for punishing policemen who thus shamefully abuse their position—a machinery of which the poor can avail themselves as easily as the rich, we may, in attempting to preserve our public safety, jeopardise our private liberty, and become only in a less degree, than the French, the slaves of those who should be our protectors.

UNDER THE MOON.

PROLOGUE.

1.

The hackneyed Invocation to the Muses
Which usually prefaces the modest verse,
The author here, on principle, refuses ;
For all the Nine are out of tune, or worse :
And Phoebus, if the mildest term one uses,
Hasn't a daughter living worth a curse.

2.

Melpomene for instance condescends
To sing the ballads published by her Editor ;
And all her talent to the first trash lends
Which makes her (twopence royalty) it's creditor ;
While classic harmonies she throws aside
For variations on the ophicleide !

3.

Or if her Tragic functions she assumes,
(Euripides and Æschylus despised)
She lays out all her mind on the costumes,
Or some sensation recently devised
To rouse a horror in the sternest heart,
Or strike one dumb by the machinist's art.

4.

Where is Terpsichore's enchanting grace
Which some one calls "the Poetry of Motion ?"
All gone, to cultivate a "break down" pace
Without of elegance or art a notion—
Immodesty now shows her lack of brains ;
And really little else to show remains.

5.

No ! leave the Muses to the early Poets ;
Who treated them to storms of votive "Hail !"
Though they prefer the silver-throated Moët's—
Which stands seductive in the icy pail—
We know the tenth Muse never did exist
Who could the foaming charms of Ay resist.

6.

They needn't fear that I shall call them down—
I'm sceptical and don't believe in Helicon ;
More than in Unicorns or Troy's old town,
Or the old fable of the bleeding Pelican—
Not that I wish to hurt their mythic feelings,
Only the firm's too old for our dealings.

7.

This must be taken gentle Aphrodité,
As something in the nature of Libation :
(For never was there Goddess e'er so mighty
But revelled in a rival's castigation)
So having sacrificed, we, if you please,
Will plunge, without delay, *in medias res*.

8.

"Beneath the Moon ! How small we men must look
"To any eye, with magnifying powers,
"Gazing from that bright planet on the nook
"Of which we boast as *This Great Land of Ours !*
"Men ! small ! The Mites upon the biggest cheese
"Are giants in comparison with these !"

9.

Such was the theme on which my mind was bent ;
And certainly the view was calculated
To humble pride ; for on the Monument
I stood reflecting ; slightly elevated ;
But only with the air, the place, the sight,
Below, the earth ; above, the star-lit night.

10.

My lips had scarcely had the time to form
The thought of what *sub lund* might be doing ;
When suddenly a rushing sound like storm
Of Aquilo or Auster mischief-brewing,
Made me look up : out from behind the moon
A meteor blazed a momentary noon ;

11.

Then fell :—and I could feel the column shake
As though some bolt had struck the shaft's foundation.
Or fear or numbness seemed at once to take
From eyes and limbs their powers of sensation :
But when I did recover, I was startled more :
By me a stranger stood ; not there before.

(To be continued.)

A WORD TO THE POLICE.

THOMAS ALLEN, a brother of William O'Meara Allen, who was executed at Manchester for the murder of the policeman Brett, was arrested at Cork a few days ago on suspicion of having been concerned in the attack on the Martello Tower, at Foaty Island, and also in the robbery of revolvers from Mr. Alport's shop. As there was not the slightest evidence against him on either charge, and no one identified him as having been in the neighbourhood of either occurrence, he was released. It would be satisfactory to know why he was arrested, for from the few published facts it looks rather as if Thomas Allen had been hunted down for the sole reason that he happens to be a brother of the wretched man who expiated his crime at Manchester a couple of months ago.

The police cannot be too cautious, vigilant, and energetic, at the present crisis, but caution, vigilance, and energy do not mean wholesale arrest. It is not at all clear why George Francis Train was seized upon on his arrival at Queenstown. He may be a lunatic ; at the most, not a very dangerous one, and this is all that appears against him. It would have a salutary effect on over zealous superintendents of police, if some one were to take proceedings against the Government for false imprisonment, and get substantial damages.

There are numberless cases which never find their way into the newspapers, in which quietly-disposed persons have been dragged off to the station-house and subjected to the roughest treatment by mistake. It has even happened that detectives have arrested each other, and the movements of people in high official positions have over and over again been dogged by over zealous constables.

At the present time, when everyone has been rendered suspicious and uneasy by the startling occurrences which have burst over us like thunder clouds, it behoves us all cheerfully to accept the position, and make the best of all reasonable inconvenience to which we may be subjected. But the clumsy activity of the police is now running beyond the limits of common sense, and it is time to protest against it.

SOMETHING THAT DESERVES PUFFING.

TOMAHAWK, in his rambles, found his way, the other night, into St. George's Opera House ; not for the first time, however, for the opening performance took place in his presence. He felt, on the occasion of his first visit, that matters had been pressed forward with too much precipitation, and that a week of additional rehearsal would manifestly have been desirable.

A few nights since, however, he paid a second visit, and was gratified to notice that a palpable improvement had taken place ; the execution of the music is now bright and tripping. Mr. Sullivan's opera, *La Contrabandista*, is tuneful, sparkling, and well constructed ; it is not Offenbach and water, but genuine musical comedy, and, in speaking thus of the young composer, TOMAHAWK trusts that the good word of one who, alas ! can give praise but rarely, will stimulate and encourage him whilst he is journeying on the thorny road which leads to true art.

A NEW NAME FOR GEORGE CRUICKSHANK'S RIFLE REGIMENT (*suggested by the late extraordinary movements of that corps*).—The Have-a-dead-lock Volunteers.

C'EST UN COÛTE.—The Emperor has been pleased to allow the Duc de Persigny, in compliment to the power exhibited in his letter on the Liberty of the Press, to add to his other titles that of "*Le Comte de Persiflage*."

WAITS AND MEASURES IN ABYSSINIA.

MULE MEASURE.

- 50 mules make 1 muleteer to look after them.
 2 muleteers to look after them make 1 good thing of it.
 100 good things of it make 1 penny on to the income-tax.
 1 penny on to the income-tax makes 10,000,000 Englishmen swear.

BRITISH WAITS.

- 2 visits to the Horse Guards make 1 six months' delay.
 2 six months' delays make 1 bit of Bombay management.
 12 bits of Bombay management make 1 Annesley Bay.
 100 Annesley Bays make 1 Abyssinian Expedition.
 The bare idea of two Abyssinian Expeditions makes one Mad.

SHO-HO, OR NATIVE MONEY TABLE.

- 2 bushels of corn make 1 penny clay pipe.
 2 penny clay pipes make 1 British Sovereign.
 3 British Sovereigns make 1 postage stamp.
 3 postage stamps make 1 Gorrawoo province.
 1 Gorrawoo provinces make 1 epaulet.
 2 epaulets make 1 Emperor of Abyssinia.
 5 Emperors of Abyssinia make 1 bottle of rum.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS;

or,

WHICH IS IT TO BE?

LORD HOBART.—Wall you old cuss! Tarnation and slick-shaving, but I guess you're in for a greasing. Look you here, Sir: Jonathan air a mighty big chap, that would just as soon swaller down the British Lion, Constitution, tail, and other fixings, as look at him. That beast 'ave riled me; oh yas! and if that beast don't stump up, pumpkins if I don't gollop him down like so much 'iled molasses!

HISTORICUS.—I know all about it, for I am *Historicus*. The man that differs with me is a fool. I like being international on paper. One lays down the law for the world, and it's so safe, for one has nothing to do with the consequences. It's a great thing to be *Historicus*, and express opinions roundly.

THE 'TIMES'.—This is not a question of right or justice, but one simply of a popular catch-penny character. What on earth does the country want? Personally, I am terribly afraid of an American war; but being at best only a poor commercial speculation, obliged to live by my wits, I must find out which way the wind is setting, and then set my bellows to help.

KING BEALES THE MARTYR.

At a special meeting of the council of the Reform League held a few days ago, at which Mr. Beales, M.A., was in the chair, a resolution was passed to the effect that the President be requested to limit the deliberations of the society to the proper programme. Mr. Beales in reply, admitted that he has been a little lax in conducting the discussions of the League—and added that if the meetings had been composed of gentlemen, like himself he parenthetically observed, he should not have allowed many things that had occurred, but he pleaded as his excuse that as the meetings were composed entirely of working men, he thought it wiser not to interfere with the freedom of their discussion.

When Mr. Beales finds a distinction between the working man and "a gentleman" like himself, and proclaims himself afraid to control the creatures of his own creation, we wonder that he does not think it time to retire from (or rather back out of is the more appropriate term), a position for which he publicly admits himself unequal.

Perhaps Mr. Beales wishes he could. There have been kings in the history of Christendom, who were willing to give anything short of their heads, to be allowed to abdicate if their subjects would only let them, and after all have had to advance on their reserve price for their liberty. The Majestic M.A. cannot be said to stand in danger of losing what he never possessed, but if his subjects would only decide on trimming his ears, which must be of immoderate growth, it would be a permanent service to the community in general.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE!

WE beg to refer all those "whom it may concern" to the official account of the improvements that have been effected in Paris in the course of the past year. The list is imposing and lengthy enough, and shows on paper an amount of work, architectural and otherwise, that on this side of the Channel would do credit to half a century. We do not know who are the London (Ediles. We have, in common with the rest of the bewildered devotees of metropolitan improvement, a vague idea that the Board of Works, Mr. Cole, some underground railway company, and possibly Mr. Tite, M.P., represent the architectural future of London. How they act together, or, perhaps, whether they act at all, are questions we never have solved to our satisfaction. However, there must be, we suppose, somebody who is responsible for the expanding beauty of the metropolis, and it is to this ill-fated gentleman we are about to appeal. Will he have the goodness to give the widest publicity to the following list of "improvements" effected in London during the course of the year 1867? The oppressed Parisians have been enlightened; and it is only an act of common justice to independent Londoners to supply them with as much information as is accorded to their less free and enlightened neighbours:—

Jan. 1.—Arrival of a fresh hod of bricks at the Albert Memorial.

Jan. 3.—Re-propping up of the Statue in Leicester square.

Jan. 7.—Re-arranging a few paving stones in Long Acre.

March 9.—Scrubbing the faces of London statues generally. Removing stones from the hat of George III. saucepan from his stirrup, and erasing ribald epigrams in chalk from the basement of George IV.

April 1.—Putting another prop to the Statue in Leicester square, filing down leg of same, replanking broken railings, and official removal of dead cats.

April 9.—Removal of paper hat and false nose from the Statue in Leicester square, and addition of several new props to horse's tail.

June 5.—Laying foundation-stone of new gas works in Eaton place; destruction of a small portion of the refreshment-room of the South Kensington Museum.

June 27.—Passing of New West-end Metropolitan Railway Bill, and sanction for proposed line up Piccadilly, through St. George's Hospital, twice round Belgrave square, across Hyde Park, over the Marble Arch, and grand central terminus on the first-floor of the Langham Hotel.

Aug. 1.—Addition of another inch to Thames Embankment.

Sept. 9.—Re-oiling of weather-cock on St. Clement's Danes.

Sept. 15.—Pulling down (by mistake) of 372 houses occupied by the poor, before they are wanted.

Oct. 24.—Continuation of war on the subject of the New Law Courts.

Oct. 29.—Rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, the Thames Tunnel, and St. Martin's Baths, by Messrs. Barry and Pugin.

Nov. 1.—Planting of a lamp-post in Upper Camberwell.

Nov. 2.—Removal of a paving flag from Long Acre.

Nov. 3.—Fixing another prop to the wig of the Statue in Leicester square.

Nov. 5.—General letting loose of "London Statues" in paper hats and arm chairs. Jubilee of National Art until nightfall.

Nov. 29.—Arrival of scaffolding poles at South Kensington.

Dec. 1.—Preparations for a great national undertaking.

Dec. 3.—Last rope fastened previous to commencement of work.

Dec. 5.—Arrival of engineers with apparatus.

Dec. 7.—Arrival of blasting powder and 400-pounders.

Dec. 29.—General arrival of civil, uncivil, and military authorities.

Dec. 30.—Arrival of Mr. Cole and Staff on horseback. Official pronouncement of doom.

Dec. 31.—DESTRUCTION OF THE BROMPTON BOILERS, and immediate collapse of 1867!

Now ready,
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

THE obstinacy of the mule is proverbial ; but an instance of his besetting sin is reported by the Special Correspondent of that Nestor of the Press, the *Standard*, which exceeds belief. We learn from this authority that the mule is "a delicate animal ;" that "if well fed he will do wonders," but "without food he falls away rapidly." In other words, he gets thin if starved. We hardly know which to wonder at most, the dogged obstinacy of the mule, or the surprising intelligence of his half-brother, who has pointed out this serious defect in his character.

WE have often heard of the large appetite for news possessed by Special Correspondents ; but we never knew before how terrible their voracity was in other respects, till we read that Colonel Merewether actually refused to take two Special Correspondents with him on an expedition into the interior (in which he was accompanied by "a troop of cavalry, a large stock of mules, &c."), because such an addition "would probably break down the whole party. Starvation might ensue, and he could not guarantee that we should be fed." One of the correspondents in question confesses to eating nine pounds of meat a day at Senafe, so perhaps the gallant Colonel's precaution was more reasonable than at first sight it appears.

OUT OF THE GUTTER.

OUR readers may remember a certain Mr. Gutteridge, of Birmingham, who made a very serious accusation against a certain Roman Catholic Nunnery. We need not reproduce the ingenious details of this fiction, suffice it to say that the chastity of three of the nuns and of their father-confessor was involved in the charge. Mr. Gutteridge was challenged to produce his proof. He declined, from modesty ; but at last he submitted, with reluctance, to the arbitrament of a tribunal, composed of Mr. Kynnersley (Stipendiary Magistrate), and three other Justices of the borough. From their report it appears that the whole statement is without the slightest foundation ; that Mr. Gutteridge's sole authority was a young girl of nineteen years of age, employed in his house as a seamstress. This immaculate denouncer of Papistical iniquity said, "that he never crossed the threshold to make an inquiry." We should think not ! Could such an upright, honest member of the Reformed Church be guilty of "crossing" anything ? No ! such a practice savoured too much of Popery. Some have been content to be martyrs for the Truth's sake ; but Gutteridge (we would call him Saint, but it would be offensive to his pure Protestant conscience) goes beyond these—he is content to be martyr for a Lie's sake. He will, we fear, be subject to persecution ; to cruel aspersions on his veracity ; nay, even to the unjust accusation of a lack of charity from profligate Popish priests,

and from scoffing unbelievers. But let him not be cast down. His friend, Murphy, will comfort him. Yes ! he has a higher consolation still—the proud sense that through evil, if not through good, report, he has done his duty (as he understands it) ; he has done his best to revile a large section of his fellow-Christians who differ from him ; and it is his misfortune, not his fault, if he has not succeeded in blasting the character of three innocent girls and one holy man ; in staining the fair fame of an institution whose usefulness is as far beyond the grasp of his comprehension as its purity is beyond the reach of his heart.

THE LAST VENTURE.

There were three men in British city,
There were three men in British city,
They took a boat and put to sea,
They took a boat and put to sea.

There was Gathorne Hardy, Secretary
Of Home Affairs, so cool and wary,
And the second it was reconstructing J. P.
And the third it was my Lord Stanley.

Now they'd scarcely talked all round the equator,
While the food grew less and the hour grew later,
When somebody thought how fine a story
If Bristol would vote for a good Tory.

Says the Reconstructor to the Secretary,
"Of votes like that they're somewhat chary,
"But it's clear that if the thing's to be
"It can only be brought about by me.

"I'll tell them of Army reconstruction,
"You talk of the Fenian plot's destruction ;
"And that will last two hours and three,
"Well through the coffee and the eau de vie.

"There's my Lord Stanley, he's young and tender,
"And he's used by the F. O. men as a fender ;
"The best thing to be done I see
"Is to let him talk of Annesley B.

So he talked of Army reconstruction,
And Hardy of Fenian plot's destruction,
All with becoming modesty,
Till sleep had set their audience free.

"My Lord Stanley we're going to kill and eat you,
"And that is why we've come to meet you ;
"So tell us what's your policy,
"And give us to public things the key."

Says Lord Stanley "I'll be eaten,
"Sooner than Tories should be beaten ;
"So I will say my catechee,
"Which my papa has taught to me.

"I believe in the Abyssinian Expedition.
"I devote the Fenians to perdition.
"And think Reform a necessity,
"And the Compound Householder a mystery."

But he'd scarcely got to the declaration
That Ireland shall not be a separate nation,
When all the supporters of Berkeley
Cried out this is the man for me.

So they sent young Bowring to other places,
And told their mayor to go to blazes ;
And declared that they for ages were free
From all the Liberal party.

But as for Lord Stanley, they made him,
But as for Lord Stanley, they made him
The member for Bristol city,
The member for Bristol city!

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

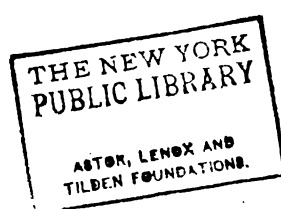
THE TOMAHAWK, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.





THE FENIAN FAUST !

IRELAND.—He loves me, he loves me not,
He loves me, *he loves me not !*



"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."

WATER IN THE DESERT!

THIS is an age of charity, and we are all of us *very* charitable! We give of our abundance to the poor and the suffering, we help the sick, and succour those who call upon us for aid. We ask nothing in return for these good services save the insertion of our names in newspaper advertisements, and the publication of our Christian deeds in the printed reports of benevolent societies. For you see we know perfectly well that it is *very* wrong to hide our candles under bushels, and *very* wicked to keep secret in our own bosoms facts calculated to create on their divulgence universal satisfaction. Example is everything in these degenerate days; and leaving example out of the question, it is very pleasant to read one's name in print!

And here my pen drops from my fingers, and I feel myself unequal to the task. I frankly admit it. I *cannot* laugh and I *cannot* sneer, for I have before me a little book which has turned my merriment into melancholy, and my sneers into downright honest tears! Thank the gods my pen is anonymous, and so I can indulge in the sweet pain of sorrow without provoking ribald laughter. It is ridiculous that a man should weep, but it is something more than ridiculous that a man should have cause for his wallings!

I purpose this week leaving for a moment the glaring noisy, joyless, wicked place which I have styled (not without truth I trust) "the most shameful sight in the world," with its supper rooms, casinos, and taverns, to follow the wavering steps of one of its *habitués*. Not to the river this time, but to a haven of rest and peace, to a land populated with prodigal daughters, to a fold filled with sheep that have been lost, but being lost have still been found. Oh! it is pleasant, very pleasant to know that there exist in this great town of ours good men and great men, who willingly have measured swords with Satan, and daringly have striven to save the brands from the burning. Thank Heaven we poor people did not lose *all* our virtues when Eve tasted of the fatal apple; true, at that moment the world was introduced to thorns, briars, and weeds, but we were saved a few of our good points, and assuredly love towards our fellow-creatures was one of the many blessings then bestowed upon us. A man must be *very* bad who will ill-treat a dog; a woman must be *very* ripe for a wickeder world than even the one we inhabit who has no compassion for the unfortunate. And of all the noble charities which have sprung out of this heaven-born sympathy for the poor and the suffering, I contend that by far the grandest and most deserving of our prayers for its success is the Rescue Society, of 85 Queen street, Cheapside.

After lifting up my humble pen, a few weeks since, in the cause of purity, I was greatly encouraged in my Herculean and almost hopeless task of "writing down" an abuse which for years has defied with impunity the efforts of our most energetic philanthropists, by receiving a kindly letter from a very influential member of the Managing Committee of the Institution to which I have just referred. The writer of this letter begged me to persevere in my work, and enclosed for my perusal "The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Rescue Society." I don't want to lay myself open to a charge of sentimentalism, and yet I cannot but declare that this little volume affected me more than any book I have ever read. The works of Dickens and Thackeray now and again bring the tears to the eyes of their readers, but I say that every page of this report was full of sorrowful reflections. It opened my eyes to such a frightful vision of human depravity that I became more certain than ever that I had done right in calling the last subject of my "Peep-Show" the "Most Shameful Sight in the World." Perhaps I can scarcely do better than print a letter I have received from the gentleman to whom I've already made allusion. As it is written by a good man in a good cause, it cannot be read by too many:—

Rescue Society,
85 Queen street, Cheapside,
20th January, 1860.

It is encouraging to us, who are working in a blessed work, the recovery of the lost, and yet all the while going on with a hopeless feeling that we are not checking the flow of public profligacy, much less "damming-up" any of its many sources—to learn that others can strike, and are willing to do so at the other end of the subject.

Though you will never be able effectually to "write down" this monstrous evil, yet you may scathe to the death many of its accessories, and blight with satire and denunciation those cruel social theories and

maxims which go far, in the first place, to produce the evil, and then operate to prevent its diminution. As to the number of "Unfortunates" in London I am unable to give you any reliable statistics, but it is thought among those most conversant with the subject that they may number from 40,000 to 60,000! Paris, it is known, has about 20,000 registered loose women, and its police estimate that at least 30,000 more evade their restrictions!

I am afraid our estimates are below the actual number—because apart from the greater size of London I find *vast numbers* of young women are *occasional* prostitutes only—working at the numberless light trades which afford employment for young females, and "turning out" when the work is slack or their profits from labour small. I am constantly about the streets, visiting the hospitals, &c., speaking to these unfortunates, and seeking to redeem them, and I find that I speak to *quite an equal number* of those who state that they usually work at some trade or other, as those who more avowedly state themselves to be "gay." I have frequently visited the Haymarket at intervals of three or four months, and found the majority of the women there each time to be different to those I have seen before. Beyond doubt you may *safely* conclude that 50,000 will be *far below* the mark! All the institutions in London receive about 1,000 yearly.

The vast majority of fallen women are from the humblest social station, *female domestics* affording the greatest supply. There is something terribly suggestive in this fact of the hollow "artificialism" of the modern social and female life, and of the chasm in the sympathy which should connect class and class. I hardly know how to indicate to you those causes, above others, which eventuate in the open vice of the streets. They are so rife, so multifarious, so involved, that you may venture almost to take any part of our social organism, and when you examine it, find it a feeder to the social evil. Mongrel laws, bad education (or rather the entire absence of it), bad "housing," the low moral state of the poor, the growing luxury and effeminacy of the rich, the extravagance and ostentation of our times, the affectation for "gentility," and the growing contempt for humble position and employment in the lower middle class, the spreading vanity and mania for dress among our women, the unjust social distinctions drawn between impure conduct in the one sex and the other, the insufficient legislative protection given to young females, the iniquitous bastardy laws, the intemperate habits of the people, the enforced celibacy of large classes of men in all ranks—some by law, others by the social habits and ideas which place the thought of marriage at a discount,—all these and *hundreds of other* causes conduce (and might be *demonstrated and illustrated* as doing so) in augmenting the social evil. They all need "*Tomahawking*," and I shall watch your efforts in scalping them.

Yours sincerely,

I thought it would not be out of place, before I attacked the abuses abounding in the spot with which I am dealing in detail, to say here a few words about this most admirable of charities, the Rescue Society. I will leave for future discussion the contents of the sad little volume lying before me, and merely follow the faltering steps of the figure I see in my mind's eye.

It is broad daylight, and the gas lamps are being cleaned, and last night's revelry has given way to sober, respectable business. Shop-keepers of high standing have exposed their wares for sale, and are waiting upon their carriage-possessing customers. And here let me pause and ask why do these shop-keepers of high standing permit the nightly conversion of the street in which their houses are situated into a very hell? It lies in their power to do much, *very* much, toward "putting down" the scenes of which I complain; and it is their duty, as honest men and good citizens, to give their utmost aid to the good work. And yet, what is the fact? They are disgracefully disregarding of the scandal, and refuse to interfere. It would be well if some of their customers would take the matter up—a little falling off in the amount of their daily transactions would soon convert them into social reformers. To return. It is broad daylight, and I see a figure which seems to belong to quite a different class to those who throng the street. This figure standing on this spot would not have been out of place last night—but here this morning, in the broad daylight, in the glare of the rising sun, it seems irrepressibly strange and contemptible. Let me follow it.

It threads its way through the busy streets, past Charing Cross and its squirting fountains, past the Strand with its lazy clerks lounging to Somerset House, past Temple Bar with its placards headed "Murder," past Fleet street with its batch of newspaper offices, past St. Paul's Churchyard with its horrible den y'clept the Post office Savings' Bank, past Cheapside with its crowd of city men, until Queen street is reached. With a step more faltering than ever, the figure passes through a door, and—is saved! Saved from death and worse than death, saved from misery and utter contempt! Turned from a pest and a

plague into an honest useful creature! And all this is done without cant or impertinent preaching, without submission to degrading rules or "goody" regulations. All this is done, and has been done thousands of times by that blessed work of a Christian country the Rescue Society!

It is wrong to be envious, and yet I cannot help looking greedily towards the pen of Tennyson when I write of this good work. I feel how miserably poor—how wretchedly poor the results of my efforts have been in attempting to depict this loving charity in its proper colours. Enough, nothing I can say will ever sufficiently express my feelings on the subject. It seems to me almost profanation for a mortal man to write of so holy an undertaking. While the Rescue Society has its being I cannot be *quite* a cynic!

SALADE DE LA SAISON.

CHRISTMAS has passed, and with it have vanished its delicacies. The merry time of gorged plenty—of starving—but no; let us stop. Why look back when there is always good food to tickle the moral palate? Come my friends, we are all happy and hungry, let us try this salad.

"Lady Blankshire gave her first ball yesterday evening. The *tout ensemble* was of the most brilliant character, and *on dit* that the exotics with which her ladyship's salons were *parfaitement remplis* cost *une petite fortune*."—*Snobs' Circular*.

"A woman, who up to the time of our going to press, had not been identified, was this morning found dead on a door-step in Lambeth. From the emaciated condition of the deceased, it is probable that she had not tasted food for several days."—*Local Paper*.

"The Peri's Soap.—The only one suitable for the toilette of ladies of rank. 15 shillings the cake. Also the *Haut ton* shaving cream (registered). Can be used alike by Prince or Peer. In pots at 19s. 6d., £1 17s. 6d., or £7 7s."—*Advertisement*.

"The prisoner in defence stated that he had not tasted meat for five months, and latterly, owing to the state of the weather, he had been thrown out of work. He was starving."—*Police Report*.

"The bride was magnificently dressed, and it is said that her *trousseau* cost upwards of £1,200."—*Court and Fashion*.

"The child was very scantily clothed; in short, its only covering consisted of a few rags. In his witness's opinion, death had resulted from exposure to the cold."—*Evidence at a Coroner's Inquest*.

"The Reverend Chairman said the conversions among the *Gewhackers* had been comforting and numerous. He was glad to state that the Mission house was all that could be desired. In the words of his reverend friend, their missionary, whose letter he held, 'it was quite a snug little English parsonage.' He would ask for larger donations. It was indeed a glorious work. (Cheers)."—*Report in the Swallowford Mercury*.

"The boy, who stated his age to be sixteen, said he had been born in London. He had lived there the greater part of the time. He had never heard of Christ."—*Religious condition of the Poor*.

"It is computed that the new Opera House will cost £250,000. The money, however, will shortly be raised."—*Daily Paper*.

"The hospital was already crowded to excess. But what could be done when funds were not forthcoming."—*Half-yearly Report to the Directors*.

"*On dit* that a certain Marquis of elegant proclivities reposes in satin sheets."—*Snob Talk*.

"Fifty thousand people rise every morning in London not knowing where they shall get a night's rest."—*Statistics of Suffering*.

And so on, my dear friends, did I not fear your digestion might be scarcely strong enough. Do you ask the recipe? You shall have it. Take the history of twenty-four hours in Christian England. Is that all—? *Voilà tout!*

A TRIBUNAL THAT NEVER YET BRIDGED OVER A DIFFICULTY.—The Court of Arches.

NEW BOOK—TRUE TO THE CORPS.—New edition, illustrated by George Cruickshank, with *Cuts!*

LOGOGRIPE.

I am a name of high renown,
I wander through the wildest lands;
Wherever there's a spot unknown—
Wherever science light demands—
You'll find me there—
In fact, I only come
From jungle, desert sands, and fierce
Inhospitable shores—I pierce
The black impenetrable groves
Or mountains the hyena loves;
In short, for street geography I cater,
Where Africa's sun strikes hot on the equator.

Three feet unequal bear me on,
Through desert hill, and dale;
Tho' late there came a tale
That of the three there was but one
Left to me—in short, all men have heard,
I was not my first two, but my third.
Such tales as these are often said
From travellers to come,
For wanderers are not afraid
To lie away from home.
But take you little letters two,
From each of my two ends;
And you will see what, if you do
But give it to such friends;
To hang themselves they straight will go,
And thus will make amends.

Now look again
My letters through,
You'll see 'tis plain
There's something new,
Something to sing for instance, and may be
Something in which it's sung—no, not the key—
For that you have in your intelligence
To find, or if you've none in common-sense;
But never seek by death the word to learn
From others, nor the key at holes to earn.
By doing that,
Which yet you'll find within my breast,
Latent, concealed, nor e'er confessed,
But still most pat.

Nay, trust for all you have and gain,
To that which also I contain;
And which what e'er we do or say,
Is to all ends the shortest way.
Then set you forth, and never fear the wrath
Of any animal that's in your path,
Towards or through me; and if you should still
Lack courage the redoubted beast to kill,
Take what young David held,
When he Goliath quelled.—
But take it with a straw to ease the chill.
Yet when you've done the task unto the end,
Triumph not o'er your less successful friend;
But cheer and comfort him, and modest be,
Like the sweet flower you will in me.
Now seek me out by any means you may,
Or if you'd know the proper means I'd say—
By expedition I've been nearly found,
On haste, therefore, your best hopes you should ground,
And in this case
You well may place
Your trust much less in staying than in pace,
For it may be that when you're close behind me,
You'll turn and see
That there must be,
More expedition still before you find me.

ANSWER TO THE LAST ENIGMA.—First Love. (No one guessed it.)

A CRITICISM *à la* COCKNEY.—*Dearer than Life* is bad, but *La Vivandière* is verse! By-the-bye, the music in the cast from the *bow* of Mr. Wallenstein is frightfully *Hackneyed!* (Savage, but pleasing!)

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 40.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A PEACE FOOTING.

WE all of us know—for he himself publicly and solemnly declared it at Bordeaux, years enough ago to enable us to have found out its truth—that the Emperor Napoleon desires to found his empire upon love and good will to all men. *L'Empire, c'est la paix* is a maxim which only needs to be recalled to be appreciated at its full value, and if there are still in existence some unworthy detractors who seek to cast doubt upon the imperial word, and to soil the imperial principle by a comparison of actual events with this great declaration, they will be silenced at once by a consideration of the Emperor's new Army Organization; which shows how determined he is to remain at peace most completely, since it only provides an army of a million and-a-half of men for the defence of the country. This ridiculously small force, however, has been felt to be utterly inadequate to the national requirements, and in the interests of France some slight modifications are to be introduced into it before the Chambers close; and in order that those members of the Corps Législatif who please to indulge in harmless demands for that permission to make interpellations which is never granted, we think it our duty to lay before them the chief heads of the scheme as it will finally stand:—

ART. I.—The annual contingent of the army comprises every living creature in the country which attains, has attained, or is likely to attain the age of twenty-one years.

Are exempted only—

Young men over seventy years of age, if blind, lame, deaf, toothless, under 1 mètre 55 centimetres in height, and orphans of both father and mother.

If a young man is subject to one only of the above-mentioned infirmities, his case will be judged by the Council of Revision undermentioned.

Young women employed in operas, ballets, sale of gazettes, cafés chantants, bals champêtres, or other works of reproduction.

Babies in long-clothes, on giving satisfactory proof that they are well acquainted with the use of arms;—these will be enrolled in the reserve, as being already in arms.

Letter carriers, spies, newspaper editors, and officers of the administration in general.

ART. II.—Those of the above-named who are indicated by lot will serve in the ranks of the army.

ART. III.—Those who are not indicated will serve all the same.

ART. IV.—The duration of service is fixed at nine years certain (unless shortened by needle-guns, fevers, or other incidents of warfare), reversible at the will of the Emperor, M. de Bismarck, or the King of Italy.

ART. V.—Soldiers are allowed to marry (with the permission of the Minister of War) upon the advent of an era of universal peace, or the submission of all European powers to French domination. Soldiers of the reserve may marry when they please, on affording sufficient proof that they are not fit for anything else.

GARDE NATIONALE MOBILE.

ART. VI.—The Garde Nationale Mobile is composed of all those who are not designated by the preceding Articles, including those who are excepted from their provisions; and is for the

defence of the coasts and frontiers, and the defence of fortified places.

ART. VII.—It can only be called out by a special law to be passed by the majority, reserved to the Government in the Chambers, as it may judge expedient.

ART. VIII.—Nevertheless the battalions of which it is composed may be called together by an Imperial decree, as occasion, or M. de Bismarck, may arise.

ART. IX.—Those who compose the Garde Nationale Mobile enjoy all the rights of citizenship, with the following exceptions:—

They cannot change their residence, except on written permission from the préfet, the colonel of their regiment, the general commanding, and two gendarmes.

They cannot drive out, read opposition newspapers, engage in any business, marry, sneeze, cough, or sleep away from home, or call their wives their own, without giving ten days' previous notice of their intention to do so.

ART. X.—The Emperor, general commanding, colonel, préfet, sous-préfet, or any two gendarmes may suspend this law provisionally, and enact any other which may be necessary.

It will be seen from this how united is the Government under which the French now live, and we look forward with much hope to the interesting spectacle which France will present, when it is no longer peopled but by soldiers and cripples. It is distressing to observe, however, that a certain blind discontent prevails among some sections of the population, who are not, and do not want to be either the one or the other; and it is to be hoped that they will be brought to reason before the elections are concluded, and will recognize the advantages which are offered to them in the new organization of the army which is to defend them against the foreigner—and themselves.

THE NATIONAL "NOAH'S ARK."

PROFESSOR OWEN'S Colossal Hobby Horse is in danger of death from surfeit. The Natural History department of the British Museum is described by a contemporary as being in "an almost intolerable state of repletion." The learned professor, however, has great hopes of his gorged hobby's recovering his pristine vigour, and seems to want a national guarantee for his maintenance for the next thirty years. With an unbridled greed of space, we are asked for six acres of ground for pasturage, and that the poor animal may be protected from the rain, we are to be saddled with seven or eight miles of glass case, in which, we presume, the "hobby" may cram—and be crammed without inconvenience for one generation.

TO WHAT BASE USES.

WE have observed in an enterprising hosier's shop-window the "Tomahawk Tie." We have seen advertised in the *Times* the "Tomahawk Polka" and the "Tomahawk Waltz." Messrs. Hancock Burbrook and Co. have invented a charming "Tomahawk Breast-pin." An enthusiastic tobacconist in the Strand has manufactured a "Tomahawk Pipe." We suppose we must regard these as so many compliments. But may we not implore some one to save us from our friends?

DINNER PARTIES.

AN amusing article has recently appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* on the subject of Talkers, and the circumstances under which their talents are experienced to the greatest advantage. On this subject, too, our accomplished contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, has had an article, in which the writer states that the time at which a good conversationist is most acceptable is during dinner. This remark is joined to a dissertation on talkers in general, and their influence on the common weal of the party of which they happen to be members. We agree in the main with what the writer of the article in question has said; still we cannot but own that we hold in much dread the regular (so to speak) professional conversationist. It is true that the race of men such as Brummel and others is extinct, and people of the present day may congratulate themselves that it is so; for if one half of the sayings attributed to the *beaux* of days gone by can be relied on as authentic, it may be questionable whether they were not great bores, but it is indubitable that they were great snobs; in fact it is impossible that it should have been otherwise with men who were, for the most part, prigs by nature and toadies by profession. This class of social offender, however, is now no more, and the professional diner-out, as he was understood in the days of our grandfathers, is not to be found amongst us. But you will still meet with a certain number of men who lay themselves out for conversation during dinner, and one of such is not unfrequently a danger rather than an advantage to the party. The conversation incurs the risk of being monopolised by one person; whilst if it is sought to avoid the peril by inviting three or four gentlemen well known for their ready wit, it is not unusual to find that they get in one another's way. The man who is really an attraction at a dinner party is a courteous and well-informed gentleman, who although desirous to make his society acceptable to his neighbours, will not view it as a personal affront, should somebody else chance to make an agreeable remark or tell an amusing story.

But even a guest such as this will not alone suffice to make a dinner party an agreeable entertainment. The fact is, the whole of our prandial system, as at present in force, stands greatly in need of reform. In the first place everybody knows that a dinner party, to be really pleasant, should not consist of more than six or eight carefully selected persons. Now the statistics of those who have the habit of dining out frequently would show, beyond a doubt, that where they are asked to one dinner of eight people, they are invited to ten parties where the numbers consist probably of twice as many.

The best chance of meeting a pleasant circle is to be found during the months of January and February, when folks are beginning to return to town, when parties are arranged at very short notice, and when people are glad to come, and the hosts are glad to see them. Later on in the season it is duty, and not pleasure, that prompts the invitation. A moment of reflection will suffice to show how unlikely it is that the system which at present governs the arrangement of dinner parties should secure agreeable results. For example, the wife of a Peer, or of a member of Parliament, has, of course, a very great number of friends, from whom she has received, at different times, several social courtesies. She has her visiting list, and, when the season sets in, she fires off invitations, in batches of fourteen or sixteen, without much consideration as to the judicious assortment of her guests, further than that they should be more or less of the same social rank. The day arrives, and with it arrive those ladies and gentlemen who have been invited; the host and hostess "go in" to dinner with the lady and gentleman of the highest social position. So far so good, because the givers of the feast may be likened to the Impresario of an Operatic undertaking, who is not supposed to derive any personal enjoyment from the entertainment which he has prepared for others. But, when to the host and hostess have been assigned fitting partners, what becomes of the rest of the company? Well, the married men take down the married ladies, and the bachelors offer their arms to the young unmarried damsels: and so you would think that everybody is going to have a delightful dinner. Not a bit of it. It appears that Lady ——'s husband is a bore, and that Viscount ——'s wife is a lady blessed with but a slender amount of intelligence, and no conversational powers whatever. Can anything be more natural, then, than that Viscount ——'s

wife and Lady ——'s husband should be assigned to one another? They have an equal inaptitude for contributing towards the general hilarity, and thus the hapless pair are mated together, for about two hours and a half, without the possibility of a separation.

We will travel on round the table and see what amount of amusement is being experienced by the bachelor and the unmarried lady. In the first place, it seems that the young lady does not want any dinner at all. Indeed, it would be very strange if she did; for she made a capital meal at two o'clock, and has had some tea and cake at half-past five. She is quite unprepared, therefore, to wade through a *menu* of countless dishes. Not so the young gentleman; he has had nothing since breakfast but a glass of sherry and a biscuit, and, as he has been playing at racquets for two hours, his appetite is ravenous, and he eats everything that he can get hold of with an eagerness that fills his next-door neighbour with wonder and dismay.

After this somewhat unsatisfactory fashion the interchange of social courtesies is disposed of, and one by one the lady of the house ticks off the names which appear in her visiting list, so that when the season is over, and the bustle of town is exchanged for the repose of the country, she has the consciousness that she has done her duty towards her acquaintances.

Still, her dinner parties have not been very pleasant; though, with a little more care and consideration, there is no reason why they should not have been perfectly agreeable.

Before concluding these remarks (which by the way, render it improbable that our society will be sought out by those who have the habit of giving dinner-parties), we may observe that these entertainments are, as a rule, much too long. It is true that we have made some advance on those dark days when the whole dinner was placed on the table, and when the guests were subjected to the affliction of beholding their own countenances reflected in huge dish-covers, under circumstances of the most aggravating distortion; still it must be borne in mind that everything has its limit, not excepting the human appetite for food; and after two hours of heat, clatter, and the abiding odour of many dishes, it is not unnatural that folks should be desirous of seeking a purer atmosphere, and some occupation other than that of eating.

It is one thing, however, to point out an evil, and another to suggest a remedy. For our own parts, we have endeavoured to effect the first, and we must leave it to the good sense of society to accomplish the last.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

IN consequence of the great jealousy and dissatisfaction which has been created in all classes of society, by the very premature selection of a gentleman named Wheatstone, inventor of the Electric Telegraph, for the honour of Knighthood, the Earl of Derby has submitted to Her Majesty the names of the undermentioned persons for a similar distinction.

Mr. Defries, inventor of the Largest Chandelier in the World.

Mr. Holloway, inventor of a Popular Pill.

Mr. Thompson, inventor of the Sansflectum Crinoline.

Mr. Pomeroy Button, inventor of the Rantoon.

Mr. Samuel, inventor of the Sydenham Trousers.

Mr. Samuel's brother, ditto.

Mr. Cormack, inventor of the Harlequinade of several Pan-tomimes.

Mr. Poole, inventor of ready-made Gentlemen.

Mr. Murphy, inventor of the Confessional Unmasked, and other startling revelations.

The names of the undermentioned persons have likewise been brought before Lord Derby's notice with a view to the same honour being conferred upon them; but his Lordship, taking into consideration the ill feeling which the unfortunate selection of Professor Wheatstone has caused, has felt himself compelled to decline the responsibility of recommending them to the Queen

Mr. Alfred Tennyson,
Dr. Livingstone,
Mr. Charles Dickens,
Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

UNDER THE MOON.

PROLOGUE (CONTINUED).

12.

A stranger—never did my eyes yet see
So strange a being; yet so calm, so winning,
The very blast which poured in gusts on me
Became a Zephyr; there and then beginning.
To play around us in a soft sweet breeze,
Telling of limpid streamlets under trees.

13.

His type was of no nation that I knew,
His form had lightness one might call æthereal;
His unknown costume seemed to me as new
In shape and colour as in strange material;
I could not choose but gaze, and gazing, doubt
My senses with my brain were falling out.

14.

How often one has met, when passing through
That crowd the world is pleased to call society,
Some face with sympathy to hold the clue
To all one's heartstrings' truest piety;
Whose soul peers through its eyes and seems to pray
"What my heart thinks may your's find lips to say!"

15.

Some such expression of encouragement
Made me address the being now beside me:
"The hour is late; the night is nearly spent;"—
The words were uttered, seeing that he eyed me,
Simply to lure him from his silent mood,
And thus he answered, turning where I stood:

16.

"Had you not spoken I must hence have gone;
"My mission unsuccessful, disappointed:
"But let me first explain, e'er I run on
"With what appears a theme somewhat disjointed.
"Give patient hearing to my story brief:
"Though strange, 'twill force your conscience to belief.

17.

"That moon, whose glistening orb looks coldly down,
"Casting her beams upon the murky river;
"Whose every ripple bears a silver crown,
"Which jealous breezes into diamonds shiver;
"That moon you look on as the lamp of night,
"Is where I dwell, and whence I now alight.

18.

"The Planets framed by one productive Will,
"Are peopled with His likeness through creation;
"And all the worlds these mortal creatures fill,
"Receive at first the self-same consecration;
"The same advantages accrue to all
"Which blessed your little earth before the Fall."

(To be continued.)

WISHY-WASHY.

WE cull the following flower from the garden of advertisements, which bloom in the columns of a well-known cotemporary:—

"The beard which the Emperor Maximilian wore long and full is in perfect preservation." *Vide* statement (in the *Standard* of 27th January, 1868) drawn up by the Commission appointed to report on the authenticity of the contents of the coffin containing the body of the Emperor Maximilian on its arrival at Vienna.—N.B. Mr. Kershaw has the gratification to announce that the Emperor Maximilian was in the constant habit previous to his melancholy death of using Lily Water of Circassia.

Now, there is something refreshingly ingenuous in this. "The Lily Water of Circassia," according to Mr. Kershaw, has perfectly preserved the unfortunate Emperor's beard—even in death. Our own head and beard alas! show that the silvery signs of age are slowly yet surely creeping upon us. Come, Mr. Kershaw, take us under your fostering care—ere we dye.

THE LATEST "DO."—Mr. Train's *Cork* leg-tures.

PAT'S REPUBLIC,

or,

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

DENNIS O'SHAGNESSEY TO PHELMIM MAGUIRE.

No. 2.

2nd Year of the Irish Raypublic.

OH! Phelim, my darlint, it's sorra bad news I have to tell you. Sure it's a year since I wrote to you, asking you to come back to the ould counthry, and I have been expecting you ever since. But, Phelim, you've done quite right to stop where you are; and keep the ocean between you and this land of desolation as long as you can my boy, for it's moighty little you'll get by coming here, barrin' starvation and oppression.

Och hone Phelim Maguire, friend of my youth, to whom I owe more black eyes and other such iligant compliments than I can stop to count, you mayen't belave me, but it's thrue all the same, the Irish Raypublic is nothing more than a mane desaver—bad luck to it.

We got on very well at first—after the Shan Van Vocht was elected—and I took my sate in the Senate in my Toga, as proud as a pig with a Queen's wedding-ring through its nose. Then the land was all divided among the boys; of course, we took an extra share for our throuble, but everybody was quite satisfied, except them to whom the land had belonged before. Somehow, they didn't seem to see the fun, the covetous rascals. Every boy had his bit of ground, and those that had not a roof to cover them were given something out of the Treasury to build them a cabin with, for as all the money was from the taxes which the Saxon had wrung out of the poor Irish, who'd a better right to it than those that had paid it? Well, Phelim, you see things went as smooth as a pig's throat as long as the money lasted, the Shan-van Vocht entertained the senators, and the senators entertained the Shan Van Vocht, and we had balls, and banquets, and dayjunays in the gardens with lots of fiddles, and a foin spree it was, I can tell you. But at last the money was all gone, more's the pity; and then we had to raise more. We tried to get up a loan like the other Raypublics, but dhivil a soul would lend us any money, because we had not any security as they call it. So we were obliged to order some taxes—but of course no one who was loyal to the Raypublic, was to pay any. Oh Phelim, you should have seen how loyal everybody was—sorra a boy could we find but would not swear to stick by the Raypublic till he died, and afterwards too if they wanted it. Then we found most of the boys had not interfered with their ground any more than by drinking good luck to themselves and a fine harvest; and the praties that ought to have come up as thick as lies do out of a lawyer's mouth, never came up at all, the spalpeens—the fact is Phelim, those murderin' Saxons had poisoned them all, and a pratie would grow except where they had been planted. So there was great distress, and the boys got troublesome, and at last one day they broke into the Senate House and rattled the furniture about our heads, till I wished I had a policeman's helmet, instead of a beautiful bald spot on the top of mine. As for the Shan Van Vocht, he ran away to France with all the property he could lay his hands on, and now we are governed by a Council of Ten about as ugly blaygards as ever were seen outside a prison. They're confiscatin the land right and left, and selling it for what it will fetch—and the owners as objects they claps into prison, where they've nothing to eat but their own clothes, and little enough of them. I'm expecting to be arrested every day, Phelim, and I only got off by sending to the Council of Ten a barrel of the most lovely whiskey that ever forgot to pay the duty. Oh Phelim, we're a miserable race, and what St. Pathrick was after when he killed all the snakes and toads, and left alive those other blaygards, I'm sure I can't tell. Be anything you like, Phelim, but take your friend's advice—don't be a Raypublic.

Yours among the ashes of Freedom,

DENNIS O'SHAGNESSEY.

P.S.—I shall immigrate to ould England.

THE ONLY PART OF SPEECH A SCOTCHMAN CAN'T DECLINE.—The Verb—*To Drink*.

A MAN who is fit for every *Commission* (of the Peace).—A good *Christian*.

WHERE IS THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN?

IF one sits down quietly in one's arm-chair and tries to imagine a Lord Chamberlain, one pictures to one's self an elderly nobleman of formal manners, in a flowered robe, walking backwards up-stairs, or filling up cards of invitation, or thoughtfully scratching his nose with a gold key. In these grave occupations does a Lord Chamberlain's duty mainly consist. But there is another duty which he is supposed to perform *per alium* if not *per se*, which is not so trivial as at first sight it might appear, or as the L. C. and his subordinates evidently consider it, and that is the Censorship of our Theatres.

We believe that when the French Company honoured St. James's Theatre last year, this terrible Functionary awaking suddenly to action, vetoed the production of several excellent comedies by that company on the ground of their immorality. We all know that British ideas of morality are rather vague; what a Lord Chamberlain's are we cannot attempt to divine. Perhaps the Court Balls reconcile him to limited notions on the subject of female dress, of which he cannot divest himself. So we must not wonder if we find the morality of our eyes, if not of our ears, experimented upon rather severely at some of our London theatres. Perhaps the Earl of Bradford (we have remembered his name at last) thinks that the quantitative economy in dress, shown by some of our most talented (!) actresses, is evidence of a gradual return to the primitive and pure morality of our first parents (before the Fall), seeing that they are nearly naked and are not ashamed. We may be wrong in resenting this tendency to strip the female form of all the delusion which dress lends to it; it may be another of those triumphs which Truth, who delights in exposure, is ever gaining in this millennium of Honesty.

If the Lord Chamberlain can conquer for one moment his propensity to walk backwards, which, unless his eyes can see through his head (an improbable conjecture), must interfere with his view of what should be before him, we venture to hope that he may perceive an opportunity, all the more pleasant from its rarity, of doing something useful. We are old and constant play-goers, and we have lately visited a certain theatre, which was full of delightful recollections of an intellectual and refined Hamlet, a treasure such as, even spite of all the industry of our original dramatists, it has not been often our lot to have imported from Paris. The very name of the lessee was enough to promise us enterprise, and to forbid us to think of good taste; but we were not prepared for the disgusting outrage on decency which, we regret to say, we witnessed.

And here let us be serious, for irony is out of place in dealing with what appears to us the most gross and filthy exhibition that has ever disgraced our degenerate stage. We allude to the dance of four creatures introduced in the pantomime at the Lyceum. Squeamishness is not one of our virtues—we have been in very queer places, we have seen many strange sights, and we have been in very low company; but never have we beheld any sight so utterly revolting as this "dance." How any man, who retains the slightest trace of respect or affection for any living woman, can calmly look on at such a shameful exhibition, so shamelessly gone through by women, we cannot imagine. Dance is it called? Yes, such as might be danced by the worst of Circe's herd; such as Satyrs, outcasts even from their own society, might dance out of ferocious defiance, as if in glorification of perfect grossness. Utterly devoid of grace, voluptuous only to those minds whose pleasure is in seeing woman unsexed, without a gleam of fun or humour even of the coarsest kind, unless as a study of how far the degradation of human nature can go, we are at a loss to imagine what attraction this monstrous sight can have, except to those who think that everything which is called French must be admired by every Englishman or English woman who pretends to be fashionable. Never have we felt so bitter a sense of shame as we did when we found ourselves seated amongst women who could look at such a sight and feel no anger.

To what extent will the degrading apathy that is consuming the hearts and souls of society not go, if this infamous exhibition can be calmly witnessed night after night by those who profess modesty? We cannot trust ourselves to write further on this subject, or we might appeal from the virtuous to the vicious, and ask the frequenters of our Casinos what they think of such a performance in public. If there be any who consider it a beautiful or an amusing sight to see women abandoning them-

selves to revolting grimaces and brutal gestures, for Heaven's sake let them enjoy their peculiar tastes in private—do not drag into a pantomime, an entertainment professedly appealing to mothers and their children—an excrescence of foreign vice which would not be tolerated in the city whence, we are told, it is imported.

Smarting yet with shame at this most disgraceful spectacle we ask, and we will demand an answer to our question—Where is the Lord Chamberlain? If his office of Censor of our Public Exhibitions means anything, let him step in and forbid this thing. If not, the voice of the people, awakened from their torpid amazement, will demand the creation of a Minister of Public Decency, whose title shall not be a mockery, nor his power a sham, but who shall render such an exhibition an impossibility in any public place of entertainment within this country.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THERE have been many insinuations and assertions made of late by interested writers, to the effect that the French press is not free, and that, in fact, it is in a state of abject subjection to the will of the Emperor, M. De Persigny, the sous-préfet, or of anybody in authority who deigns to take an interest in such a low and vulgar thing as a newspaper. The French Government might well rely upon its well-known liberal character for an answer to these insinuations; but anxious to give the public opinion of Europe every opportunity of appreciating the purity of its intentions and the high utility of its views, it has prosecuted no less than seventeen Parisian newspapers, including (for princes are impartial) even the inspired *Constitutionnel*, and has, by the results of the trials, demonstrated the fact that while the press is restrained from doing evil, it has the most unlimited power of doing good. This will be understood from the following text of the judgments given by the courts upon the crimes which have been proved, and the punishments inflicted for them:

Le Glaneur.—Whereas Bosselet, editor of the newspaper, is convicted of having given an account of a sitting of the Corps Législatif, which, being perfectly true, is calculated to bring the majority of that body into ridicule;

That the said Bosselet has thus committed the crime of telling the truth, in order to excite hatred and contempt, as foreseen by the 14th Act of the Decree of 17th February, 1852;

Condemns Bosselet to 1,000 francs penalty, or six months' imprisonment.

Le Journal de Paris.—Whereas Gressier is convicted of having given the date of the meeting of the Corps Législatif, and of having stated that M. Thiers sneezed when M. Rouher had done speaking;

Condemns Gressier to 1,000 francs penalty, or six months' imprisonment.

These two specimens of the judgment of the Court are given to shew the perfect legality of the proceedings, and, as the rest are rendered in the same manner, it is only necessary to say that eight other editors were visited with the like paternal punishments—i.e.

L'Intérêt Public for having used the word "amendment."

L'Union for having used the word "curtain"

Le Journal des Débats for saying that M. le Ministre de la Guerre was "animated."

La France for saying that M. le Ministre de la Guerre was not animated.

L'Avenir Nationale for reporting an opposition speech.

Le Temps for saying that the Palais of the Corps Législatif is on the other side of the Seine.

Le Siècle for using the word "Corps."

L'Opinion Nationale for expressing in its title the result of a vote of the Corps Législatif.

The Government of the Emperor has nothing to add to the above account and leaves it to all European publicists to decide whether the crimes in question do not require punishment at the hands of a Government resolved to maintain order and gaolers.

THE Irish authorities, it is said, allow no one to store up gunpowder. This is scarcely fair when it is borne in mind that the other day they themselves "let off" a *Train*.

WHERE CHARITY BEGINS!

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recent number, slightly touched on a highly interesting topic,—the misappropriation of charitable trusts. It is a pity that able journal did not continue the subject, for it is more than probable that that all-believing individual, the British donation giver, has not the remotest idea of what becomes of the cheques he generally pulls out in what the *Daily Telegraph* would term "his periodical spasms of charity."

Only a few days ago the public were treated to an edifying correspondence in reference to this subject, and heard, doubtless much to its surprise, that the money it had subscribed with a view to the feeding of starving fellow creatures had fallen into the hands of religious propagandism. In a word, hungry working men had been forced to sit out a stirring discourse on "the devil" as the price of a meal. This sort of thing is, we hope and believe, not of every-day occurrence; but there is another "charitable scandal," which is;—indeed, we should not use the word "occurrence" at all, for what we allude to is established respectably, right, and left, in all the pomp of report,—chairmen, secretaries, and what not. Need we say that we refer to a type of the ordinary Charitable Institution existing in our midst, and to which so many of us are called upon daily, monthly, or yearly, to subscribe?

Let us take an instance:—

THE SUPERANNUATED RESPECTABLE OLD WOMEN'S SOCIETY,

(Founded in 1804, with a view to the support of Sixty aged Gentlewomen.)

Patron:

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SPOONBURY.

Account for the Half-year ending December 31, 1867.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
The Earl of Spoonbury.....	1	0 0	Annual Dinner	239	10 4
Titus Pecksniff, Esq.	5	0 0	Secretary's Salary ...	200	0 0
A Friend	0	3 9	Matron's ditto.....	100	0 0
The Boys of the Sunday School, Upper Muffington	0	0 11	Under Officer's ditto	201	9 8
Oliver Snobb, Esq.	1	0 0	Directors' Fees (Attendance, &c.).....	300	0 0
Mrs. Snobb.....	0	10 0	Feeding One Decayed Gentlewoman for Twelve Months ...	9	0 6
Miss Snobb.....	0	5 0	Burying ditto	1	7 0
Miss Clementina Snobb	0	2 6	Tracts supplied to ditto during life ...	1	0 0
A Well-wisher (through the Misses Snobb).....	0	1 4	Printing, &c.	5	0 0
X	100	0 0	Auditors	5	0 0
Jeremiah Griggs, Esq.	5	0 0			
The Worshipful Company of Kettle-holders.....	50	0 0			
Anonymous.....	200	0 0			
Annual Subscriptions	400	2 9			
Endowment Fund ...	299	1 3			
	1,062	7 6		1,062	7 6

I have examined the above Accounts, and find them to be correct,
HEZEKIAH FILCH, Auditor.

RATHER TOO BAD.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, the Distinguished Statesman, the Promoter of Female Suffrage and Tramways, the Mæcenas of America, the Regenerator of Europe, the Guardian of the Universe, is about to vindicate his spotless honour from the contamination which it has received at the hands of the Irish Police, by bringing an action against the Government, laying his damages at £100,000. Really this is most ungrateful of George Francis Train, for he has obtained the notoriety, which he was bidding for, far more cheaply than he could ever have hoped. He knows exactly how to get up as a magnanimous martyr. He attempted, however, one rather mean piece of revenge—namely, sending tickets for his lecture to all concerned in his arrest and detention. This was cruel. Fortunately, it was unsuccessful, for the sense of penitence was not strong enough in the offenders to induce them to submit to the penance.

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

THE Peculiar People are a sect whose proper place is in a Lunatic asylum or a prison. They hold that it is a sin to call in the aid of doctors in sickness—quoting some text in support of their wicked folly. Their course of treatment in sickness is as simple as that described by Sir Samuel Baker in his account of the African tribes. One of the "Elders" anoints the patient and prays for him; a glass of brandy and water is given, and the rest is left to Providence. If men had been prevented by their Creator from discovering anything of the art of healing, or if the requisite remedies had been denied them, there might be some sense in expecting a miracle every time one falls ill, but in the present state of the world such idle negligence, though its professors may seek to dignify it with the title of pious faith, is simply wicked—and when helpless children are the victims of it, as it appears they have been in many instances, it is time for the law to attempt to teach these "Peculiar" people reason by prompt and just punishment. A man may profess any absurd form of creed he likes, but if he takes to practising it, he must be taught to respect the laws of humanity and morality. We might have a Sect arise who thought it incumbent on them to save all children from future perdition by cutting their throats while they were yet in a state of innocence.

We say all this, *pace* Mr. Codd, the coroner of Essex, (he seems certainly to have a cod's head on his shoulders), who after taking counsel of the Recorder came to the conclusion that if the parents believed sincerely in the Lord, the letting their children die for want of medical aid was not manslaughter. E'cod! (as Jonas Chuzzlewit would have said) its a bad look out for the children.

An Elder of the "Peculiars" has written a defence of his Sect to a contemporary. The grammar is certainly peculiar. Here is a specimen:

"And, respecting the views they hold, and why call themselves 'Peculiar' is when they had to register their chapels," &c.

As for the sense of the letter—*deest*. Freedom of religion we most heartily advocate, but if every pack of fools who can contrive to support their folly by isolated texts of Scripture are to be allowed to form sects, and to carry out their ridiculous fancies regardless of life and property, pleading their fanaticism as a sufficient excuse for their crimes, the sooner we have a modified Inquisition, the better.

ALI BABA IN PALL MALL.

ANOTHER Fenian alarm—another Fenian conspiracy has ended in vapour, after alarming every Department of the State, civil and military.

At a recent inspection of the gas lamps that vainly endeavour to throw some light on the mysteries of the big Government office in Pall Mall, the intelligent Morgiana of that Department discovered on several of the gas standards the *secret* mark so well known to the police, by which the Fenian Captain of Bandits is supposed to indicate to his forty co-conspirators—the thieves!—what buildings are to be attacked and destroyed whenever an opportunity offers.

The faithful Morgiana, handmaid to Bellona, could not pour boiling oil into the discovered covers of treachery, for they were gas and not oil lamps; but she immediately informed the police, and all Scotland Yard was on the *qui vive*. Sentinels were examined, but in vain; no suspicious strangers with gloomy looks had been observed about the place. As a precaution, all the marks were carefully obliterated. Redoubled vigilance became the order of the day at Pall Mall, and sleepless patrols the order of the night.

But the troubles of the authorities were not yet over. In the course of the week a complaint was received from the Gas Company, that some mischievous and ill-disposed person or persons had wilfully obliterated the marks placed by the Company's foreman on all the War Department gas lamps, for which the meter had been duly examined; and much extra trouble and expense would have to be incurred by the Company to replace the usual marks by which the War Office gas charges have for many years been examined.

We understand that the officials at Pall Mall at once resumed their usual daily slumbers.

Now ready,
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

EVERYONE has heard the report that the Marquis de Caux is going to marry Adelina Patti, but everyone does not know that the nightingale is not going to keep her notes for the family, but will soon leave Paris to fulfil her engagements at St. Petersburg. The firm will travel under the title—Patti and Caux.

WE have been informed, on the most incredible authority, that the Russian Government is carrying out its tenacity in re the suppression of everything Polish to such an exhausting extent, that an official injunction has been issued, forbidding any Russian subjects from joining the proposed French Arctic Expedition, lest they should seem to be supporting what still presumes to be called the "North Pole."

MISS ADA ISAACS MENKEN seems likely to achieve as great a success in the literary world as she did on the stage. She has already mounted the wild steed Pegasus, and we shall soon know something of her wonderful achievements on that restive animal. Her Poems, which will unite the physical vigour of an athlete, with the mental robustness of Alexander Dumas, will, so report says, be rounded into melodious harmony by the great lyric poet of our day, Mazzini's own Laureate. Dedicated to "my friend, Charles Dickens," this volume ought to be a literary treasure. We hope that men of talent and genius, having allowed this aspiring *tragédienne*, this modern Sappho, to use their names, and to pick their brains, when they wake to the exquisite fame they have reached by these means, will not be ungrateful, or think that they have any one but themselves to thank.

"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!

SCENE I.—A homely-looking kitchen table, covered with meat, vegetables, &c. By the fire a red-cheeked servant-maid reading a cheap periodical.

SIMPLE enough—is it not? Nothing very wrong about this. A kitchen interior—a scene for low comedy or high farce, eh? Something funny about Jeames' 'aughtiness or Mary's romance. Wrong, quite wrong, for here you have the first act of a tragedy which begins in sin and ends in death! You look at the scene before you and wonder. "What is there wrong in this?" You ask, "in this or that?" You peer keenly into the details of the

picture and you can discover nothing offensive to your sense of decorum. The servant seated by the fire is vulgar, but what have you to do with that? She will answer the bell when her master rings for her, and will carry up the coals at the beck of her mistress. Quite so, what more do you want? The plates look clean and the hearth is tidy. Again, what more do you want? In fact you become quite disgusted with the Peep-show Man, you consider him an imposter, a shallow twaddler. Very well, very well my good friends, you know best. If you see nothing wrong in the picture before you so much the better. Unhappily for me I'm hypercritical, and what seems so good and innocent to you, appears to me horrible and devilish! You have (with all your cleverness) overlooked one important feature in the picture. Don't you see that the figure holds a magic wand in its hand? No, you don't; and what's more, you declare that I'm wrong, that it's hands close over nothing more than a halfpenny miscellany! Nothing more! So be it. And now, what do you think is included in those two little words "nothing more?" Misery, ruin, death! Yes, a thousand times yes! Do you know there is something very painful to me in the picture of this servant-maid. I've called myself "a Peep-Show man," and you may have dubbed me a miserable scribbler. In spite of this, the subject is very painful to me. You see one may scribble for one's bread, and yet have the heart of a gentleman, and I declare that no gentleman could see the picture of that poor girl as she drinks in deeper and deeper the poison that will kill her, without feeling cut to the heart. As I look at her with her earnest gaze fixed upon the sheet before her, I can imagine the demons dancing and singing upon her shoulders, creeping from under the pages and peering into her face, joining hands and whirling madly round her head. I see before me a picture that would delight a Doré to have to depict, a poem that would inspire a Dante to have to sing! I see the seeds sown of a tree that will bring forth the fruit of death! I see a body floating down the river, a soul drifting towards perdition!

SCENE 2.—Lights, ghastly merriment, laughter without heart, song without tune.

But one moment. Look quickly and turn away. Do you see that figure over there? Yes, in the tattered shawl and the broken bonnet. It is the servant, the vulgar servant you've seen before! Don't look at her face, though, or you'll cry!

SCENE 3.—Under the bridge.

Cold and dark and damp! The mighty town asleep, and only the tiny dirty wavelets of the river stirring! Scarcely a sound save the splash of the water as it beats against the stone. It is not a pleasant place at any time, but very wretched now in the cold night air. See, a few lights still twinkle in the distance, and the moon peeps from out the clouds and shines down upon the water. This is better; but what is this that is drifting to the shore? See how it comes nearer and then is dragged back, comes nearer and drifts away. The very moon-beams seem afraid of it, and shiver as they bathe it in their light. But it comes closer and closer with every splash of the water, and at last is washed on shore.

The same figure!

Dead!—Dead, with all her sins upon her head!—Dead, with her glazed eyes fixed upon the Heaven she had defied!—Dead, with her poor hands clasped over her still heart!—Dead, unforgiven, and soon to be forgotten—an outcast, and with but one claim on society—the claim to a pauper's shroud, and a place in the union part of the Cemetery!

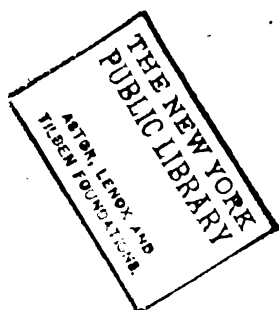
Is she guilty?—Is this poor, ignorant girl a fit object for our denunciation—for our scorn? Must we call her self-murderess because it was she who jumped from the bridge—she who plunged into the water that waited so greedily to receive her? Is there no one who can explain why this miserable woman was so tired of her life, and so anxious to fling it aside? Yes, there is some one who can answer this and many other questions, but whose identity will be hidden until the day when infamy will be known as infamy, and sin as sin. Until the day when fools will cease to sing in praise of the "ruddy roses of vice," and will allow their estimation of the "languid lilies of virtue" to have been incorrect—until that day when justice will surprise, and the secrets of all hearts will be known—that poor, wretched soul will remain Waiting for the Verdict!



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!

OR,

"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."



EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMS. OF A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

... OUGHT I to be a Special? Well, I don't know. Jawkins of the Treasury says I ought; but, then, Jawkins isn't one himself yet. He's going to be. Ah! I dare say. Of course I ought to be ready to protect my wife and children, my home and my hearth, my flag that braved, and all that kind of thing. But I think Sophia might almost protect herself: when she took the rector for a burglar, coming through the park that night from the Dubully's dinner-party (it was frosty, and Sophia prefers goloshes to the brougham on a frosty night—well, the fact is we don't keep a brougham and Nollamps had let all his clarences out on that night), *she* knocked the reverend gentleman down, though I had to apologize.

But of course it is the correct thing. We gentlemen of England have no right to stay at home in ease. Ease! and I don't know how to meet the Christmas bills. But of course the right thing to do is to be sworn-in. Sophia objects to swearing, in or out—but women are so illogical. Am I to be a Special or am I not? If I am, what good can I do? Good, indeed! I presume I can rally with the best; and if I do rally it will certainly be with the best, as I should not get much protection from the duffers. Good, indeed! Let the Ferocious Fenians come! Let the Irish apply! I shall be ready as soon as my new butler arrives. Livergills was steady and portly—decidedly portly, not to mention the sherry—but Sophia was informed by the maid, who had it from the footman, that Livergills, on retiring to rest, never would put out the light. "*Put out the light, and then*" (quotation rather apt) I put out the butler. My new man was gamekeeper in his younger days, and can crush a pewter pot in his grip. I trust he will not crush too many of my flasks of champagne. But, once installed, I shall be ready for the onset!

... Sophia has declared against swearing-in. She is not going to have her dear Alexander called out at night to catch his death of cold, and make every thing late the next day, because he won't get up at the proper time. Why, all the servants will give warning. Her Alexander's health is far too precious!

... That cook is rowing again down stairs—will I speak to her! Why should Sophia wish me to speak to the cook of all people? I have spoken, and so has Norah. Yes, my cook's name is Norah, and Sophia didn't know she was an Irish-woman. Norah had too evidently been treating herself, if not her friends, at some house or other more or less public. Norah was speaking in a most shocking manner of her mistress—let alone her master. I felt it my duty to remonstrate. Norah's reply was characteristic. "Ye think I'm dhrunk, now: divil a bit! But ye hate me because I'm Irish—I know ye do. Yes, but ye do thin; and I hate you, ye blatherin' idiot (*rather familiar*) as calls yeself masher. Go! No, bedad, and it's meself as will not go. Hooroo for the green!" Of course my dignity was being compromised, so I left the "young person" (so she was described in her character), and retreated. W 22, who, from information received, was passing shortly after, was attracted by smoke issuing in several volumes from the kitchen window. W 22 was admitted, and discovered that Norah was lying on her back on the kitchen table, kicking out the coals from the grate on to the floor. As several planks of the flooring were in a blaze, there is reason to suppose that the smoke was caused by ignition.

... Sophia is decided. I am to be a special constable. Well, really it is serious. You see Norah may have friends in the House of Detention; and though I am accustomed, after eighteen years of married life, to being blown up, I have no wish to see my front wall taken out and the interior of my house in the *Illustrated London News*. A great compliment, no doubt, owing to the hole in our side, but making one "*More honoured in the breach*"—(quotation singularly happy!) than one cares to become.

... Practising all day sternness of deportment and a general military bearing—Shoeblack's remark decidedly invidious that I looked like a Fenian—can't imagine why. Of course because I didn't have my shoes blacked. No, it's not a riddle. Let me see, could one make a riddle out of that? Why is a man who doesn't have his shoes blacked like a Fenian? Well, I must leave that to cleverer men than myself,—not that I couldn't answer it if I liked; but really such puerile futility for

a man who is about to take an oath for his country and his commonwealth, while that great enigma of the day, how to exterminate Fenianism? remains unanswered.

... Passed Norah in the street. My deportment stern and my bearing as military as possible on so short a notice. Norah's remark without point, that "Masthers like that might thread on the tail of her petticoat." Can't imagine to whom she referred. Was glad she didn't resort to personalities.

... Purchased a life-preserver at the chemist's, I mean at the ironmonger's. At the chemist's took twenty drops of sal-volatile, my deportment not feeling as military as convenient in case of meeting my late cook on my return home.

... Hancock arrived; his waiting at table slightly suggestive of beating the covers, especially the pewter ones, but highly satisfactory owing to the display of biceps. I give Hancock orders to ring all the bells at three a.m. to give me an opportunity of judging of his punctuality and my own readiness for action. Retire to rest early. Sophia regrets her ineligibility for swearing in.

... The moment has arrived. I am about to appear before the magistrates. Don't weep, Sophia! It is a trial, no doubt, but not a judicial one. If I were going to be made a Mason I could not feel more—no, not nervous—solemn is the word which best expresses my feelings—at this momentous moment. Really I don't suppose that the oath of the flaming poker will be administered as on those occasions—I mean when Masons are sworn in. Ah! you are right. I ought to be a Mason, there is something so nobly charitable in that fine old institution. It isn't often Sophia gives me the opportunity of dining out alone. Masons dine together continually. I shall be a Mason.

... I will wait to see the effect of Special Constableism. That is a new word I take it, but eminently useful, and no one can hesitate as to its meaning. Will my conscience allow me to swear? Sophia says there is no harm, in the cause of patriotism. I never thought of that—I am a Patriot! I may find myself historical before long. I may hear myself spoken of as a second Wat Tyler—no, not Wat Tyler—by the way, who was Wat Tyler? Something to do with the Gordon riots, if my memory of Magnall does not fail me. The press will speak of me as the modern Joan of Arc. "*Arc! arc! the watch-dogs bark*" (quotation more than usually felicitous), the watch-dogs being of course the policemen jealous of my reputation—"*Even at the cannon's mouth.*" (It would perhaps be better if I dropped quotations at present.) The solemn hour approaches. Before one hour has elapsed I shall be proprietor of a staff. I shall have the Queen's authority to make use of it. ... Hancock is without on the front steps. Our brewer is on the point of delivering an eighteen-gallon cask at the door. ... Not unmindful of approaching honours, and conscious of the necessity of caution—great caution on the part of Saxons generally,—I order Hancock to refuse admission to the cask, and to dismiss the drayman. ... That brewer's man was in conversation not a month ago with Norah, my Fenian cook. Who knows but he may have divided the home-brewed XX with that Gorgon, and filled up the cask with petroleum! ... I have done my duty. Sophia is proud of me. Will she not be prouder when I return—a sworn-in Special!

(To be continued.)

PICKING HOLES IN COATES.

'BELGRAVIA,' which really scarcely does justice to the quarter whence it takes its name, has opened its chaste columns to a most malicious attack on the character of poor Romeo Coates. The most disgraceful imputations were freely made by the ignorant and reckless writer on Mr. Robert Coates' private character. These have been most perfectly refuted by those who were intimate friends of the late gentleman. This nuisance is a growing one: certain scribblers, whose utter ignorance of their subject is only exceeded by their presumption, haunt, like literary ghosts, the graves of dead men, more or less celebrated in their life time, and dig up the corpse for the purpose of defacing it. We are not surprised at *Belgravia* finding a place in its columns for one of these pieces of calumnious twaddle. We shall be surprised if they find a place for an apology. Why not, out of compliment to the author of "*Circe*," change the name of this notorious magazine to '*Whitechapel*'?

MILITARY REFORM.

It is not very pleasant, we freely admit, to have to pay an extra income-tax, especially on our now enormous profits, for the pleasure of chastising King Theodore; but there is generally a compensation clause in every measure, and it is certain that the Abyssinian Expedition will have the double advantage—firstly, of keeping in practice the delicate machinery of an army which in India may one day be called upon for heavier and sterner warfare than among the Magdalenes of Abyssinia; and secondly, of pointing out clearly the joints in our harness, the weak points, and the *frictional* parts of our machinery. Such teaching and such experience must be valuable at all times, unless neglected and ignored, which, with the light thrown upon all the details of the progress of the Expedition by "Our Own Correspondent" in the daily papers, is not likely to be the case now-a-days. But they are especially valuable at this moment, when attention is so strongly directed at home to this very subject—the working of our various and too numerous military departments.

The theory of this question has long been anxiously debated at the big office in Pall Mall. Able administrators have reported on the subject; able administrators are now employed to put into life and action the results of their considerations; and to them we would point out the advantage to be derived by a careful study of the operations now being carried on in Abyssinia. On the shores of Africa, and on the march inland, the two systems—that of the Indian Army and that of the British Army—are brought into close contact and daily comparison. It is true that for years past the Imperial and the Indian Armies have been amalgamated, in name, at least, but in systems not at all. In the Expedition against the Abyssinian Royal Jailer, the two systems meet face to face, and the extremes of time seem to meet also. The elephant that took part in the Indian wars of Alexander is there along-side the iron horse of Stephenson; the Indian dhooly jostles the Woolwich ambulance; and the saddle that has sufficed for the use of the Arab for a thousand years is pitted in competition with the latest improvement devised in the Inventors' Room at Pall Mall.

Surely there is good "learning"—good "practice" to be got out of these coalitions by diligence and study; and we hope that the new Controller-in-Chief at the War Office will thoroughly "improve the occasion;" and, sifting out the corn from the chaff, the practical from the obstructive, the useful from the ornamental, will make us all feel that our "extra twopence" has not only enabled us to vindicate our honour, and to increase our prestige in the East and in the West, but may also afford a good field of observation at the right moment to right good observers.

PURIS NON OMNIA PURA.

We are not in the habit of taking in any of those weekly pennyworths of unchristian and scathing rant that represent to an only too lamentable extent, the religious press of this country. This being the case, we must be pardoned if we have not got the name of a certain society quite correctly. Is there such a thing as the "Pure Literature Association?" Those of our readers, and we take it they are few, who do patronize the strictly denominational press of a certain type, may have seen some advertisement of this milk and water brotherhood. If they have, and our title does it an injustice, they must set us right. However, what we want to arrive at is this, there is some association, society, club, or committee, that has recently condemned that very harmless and respectable serial *Good Words*, with book, bell and candle. The plea advanced to justify this terrible sentence of excommunication is worthy of repetition. The Purists have flown at *Good Words*, on the ground that it is a publication of an ungodly and rollicking character, a verdict which at once suggests a question that may be put in eight words. What on earth is the "Pure Literature Society?" In the first place, is it a Christian body? We have never read *Good Words*, but we have always imagined it to be a sort of excellent, well conducted, and harmless magazine, that had established a wide circulation by promising never to be naughty. Is it so, a publication of rather as things go, a religious term, or are we wrong? Once more then, what is "Pure literature?" Has it anything to do with the *Confessional Un-*

masked? We should hope not, but it must be allowed that the term, taken in connection with its principles, at least as far as they can be ascertained from the fact referred to above, is vague in the extreme. The Society, however, whatever it means, certainly promises sport, though for the moment want of space obliges us to take a reluctant leave of it. In the mean time, we may add that we shall not lose sight of it, and this we promise. It shall be duly hunted up, and dealt with more handsomely on some future occasion.

A NEW CONVERT TO ORANGEISM.

It is said that the ex-King of the Two Sicilies is carrying on a secret correspondence with certain Bourbonists resident in Naples. The method employed by the conspiring parties appears to be, though thoroughly original, a little clumsy. Each letter is concealed in—a case of oranges! We have heard of "*Pipps* diary," but this beats it hollow, unless, indeed, it turn out to be a covert and really sarcastic hit at that "re-peeling of the union," which Italian sympathisers suppose to be already cemented in the south of the Peninsula.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To use my second 'gainst its own abuse,
My first maintains his gallant corps of blues;
When tumults rage behold! this dreaded Form
Rides on his baton and controls the storm.

(1.)

She often tells me I am this,
I only wish I were;
So nestling in my glowing breast
I felt those fingers fair.

(2.)

See filled with heroes towering forms
This strange ship o'er the ocean glide!
A glorious band of robbers they—
A king's son goes to fleece a bride.

(3.)

This term of reproach why old men do ye use,
And sneer at the beards which to flourish refuse?
Why is it a sin, pray tell me, that we
Cannot help being that which yourselves long to be?

(4.)

Of all the pains that rack the human frame
Those are the worst to which we give this name;
E'en homœopathy is useless here—
The Payne's themselves can not the sufferer cheer.

(5.)

Thou noble bird, king of the feathered Race,
Who only can'st behold the Sun's full face;
What hast thou done to man, that in his spite,
He makes thee emblem of a tyrant's might?

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

LIVINGSTONE.

LIVING
STONE
LINE
SONG
TONE
LISTENING
TOIL
LION
SING
VIOLET.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—H. C. G., Cross-deep, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Your Loving Flute, C. S. (Surbiton), Bobby is so Clever, J. A. T., Calumet, Relampago, Macduff, T. Tattershall, Juke, Miss Lollops, Ermine and Woolsack, Torment, Singlewell, F. G. Renard, Samuel E. Thomas, Darby of the Squirt, Cinderella, Ernest, Dead as Mutton, E—Legh—P, and Hon. Sec. C. L. & P. S.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 41.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

SPECIAL ADMINISTRATION.

THE exhibition of incapacity on the part of the police to perform their proper duties has been a most encouraging feature of the Fenian transactions which have taken place during the last month or two. So great respect, and so much awe do we feel for anything in the shape of executive power, that we believe implicitly in the perfect infallibility of every exponent of it, from the highest policeman or tide-waiter down to the lowest Cabinet minister, and we steadily shut our eyes to the evidence, and absolutely refuse to believe that the police do not know, because they have not shown that they know, how to deal with the evils against which they are intended to preserve us until they themselves confessed it—first, by doing nothing; then, by offering rewards in order to get their duties done for them at the expense of the nation; and lastly, by throwing themselves upon the charity of that ardent and dangerous class of enthusiasts, who under the name of Special Constables, have undertaken to do the duties for nothing but glory. The last device is certainly a noble one, and the remarkable success which has attended it has, we are happy to say, so impressed the Government, that it has been resolved to dispose of all the rest of the Executive in the same manner, and an appeal, with the object of carrying out the plan, is shortly to be made to all persons willing to act in the vicarious performance of what are called public duties. As it is important that the Nation should freely comprehend and appreciate the principles under which it is in future to live, we have obtained an outline of the scheme which is shortly to be made public, and we lay it before our readers under the seal of the strictest confidence. The Executive is to be broken up as at present into departments, each of which will be committed to an adequate force of Specials.

THE PRIME MINISTER.—For this post two special Prime Ministers only are to be appointed, of whom one will be expected, as occasion arises, to tell the lies pertaining to the office, while the other explains them away. No policy, principles, or convictions being required for this post none will be issued, and the officials who undertake it must be prepared to have statues erected to them at the public expense. Rallying point, the Treasury.

FOREIGN SECRETARY AND OFFICE.—This ministry will be handed over to three special Foreign Ministers, of whom one will be expected to discover a consistent line of policy towards the world in general, another will prepare himself with reasons to show why such a policy has not, and will not, ever be carried out; and the third will act as a detective towards Russia, and a provider of places for his own cousins, under the orders of Superintendent David Urquhart. In case of there being any danger of a defensible foreign appointment being made, or of a letter from any foreign potentate being answered, extra force will be employed in this department. Rallying points, Abyssinia and St. Petersburg.

HOME SECRETARY AND OFFICE.—This will be committed to four special Ministers, of whom two will relieve each other in publicly creeping into Whitehall from the first floor windows, while the remaining two will receive and entertain all seditious deputations, and take adequate means to provide for the due insecurity of all prisons and the abrogation of the law by means

of a proper supply of free pardons. Rallying point, Hyde Park.

SECRETARY FOR WAR AND OFFICE.—A special Secretary of State for War will be appointed, charged with the responsibility of taking measures, purchasing stores, and arranging generally the condition of the army, in such a manner as to secure the greatest amount of inefficiency consistent with a due disregard of economy, and of the requirements of the public service. There will also be a special Commander-in-Chief, to be chosen, when possible, from volunteer officers, and others who have had experience with handling of troops; these two special will act as checks one upon the other, and will be duly armed, the special Secretary of State with an armlet only, and the special Commander-in-Chief with a staff, which he will be expected to use according to his own pure indiscretion.

POOR LAW BOARD.—There will be a special President, special Secretary, and several special Inspectors. The sole duty of these special will be to lay themselves up carefully in lavender, to abstain from doing anything whatever, and to prevent any other person or persons from doing anything for the amelioration of the state of pauperism or paupers.

CLERICAL AFFAIRS.—A bench of special Bishops will be formed, composed, if possible, of persons who can curse schismatics in Christian language, and who do not object to receiving £20,000 a year for doing so. Any religion, and all opinions, are admissible, if coupled with adequate power of sleep, and an absence of arithmetical principles.

The above, it will be seen, is calculated to form a very complete administrative system, and will enable the nation to go on for some time during the neglect of the ordinary functionaries. At any rate the scheme will afford all the loyal and well-disposed classes an opportunity of making a great manifestation of their disposition to support the kingdom somehow, and it is expected that they will avail themselves of it as it deserves.

SWEETS TO THE SWEETS!

THE Society of Apothecaries has just administered a dose of soothing syrup to the too impetuous disciples of Dr. Mary Walker. One of these ladies has written to a contemporary, stating that she has received a communication from the Society, from which we gather that all female students may now present themselves for examination in Arts. By the dance of St. Vitus! these apothecaries are a knowing set. They have exactly defined the limits of female meddling. As to the nasty and horrible part of the science, the bolus-mixing, leech-fixing, limb-hacking and the rest of it—away with the repulsive thought! But they are suffered to turn over all that is pretty and romantic, and are freely admitted to the simple examination in Arts. A waggish crew are these gallant apothecaries, and their resolve is highly suggestive!

WHAT IS A RELIEVING OFFICER?—A relieving officer is a merciful institution ordained for the purpose of relieving the community of obtrusive paupers.

UNDER THE MOON.

19.

I heard the strange relation and believed
 In spite of tendencies within me sceptical :
 Doctors, of course, would say I was deceived,
 By vision born of some revolt dyspeptical—
 For them disordered pulses poets breed ;
 And mucous membrane quite accounts for creed.

20.

"Of yours, our planet far is in advance,
 "Since we for centuries have known perfection ;
 "With only one wish left which could enhance
 "The life we love ; to form some soul-connexion
 "With this fair world, which daily we behold
 "Rolling in sun-light like a ball of gold.

21.

"The question is,—and that is why I'm sent
 "By special shooting stars upon this mission—
 "Have you arrived, on Love and Wisdom bent,
 "At such a state, that we in our position,
 "Could freely use such intercourse as might
 "Add to our pleasure and ensure your light ?"

22.

—"Excuse me interrupting you ! but say
 "How came you with our English tongue acquainted ?"
 "Same causes similar effects display :
 "The same Hand our prism's colours painted :
 "Our music has its octaves too ; because
 "Nature is ruled by Universal Laws.

23.

"Time has for us our history unfurled
 "With ever-varied comments on humanity,
 "Much as events have changed upon the world,
 "Though tainted less with worldly vice and vanity.
 "So through transitions passing, language came
 "On our planet, as on yours, the same.

24.

"Whatever passes on the sister-sphere
 "We see through lenses of the highest powers ;
 "We note the change of seasons year by year,
 "And find a name for every earthly flower :
 "But much which science shows at our command
 "Is quite impossible to understand.

25.

"Nature no secret has for us nor Art—
 "But see !—the dawning blush of day appearing
 "Warns me of my return :—e'er I depart,
 "Take this : 'twill tell me when I'm out of hearing
 "All you may think ; since destiny has made
 "You my accomplice, I shall want your aid."

26.

Within my hand he placed a changing stone,
 Which we call Moonstone : this for size and beauty
 Was far beyond all gems yet seen or known ;
 It dazed me in the moonshine :—Then "What duty"
 I asked "will this strange partnership require ?
 "Your wish shall be the star of my desire."

27.

"As long as you retain the gift I leave,
 "The hearts of men, as far as man's permitted,
 "Shall to your eye lie bare, though they deceive
 "Their fellows in their little world acquitted ;
 "And through a secret sympathy with me
 "All your mind learns from it my mind will see."

28.

A meteor shot across the Moon again,
 And I was left alone—Had I been dreaming ?
 If Fancy played me tricks, how came it then
 That in my hand I grasped, that was no seeming,
 The Moonstone blazing in the rising Sun ?
 I'll try it's virtues, now my Prologue's done.

(To be continued.)

THE UNHAPPY VALLEY.

THERE is rather a doleful report at this moment in circulation, to the effect that Newgate is to be enlarged to four times its present size. Regarded as a fact in connection with criminal statistics, this is certainly not a cheering bit of news. The *Builder* however, whose business it is to regard most things from a purely artistic and architectural point of view, has expressed itself warmly on the question of this proposed "improvement" in relation to the Holborn Viaduct. This, the future happy valley of the E. C. district, will, so says our contemporary, suffer from the proximity of this eye-sore. In short, London is to be preserved, if possible, from the danger it runs of having a new artistic feature completely marred. We sympathise, of course, with any expression of opinion such as this, but at the same time feel that it is like taking a tea-spoonful out of the ditch, in the simple hope that there is less dirty water left behind. Yes, Newgate multiplied by four will be very hideous,—very ; but what of that ? Isolated patches of beauty here and there are only tantalising after all, for we know we get them by no reasonable management, but by the merest luck. London as a metropolis—that is to say as the great centre of a great nation, is a dirty failure. It is not our fault we know, for we cannot rob the Northumberland House lion of his tail, nor can we pump more vigour into the fountains beneath him. We cannot blow up the hero of Waterloo opposite Apsley House, though as a great nation, who wish to testify our appreciation of a great man, we certainly ought. Can we again show St. Pauls ? Can we rescue Leicester Square ? No—We can do nothing but growl, grumble, and write to the papers—write to the papers, grumble—and growl. This being our frame of mind, we feel half inclined to say multiply Newgate by all means—by six if you like—but do not talk about beauty spots in this great, dirty, ill managed, uncouth, pig-with-one-eared metropolis.

MILITARY REFORM.

THERE is no penitent, they say, like a reformed rake ; and certainly the rapid pace at which Austria—the paternal, the despotic—is advancing in constitutionalism is surprising and wholly incomprehensible, except on this theory.

But the latest step in this direction is one that cannot but attract the earnest attention of our military reformers. Under the old *régime* the Emperor of Austria was the head of the Austrian army, and directed it through his general adjutant, the Obercommando. This officer, therefore, holds, or rather held, the position filled in this country by the Commander-in-Chief. But Austria, having in her recent fit of constitutionalism, appointed a Minister for War, a very short space of time has sufficed to satisfy her politicians that two such powers could not co-exist as a Minister of War responsible to the nation for the affairs of the army, and a Commander-in-Chief responsible to the Crown for the same.

The double government only required to be seen in work by this practical people,—really in earnest on army matters since those little mishaps in Bohemia,—to be utterly condemned ; and the news comes from Vienna that the post of Obercommando is to be forthwith abolished, amidst the rejoicings of the constitutional party, the royal duke until now Commander-in-Chief becoming the Inspector-General of the Austrian army under the orders of the Minister of War.

— Mutato nomine, de te

Fabula narratur !—

The parallelism between our systems and that lately condemned in Austria is one that must strike every one without our being at the pains to point it out. We Britishers, it is true, have had no Sadowa to sharpen our ideas on army organisation, and we are a patient, long-enduring, slow-moving race. Nevertheless, it is a good deal more than probable that the recent doings in Austria will attract much attention in the coming Session, and may serve to place the question of the double government of the army in the very first rank in point of time, as it undoubtedly is in point of importance, of the forthcoming measures of Military Reform.

NEW NAME FOR THE FRENCH PRESS (WHEN FREE).—Le Thiers Etat.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS;
BEING THE DISTRACTED REFLECTIONS OF A
PATER-GRANDI-FAMILIAS.

THEY are over at last! thank Heaven!—and the final batch of boys has just started for the academy at B—.

Every question has two aspects—most things have two ends (except circles and taxes, to which there is never any end) and therefore, doubtless, boys and parents regard the question of holidays in different lights, and view the beginning and the end with varying feelings.

All I know is that 7 sons at home for 7 weeks (equal to 1 son for 49 weeks, or 343 sons for 1 day) will go very far towards removing me to a lunatic asylum if the dose is repeated, and has worn my poor wife almost to a thread paper; indeed, Mrs. Smith, I may say, is almost a myth, or vanishing fraction.

By-the-bye, can a Smith become a myth? Possibly not in the present large and still increasing numbers of that renowned name.

In philology the addition of the letter S to a word seems to intensify its meaning. Thus we *melt* wax, but we must *smelt* iron; we *dash* potatoes, but we *smash* passengers in a railway collision; small thieves are called *peculators*, large ones *speculators*. Really it is a serious reflection the great effect of a small addition to a word; and if the addition of a single S. has such an effect upon a name, what must be the dreadful consequence of the addition of a double S., especially to a gentleman who rejoices, as I do, in the name of John; familiarly termed Jack by all my friends. To me such an appendage would be debasing indeed. As *VIRGIL* says, when his hero is relating to *DIDO* the horrors of the siege of Troy, "Horresco referens," which *ANY ASS* would doubtless translate "My head is completely turned when I look back upon my dreadful tale."

Dear me. Where was I? I am so distracted by my 343 sons, now happily departed, that I have got to the end of my tale before I have begun my story. Yes, I had just converted Mrs. Smith into a myth—unphilologically speaking. And now we must collect our remains, both of ourselves and of our property; and try to recover our healths and our scattered furniture.

Two hundred pounds will not repair the wear and tear on the premises caused by those seven dear boys. Coming from various quarters, two from College at M—, one from the R.M.A. at Woolwich, one from H.M.S. Britannia, two from school at Brighton, and one from the preparatory school close to Smithfield Villa, they have, with natural *esprit de corps* (literally translated), endeavoured to impart to the whole septagon the gymnastic and other muscular accomplishments of their several academies.

The housemaids report five half-tester beds utterly deformed by reason of their having been adapted to the purposes of swings, six clothes horses ridden to death, and fourteen dining-room chairs ricked out of all shape, through a course of gymnastics. The butler reports a fearful demolition of the best china service, and an inconvenient shortness of wine glasses. The footman the destruction of his sky-blue livery, with the contemporaneous disappearance of two bottles of blacking and the interior fittings of the family filter. The coachman regrets to say that every buckle has been abstracted from the harness of Mrs. Smith's pony carriage. The gardener reports ninety-seven broken panes in the conservatory, and the total removal of lead from his largest hot-water cistern; and from the farmyard we hear that three of the pigs have been shaven quite clean, and afterwards painted with black stripes, like funereal zebras,—enough to give them their deaths of cold this severe weather;—while the cows have been driven half mad by having their tails dressed with leaden points, in the best manner of the Ashango tribes.

Well well, boys must be boys, but need they be boys at home for seven weeks in the winter. Ah! ah! that's the question! Wretched as the weather has been this Christmas, cold, wet, and un-out-of-doors-able, the poor boys have been "close confined," and as great a nuisance to themselves as to their unhappy parents. If I kept a school, I would (*I think*) give the shortest holidays at Christmas, plenty of half days during the summer terms, and good long holidays at Midsummer. But as I am not a schoolmaster, but only a school supplier (like those parties who advertise "Families supplied") all I can do is to advertise:—"Wanted, a school, where only a week's holiday is given at Christmas."

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

WE deeply regret the extremely uncharitable comments which many of the Organs of the Press have thought fit to make on the conduct of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England. We cannot help lamenting that the little points of difference between his Lordship and the Comtesse d'Alteyrac should ever have been brought before the public, because the public are totally unable to appreciate the delicate motives which influence such a pure aristocrat as Lord Willoughby D'Eresby. He has endeavoured, with the utmost humility and sincerity, to lay before the men of England a compendium, as it were, of chivalry; to instruct them in the lofty principles which should regulate the conduct of those who aspire to imitate the high minded and generous nobility which, unlike the tinsel creation of yesterday, can trace its proud lineage, unsullied by the contamination of plebeian connections, back to the earliest ages of English history.

For the sake of those who, like ourselves, may feel deeply their inability to name their great grandfather, we subjoin the result of our reverend study of the immaculate career of the Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England.

RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF A TRUE
NOBLEMAN.

- 1.—When young contrive to form a connection with a married woman possessed of independent property. You will find this more economical than miscellaneous intrigues.
- 2.—If the party suits you continue to live with her—if not cut her as soon as you like.
- 3.—Supposing you live with her some time, contrive to fall ill for a year or two; you will thus get a nurse *gratis*.
- 4.—When you have recovered from this illness, and find your mistress looking rather the worse for her anxiety on your behalf, make love to her maid.
- 5.—If she discover this last manoeuvre of yours, and be foolish enough to forgive you, take the first opportunity you can of insulting her, in order to show that you are not to be tyrannized over.
- 6.—If this last measure should drive her to demand a separation, send your lawyer to propose terms, to which, if she agree, your object is gained, and you need not keep your word.
- 7.—In her absence, sell all her property and pocket the proceeds.
- 8.—Should she be audacious enough to demand her own, tell her to go to your father,—or the devil, (it's all the same).
- 9.—If she should carry her disgraceful shamelessness so far as to bring an action against you, resort to every device you or your attorney can contrive to blacken her character, and elude her claim.
- 10.—In pursuance of the above course, deny the paternity of your own child; and plead that her adultery with you prevents her right to appear as a single woman.
- 11.—If driven very hard agree to a compromise; but don't sign the terms till you can help it.
- 12.—By observing carefully these directions you will attain to the greatest height of chivalrous generosity which one of noble blood can desire.
- 13.—Don't forget to breed pug dogs; they will be connected with your name, and people will think that your nature is as generous and faithful as theirs. There can be no harm in this; besides, you can sell them at a large profit.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

A CHALLENGE.

Professor great of Table-talk,
The Mystery solve of Bird-cage Walk;
Now is the time your wondrous powers for trying,
Speak! Spirits, Speak! or henceforth cease your lying.

Now ready,
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

WE have much pleasure in contradicting the report that Mr. Arthur Helps, the excellent and conscientious Clerk of the Privy Council, is, in consideration of the valuable services he has rendered, to be called for the future (by Royal Command) Helps-to-Composition. This would be worse than knighthood.

The *Law Times* intimates that we may expect a regular conventional "law's delay" before any opinion can be pronounced on the ultimate success of the "Law Digest Scheme." But whatever doubt there may be as to the healthiness of the Law's Digest, it is consoling to know that there can be none as to the Law's Digestion, considering what an amount of hard coin it is continually swallowing. Indeed no amount of illegal "fare" appears to disagree with it.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is a great man; he has rendered Lord Campbell's act null and void, and discovered an excellent substitute for Holywell street literature, which will, in compliment to his last work, henceforward be known as "Spiritual Literature." He is worthy to rank side by side with the author of *The Confessional Unmasked*. By the way, one of the critics is rather too hard upon the Gibbon of the Agapemone, he talks of him as "lithe and sinewy," just as if he were a ballet dancer. His performance may be bare-faced, but it hardly possesses the nudity of Truth.

HOW TO DO IT.

SONS of the outrigge!—Braves!—*Oxfor-cambridge-men*!—It is once more again I introduce myself upon you; for have I not heard the news? *Oui*! The news—glorious—invigorating;—the news that inspires the nimble *strokesmen* with delight!—the news that I have read in your *Bellslife*!—the news that is whispered in the hearts too full of joyous *élan* of the mariners of the *Seine*!—the news that makes to flow like *les torrents* of your sweet *Tamise*, tears from the eyes of the *Skiff-admirals* of France!—news—but the language cannot say more! *Voyons*: the slip I cut from yours journal of *Sport-life*!—

"The President, Mr. F. Willan, then made known to the meeting the whole of the circumstances under which an attempt is being made to get up a race between Oxford and American Universities, and read the correspondence on the subject. The management of the affair up to the present time by the President was highly approved of, and it was finally agreed to leave it to the committee, under whose consideration it now remains."

At last it comes—the struggle of the nations! *Niagara* flies at the throat of *Isis*. It is to be a battle of heroes. I can see it, bloody, terrible, yet sublime! Your *Oxforman* bold—fed on bifeck and portarbiere, with sinew of iron, and courage of the leopard, grapples with the red skin of the West; he is oily, agile, sensible as the rattle-snake. *Mon Dieu*! It is the concussion of gods! It is a fine race!

But to return. You are not fixed upon your course. You say it is the *fourmile*, or the *colbargo*, or the *pairoare*? You ask with the innocence of the babe, but the dark Indian smiles. He is skilful; he is savage; he knows not of *Putnéreach*; he struggles, *ma foi*, yes!—but without a *coxman*! You say it is death, this struggle without a *coxman*. The admirals may stretch their oar—may wear epaulets—the *straw-at*—the jersey (or *et chocolat*) of the *Asnidres* crew!—may cheat!—may do all the *skiff-sailor* can dare!—but it is no good—it will be blind! You will turn—you will twist! Your race—it will be a waltz!

Braves,—*Courage*!—*Oui, mes enfants, courage*! Listen to Jules (he is my friend), and you shall gain. "Do they ask for a *coxman*?" He says "No; let them strike him from the ship; he is a weight—an encumbrance; it is death with him! It is not a *steamboat* for the passenger; it is a ray of lightning for strokesmen." Once more, *courage, mes enfants*, you shall win, for Jules will show you his secret. The morning will come, and the millions will crowd upon the shore. The wild *hoorahs* of your compatriots will resound. I see the struggle. The Indians, dark, thoughtful, and blood-stained, appear in their canoe. They are strangers at *Putnébridge*. They are far from home and the wild wood. They have no friends; you are Britons; give them the yell! It is good; it has struck despair upon them! and now for your *ruse*! The two boats are ready for the start. Attend. That sound—it is the gun; you are *offs*! But do you strike the water in rage, or catch the *crabbe*? No; you rise!—you dance!—you turn!—you set!—you face the bow! Ha! *that* is your *ruse*. You are Britons—you are courageous! You face *le danger*, you turn not your backs on him! You see your way; you stroke; you scratch; you crabbe; you shriek; *ma foi*, it is glorious,—you wins!

And the Indian, he is in the mud; he faints—he has no friend—he dies! You are victorious, and so once more you give him the yell. Remember, it is Jules who speaks. *Oarsmans, Admirals, Barges*,—forget not your *ruse*!

Vive le Putnéreach! Vive les oarsmans! Vive le dogues-meat et portarbiere! Oh! gai!

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.

WE had occasion last week to notice with strong but well-deserved censure, an infamous performance which still disgraces the Pantomime at the Lyceum. We are sorry that as yet the torpor of the Lord Chamberlain's office has not been roused. We shall be sorry to be compelled to take stronger action in this matter. With the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, no journal of any importance has dared to write a single word in deprecation of this disgusting scandal. It is a fact that, night after night, the stalls are filled by "gentlemen" who are attracted to that theatre solely by a prurient curiosity to witness this shameful sight. Of course, as long as this continues the enterprising manager will not venture to excise "the Dance of Brutality." We make one appeal to these "gentlemen,"—stay away, or if you go, indicate unmistakably the disgust which we are sure, as you are "gentlemen," you must feel at this piece of imported filth. Then the Enterprising Manager will be able, without doing any violence to his pocket, to allay those qualms of conscience which such a refined and elevated nature as his cannot but feel at being compelled, night after night, out of deference to his more aristocratic visitors, to continue an exhibition from which his moral sense must revolt.

THE REAL ARISTOCRATIC NOSE.—The Willoughby Pug.

THEATRICAL DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—*Dearer than Life*, bad; a *Wife Well Won*, worse; DADDY GRAY, worst!

THE Queen has sent a number of copies of her last book for distribution among the various hospitals. It is too much to hope that the patients may be cured by this new "royal touch" of kindness.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



A DUEL I

A YANK



THE DARK!

OR,

THE "NOTION."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
• ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION •

"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."

A GOOD SAMARITAN !

Now it is pleasant indeed to meet a philanthropist in the realms of vice. Not only pleasant, but encouraging. In my rambles about a very dismal spot I have found such a man. Yes, within a hundred yards of the *locale* of the "Shameful Sight" dwells a noble-hearted individual, who deserves a title, a public reward, a monument. This gentleman has lived in our very midst, doing good by stealth, performing the best of actions in secrecy, for weeks, months,—years. During this time he has received no reward save the inestimable income derived from the possession of a clear conscience, and a numerous and wealthy circle of customers! Good and generous philanthropist, we should scarcely have heard of him had not the public prints published his advertisements now and again. Like a flower born to bloom unseen (except between the hours of 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.), he would have lost his fragrance on the desert air! Fortunately, however, for the world at large, certain very well-conducted papers have lent their columns to extend his fame, and his name is as familiar in our mouths as household words!

It is not to be expected that many like unto him are to be found in this wicked world. Good Samaritans are scarce, and "two-pennyworths" of charity are scarcer. However, as I ponder o'er the past I can just remember the career of a man who, in some respects, resembled the subject of my sketch and adoration. If my memory does not play me false he too kept a repository for the wonders of nature and art. He too called upon the wicked to repent of their evil lives, and to make the best of their way to his consulting room. He too was beautifully pathetic about the follies of youth and the false delicacy of budding manhood. He too had the heart of an angel and the "hours of business" of a doctor. But here the resemblance stopped. Instead of gaining the respect of the world, like the subject of my sketch, he was completely misunderstood. He was unlucky enough to have a "difficulty" with one of his numerous *protégés*, and was "hunted down." Poor philanthropist, after spending oceans of money upon an exhibition open free to the public, to be hunted down by the bloodhounds of the British Press! To see all his schemes for the world's regeneration tumbled to the ground as rapidly as the effect follows the cause in the destruction of a house built of play cards! To hear his name coupled with thief and quack, scoundrel and Jew! Oh, it was too much! Too cruel—too unchristian, and too unkind! And yet so it was. After the "difficulty" with the man he had benefited, the Press took the matter up and hunted him down! He was obliged to gather together his beautiful and soothing models of pleasing human peculiarities and then had to decamp. His little books (the produce of hours of pleasant toil and holy reflections) were thrust rapidly into their boxes and carted away! Away from the pleasant Strand, and innocent Haymarket, to the fields of the country, to the land of the sweet-voiced nightingale! I hope most sincerely he is at rest now that he is far away from the busy hum of men who would have shed his very nose-blood, would have placed his noble form in the cramping fixtures of the stocks!

Happier, however, has been the fate of my philanthropist. He is at large, and flourishing, appreciated at his proper value, and admired. His advertisements are welcomed with loud acclamations by the publishers of "respectable" newspapers; his "scientific institution" is thronged with eager sight-seers; his pretty little works (so full of morality and advice) are treasured and read by thousands—if we are to believe him (and who would dare to doubt his word on any point)—by hundreds of thousands! Good and holy man,—he is engaged upon a gigantic work of charity: let me trust that gigantic work will some day receive its proper reward!

To tell the truth, I had got sick of the "Most Shameful Sight in the World," and all its misery, and my soul loathed the very atmosphere of the plague-stricken spot! I gasped for air in the atmosphere of vice, and prayed to the gods most earnestly for a mouthful of virtue. I did not pray long, for soon my eyes rested upon a noble-looking establishment, which seemed to me the very abode of all that was holy and intellectual. No catch-penny display outside or inside; no blazing advertisement over the door,—but merely a dozen or so

of coloured lamps blazing over the fascia, just to attract the attention of *savans*, and an illuminated fountain in the hall, evidently intended to excite the curiosity of men of scientific pursuits! Plain, simple, and worthy of an honest practitioner in a noble profession!

Delighted at discovering a well of water in the desert, I entered the hall, paid a shilling (which I suppose found its way *vid* my philanthropist's hands to the poor-box), and began examining the marvels of Nature displayed for my especial benefit. To understand fully the causes that lead to the singular "cases" before me, a respectable-looking man, who was dressed somewhat after the fashion of a bankrupt park-keeper, who, in fact, was clothed in the costume generally adopted by doctors' assistants, gave me an unpretending little work which made everything as plain as day-light to me. Armed with this work, I began admiring the wonders of Science, Nature, and Art.

And what were they?

Why I will tell you. There were a few models of the human form divine, of the ear, the head, the brain, &c. After I had seen these, my eyes rested upon a series of the most horrible and loathsome objects purporting to be waxen reproductions of genuine "subjects." I will not say that these fearful things were exaggerated or highly coloured. I will allow for the sake of argument, that they were what they pretended to be—merely clever anatomical studies. But what I will say is this, in my opinion, these loathsome models were unfit for public view, were calculated to fill the minds of youths with terror and despair, to drive them in horror to the "consulting rooms" of "highly respectable" practitioners. I will say, that, out of the hospitals and medical schools in my opinion, these models should never have been exhibited, that they could do no possible good, and might cause a frightful amount of harm. Moreover, I say, that in my opinion for such an exhibition, a very undue preponderance was given to "cases" calculated to terrify youths and young men. I was horrified myself at the objects set before me, and I can quite imagine what effect the exhibition would have on men many years my junior. I say also that the handbook supplied to me contained pages of matter, which on perusal, would certainly have terrified the nervous. I say, that on leaving the museum, I was offered for a shilling, a book, entitled "The Philosophy of Marriage," from which I make the following extract:—

The following instructions are given for the purpose of facilitating Invalids in obtaining Dr. Kahn's advice:—

His hours of consultation are from 11 in the Morning till 8 in the Evening, at the Consulting Rooms attached to the Museum, 3 Tichborne street, Haymarket, London.

Patients who desire to be treated by correspondence should observe the following instructions:—

1.—Their letters should contain full particulars as to age. [Here follow certain directions.]

2.—The letters may, at the option of the patient, be either signed with his own name or an assumed one, or initials, as the circumstances may render expedient, and must contain a remittance of Dr. KAHN's Consultation Fee of One Guinea.

3.—The replies will be addressed either direct, or to post-office, till called for, or in any other manner desired; but in every case the address to which they are to be forwarded should be clearly indicated, and fully and legibly written.

4.—In small towns or villages, where there may be an objection on the part of the patient to the name of Dr. KAHN being seen on a letter addressed to him, he may direct to L. J. K., 3 Tichborne street, Haymarket, London, W.

5.—The remedies can be forwarded to *all parts of the world*, carefully packed, and screened from observation, and will be addressed strictly according to the instructions of the patient, which instructions should be clear and unmistakable.

6.—Dr. KAHN wishes to impress upon all patients *with whom it is at all practicable*, the importance of affording him at least one personal interview, as the advantages resulting to them from such a course will, by the increased certainty and celerity of the treatment, more than repay them the trouble and expense thereby occasioned.

I say, as I relinquish my pen, that I know nothing whatever of "Dr. Kahn." That he may be an excellent physician (which I hope may be the case), or an impudent quack, (which I pray to God may not) but that what I have written above is honestly and truly inscribed, and that I must put the matter in the hands of the public, leaving it to them to draw from my articles their own conclusions.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS.

AN article with the above heading has appeared in a recent number of our well-written and caustic contemporary, the *Saturday Review*. It is one of a series of notices, specially directed against the vanities and frivolities of womankind. It must be owned that the opposite sex is by no means in high favour with our contemporary, and if the numerous articles which have been contributed on this subject be read with attention, it will be found that the female sex have been credited with most, if not all, of the infirmities to which flesh is heir. We have no intention of taking up the cudgels on behalf of those who—though strangely enough—are called the weaker sex, for they are not incapable of doing battle for themselves; but we are inclined to think that enough has been written on this question, and that in seeking to prove too much, the writers in the *Saturday Review* have overshot the mark of truth.

We read in the article which has for its title the above heading that women are destitute of humour. This is, indeed, news to us. We are aware that women are frequently uneducated, and almost always deficient in very acute analytical power; but humour, which is a perception of the moment, is by no means denied to them. There are comedies by female writers which have humorous points. The authoress of "*Pride and Prejudice*," "*Sense and Sensibility*," and other works, can scarcely be said to have been deficient in humour. Assuredly, examples would be frequently forthcoming of women whose works of fiction have given evidence of an unusual degree of humorous fancy.

In following the article to which we have made reference, we find an allusion to a dramatic entertainment which appears to have taken place in a private house. If such an entertainment was visionary, and the *dramatis personæ* were but phantoms of the writer's teeming brain, we have nothing to say further than that the example is valueless as an illustration. If, however, the entertainment to which allusion is made really did take place, we can only say that the description of the principal characters appears to be so minutely indicated, that those who were present can scarcely fail to see the application. Thus it happens that an unpretentious evening's pastime, devised for the amusement of a small circle of friends, will have formed an illustration for an article in a public journal. There is quite enough matter for just criticism in that which is brought before the public, without invading the seclusion of a private residence for the purpose of bringing its doings into uninvited and unexpected prominence.

To return, however, to the subject of woman and her weaknesses, it appears to us that women are now that which they have always been, namely, a very fair reflection of the condition of the opposite sex. The mental composition of young England is not remarkable, and our sisters and wives do not find it necessary to acquire much mental culture to place themselves in a position of equality. A young lady will not as a rule talk "high art" to a young gentleman who has devoted his attention exclusively to the science of fox-hunting; but if this same young lady happen to possess two or three brothers who have turned their minds to the cultivation of science or art, it will be found, as a rule, that she has not been content to remain in ignorance of their work, but has succeeded in obtaining sufficient knowledge to enable her to follow their pursuits with interest, and not unfrequently with profit. It appears to us that so long as men are vain and frivolous, women will be on a level with them; if you raise the standard of excellence in the former, the latter will not be slow to follow; but it is almost too much to expect that women will take the initiative. We all know that nothing is so aggravating to a man as to be in the society of a woman who is much cleverer than he is himself, and who cannot quite conceal from him that she is aware of the fact. The nature of a woman's mind is eminently plastic, and there is no doubt but that she could readily become a fitting companion for a clever man; she rarely meets a clever man, however, and her natural intelligence remains very frequently in a state of partial development. *Voilà tout*.

We readily concede that the follies and infirmities of the female sex are many, and that wise and temperate counsel may advantageously be offered to them; but we do not quite see how it will advance matters to tell them that they are but a pack of frivolous fools, without at the same time indicating some path which will lead to their improvement.

LOGOGRIPE.

I'm a warrior bold,
And you need not be told
That of late my renown and my fame
Have been greatly increased,
That I hail from the East
That although I am always the same
In my own native land;
When I seek the far strand
Of you English, 'tis more like a game
Of your own blind man's buff,
To observe how each muff
Comes to grief over spelling my name.
However, I'd say,
That there is one right way
Of performing the feat, so you'll aim
At discovering what is that same.

Observe me well, I pray,
Upon two legs I stand,
Two legs which I may say
Are pretty long and planned
Of equal length, though not of equal look,
And I must say, if I am brought to book,
That though my legs you must confess to be,
Equal in length,
Equal in strength,
My feet are not so, for, as you will see,
One leg has two feet and the other three.

A man is made of flesh and bones, we know,
And so am I;
A word is made of flesh and bones also,
For if you try,
You see that consonants with nothing on,
Look vastly like a fleshless skeleton.

Yet I am bony too, I must admit,
Nor can I hide the fact, or better it,
For in this fix
My name still sticks,
That its bones are to flesh as eight to six.

Now cut me up, and see what you can find
Within my length and breadth, and width confined;
A Turkish dignitary who ne'er fails
To rest his dignity upon his tails;
A hempen something upon which depends
Not seldom the dear lives of our best friends;
A vapour-fog we Northerners know well,
A traitor who for shameful plotting fell,
And since is annually fêted well;
The quality that's tacked unto his name,
Of which the rhyme and this are just the same;
A Broom with which to sweep all those away
Who plot by night, and dare not face the day;
The dearest spot on earth, if we believe
Poets (whose trade it is tho' to deceive);
A word for paints, cosmetics, and pretence,
A word perverted tho' from its own sense;
An awkward creature, angular and shy,
Timid, and over done with modesty;
All these you'll find in me, then seek me well,
And, as the Blue-book teaches, work the spell.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M Muff F
A Argo O
Y Youngster R
N Neuralgic C
E Eagle E

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—Double Buffer and the Old Woman, Nellie, Bill and Ted Reyd, Grindoff and Karl, Two Dunces, H. M. H. and I., Your Loving Flute, F. W. R. (Hammersmith), Lissie, C. D. C., The Professor, "*ἡ ἀλλοτρίη κνίφη*," Mrs. Bouncer, 92 X, G. E. Willis, E. L. Orton, Ruby, J. A. T., Penfold, M. B. M. A. (Alton, Hants), Shadyside (Hammersmith), Helen is my Darling, Macduff, Kuronunaluludud Mumenunzuziesus, &c., &c.

Owing to a press of matter several answers stand over until next week.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 42.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

MARRIAGE REFORM.

THERE is perhaps no modern institution which has so utterly collapsed before the force of circumstances as Marriage. The very slightest comparison of the accepted theory upon which it is based, and the accepted practice by which it is carried out, is enough to frighten respectability out of its wits, just as it has driven wits out of their respectability. Upon this comparison hundreds of essays and thousands of novels have been founded; upon it half the girls, and perhaps a twenty-thousandth part of the young men, of the country, are building regrets and determinations at this moment; and one and all of those who pursue it find in the end that it is a blind alley leading nowhere; that after winding through a dark and dirty lane, with palaces on either side, the end is a dead wall and a sink. It is so tempting too. Your social reformer commonly gets upon his high horse, rides him up to the house-top, and cries out to the Belgravian Mothers (who, poor creatures, are doing what they can, and working hard at it too, to reconcile the irreconcilable),—"Oh, you shameless creatures, see what you are doing, you are bartering and breaking young hearts for broughams and places in the country—you are marrying the lovely Leonora by force to that disgraceful old baritone, the Conte di Luna, when you know that she is consuming by inches for love of that tenor in the tower; and worse than all, you are violating what is nothing less than a Divine decree, for Leonora's love came to her by predestination, it is a something she could not escape, she met her sister-soul, flew to it, grew to it, and now you and the Count pluck them asunder," &c., &c., and so the eternal sermon goes on, until everybody is half persuaded that there is something in it, and that mothers are altogether the worst, and rejected lovers the worse treated of all created beings.

There are, no doubt, those who declare that the whole of this sort of reasoning rests upon a fallacy; they assert that both the theory and the practice are utterly wronged by the sermonisers. There is they say in the first place, no such thing in existence as the sort of love which is the basis of the argument; the real history of what is called "falling in love" is this: That fair, fresh-looking, and rather silly girl, Alice Ferrers, happens to be staying at the Oaks, in Norfolk, one October, when Jack Fairfax goes down to shoot the covers and eat the dinners of the county. There come two or three rainy days, Jack turns over Alice's music once or twice, and happens to sit next to her at dinner. Then he thinks what a bore it is to live alone and eat bad breakfasts every morning, and what a jolly thing it would be to have somebody to see that the eggs weren't hard more than once a week, what splendid hair Alice has got, how proud her rich old uncle is of her, and how she threw over Topheavy to dance with him. Then he turns over some more music, another rainy day works him up to the requisite point and he suggests to Alice that he loves her better than anybody in the world. She on her side has always thought Jack good-looking, she thinks him more so on acquaintance, she does not happen to have had a romance come across her yet, and she simply gives him to understand that she reciprocates his passion. That is all very well (say those who are arguing about it), but it is all a mere chance—Tom, Dick or Harry would have done exactly the same under the same circumstances, and Alice would have accepted and returned Tom, Dick or Harry's love as readily as she accepts

Jack's. Once this particular stage passed, of course the thing takes a different and more pronounced character, but to this stage anybody might have gone, but that much admitted the whole idea of predestination in love, and all the bosh about sister-souls, vanish together. The rage of Alice's mother, therefore, when she finds out what has been going on, is not only natural but laudable. She knows that Jack has not got a sixpence, she knows that it was just as easy for Alice to fall in love with somebody else, and she has got a somebody else in her eye, who would be satisfactory in every way. She knows in short, that this sort of salad which is called love, is capable of being sown, grown, cut, and sent to sale like all other vegetables, and that because a bird of the air happens to have dropped a lettuce-seed by the wayside, that is no reason for giving up market-gardening. So she tramples out the chance growth, puts Alice into a hot-house with Topheavy or some other seedling, and has got a right to expect a satisfactory result. The deuce of it is, that Alice sometimes gets into her head precisely this notion, that the first seedling was planted by a special dispensation of Providence, and is a sacred growth, an idea which the novelists and essayists carefully promote, and hence all the mischief. The fact is, that she can just as well fall in love with one man as with another, and if she refuses to do it, it is through pure obstinacy in which she ought not to be encouraged.

That is what is said by the matter-of-fact people with whom we beg our fair readers to believe we do not at all agree. We hold entirely to the doctrine of predestination, so much so, that we have been at great pains to think of a plan by which it would be properly carried out into practice, starting from the rule that everybody is, or ought to be, in love with somebody else if they only knew it; we would give everybody the opportunity of finding out who it is, and of remedying any mistakes that might be made in the search. Let us then elaborate one scheme.

The Establishment of an Annual Marriage by Ballot.—On the first of May in each year, every person "being of full age, and not subject to any legal incapacity," &c. &c., should have the right to present herself at the polling-place, and vote for husbands, while every man would have the right to vote for wives, that is to say, that each would place in the ballot-box the name of the individual he or she would be disposed to choose in that capacity. On the boxes being opened, the names would be arranged in lists according to the number of votes each had obtained, the first man would be married to the first woman, and so on down to the lowest, whilst those who had no votes at all might either ballot again or wait till the next polling day.

Objection will very possibly be made against this plan, it will be said that it is too great a step to take at once, that it is a leap in the dark, and that some of the electors don't pay any rates. But it is manifest that it would result generally in better assorted marriages, than those which are made on the hap-hazard system, and even if it did not, the matter could be remedied at the end of the first term of seven years, an advantage which the present fashion, founded as it is on the base theory that affection alone of all things in the world ought to be eternal, does not possess.

But if anybody objects to the plan, let them suggest a better.

BACCHANALIAN MOTTO FOR A QUACK!—"The Kahn that brings the bier!"

UNDER THE MOON.

(THE INHERITANCE.)

29.

It may have been a dream ; but still the stone
When next I woke was there, a solid verity :
Its talismanic worth most promptly shown
By bringing to my lonely hearth prosperity—
Death has just carried off a millionaire
Who leaves his nephew, me, to be his heir.

30.

A celebrated firm who knew deceased,
And spoke with moisture of the dear departed,
Came to apprise me of my worth increased,
"Sincerely trusting I was not down-hearted :
"To him and heirs devoted past belief :"—
How was it they had never sent a brief?

31.

The world that morning must have left its bed
Hours before its usual time for rising,
Determined to be clear upon this head ;
For everyone possessed some news surprising
About my heritage, a true account,
Though I had not yet learnt the real amount.

32.

A light broke in upon my chambers drear :
Friend after friend upon my old door knocking
—So glad to find me in—were quite in fear
My poor dear uncle's death had been too shocking !
For they to this opinion always stuck
They knew no other man deserved such luck !

33.

Without, the men who only yesterday
Turned as I passed, to some dull shop attracted,
Rather than take the trouble then to say
Two words of fellowship, now went distracted
To think we had so seldom met of late,
"Our sympathies, I knew, approximate."

34.

A few steps farther rapidly approaches
The very tailor who last week was pressing
His bill with insolence : who now reproaches
Himself for ever thinking of distressing
So good a client. Novelty so funny !
To hear him ask for patronage—not money !

35.

Post after post brought little notes in pink,
From Castle This or That, the question mooted:
"Of their neglect what did I really think !—
"Could I not find a week to try their shooting ?"
I who had ne'er been sent a brace of partridges,
And scarcely now know patent wads from cartridges.

36.

Of aunts and uncles I have now a score—
Relations rise around me by the dozen—
A letter from old Candytuft says more :
"An aunt of mine was step-niece to his cousin—
"Will I run down and try their forest air ?
"I must want change. The glass is now set fair."

37.

Set fair, indeed ! If Candytuft's fifth earl
Invites me down to Holly Park for pleasure.
(An oyster looks bewitching trimmed with pearl,
So countesses may call me now a treasure),
My father once had lent the noble lord
Some sums for which he only had his word.

38.

Set fair, indeed ! His lovely daughter, Grace,
Adding a postscript to her father's letter,
Hopes her old playfellow will kindly trace
Some likeness in her now to one known better
In days gone by—before that horrid Law
Had dragged me from my friends with ruthless claw

39.

The Lady Grace seems quite to have forgot
She cut me in the Park one day last season.
Nay, more ; she through her eyeglass said, "Pray what
"For coming among us may be your reason ?"
Much as a butcher might deny some Wight
Too poor to buy, the privilege of sight.

(To be continued.)

A HINT.

It appears that the other day—

"All the common law and equity courts, as well as the Admiralty Court, being in use, Barons Bramwell and Channell, who had to sit in banco, could find no place for that purpose except the Queen's Remembrancer's room, a very small chamber with only one window, in which the learned judges, the masters, counsel, solicitors, and others, were huddled together in unseemly confusion."

But this is not all, for the place being very "close," the door had to be left open for the purposes of ventilation, and seeing that the door gave on to a much frequented passage outside, not a word of what judges, counsel, or witnesses said, could be heard. Here is a chance for the "Divorce Court!"

MILITARY REFORM.

WHILE waiting with its usual exemplary patience for the larger and more important measures of Military Reform, the public would be glad to see some minor matters of organisation at once put on a better footing. Foremost among these stands the system for recruiting the army.

The report of the Royal Commission on Army Recruiting two years ago has been attended with a good many improvements in the recruiting service, and, among others, the appointment of an officer whose whole duties are confined to the direction and control of the recruiting for the army. The Inspector-General of Recruiting performs, and with marked success and efficiency—as shown by the fact that the army is now fully supplied with men—the duties which, until lately, were regarded as sufficiently looked after by an Assistant Adjutant General, already overburdened with other work. But less than a twelvemonth's experience of the working of the new appointment has shown the advisability, not to say the necessity, of transferring altogether from the Horse Guards to the Secretary of State's office the department of the Inspector-General of Recruiting.

The duty of obtaining out of the civil population the materials for the army, is one affecting, in so many delicate points, the liberty and civil rights of the subject, that it is manifest that such duty appertains of right to a civil minister rather than to the military authorities. A civil board—the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital—carry on the duty of returning the worn-out soldier back to the ranks of civil life ; and in like manner the duty of collecting the civilians who are willing to become soldiers should rest with a civil officer. So soon as the men are raised and enrolled in the ranks of the army, they should be handed over to the Adjutant-General as representing the Commander-in-Chief. But, up to the point when they are actually in the military service of the country, the raising, collecting, and enrolling civilians for army duty should be vested in the civil minister. And the sooner arrangements are made for transferring to the War Office the department of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, the better it will be.

A LOWER DEEP.

THERE is always a difficulty in getting a thoroughly appropriate name for a piece. The author of "Daddy Gray," at all events, need have been at no loss. Why look for a new name at all? "Humbug" was on the bills—and why alter it—except to add a comparative or superlative affix. "More Humbug," or "Rankest Humbug" would have been most appropriate. We advise the very promising author of "Daddy Gray" to adopt, as a title for his next production—if any one will produce it—"Leave Well Alone."

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM?

It appears that Bishop Selwyn is preaching a course of sermons to the University of Cambridge, and has selected for his subject "The Failure of Missions." The wording of his text is not ours, but the Bishop's own, and we are constrained to say this much by way of explanation, because we believe the venerable prelate means the word "failure" to be taken in a facetious sense. "Speaking of his theme," we are told, "the Bishop showed that the failure of missions was more imaginary than real." Of course this is just what we should have expected from a dignitary of his class. Bishops have peculiar powers of vision. All that is hard, revolting, and obtrusive, all that sickens the ordinary spectator, takes to the episcopal eyes a beautifully softened—a chastened roseate hue,—in short, an aspect that courts even admiration. What church grievance with these worthies is not, after all, "more imaginary than real!" The Irish establishment, with its ugly anomalies, is another of these grievances that is more imaginary than real. When people cry out because there are 199 parishes that have no congregations whatever, yet all the time are draining the country for the support of 199 useless ministers, they are told that theirs is only a "sentimental grievance." Such is invariably the language of monopoly; but this by the way.

To return to our charge, "The Failure of Missions." Does Bishop Selwyn soberly and seriously mean as a practical man to tell us that the missionary work of this country as hitherto conducted has not been a gross and palpable failure? It is true that the subject has not attracted very much public attention of late, and it is therefore just within the range of possibility that a convulsion of missionary nature has taken place in the interval. This, however, is not very likely. It is more probable that the next time the question is dragged from the congenial obscurity of tea-drinking and tract-swallowing, it will again be incumbent upon honest men to cart it away to the pillory. People of a pacific and compromising turn will be apt to question our discretion in touching upon the subject at all in its present unobtrusive condition. The fact is, it is a question on which it is always the duty of thinking men to become a little savage, and for this reason,—the foreign missions of this country absorb annually an amount of money, that if put plainly upon paper, would fairly stagger the uninitiated. We have no official book of reference at hand, but we are quite on the safe side in stating that the united income of these institutions may be calculated, not in thousands, but in hundreds of thousands of pounds. They are, in a word, the great drain on the praiseworthy charity of the country, and in that lies their mischief. With an amount of degradation and misery—political cynics fling in Paganism too—in our very midst, here we are with the snuggest of Pecksniffian satisfaction packing off our moral antidote to the ends of the world, just as if we had so much to spare that we could not think what on earth to do with it. That the fruit thus produced is miserably small, and out of all proportion to the seed sown, not a sane man who is acquainted with missionary statistics attempts to dispute.

But this is only one aspect of the waste, though if it were well examined it would probably prove one of a highly amusing and instructive character.

But let that pass. At present our business is to point to the necessities that obtrude themselves under our very eyes. It would not be going too far to say that were we unpaganism the world right and left while we were neglecting our heathenism at home, we should be guilty of a shameless dereliction of duty. Doubtless, a comfortable oriental lounge in the shape of a parsonage, with half-a-dozen servants, a snug stipend, and no troublesome churchwardens, is a far more comfortable sort of thing in its way than a life passed amidst the sickness and blasphemy that greet one in the slums of a great Christian city. But let things be called by their right names. While crime and paganism exist at home, it matters little whether we tail or flourish abroad. If Bishop Selwyn wishes to make his mark upon the age, let him drop this cant about "imaginary" shortcomings. There are plenty of "real" things about—too many both bad and good. A bishop should be the last man in the world to gainsay that.

To "MY LORDS."—"Red Tape" has made a "Hercules," but it will take a greater than a Hercules to unmake "Red Tape!"

SONGS WITH WORDS.

ENCOURAGED by the great success of "Not for Joseph," its enterprising publishers appear to have resolved to dig a few feet deeper into the mire of patriarchal lore in their search after £ s. d.

An "immensely funny song" is now advertised, which displays so profound an acquaintance with Biblical subjects, that we cannot help thinking that the author's name must needs figure on the committee list of the Religious Tract or some other kindred society. The song is entitled "*Mister Noah, he built him an Ark.*" Free for eighteen stamps. Now would the publishers, we wonder, take a friendly hint: The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in alluding to the Bishop of Capetown's recent sermon, reports him to have said that Bishop or Dr. Colenso asserts that the Bible "cannot be relied on as to faith or morals."

Very well, accept his statements; it is no part of our duty to dispute about doctrine. Accept his statement, but try to turn it to some account. Send "Not for Joseph" and "Mister Noah" to this arch Bishop, and suggest to him how far an "Appendix for the Caffres" or a "Gorilla's Hymnal" might be made to germinate from these specimens. Why not issue you a prospectus of so many Old Testament and so many New Testament subjects, all treated in a like "immensely funny" way? The sale might equal that of any orthodox hymnal of modern times, and if so, the proceeds after a certain point might go towards Arthur Lloyd's inevitable pension, or towards the erection of that glaring *desideratum*, a Music Hall at Sandringham. But to come to the point, we should really rejoice to see all "fun" of this sort quietly shipped out of the country. We are not the *Church Times*, nor are we the *Tablet*, nor are we the *Rock*, but we can as earnestly as either of them deprecate all that tends to increase the indifference and contempt which the masses feel, without discrimination, towards everything that is invested with sacred associations; and we do protest unreservedly against these attempts to extort "immensely funny" capital out of subjects which men of every shade of opinion have been taught from their earliest years to respect and reverence.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

THE *Times*, or "the Leading Journal," as it is sometimes called, though why, we don't know, for it never attempts to lead public opinion, on the contrary, it follows every contemptible caprice which may govern popular feeling for the moment,—we should rather prefer to call it the follow-my-leader;—however, the *Times*, such as it is, was never remarkable for the good taste of the letters which it selected from those of its numerous correspondents for publication. Recently it has offended very gravely in this respect; the letter signed "Aliquis," which it published a week or two ago, was an insult to Ireland, as ill-timed as it was unjust, which is saying a good deal; the bad taste of the garrulous idiot who wrote it was far exceeded by that of the paper which printed it. But lately, on the matter of the sad disappearance of the Rev. Mr. Spoke, the *Times* has managed to obtain a letter signed "An Amateur Detective," which for wanton impertinence, and vulgar flippancy, exceeds anything which the editor himself could write. The refined brutality which can add to the gnawing anxiety of the relatives of this missing clergyman, by publishing in a journal of unfortunately wide circulation, the most offensive conjectures as to the cause of his disappearance—conjectures which presuppose that he would devote his only spare hour in London to visiting a low brothel in Westminster—may be very ingenious, and calculated to increase the sale of the *Times*, but it cannot fail to disgust those who view the matter with a less keen appreciation of the requirements of "the Leading Journal." If these surmises and suggestions were distinguished by an intelligence beyond that of the most ordinary policeman, there would be some excuse for them; but as they are such as might occur, without a miracle, to the lively brain of a potboy when discussing "the latest sensation" over the bar of some public-house with an affable ostler, we cannot see any excuse for them. Certainly it is a terrible affliction that a dear friend should disappear so mysteriously in the metropolis of virtuous and order-loving England; but if such an affliction should ever fall upon us, we hope that we may be spared the wanton aggravation

of our dear friend's character being made the subject of such abstruse and charitable speculation by the correspondents of such a talented journal as the *Times*. If self-conceited busybodies cannot restrain their *Cacoethes scribendi* on such an occasion, at least let them first submit their valuable communications in private to the friends of the person concerned, before they hasten to minister to that inexhaustible appetite for articles of bad taste which afflicts our "Leading Journal."

TELEGRAPH TEACHINGS.

THERE was a time when we were attracted to the *Daily Telegraph* by the Paris correspondence. In the columns devoted to the movements and opinions of the gentleman who painted, sometimes with a good deal of colour, the opinions and movements of Parisians generally, there was a natural liveliness, a positive desire not to be dull, evinced by winnowing the Paris journals, leaving the statistics of beetroot culture and the geography of the departments to the edifying pen dependent on the *Times*, and only sending for home consumption such necessary politics as could be easily digested, accompanied by refreshing odds and ends of prattle and gossip which created an appetite for more of a similar flavour. We have a decided partiality for French cooking, but there is no doubt that you can longer stand a series of roast and boiled à l'Anglaise, and made dishes must be continually varied if you would not have them pall on you.

So that a time has come when one is surfeited with the stereotyped descriptions of Tuileries' receptions, with iced asparagus and unlimited truffes, of the Bois de Boulogne and its *habitudes*, of the personal interviews with the highest of the land, for whose authority the writer can vouch; of the latest bets on the steps of the Grand Hotel, and all the rest of it.

But still there must be many who are attracted by this treacle, cloying as it may appear to us, and it is for their sake, and for the sake of the womenkind who hear these letters read, that we are going to speak.

Is there a daily journal in any land which boils over at such a low temperature as the *Daily Telegraph* on any subject touching more or less on immorality of one kind or another. Who, on the very least pretence, takes up the cudgel of offence to succour injured innocence? our *Telegraph*. Whose bosom typical can daily swell o'er dire mishaps which ne'er befell, and knows how charity can sell? our *Telegraph*.

One day a leader will appear denouncing solemn judgments on all aiding and abetting the crime of infanticide, while side by side we find an advertisement in another column paid for by some eager baby-farmer.

Now the general tone of the Paris correspondent's communications has become so infected with the prevailing viciousness of our neighbours that you will continually find allusions to subjects which were never introduced ten years ago into drawing-rooms, much less into the sitting-rooms of the middle classes, and ought not now to be the staple commodity offered as its Paris letter by an essentially unaristocratic paper to its thoroughly English readers.

Any day may bring us a column and a half of curses on the man who, &c., or of blessings on the efforts of the Rescue Society, while the same print may tell us the interesting movements of successful prostitution in Paris, with the names of the Phrynes and the colours of their victims.

This English gentleman, it is with the greatest difficulty we can keep his name off our pen, imagines that our wives and daughters, or at any rate our sisters, have the same unholy curiosity as the great ladies of his adopted city to fathom the attractions of sin in diamonds and hanker after the apples of the dead lake of Boulogne.

Surely we have not arrived at that point whence we can coldly look on and see those for whose honour we would risk our own, interested in, if not prying into, the temporary glories of their sister's shame! Admiration leads to envy, and envy to emulation. The proof of this may be seen daily in Paris. We have continually been obliged to look at the coronet on the panels of a carriage to determine whether the occupants were *respectable* or not; and we don't want to see this state of things here. Already there is a looseness of conversation among young people quite unknown by our fathers. Go to the Zoo on a Sunday, or to the Row in the season, and you will see

men leaving honest women's sides to hang on to the Nessus-ropes of Laïs, or flutter round the blossom of some moral Mancenilla. Let the poor wretch who has fallen a victim through poverty and ignorance go down herself; but the cloak which is made of Brussels lace or Cachemire need not hide sin, for it is an excuse in our eyes now for unblushing depravity.

Joan would be cursed for defiling Thames-water with her worthless carcase, who, could her beauty immolate victims rich enough, would be held up to admiration for her taste in horse-flesh, or her ingenuity in wasting another's money on herself.

Let the *Daily Telegraph* sweep its door-step clean. Such names as Julia Barucci, Cora Pearl, and Skittles, are becoming household words in that Paris column, and we repeat, however they may be admired and favourably criticised in Paris—where there must be many, too, who regret that such should be the case—keep them out of our Press, if we can't keep them out of the parks. Don't let them come to our hearths if we must meet them in our theatres; and whatever may be your ultimate course, don't blow hot and cold with the same mouth, especially when that mouth is one speaking to thousands for good or for evil.

BREECHES OF ETIQUETTE!

HIS Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, the Hero of the Curly Locks, the fruitless assailer (if rumour tells true) of so many female hearts, has recently issued an order that has set in a flutter all the young ladies in Dublin without exception.

His Excellency has been pleased to command that officers of Her Majesty's troops in Dublin shall in future attend at evening parties, in evening dress, instead of in uniform.

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!

Very good advice, no doubt before scarlet was invented, but what young subaltern is there in the whole of Her Majesty's army who does not know that his triumphs among the still more beautiful sex over the "civilians," have arisen from his *uniform* attractions? And now to be condemned to evening dress, to wit, black coat, black vest, and black continuations. Oh, Coal Black Rose what hast thou done? Why, in this sable costume, the Guards themselves would be Black Gu—, "no gentlemen" at any rate.

Years ago a young officer, who was afterwards—poor fellow—knocked over in full scarlet in the trenches before Sebastopol, was stationed, on first joining his regiment, at the garrison town of C—. In some disturbance at a fair held there, high in stature and still higher in spirits, he was put forward as the leader of a *mêlée* with the civil power. He knocked down half-a-dozen civilians and disabled half the police force, and when carried off by the remainder, the men of his company rescued him at the cost of the total destruction of the lock-up. As he was ordered to be tried by court-martial for all these heinous offences against the peace of Her Majesty, his next friend, who happened to be "influential," waited on the then Adjutant-General—to intercede for the young man—pleaded his youth and exuberance of spirits; and, as a final argument towards military clemency, added "Pray observe Sir George, that he was not in uniform at the time." "Oh, don't tell me that, don't tell me that," said the old soldier, "that's the worst offence of all."

How then are we to understand the contrary order given by the Commander of the Forces in Ireland? Is this ordinance a real "Irish Bull?" Yet there is some method in the madness, for an exception is made. "When his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant is present, officers will appear in the full uniform of their respective corps."

This is all very absurd. Fancy the state of things at an "Evening party," where his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant may drop in unexpectedly. Fancy the state of the 250 officers present in black, all rushing off to their barracks to don their uniform, and to change their sables for garments of every hue. Fancy all the young ladies ceasing from the merry dance until the return of their dears, ducks, and darlings; and then fancy the delight of the girls, the brilliancy of the uniforms, the hearty congratulations at the return of the beloved scarlet, and other "breeches of etiquette."

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMS. OF A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

(CONCLUDED.)

... Never will I reveal, no, not even to Sophia, still less to any fellow-special, what happened on that momentous occasion. Suffice it to say that the oath was administered, I AM A SPECIAL. Let the Fenians beware! I think I have said that already, but the expression will bear repeating.

... And this is the emblem of my power! There is something noble about the unsophisticated form of this truncheon which strangely harmonizes with my tastes. *Civis Romanus sum*. (I have not forgotten my classical education) ... I am interrupted by Sophia while engaged before the drawing-room looking-glass in posing for a senator. I had draped myself unconsciously in the tablecloth and defied the lightning with my staff. Sophia need not have laughed so outrageously; but women are not poetical, and Sophia did not see the beauty of the group: one figure scarcely makes a group perhaps, but "*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever*," and I shall not forget the effect that reflection had on me—indeed, as the poet continues "*its loveliness increases*" (I flatter myself it is not every one who could quote so happily).

... Sophia thinks the truncheon uncommonly like a hoop-stick. That's it! I should'nt wonder if I met my eldest boy using it as such in the park—why Madam do you know it would be sacrilege? Rank Iconoclasm! There's nothing like a hard word to shut up Sophia or a cabman if it comes to that.

... I ring for Hancock to send away that organ-grinder, who has been tapping barrel after barrel of the choicest Music Hall refreshment in the shape of popular airs under our windows so long, that there is a crowd of dirty girls on the pavement, treating my cook to a gratis representation of the blind-alley breakdown, or gutter-gavotte. Hancock returns with the assurance that the exile refuses to move on. Sophia goes to the window and shakes her head at him. The exile positively laughs at her. Sophia becomes more demonstrative, and I fancy Hancock is sniggering behind the door. Sophia naturally incensed, turns majestically on me, and begs to know why I am invested with authority, if filthy foreigners are to ridicule her in her own house.

... Sophia is right, the time has come for action—I grasp my truncheon and appear in all the majesty of law on the door-step. The chorus of dirty girls led by the intelligent Italian and his odious organ, is taken up *con brio* on my appearance, *E's no Palamine* is the subject of their song. I have no craving curiosity to know what would be my destiny were I a *Palamine*, indeed, at the moment, my pulse was beating far too fast to pay attention to such elucidatory theories, the Italian was grinding faster than ever, and with his disengaged hand made gestures in combination with his nose, which were highly insulting to myself, and derogatory to the land he hailed from, *The Plain of Lombardy*. Plain indeed to ugliness, but of that anon (quotation suggested afterwards—*subtle*.) I requested the man to go, he replies with mockery ... Duty obliges as well as nobility, so I prepare to read the Riot Act, I remember that I have no Riot Act to read, but as the Lombard is probably ignorant of our language, I unfold the Directions to Special Constables, and commence in a distinct, and I flatter myself, an imposing voice, informing the gentleman presiding at the organ what steps to take in case of alarm ... I observe W 22 in the offing, and feel more confident of success. After reading the directions, I proceeded into the street, and utterly regardless of the circle of dancing girls who closed around, I brought my staff close to the Lombard's organ of smell, and pointed gracefully to the approaching form of W 22. I need scarcely add that this had the desired effect. A small girl, though she was certainly much older than she looked, at a rough guess she appeared about seven years old, but I have no doubt she was nearer seventeen, came behind me at this juncture, and yelled *Not for Joe* in my knee, she could'nt reach my ear, and as the dignity of the inhabitants of our street was being compromised, I seized the hussy, not without some struggle, and marched her weeping into my dining-room.

... With Hancock's assistance I have tied her hands in her pinafore, and sent for Sophia. W 22 is outside dispersing the enemy, this he does without having recourse to the military.

... Sophia is disappointed at finding the organic offender

absent. She is, however, I am happy to say, deeply grieved at the apparent youth of our victim. "Pleasum it was'nt me," is all the defence set up by the prisoner. Sophia feels that it is a good opportunity to improve the occasion. My dear wife who is eminently pious when not out of temper, asks the delinquent "If she knows who made her?" "Pleasum, it was'nt me," is the only answer vouchsafed between sobs which remind one of the crocodile (*Mem*: To ask Mr. Frank Buckland whether the crocodile sobs while weeping.)

... Hancock announces Captain and Mrs. Gurgoyle. I forgot that they were asked to lunch. Sophia is enchanted at seeing them. What does that ass Hancock mean by bringing them into the dining-room? They have seen the prisoner and they call her poor little thing! which causes the hardened offender to blubber louder than ever. Sophia tells Hancock to give her sixpence and turn her out. Woman's logic! Woman's justice!! Why could'nt Sophia keep still and let the dignity of law take its course? Can woman keep still when necessary? Well has the poet sighed *Woman, with all thy faults I love thee still*. So should I Sophia if she ever were still at the proper time. But a quiet woman is no more to be got now-a-days than still champagne to which fizzing ditto is as ginger-beer to burgundy.

... Hancock has given the sixpence to the interesting little creature, so the Gurgoyles will have it, and put her outside. The casual cherub sends a parting stone through the window—plate-glass—ten and sixpence at least. Hancock re-enters with the demand "Shall he go and *spank the young cub*?" I thank him and frown him out. I fancy I told him to take her number. Law and economy are two things no woman ever did or will understand. The Gurgoyles want an explanation. Confound them is'nt lunch enough for them without feeding their curiosity? Captain Gurgoyle is in the militia, and sure to make fun of Specials. I can count on Sophia however, to uphold her husband's dignity, she knows her duty if she has no head for management—No Sophia! *No stern economist is he to whom you plight your services*. (Quotation: Though where from is more than I could take upon myself to recollect: extremely apt, notwithstanding.)

At this moment Captain Gurgoyle seized me by the throat, and asked me "What I meant by it?" The blood of the old Normans (we came over with "the Conqueror") coursed madly through my veins, and set my heart on fire. To throw the lie at his teeth, and to demand instant satisfaction, was the work of a moment.

My wife shrieked and fainted into the luncheon tray.

"I never travel without these," said the Captain, producing a pair of small swords.

Not another word was spoken. We seized the weapons and fought madly for five minutes.

With the sixth minute the Captain's sword entered my heart. I threw up my arms, murmured a few incoherent words, and died!

[This story has been ended a little abruptly. The fact is, our contributor was becoming the *least* bit prosy, so we threw in a little "action" into his narrative just to lighten it up. In our opinion it is now incapable of improvement.—ED. TOM.]

ON P'S AND Q-LIARS.

THE secret of perpetual motion has not yet been discovered, but the next best thing has. Every unthinking man will rejoice that something has at last been revealed of the religious status and functions of that hitherto mysterious and select body—the "Deans of Peculiars." Of course, the sacred oil—probably a peculiar mixture of linseed, salad, cod-liver, and castor—and the sacred toddy—probably peculiarly British—are wont to be administered to the unhappy victims of *Peculiarity* by a Dean of Peculiars. Thank Goodness the mystery is solved. The recent administration of these invigorating delicacies having proved, however, so fatally effectual, it is rumoured in Peculiar Ecclesiastical Circles that the Deans will henceforth officiate. Here is a chance for Mr. Brett* and Dr. De Jongh.*

* Not an advertisement.

Now ready,
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

WHEN Peace needs music she gets out her pipes. Not so with a great empire that has claimed an identity with her. France prefers Silence; for has not her recent legislation, in the matter of the Press, shown that she loves a calm? *La Paix* may have her classic music, but *L'Empire* has given up "organ" grinding!

GREAT deference is we know, paid to success now-a-days, but a curious mode of showing it has been adopted by the prosecution in the case of Patrick Lennon, tried for treason-felony, and for shooting with intent to kill, at Sergeant Kelly, who, it will be remembered was with Constable Kenna when he was assassinated in the streets of Dublin at midnight. The same person who fired at Kelly undoubtedly killed Kenna, but for some mysterious reason, the accused Lennon has been put on his trial only for the shot which was unsuccessful. This is an Hibernian way of doing things which only an Hibernian brain can fully comprehend.

If the great Speke mystery is not solved soon we shall find that the number of people who have disappeared, and never been heard of, dead or alive, amounts to about one-fourth of the population of the country. Every day new cases are related. We hope one good will come out of this sad affair, and all the twaddling letters that have been written about it, and that is that the streets of Westminster and other such portions of London will be watched in future by a sufficient staff of policemen. About two years ago a band of young ruffians had entire possession of Great Peter Street, and people were knocked down, in the middle of the day, and robbed with perfect impunity. As the victims were all "poor, though respectable," no notice was taken for a long time of the outrages, but at last the police authorities stationed sufficient men to control the roughs. We hope that the recent increase in our police force will render life and property a little safer in our London Streets than they appear to be at present.

THE Duke of Buccleuch is one of those few great men to whom this country has shown its gratitude during his lifetime. In recognition of his many valuable services to the State, he received an extension of the lease for ninety-nine years of the ground on which his mansion stands, though the site was extremely valuable to the public. Had Montagu House been a block of poor persons' houses, the Government would of course have continued the lease all the same. How the noble duke opposed the Thames Embankment, and nearly succeeded in

thwarting that great public benefit is well known. He has now brought an action against the Metropolitan Board of Works, and got heavy damages for some injury which he says his property has suffered from the Thames Embankment. The ratepayers will be delighted at this opportunity of displaying their respect for the bold Buccleuch. How much this injured nobleman has suffered for the sake of this great public work will be fully appreciated, when we have added the fact that a liberal allotment of a portion of the splendid river frontage created by the embankment will be allotted to the noble owner of Montagu House. Truly, may we congratulate ourselves on the fact that jobbing hath departed from among us.

WHO CARES?

OCCUPYING a prominent position in the columns of a daily contemporary, appeared a paragraph a few days ago, informing the devotees of Snobbism that "on Saturday, Feb. 8, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, had gone on a visit to the Master of Trinity, who had invited a select party to meet him at dinner; and that the said Mr. Tennyson had attended service at the College Chapel on Sunday evening."

Now what does all this mean? Was it inserted by the Master of Trinity, as an advertisement for his College—or an advertisement of himself? Perhaps the latter—for no doubt the present Master, whoever he may be, feels uncomfortably extinguished by the robes of his colossal predecessor. Or is the paragraph meant as an elevation of Mr. Tennyson, that all pious Snobs may fall down and worship? Who cares one straw to know where Mr. Tennyson dined—and above all to know that he dined with the Master of Trinity? And then as to the church-going: What are Mr. Tennyson's religious exercises to the public? Does he so rarely go to church, that it is necessary to tell us when he does? Or is he a pagan, and is this his first appearance at any Christian service? Or are we not intended rather to gather that the service was held for Mr. Tennyson, than that Mr. Tennyson went to College Chapel for the service, and that the congregation was assembled simply that the great man might be looked and wondered at? Moreover, why the evening? Where was the great man all the morning? There is something sadly suspicious in the connection between the Saturday evening dinner and the Sunday evening service. Surely the Poet was not employing this unaccounted for hiatus in bed! Surely the Laureate was not sleeping off the orgies of the previous night! Surely the "select party" had kept up its exclusive character with respect to the Master's choice vintages! Perhaps there was an offertory at the morning service, and the Poet Laureate had nothing but "coppers" to contribute, and those too hot to be handled with impunity!

These are of course but vague surmises, and must be taken for what they are worth, but when such impertinent batches of twaddling information are obtruded upon the public, we may well be excused for being inquisitive and suggestive.

A LITTLE SENSE ABOUT THE "CENSOR."

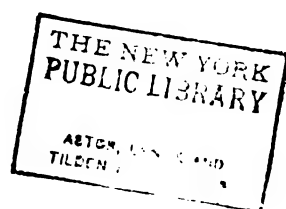
IT is with sincere regret that we notice that the "Censor" has relinquished his pen (we trust only for the present), in the columns of the *Morning Star*. "Jacques," during the last few months, has certainly worked nobly in the cause of the poor, and for this good service deserves our most profound respect. We are sorry to say that "circumstances out of our control" have forced us (more than once), into a position hostile to the "Censor." Our war with him has been carried on in a fashion worthy of our savage name; but assuredly, in him we have found an opponent fully equal to the occasion. Now that the war is over (at any rate for the present), and the battle-field is deserted, let us say a hearty word of praise in honour of our enemy. We firmly believe he is a thoroughly honest writer, and a warm-hearted man. For all this, the time may come (if he will persist in bolstering up Grub street), when it will be necessary once more to turn our knife against him. Well, the next best thing to a firm friend is a worthy foe.

FEBRUARY 22, 1868.]

THE TOMAHAWK.



A SLENDER CHANCE!



"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."

AN IMPUDENT QUACK!

YOU may remember that last week I protested against a certain anatomical museum, lifted up my voice in attack (by inuendo) of its presumed proprietor, did my utmost to call the attention of the police and the public to the existence of the scandal of Tichborne street. But I was fighting in the dark. I had seen the "institution" and knew that it was bad, but the antecedents of "Dr. Kahn" were a mystery to me. I was forced to conclude my article by saying "I know nothing of 'Dr. Kahn,' he may be an excellent physician (which I hope may be the case) or an impudent quack (which I pray to God may not)." I was obliged to admit my ignorance—it was a pity, but could not be helped. However, a great many things may be done in a week, as most of us know—we may learn French in a week, or start a bubble company, or lose a fortune at cards, or fall desperately in love, or quietly die and get buried. Well, during the past week I have not been idle, but have ascertained a great many facts concerning our *very* "good Samaritan," and am now prepared to give an opinion about him. I say then, without the least fear of the libel court, that our dear friend

"DR." KAHN IS AN IMPUDENT QUACK!

I don't mince matters and beat about the bush, I don't use soft words and choose sweet expressions, but I say plainly and frankly, using as you will see, capital letters for the purpose, that our dear friend

"DR." KAHN IS AN IMPUDENT QUACK!

There, you see I have repeated the libel,

Do you know why? No! Well, I will tell you. Many of the readers of this publication may pass over this article,—it forms one of a very dull series, which only a stern sense of duty could have induced me to commence; and I am particularly anxious that at any rate they may learn my opinion of "Dr." Kahn; so I have printed in capitals twice what I think about him. And now what am I going to do? Why, I am going to commit the offence a third time (the figure three is lucky you know), by writing our dear friend

"DR." KAHN IS AN IMPUDENT QUACK!

And now for my explanation. First, I will tell you why he is "impudent;" and, secondly, I will tell you why I have called him a quack.

"Dr." Kahn is "impudent" (after a certain *exposé* which took place in 1857), when he allows his name to appear in Tichborne street, when he permits his praises to be sung in the quack pamphlets which are sold for him at the top of the Haymarket. If he has left the country (as I'm told by some of my correspondents is the case), then those who have assumed his name, and his wretched *prestige*, are not only impudent, but fraudulent quacks; and let it be clearly understood that I assert that a man who would take upon his shoulders such a dirty garment as "Dr." Kahn's cast off cloak, must be indeed a scoundrel—indeed a quack! So much, then, for "Dr." Kahn's impudence, and now I have to deal with his quackery.

Since the appearance of my article of last week headed "A Good Samaritan!" I have received letters from a score of correspondents, thanking me and offering me advice. Certainly public feeling seems to be greatly opposed to "Dr." Kahn and his shameless and shameful "Museum," and I am glad to hear it. Among others I have received great assistance from the Editor of the principal medical journal in England—I may say the world, and to this gentleman I wish to offer my sincerest thanks. On application he promptly furnished me with a printed report of a certain case which was tried at the Bloomsbury County Court on July 30, 1857. "—*v.* Kahn" was an action brought by the plaintiff, a clerk in a mercantile house, against the defendant, Joseph Kahn, proprietor of the Anatomical Museum in Coventry street, to recover the sum of £20 alleged to have been fraudulently obtained. It appeared in the course of this singular case that "Dr." Kahn had not only treated his patient as only a greedy quack would treat a victim, but actually that when asked to refund his ill-gotten gains, threatened to make a false accusation at the expense of his dupe's character! Said the Deputy Judge (Mr. Lefroy): "True or not true, it would be a monstrous thing for a medical man to make such an accusation." And the remark was greeted

by the "court crowded with spectators, among whom were several eminent medical practitioners," with a burst of enthusiastic cheering.

Without entering into further details about this disgraceful case, I will give the summing up of Mr. Lefroy as reported in the *Lancet* of August 8th, 1857:

The Deputy Judge delivered judgment as follows:—"I have not the slightest doubt upon this case; that it is a case for damages, and that the plaintiff is entitled to recover the whole of the sum claimed. I think it is highly creditable to the plaintiff that he had the moral courage to come into court and expose this transaction; and as to the agency, the assistant, whoever he may be, has certainly committed a gross fraud, and one cannot help feeling warmly that this fraud was practised. At the same time one cannot help seeing that as to Dr. Kahn not having been present at the interviews, that this is a mere stratagem to secure himself against the consequences of being brought into a court of justice. The whole of the case, I think, is very discreditable to the defendant, and the plaintiff is entitled to the judgment of the amount sued for. One cannot help saying that the whole case is most discreditable and disgusting, and I shall allow the highest expenses to the witnesses."

After such a decision I think we may fairly call our friend "Dr." Kahn not only a quack, but an impudent quack, without finding ourselves in the libel court. And now having disposed of Kahn the "doctor," I want to deal with Kahn, the proprietor of the Anatomical Museum.

There is a saying to the effect that one cannot touch pitch without becoming defiled. For my part I hope the saying is false, for the gods know that I have had a good deal to do with pitch in the course of these articles. But you see the composition of medicine is nauseous, and yet we cannot get on without its healing aid. All our doctors can do is to make the medicine as pleasant to the palate as possible, and that is what I have tried to do with the medicine I have administered to the public. Guarded language and a conscientious purpose I trust have led me successfully through all my difficulties. But still the task is painful, and so I willingly make an extract from a leading article which appeared in the *Lancet* of August 30th, 1857:

"Lastly, as to that den of obscenity (for in its present form and uses it is no less), advertised as Kahn's Museum, and principally used as a trap to catch victims for a fate similar or worse than that of the plaintiff in the case already alluded to,—we definitely state our belief that if, after the exposures made concerning it, any one is fool enough to enter its doors, he merits his fate. So disgusting and immoral, so determinedly arranged for the purposes of depraving the minds of the ignorant and unwary, are the contents of this place, that their public exhibition should be suppressed by those who pretend to guard public morals and to respect public decency. The Vestry of St. James's, in which district the museum is allowed to exist, are perfectly aware of the nature and tendency of its contents. As good citizens, as fathers having sons liable to temptation, as guardians of public morality, it is their duty, no less than their interest, to suppress an exhibition that contains such a mass of abomination. We contend, moreover, that if the vestry will do nothing (and there is not much to be hoped from those who permit the nightly abominations of the Haymarket to proceed unchecked), there is abundant ground to warrant the interference of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, if really desirous of vindicating its claims to the title. Worrying the Holywell street vendors is good sport enough, but scarcely more successful than merely lopping off the heads of Hydra—a fresh crop springing immediately. Surely an exhibition such as we have described, without any exaggeration, is more deserving of their attention, as being calculated to engender that miserable depravity of mind which induces men to purchase the poison vended by the traders in obscene publications.

And this article appeared eleven years ago, and yet, the "Museum" is still open! What more can be said in utter condemnation of Bumbledom!

A LOVE OF A JOKE!

CONSIDERING that Cupid is said to have presided over the festival held last week, on the 14th of February, we might surely talk of "Valentine and Arson." There are few of us who have not had our hearts "set on fire" by the "Rosy God" at some time or other!

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"—ITS SENTIMENTS.—"Say 'bo' to a goose—*id est* 'bosh' to a public!"

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

OUR contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, in a recent impression, reports the approaching dissolution of that worn-out and useless establishment for the cultivation of music which dragged on a purposeless existence in Tenterden street; this event, which was foretold in these columns some months ago, will fill few with surprise and none with regret. The charitable saying *Nil nisi bonum*, &c., need not apply to institutions as to men, and when the day arrives on which the Royal Academy of Music is to be "decently interred," we shall not think it necessary to attend the funeral. It has long been ailing, and its separation from earthly troubles can scarcely be viewed otherwise than as a merciful release. It is true (as our contemporary states), that in years gone by, a certain number of noblemen and musical connoisseurs interested themselves in the welfare of the institution, and that the Academy ball was an event in London society. But we may fairly ask what good did these well-intentioned noblemen hope to effect? or what expectations could be entertained of a *Conservatorium* to the well-being of which an annual ball appears to have been a necessity?

The fact is that the whole system which governed the arrangements connected with the Academy was faulty in the extreme. Such few pupils of distinction whom chance sent to Tenterden street, took speedy possession of any prize which came in their way, and forthwith migrated to Germany or elsewhere, to acquire that amount of proficiency in their art with which the Academy was unable to furnish them. Thus, the most that can be said in favour of it is, that it served as a stepping-stone to other and better institutions.

It may, in fairness be stated, that the financial condition of the Academy was always most deplorable; the directors never had any money, and they were forced, therefore, to depend for their capital, on donations, fluctuating subscriptions and so forth. This might be all very well during a prosperous year, but it is idle to suppose that an institution of its class could flourish without a positive and well-defined revenue, by means of which a certain amount of annual expenditure could with safety be regulated. And so it happened that, when its noble patrons died off, or became apathetic as to musical matters, the poor old Academy fell upon very hard times; and, in its hour of trouble, sought the assistance of Government. Mr. Gladstone was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he showed his sympathy with the prayer of the Memorialists to the extent of giving them £500 a year. What amount of benefit he expected would accrue from this grant, it is not for us to say. It appears very plain, however, that if the Academy deserved any assistance whatever from public funds, a more liberal subsidy should have been offered; and if, on the contrary, the establishment was useless, what good was there in asking Parliament to throw away £500 a year.

But stay—we must be weary of saying aught which may appear discourteous to the late holder of the public purse-strings, for we should be sincerely pleased to see the establishment of a properly organized *Conservatorium* for the cultivation of the musical art in England, and it is quite clear, that such an event cannot come about unless the Government is willing to lend a helping hand. To do this effectually, Parliament must be asked to vote thousands, where they have recently been voting hundreds, with an endowment of £5,000 a year, and the appointment of authorities with whom should rest the responsibility of its proper administration, there is no fear but that the *Conservatorium* of Music in London would, before long, take rank with similar institutions in Paris, Brussels, and elsewhere.

This is a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and if those, who really have at heart the welfare of Music in England, will bestir themselves, we may indulge a reasonable hope that, from the ashes of the old Academy, will rise an Institution which shall command the respect of musicians and the approbation of the country.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN No. 40.

Circe and Aristides, Emmy and Seppy, W. C. H. B. Ives, Annie and Katie, Blotting Beetle, D. W. (Brighton), Relampago, 'Awyer then Again, Mrs. Alloffs, H. Leverett, Blueskin, Borderer, H. C. G., The Dyspeptic Chicken, W. C. H. D., Sheernasty, Idiotic Owl, One More Unfortunate, Sancho and Gyp, S. J. H., Westby Gibson, Jolly Nose, Torment, Bartara (Kennington), Cinderella, Joe, Kibosh, Ollie, Ernest, Pat, Bonnie Dundee, C. S. (Surbiton), Cublington, &c., &c.

ENIGMA.

Four-footed, but devoid of life,
No animal am I;
If you would form my dainty limbs,
This plan you needs must try:
From the proud head of Brian Boru
Break off the towering crest,
Or steal the greatest Hum of all
Which this false world infest.

Next into fragments rend the air,
Borrow a voice from wild despair,
And rob the Bard of that one note,
Which gives him sense and sound,
Then all amid the rugged rocks
Seek close what may be found.
And now but one more task remains—
Don't let your courage fail;
Go seize the haughty Kaiser's crown,
And tie it to my tail.

Thus formed from strange materials, see,
Complete at length I stand,
And watch the tiny wavelets dance
Upon the sun-lit sand;
Or else 'mid sacred groves of oak,
I clothe the Dryads' home,
Or steered by some light fairy hand,
I float upon the foam.

Strength give I to the sick and weak—
Bring roses to the pallid cheek;
The voice of man's most faithful friend,
Startled by me, the midnight thief
Fears to complete his crime;
And last of all, to make an end,
The veriest cur that ever lived
Might solve this mystic rhyme.

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

WAKSHUM GOBAZYE.

BASHAW

IIAWSE

IIAZE

GUY

SIHAME

BESOM

HOME

WASH

GAWKY.

ANSWERS TO LOGOGRIPE.

The following have been received:—Joe Gibbins, C. H. C., Charles C., Harper, M. D., D. J. F., A Ring-tailed Monkey, The Camden Town Tadpole, R. S. T. (Liverpool), C. Haynes (Camden Town), A. R. Smith, John G—r—t (Homerton), J. H. (Balham), Annie, J. W. (Kennington), &c., &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANONYMA can have a reply (which has been unavoidably delayed) to the letter that has been sent, by applying to the Publisher, who will forward the same to any given name and address.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 43.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

YESTERDAY morning both houses of the Convocation of the province of Canterbury assembled at Westminster for the despatch of their ordinary business, and, in consequence of the serious agitation now going on in reference to the condition of the See of Natal, and the latest aspect of Ritualism, the attendance of members was, as might have been expected, unusually large.

In the Upper House the BISHOP OF LONDON, on rising, said he had been deputed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to move some resolutions on a matter of grave importance. Need he say he referred to the daily increasing diversity of practice in regard to Ritual observances, so much calculated to cause disquiet and contention among the faithful? He himself did not care much about these things, and he did not, he owned it, exactly see what could be done. But the Archbishop's request was imperative, and he begged therefore to move the following resolutions:

- 1.—That there ought to be some limit to everything; and that something ought to be done, somehow, by somebody, in some way, as soon as possible.
- 2.—That this House, while feeling keenly and acknowledging humbly, its own utter incapacity to do anything but talk, and while, at the same time, admitting the undeniable futility of talking, yet feels it its bounden duty to meet, and resolve, and divide, and *do* nothing for the wholesome purpose of cheating itself and its respectable dupes into the belief that it means to do, or is doing, something.
- 3.—That even if it could *do* anything, this House is of opinion that it would be highly dangerous and undesirable to try it; and so that, while it largely sympathises with everybody, and deeply deplores everything, it thinks it "more consistent with the course of Christian wisdom" to look on and make the best of it.
- 4.—That it thinks it may go as far as to cry, and say that really it is *too* bad of High Churchmen generally to go on in this fashion, and that they ought to know better—they really ought—and it is too bad of them, and can't they be quiet?

His Lordship expressed his opinion that the passing of these resolutions could, of course, lead to no practical result, but regarding them as likely to lessen still more the declining respect of the public for both houses of Convocation, he certainly thought them worthy of attention. (*This remark was followed by a smothered and pious merriment, which was not easily suppressed.*)

The BISHOP OF WINCHESTER said that as the resolutions proposed seemed entirely devoid of any practical tendencies, and worded carefully with a view to their leading to absolutely nothing, he had very much pleasure in seconding them.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY then rose. His Lordship was understood to say that he did not mean to be in any way bound by anything he or anybody else might say, or already had said. The Pan Anglican Synod, or conference, or council, or anything else anybody liked to call it (*laughter*), had taught him discretion. He did *not* wish to be understood.

In using the word "Pan-Anglican," he did not mean Pan-Anglican. In short, all he could say was that his position was a very difficult one to fill, and he trusted that in authorising the Bishop of London to move the above resolutions he had shewn an appreciation of that difficulty. He might say he meant everything and nothing. In conclusion, he would add that the stability of the English Church depended upon convocation,—not that he meant it depended upon anything; on the contrary, it was, in a sense, quite independent of dependence. He trusted he had sufficiently confused himself and everybody else. He was Archbishop of Canterbury, and taking all things into consideration, he was very glad of it. (*Much approbation.*)

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD liked the tone of the last very reverend speaker. It conveyed very much what he would (in public) feel disposed to say himself. He had been called a "humbug." (*Cries of question.*) He trusted he was keeping to the question. He had been called a "humbug" by his opponents. This was a righteous error, for he had no opponents. (*Much laughter*) He felt a large-hearted sympathy with everybody, and, if necessary, would hold out the hand of fellowship and goodly understanding to the Grand Turk himself. (*Marked approbation.*) He referred the house to his speech at a recent Church Congress. He was for amity and serenity with everybody, especially with the beloved "Nonconforming Churchmen." If the house wished to be large-hearted and generous, it must be by that beautiful spirit of compromising, temporising, and soft-soaping (*stifled laughter*) which he trusted he had faithfully manifested with much determination and abundant fruit. He thought the safest plan would be to commit themselves to nothing; and so, though cordially agreeing with his very reverend brethren, he thought he might, in a certain reserved sense, be disposed to vote against the resolutions.

THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S said if luck had not given him a bishoprick he might possibly have expressed himself rather strongly; as it was he was, of course, chained to the existing state of things, and so should say just nothing. (*Laughter.*)

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY said he could not speak *ex officio*, as his crosier had been taken away at the door by the man who had charge of the umbrellas. What he did wish to say was this—Why did not the Upper House meet respectably? Were they real Bishops or not? If they were real Bishops why did they not walk about in copes and mitres? (*Uproar.*) Yes—he meant it, and would repeat it—"copcs" and "mitres."

A VOICE.—Roman?

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—Or Greek if they liked—(*laughter*)—but they ought to wear one or the other at once. That was the business of convocation. He had brought a book, a bell, and a candle in his pocket, and he wished that they should either jointly or severally excommunicate and anathematise Dr. Colenso, and the Rev. S. G. O. (*Renewed uproar.*)

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD thought the very reverend prelate had better talk these matters over quite privately. He, himself, never found it wise to *say* what he thought, it was not large hearted.

At this stage of the proceedings the BISHOP OF LINCOLN begged to adjourn the discussion. His lordship urged that there was a great deal more time to waste, and he, himself, had some most unimportant communications to make. The motion was immediately agreed to, and the discussion adjourned *sine die*.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF AN ALDERMAN.

THAT most irrepressible of city magistrates, Sir Robert Carden, whose sayings and doings in the Justice Room of the Mansion House have thrown into the shade the vagaries of Sir Peter Laurie himself, has once more forced his way into the newspapers. This time, however, he has soared above rendering himself illustrious by imprisoning young girls and helpless children for the heinous crimes of destitution and starvation, and has been foolish enough to direct his attack against somebody capable of defending himself. In fact, he has hit one rather larger than his own size, and has been chastised accordingly.

A few days ago a foreigner, named Louis Blanc, was brought before Sir Robert Carden, charged with smuggling two pounds of manufactured tobacco, and in imposing a fine of 30s. the alderman said to the prisoner that he was very sorry to see a man bearing so distinguished a name as Louis Blanc charged with smuggling tobacco.

M. Louis Blanc thereon wrote to Sir Robert a very characteristic letter, which, oddly enough, found its way into the newspapers. The letter concluded thus:—

"I am not vainglorious enough to suppose that the allusion is pointed at me; but my friends will have it that it is. If so, it really puzzles me to decide whether I ought to thank you, or may consider myself free from gratitude.

"Was your remark meant as a mere compliment? In that case, I cannot help regretting that the sentence should be so ambiguous as to spoil the effect of your good intentions.

"Did you think—which seems to me hardly credible—that I was the person it was your painful duty to fine 30s.? Then allow me to put you on your guard, in the event of some other Louis Blanc being henceforth found in possession of foreign manufactured tobacco, by informing you that I do not smoke.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LOUIS BLANC."

What Sir Robert Carden thought is of little importance enough. Whether he really believed that the prisoner at the bar was actually the much-respected gentleman who bears the same name, or whether it was Sir Robert's intention to pay M. Louis Blanc the passing compliment which the occasion offered, or whether Sir Robert had but a vague idea who and what M. Louis Blanc was (which is more than likely) and did not know what he was talking about (which is again more than likely) matters very little. But evidently M. Louis Blanc knew who and what Sir Robert Carden was, and this is a more serious business. What must an enlightened foreigner think of us for permitting such exhibitions of inane buffoonery as are continually being enacted in the Justice Room of the Mansion House. M. Louis Blanc very properly crushed Sir Robert Carden when he happened to fall foul of him, but it is scarcely fair that we Englishmen should be saddled with a nuisance which threatens to increase rather than diminish. The civic chair should not be disgraced at all events before our foreign neighbours, for Frenchmen evince a high, though mistaken, respect for the person and office of "*Mi Lor Maire*."

So long as Sir Robert Carden confined his exertion to rendering himself the laughing stock of his own countrymen the public have been willing to put up with him, but now that he threatens to earn for himself an European reputation, it is high time that he should be put a stop to.

BROUGHT TO THE BLOCK.

WHAT can we say of this?

"The King of the Belgians has just sent a handsome gold watch to M. de Block, Burgomaster of Zele, on the occasion of his 102nd birthday."

Is this royal craft or royal factlessness? Is the present intended to be playful or suggestive? Is it to remind M. de Block that he has really forgotten what time it is—that he is playing the rôle of Burgomaster too long—that he attends to his Zele more than to his discretion—that he had better be off? If so it is a very handsome way of giving a hint, though probably the recipient, who must of course be the original "old Block," to judge from his present age, seems likely to be in no hurry to take it.

A PLAGUE SHIP.

THE success of the training ship *Britannia* as a school for naval cadets has for years past been well known and remarkable, considering that it is a Government institution. But by all accounts the Lords of the Admiralty are exerting themselves to put an end to this anomaly, and to make the training ship a bye-word for the future for disaster and failure.

Moored in the beautiful waters of the Dart, in one of the healthiest districts of England, freedom from disease or epidemics has marked the institution for years past. It has,—shall we say, *therefore*,—been determined to change the ship. The *Britannia* is to be returned into ordinary, and the training school transferred to Her Majesty's ship *Bristol*.

Now Her Majesty's ship *Bristol* has but recently returned from a disastrous service on the West Coast of Africa. So great was the sickness on board of her, and so repeated the outbreaks of the dreadful African fever among her crew, that the belief became established that the fever *had got into the ship*. And there is little doubt, in spite of the theories of the non-contagionists, that the fever poison will, and does, take possession of wooden buildings and timbers. Secreted in the pores of the wood, it lurks awaiting favourable conditions of atmosphere to burst out again and again, asserting its fearful power over every human being that comes within its influence.

Incredible as it may appear, this is the ship which "My Lords" at Whitehall have selected as the future home of the 400 naval cadets now enjoying a healthy sojourn on board the "*Britannia*." At a time of life when the malaria of fever will exert its most violent effects, these youths will be cooped up in this plague ship, until some catastrophe occurs which will make men's ears tingle, and will reassert the right of "My Lords" always to do wrong, and always to fail except in disaster.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

THE Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society, at the recommendation of Admiral Schomberg, Queen's Harbour-Master, has presented a silver medal, together with a splendid illumined written testimony on parchment, to William Rowlands, aged seventy-six, coxswain of the Holyhead life-boat, who by his heroic actions during the last half century has been the means of saving 250 lives.

Now there is nothing to be said against the gift of a silver medal to the veteran seaman (except perhaps that the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society might reasonably have made it a gold one), but to reward a man of seventy-six, who by his still holding the humble position of coxswain cannot be presumed to have amassed any considerable fortune, with a parchment picture of his own name savours rather of a practical joke. No doubt, honest William Rowlands has been highly flattered at the honour done him, and has had the splendid illumination framed, glazed, and hung up on his parlour wall; but he cannot find it any very substantial addition to the comfort of his home. The periodical presentation of a less weighty document than a burlesque mortgage deed—in fact a bank-note administered every three months—would have been much more to the purpose, and could not have proved a very serious drain on the resources of a wealthy society.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE recent conflagration at the Charing Cross Railway Station, breaking out where it did, can be a matter of not the slightest surprise to anyone. Indeed, considering the long-smouldering fire of public indignation daily accumulating under the barbarities of the Customs Department, the only matter for wonder is that the flames have not broken out before. As it is, thousands of aggrieved and tormented travellers would rejoice from the bottom of their hearts to hear that every other Customs Department in the Kingdom had met with a similar fate.

EPIGRAM ON ROBERTSON'S NEW PIECE.

It's called "Play," because it's just like cricket,
One (roulette) ball cast among the "*wicket*!"

"PLAY!"

ACT 5.* *Der Bombog!*—A WEEK LATER.*Dramatis Personæ.*

FRANK PRICE (*composed chiefly of twaddle and toffee*) MR. MONTAGU.
 ROSIE PRICE (*composed chiefly of Miss Marie Wilton*) MISS WILTON.
 SOMEBODY PLAYED BY MR. BLAKELEY (*composed chiefly of — but, in this character is too horrible for description*) MR. BLAKELEY.

THE HON. BRUCE FANQUHRE (*composed chiefly of slang, blue blood, burglary, and fine sentiments*) MR. HARE.

MRS. KINPECK (*composed chiefly of — again too horrible for description*) MRS. L. MURRAY.

AMANDA (*composed chiefly of humbug, mixed with a little twaddle*) MISS L. FOOTE.

MR. BANCROFT (*composed chiefly of Mr. Bancroft*) MR. BANCROFT.

A RUSSIAN OFFICER (*composed chiefly of uniform*) MR. MONTGOMERY.

TOMAHAWK(*composed wholly of truth*)..... MR. TOM. A. HAWK.

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in the mansion of Frank Price, Esq.*
Time: The evening fixed for "Mrs. Frank Price's at Home."
Present: Frank Price and his romantic wife.

FRANK (*taking out some lollipops from his tail-coat pocket*).—At last we are alone! And now my dear before any of the company arrive I want to ask you a few questions. Believe me the happiness of our lives depends upon your answers! But first may I offer you a lollipop? It is but homely fare, but—

ROSIE (*interrupting him impulsively*).—Beware Frank, beware! Although I'm a light-hearted child of Nature—if you will, a boarding-school angel, you may yet touch a hidden chord, a chord I repeat, not totally unconnected with melodramatic hysterics. Do you remember the joyous row I made in "*Caste*" when I discovered that my sister's husband had *not* been murdered in India?

FRANK.—To be sure! It was beautiful, true to Nature, divine! If I remember right it was something to this effect—ha ha ha—gugglegugglegish!

ROSIE.—Ah dear Frank, the joyous row pleased you? Listen then while I repeat it. Ha! ha—

FRANK (*interrupting her*).—Nay Rosie I beg of you forbear. Think me not unkind if I say "we can have too much even of the best of things." Chide me not if I add—"melodramatic hysterics included." Yes darling, believe me the harmonious howl which is heartily welcomed in one piece, when repeated in a second becomes stupid and a bore!

ROSIE.—Your words have cut me to the very soul! But you said you wished to question me. See, I am ready to answer you. What would you?

FRANK.—What would I, Rosie? Oh Rosie, believe me I am not *all* frivolity! I may spend many a voluptuous hour with the toothsome lollipop, many a merry moment with the pleasant peppermint drop, but still I have the feelings of a gentleman! I ask you dearest, on my knees, why, oh why did you suddenly turn gambler in the second scene of the third act?

ROSIE (*seriously*).—Frank, there is only one man in this wide wide world who can answer the question you have put to me!

FRANK.—And he is?

ROSIE (*bursting into tears*).—Mr. Tom Robertson!

FRANK.—Nay, I meant not this! Rosie, cheer up my sweetest. Come, dry those pretty eyes, and share with me this blushing bonbon! See, it is a succulent sugar-stick!

ROSIE.—Thanks, darling, but what more would you ask of me?

FRANK.—But little. Tell me, angel, why did you believe for one act and a half that I was flirting with Mrs. Brown, when two words of explanation would have set everything to-rights? To say the least, you were obstinately blind to the facts of the case. Answer, dearest, say why did you?

ROSIE.—Frank, these doubts are cruel! Can you think for a moment that left to myself I'd behave so? No, Frank, believe me that I speak from my heart when I say, although I may admire the gadfly for its wings, I shall never seek for its society! (*Putting.*) Nay, sir, you should know better, indeed you should! (*Earnestly.*) Oh, Frank, my actions were pointless, improbable, impossible, if you will—but remember, darling, yes and remember it when I'm dead and gone,—the finest dialogue requires a plot, not all the acting in the world

will carry through a piece which has no story! "Play" without my vagaries would have been actionless. Robertson's drama gave plenty of evidences of the *head*—what it failed in was the *tail*!

FRANK.—True! But see, who have we here? Can he be a ninth-rate circus clown that he walks so strangely?

Enter Somebody Played by Mr. Blakeley.

ROSIE.—Why the man must be practising for the next Christmas pantomime!

FRANK (*to Somebody Played by Mr. Blakeley, sternly*).—Begone thou irritating buffoon! Thy services may, perhaps, be required on Boxing night, but *not before*!

(Exit Somebody Played by Mr. Blakeley, grotesquely.)

ROSIE.—The fellow was simply unbearable! But look, who is this?

Enter Mrs. Kinpeck, vulgarly.

FRANK.—Why this woman is bad, far, far too bad! What are you doing here, woman?

MRS. KINPECK.—Why, I'm practising for next year's pantomime too. You know they sometimes have a harlequina, then why shouldn't they introduce a female pantaloon?

(Exit Mrs. Kinpeck, vulgarly.)

ROSIE.—Well, thank heaven those two bores are disposed of! But see, here comes papa, Amanda, and Mr. Bancroft!

(Enter the Hon. Bruce Fanquhere, Amanda, and Mr. Bancroft.)

FRANK (*seizing the Hon. Bruce's hand*).—My dear sir, I know you to be a thorough scoundrel! I know that you are a blackleg and a gambler—that you assist in the poisoning of race-horses, and are not ashamed of dabbling in the dirtiest of dirty work. For all this you are a gentleman at heart, and I'm proud to have you for a father-in-law. Great heavens, Bancroft! is that you, and just the same as ever?

MR. BANCROFT.—As you say, I'm just the same as ever! Would it were not so!

(Gloomy silence for ten minutes after this avowal.)

AMANDA (*plucking up courage*).—I'm an actress, and actresses are scorned bitterly by the cruel world! That was the conventional thing to say, and now I've said it! I will give the world the idea that actresses are a *very* intellectual set of people. It's a kindly thing to do, and I'll do it. What a pity it is that actresses are in reality so *very* commonplace! I do so wish they would forget occasionally the jealousies and intrigues of the green-room. Theatrical "shop" must be awfully dull work to the outside world! However, I'm of good birth—like all the metropolitan actresses!

(A heavy step is heard on the staircase, and TOMAHAWK enters the room—the other characters look alarmed.)

TOMAHAWK.—I know that you are not at all pleased to see me, because you are perfectly well aware that I purpose telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You would love me much better if I belonged to this clique or that coterie.

OMNES.—Oh no, we like good criticism!

TOMAHAWK.—Of course you do! I never mind talking about theatrical people, because I know they are never oversensitive! This being the case, I beg to inform Miss Marie Wilton that although she acts very well in "*Play*," she is to be preferred in "*Caste*" and "*Ours*." I beg to inform Mr. Hare that he is (I'm sorry to say, for we have few good actors) imitable, and Mr. Blakeley that he is (I'm happy to believe) imitable also! I beg to inform Miss Foote that she has secured my heartiest esteem by her excellent acting in the part of *Amanda*. Lastly, I beg to inform Mr. Tom Robertson that I don't like "*Play*" nearly so well as "*Ours*" or "*Caste*," that I consider "*Play*" sadly weak in plot and purpose, that I consider some of the dialogue in "*Play*" extremely good, and some of it atrociously stupid; that, on the whole, I would not mind seeing "*Play*" *once* more! Mind you, I said *once* more, and let it be clearly understood I did not mean *twice*!

Enter a Prussian officer.

PRUSSIAN OFFICER.—How do you do, *Illustrated London News*?

TOMAHAWK.—Ah now I understand why Mr. Tom Robertson called his piece "*Play*!" (*Tableau.*)

CURTAIN.

* This act is omitted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. This is a pity, as it is most important to the story, and contains rather more action than the other four acts put together.

Now ready,
VOLUME ONE
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

WE should much like to see the brougham which E. T. Smith has ordered for Mr. Bandmann. There are probably gilt Narcissuses at all available corners, and a musical box for the coachman to sit upon. Where will advertisers go to?

THE *Daily Telegraph*, that dragon of virtue, is highly indignant that Lord Arthur Clinton should be entrusted with such an important motion as that on the state of Ireland, which stands on the Notice paper in his lordship's name. Lord Arthur, says the organ of Baby-farming, has hitherto only distinguished himself by his dancing in vulgar burlesques. Surely, the noble lord has here a splendid opportunity of betraying his accomplishments; it will not be the first time that a "breakdown" has been witnessed on the floor of the House of Commons.

We feel sure that we do but express a general wish in suggesting, that some opportunity should be given to the people of expressing their sincere joy at the complete recovery and reappearance amongst us of the Princess of Wales. When we look back at all the suffering, physical and mental, which she has had to endure; when we remember that passage in our history, which would to Heaven we could blot out, when for the first time treachery and cowardice were allowed to soil with an indelible stain the honour of our country; when we remember how all through that period of agony and shame, agony for her own land and kin, shame for the land she had adopted, her sweet face, though its colour might fade, never lost its gentleness and sweetness; when we recal the perfect courtesy and amiability with which forgetful of her own sorrows, she fulfilled the tedious duties of a vicarious Queen, we cannot but think that all of us must yearn to express that love which she has won from all hearts in this country, and to welcome her back to health and gaiety with ringing cheers. Deputations are an infliction from which Royalty is glad to escape, but we suggest that one of the first days of the season after Lent should be fixed, on which the Princess of Wales might drive through Hyde Park with some state, and receive, along with the Prince, the heartfelt congratulations of the people on her happy recovery. We have imported many princes and princesses from foreign land into our own Royal Family; but we mistake our countrymen, if while they respect the German metal very much, they do not love the jewel, which Denmark has given us, more.

LITERARY.—We may expect shortly a new poem, by the author of "Unchastelard," entitled "Adalanta in California," in which we hear there is a description of Adalanta in her silver-plated chariot, which rivals the well-known lines by Shakespeare on Cleopatra's barge.

FORE-ARMED IS FORE-WARNED.

IN these troublous times it is satisfactory to learn that the government have determined upon taking precautionary measures for the defence of the public buildings in London. The uneasiness and alarm which the unprotected state of government establishments has occasioned, have, at last, taken their effect, and the various police stations have already been put in a state of defence. The head office in Scotland yard has been fitted with bullet-proof shutters for its windows, and the smaller stations have been supplied with an ample stock of arms and ammunition. As yet the police stations are the only public establishments which have been put on a war footing, but we are glad to be in a position to publish the following scheme for the defence of the undermentioned buildings, which will, we understand, be carried out with the least possible delay:—

The Government Offices.—An earthwork will be thrown up in the road opposite the principal entrances, and a couple of field-pieces will be placed in the hall of each establishment.

The Bank.—The doors will be closed and backed with iron plates securely rivetted to them, so that ingress or egress will be rendered impossible. All business must be transacted by letter, addressed to "Manager," Post Office, Cornhill. To be left till called for.

South Kensington Museum.—A two hundred pounder Armstrong will be put in position on the roof of the Bell and Horns to command the principal entrance, and a few masked batteries will be thrown up in the enclosure of Thurloe square and Brompton churchyard.

Somerset House.—The archway will be barricaded with the desks of the clerks, who will be armed with breech loaders and boarding pikes.

St. James's Palace.—The residents in the various suites of apartments will be enjoined to keep the chain up on their front doors, and to answer no knock nor ring without having previously observed the character of the visitor from an upstairs window.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—Sermons will be preached at stated hours daily by the officiating chaplains to the cemeteries in the neighbourhood of London.

The Duke of York's Column.—This staircase will be used as a powder magazine.

The British Museum.—Five shillings will be charged for admission. It is confidently believed that this arrangement will have the effect of excluding all evilly-disposed persons and others, from the building.

When these arrangements have been carried out, the number of sentinels has been doubled, the Police Force trebled, and the Fire Brigade quadrupled, the public mind may begin to compose itself; and we may congratulate ourselves on being prepared for any emergency that may arise.

ALWAYS AT IT!

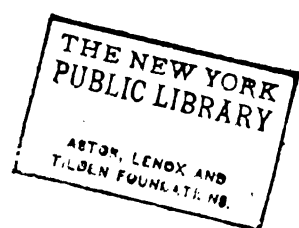
LORD BROUGHAM is a great man, and has attained to a remarkable age. This being the case, his health is really a matter of public interest, and we are, therefore, glad to glean from the columns of a contemporary that—

"A Cumberland paper is 'authorized to state' that Lord Brougham has not enjoyed better health in every respect during the last eighteen months than he is enjoying now."

But it is with feelings of a different kind we turn to the concluding paragraph:—

"He rises every morning punctually at eight o'clock, makes a hearty breakfast at nine, drives from eleven to one, and then has lunch. He again takes carriage exercise from two to half-past five, and at six sits down to dinner, and eats with evident appetite and relish. At eight o'clock he retires to bed, and will sleep ten hours, or even more, uninterruptedly."

Were his Lordship some rare reptile, newly imported to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, instead of the owner of one of the finest and sturdiest of English intellects, he could scarcely be alluded to in more offensive terms. If *Snob-market* must be supplied, why do not respectable journals at least refuse to trade thereat. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we took the above, ought to know better.

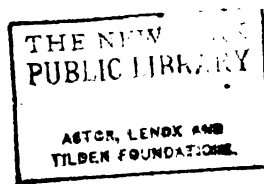


THE TOMAHAWK, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.





“FOUL PLAY!”
OR,
A VALENTINE TO THE RESCUE!
(A COMPANION PICTURE TO THE “FENIAN FAUST.”)



CLOSE REASONING.

Carlisle, Feb. 22.

MY DEAR JANE,—What fearful times we do live in! I really believe we shall soon have to burn martyrs at the stake to bring back sinners to the right path. What with Colensos and backsliders it made me shudder to think that scoffers were beginning to sit in the house of the powerful, and now to hear that Dean Stanley, whom I look on much as a Rationalist, those wicked people who think for themselves, has been visiting a Muscovite Metropolitan, who must be something underhand if not a mole-eyed underground, as his title suggests—visiting him, not as I fervently hoped to supply the poor man with a collection of tracts, such as "*Is the Metropolitan Safe?*" a truly edifying pamphlet, only lately published by the Tract Society;—not for any such purpose, but to receive his blessing, and perhaps to give it too, in monkish Latin.

How different would have been the conduct of our dear Dean! He knows we live in a world of woe, and he tells us that there is but one place foreordered for those who do not think as he does. He knows how few of the many mansions in heaven will be occupied, for, my dear Jane, there will be no room for any who think of anything with pleasure. All who sing secular music, that bane of society; all who indulge in dancing, that arm of the Evil One; all who speak of the stage, that cave of iniquity; all who play at cricket, that scourge of boyhood; all who open novels, those diseases of the mind; all who enter clubs, those hotbeds of iniquity; all who take up newspapers on a Sunday, the day our dear Dean sets apart for more woe and most lamentation; all these, and many more, will go you know where.

If this benighted freethinking Dean of Westminster imagines travelling is good for his soul, why not go to Abyssinia or to the Gorilla Islands and convert the heathen! But to cross the threshold of an Archbishop of the Greek Church is profaning his holy position. Our dear Dean tells us the Greek Church is "*debased, degraded, and superstitious in her worship.*" Truly is she, my dear Jane, if she still believes in Minerva and Mercury, or whatever their names are in the Grecian tongue! And Westminster has shaken hands with this Pagan—will it not wither his hand? Will not the Abbey fall about his ears? I am happy I live in Carlisle, for I am under no fear in the shadow of the Church, and I can send in confidence my jellies to the dear sufferer here whose gout makes a martyr of him before his time. Heaven grant Dean Stanley may travel another time with a purpose! I have just met a most edifying example of what may be done by pilgrims, for are not missionaries ever on a pilgrimage? A sainted man who had been in the Gorilla Islands for more than five years, and brings back the best news of the poor heathen in that moral desert, he had only spent fifteen thousand pounds in beads and pocket-knives, and was thankful to say that the king had promised that his first daughter (his wives have brought him only sons as yet) shall be christened to the new faith! Is not this reward for labours? Is not this a return for our capital? The babe unborn will bless the day I subscribed to the Society for the Propagation of Beads in Foreign Parts.

Hoping to hear soon from you, my dear Jane, with a happy remembrance of your great goodness in old school days, which will, I'm sure, corroborate what I say, I remain

Your affectionate friend,

LUCRETIA OWLCREED.

LADY JANE TO MISS OWLCREED.

MY DEAR LUCRETIA,—If you really have any confidence in my common intelligence—which is what you flatteringly call my great good sense—you will not take umbrage at what I am going to say. I had just received a visit from Dean Stanley when I got your letter, and you will forgive me if I laughed a little on reading it, if you had heard the Dean as I had, describe in his charming manner his visit to Moscow. I almost adore Philarete, and I am sure, if he met me, I should feel better for his blessing. I have no doubt the errors of his church are great; very great if you wish it. I don't remember that Paul wished his hand might wither after his interview with King Agrippa; nor are we led to believe that the good Samaritan's oil turned to vitriol because he was a non-conformist.

Had your dear Dean, supposing he possessed an acquaintance with foreign languages, paid the visit to the Metropolitan, would he not have had coals of fire heaped on his head by the blessing of this Archbishop, who sees as many errors in Dean Close's creed as we see in his—perhaps more; and yet the good old man, with that true charity which sees a place in God's love for all his creatures, blesses the parting guest and his non-conforming religion. Your close-fisted dignitary would rather be racked than give his blessing, such as it is worth, to any patriarch of another denomination. What, my dear, would happen if he met my dear Philarete at Heaven's gate? And would the blessing or the curser be the first received within?

You dear old Lucretia,—I believe all your serious remarks are satirical at bottom; you can't mean what you say about missionaries and heathen converts; or you can't have read or heard of the hordes of savages who have not even superstitions to check them in the shams of dear old England.

No more at present, from yours affectionately,

JANE.

Feb. 24th.

THE AMBASSADRESS.

AFTER a long period of repose—too long, indeed, for those who love bright and graceful music—Auber's *Ambassadrice* has been again performed in England, and is now to be heard at St. George's Opera House. The work is but a fair average example of its composer's genius; nevertheless, whilst listening to the enchanting melodies, and brilliant writing which it contains, the musician cannot but marvel at the distance which separates Auber from other composers of comic opera. In fact his name, and the class of music which he, more than all others, has enriched, appear to be indissolubly connected together. Many there are who have contributed to the repertory of the *Opéra Comique*—the names of Gounod, Meyerbeer, David and others, being amongst the number, but none can disturb Auber's supremacy, or dispute his right to be held as the greatest composer of light music that has ever lived. Although he entered late in life upon a public career, and his early efforts met with unqualified disapproval, he has attained to such an advanced age—no less than eighty-five years, that this fact, in conjunction with his ready fertility, has enabled him to produce music remarkable in its quantity as it is admirable in its quality.

L'Ambassadrice was written when Auber was in the zenith of his fame, and although ten or a dozen works from the same pen of equal, or superior beauty, might be named, it is, without doubt, a most enchanting little piece, and we thank you Mr. German Reed, for having given us an opportunity of hearing it again in this country. Moreover, the representation is, on the whole, deserving of great commendation, and is probably, the nearest approach to what a performance of *Opéra Comique* should be that has ever been given in England. Madlle. Liebhart makes her first appearances on the English stage, and albeit her pronunciation of our language leaves room for improvement, she may console herself in the knowledge that others have found favour with the British public who spoke the mother tongue in no degree better than she does herself. But even were she less efficient in the delivery of the dialogue allotted to her, she must still be hailed as a valuable acquisition to our lyric stage, for she understands her work thoroughly, and her singing is bright and intelligent, whilst her acting is both easy and spirited.

Mr. Wilford Morgan has re-appeared on the English stage, after a sojourn in Italy—a country which is, alas! no longer the land of song. We do not know what might have been his object in seeking the South, but, so far as regards singing, we are inclined to think that Mr. Morgan has returned to England in much about the same condition as that in which he left it. He has much to learn as a singer, and everything as an actor, but he has a voice of level quality and agreeable tone, and if he will take his art in earnest, and give to it that amount of study which is absolutely indispensable, there is no reason why he should not hold a good place amongst English tenors. The tenor part in the *Ambassadrice* is not a strong one, and is in some respects an ungrateful one, still there is much more to be done with it than Mr. Morgan succeeds in doing.

To return to the ladies in the piece, we shall find that Madame D'Este Finlayson sings and acts the part of Charlotte

efficiently, and that Mrs. Aynsley Cook is amusing as Madame Barneck. The small part of the Countess is allotted to Miss Arabella Smythe, who looks ladylike, and sings such music as falls to her share charmingly. Indeed it is with pleasure that we notice the steady and unmistakeable improvement which has taken place in this young lady since her first appearance in Mr. Sullivan's *Contrabandista*. She has a delightful voice, and her singing gives evidence of admirable training; she has but to acquire more stage-trick, and a greater amount of self-possession, to become, that which we have no doubt she will be, namely, a really good artist.

The part of the Duke is well acted and sung by Mr. Lyall, whilst that of the perturbed and perplexed *impresario* is undertaken by Mr. Aynsley Cook. The last-named gentleman is entitled to a word of commendation for his amusing impersonation of the character; moreover he sings his music well.

The band is excellent, and the piece is well dressed and has been admirably rehearsed; small wonder, then, that it should have achieved success. It will, no doubt, continue to appear in the bills for some time to come, in conjunction with the *Contrabandista*, and *Ching-Chow-Hi*, which are to be played alternately. And now we come to our first objection, namely, that the public will experience some difficulty in knowing when the performances at St. George's Opera House take place. Sometimes they are in the evening, sometimes in the morning; three times a week Mr. Sullivan's opera is played, and three times a week M. Offenbach's is to be heard. It is probable that the previous arrangements in connection with St. George's Hall rendered this state of things unavoidable; but the fact is to be regretted, all the same—the more so as Mr. Reed has made a good beginning, and bids fair to effect the permanent establishment of light opera in this country.

THE "JENKINS" OF "JUPITER JUNIOR."

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the daily papers to the effect that in Paris last week a persevering individual actually worked his way into the palace of the Tuileries, in spite of the sentries, and could not be overtaken and stopped until he got as far as the ante-room of the Emperor's study. After a few more particulars the paragraph concludes by stating that it is at present unknown whether the man is a maniac or an assassin. We would offer a suggestion on this last point: May not this intruder more probably have been one of the glorious band of "Paris correspondents," perhaps, and now likely "*the*" *par excellence* "Paris Correspondent"—the slinker about backstairs—who yet can tell you the pattern of every square inch of the Empress' Boudoir—the purveyor of garbage, thrown to him by a gossiping flunkey, who yet frequently professes to know from personal observation how many grains of salt the Emperor took on his plate at breakfast, the correspondent who has lied himself into the positive belief that he is what he represents himself to be, and that he has what he represents himself to have—free *entrée* into the private apartments of the Palace. We merely offer this as a suggestion, but we should feel not the least surprise to find it to be sober fact.

LOGOGRIPHE.

I AM a curious creature,
I've not a single feature
That age has not distorted—all my joints
Are dry and crackling, and my weakness points
Full many a story's moral,
Although I, too, can quarrel
In my own cause, and bring to my own bar,
If one in speaking of me go too far.

My origin is of a doubtful kind;
For though the duly regulated mind
Give patriotism and the public voice
As my two parents;—wicked ones rejoice

In telling me,
Most perseveringly,
That I was really born of Gold and Beer,
Or else of Humbug and of slavish Fear.

But that's no matter—for at least, I'm here,
And what is more, it certainly is clear
That I am very powerful for good,
Or else for evil, as it suits my mood.
I can do any mortal thing you please,
Can make roads, gas-lamps, railings, war, and peace,
All with the same facility; yet I
Am a strange monster made most frightfully.

Upon four feet I stand, or when I'm tost
About in verse sometimes a foot gets lost.
Two heads I bear—one born of a step-mother,
Is always being swallowed by the other;
But if at once my name at length you'd see,
It's anagram will show it easily:
That anagram is—well, it's rather rude,
It's words are two and one;—if I intrude
Into my verse you certainly would rap
My knuckles—but three letters—*verbum sap*:
The other is a term of heraldry—
The British Lion thus, in fact, you see.
I'm sure from that the anagram you'll make—
Try it, for truth, if not for kindness' sake.

But now more closely scan
My letters those who can,
And see if you can find enclosed in me
That which our belles rely on (if there be
But fire below much smoke) to better charms
Which else might never know a lover's arms.
Within the other letters you may find
The creature Art and Nature are combined
To catch—
In fact, to watch,
And in me you will also clearly view
What that poor being always must go through,
If he should fall before the tempting snare,—
Of which let all who read these lines, beware.

You'll see a precious gem which fashion gains
By murdering its maker for his pains;
A postal term—a fishy bird, but good,
Also a larger word for vulgar food;
And you will see the name romancers take,
Unless three volumes of romance they make.
If you can guess all these you yet may be
Rewarded well by being sent to me.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.—BARK.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—W. H. H. (Islington), C. F. Brace, Penfold, Ruby, Gumbo, No. 13, Rustic (Cheltenham), Ykcel, Sancho and Gyp, William Mosses, Orpheus, Your Loving Flute, Samuel E. Thomas, Calumet, Miss C., G. W. C. (Wansey street), Choker, Old Dog Tray, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Annie and George, Aquila, Pollie (Kentish Town), W. C. H. B. Ives, Relampago, Cross-deep, Colville Browne, H. C. G., Cublington, Dobinson, sen., Pat (Tonbridge), Trop facile (Slapton Lea) Pot, Miss Lollops, H. Leverett, T. L. (Ashford), Cinderella, Macduff, S. J. H., Anti-Teapot, Roman-nosed Monkey, Dick Whittington, Tongo, and L. J. C.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 44.]

LONDON, MARCH 7, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

PERHAPS banter is scarcely the weapon to bring to bear upon the Irish question in its present state. We know it is just now the fashion—a good deal too much so, we take it—to talk about "giving" Ireland "a lesson," "showing what England *can* do, if put to it," and "hanging vermin by scores;"—but spite all this bluster, thinking men are beginning to see that the question of the day is, *par excellence*, this ridiculed Irish one, that the difficulty of the situation is great no one can gainsay. It will be no ordinary Government that can solve it to the satisfaction of all parties, and it is more than likely that Mr. Disraeli's is not the one that will do this. However, one thing is clear, and that is, that a deaf ear should be turned to all extremes. Several programmes have been drawn up, but none must be carried out. Do we want for instance:

ULTIMATUM, NO. 1. (*Ultra-montane*)

That Demands

- 1.—That the Boyne be somehow dried up, and the water used for a general putting out of Kentish fire.
- 2.—That Trinity College be blown up without further notice.
- 3.—That the hated word "mixed" be struck out of the Irish tongue, and that everything mixed be abolished, from whiskey-and-water down to education.
- 4.—That the Union be repealed, a permanent Cardinal Viceroy be appointed, accomplished facts be undone, and a universal re-arrangement of Europe be carried out as speedily as it conveniently can.
- 5.—That a certain hue be wiped out of the rainbow, and that orange marmalade be forbidden the country.
- 6.—That William III., of blessed memory, be —

OR ULTIMATUM, NO. 2. (*Ultra-Protestant*)

That Insists—

- 1.—That every Roman Catholic Priest be compelled by Act of Parliament to dress himself like a Guy Faux, and recant his errors once a week.
- 2.—That every Roman Catholic layman be converted to the glorious Protestant faith by Act of Parliament, and forced to swallow truth at the cart's tail.
- 3.—That peace and good-will be encouraged by a general outrage of everybody's feelings.
- 4.—That the Church establishment not only be supported, but enlarged, and that no minister be allowed to have more than one parishioner to himself.
- 5.—That free discussion, fair play, and truth, be encouraged by a universal stifling of all liberty of conscience; that the Pope be burnt in effigy every Sunday in every Roman Catholic Chapel; and that tolerance teach bigotry that it doesn't mean to stand it any longer.
- 6.—That Roman Catholic pigs be fed on orange peel.

OR ULTIMATUM, NO. 3. (*Ultra-Everything*)

That Swears—

- 1.—That a universal massacre be carried out.
- 2.—That the survivors dress up in green, and scramble for the pieces.
- 3.—That England and a good slice of Ireland be blown out of the water, and that a committee be appointed to

purchase gunpowder, and a halfpenny with two heads for the purpose of tossing up for the next move.

4.—That somebody carry this out any how.

We think not—However, it is very encouraging to notice how we deal with the crisis! With this cheerful state of things before him there is of course only one thing for John Bull to do; and that is, to meet, talk, write, promise, and DO,—NOTHING.

THE END OF CLOSE.

THAT amiable humorist who plays the part of Dean, at Carlisle, has been exhibiting his large-hearted charity in a vigorous denunciation of his fellow Christians of the Greek Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury has fallen under the displeasure of the many-slipped hierarch of the Evangelical Church, because he has absolutely dared to address Philarete, the Greek Patriarch, as his "brother." The gentle Close would sooner "have his hand burnt off than hold it out to the Eastern or Western Church." Angelic being! Why did such a saint ever flee from Cheltenham and the virgins that adored him? Is it not true that since his departure the waters of that sanatorium have lost their healing powers? But surely sweeter and more soothing springs must have burst forth from the eyes of the maidens of Cheltenham when they heard that their pet divine had even hinted at martyrdom! What a fearful picture presents itself before one, of charming Close as a martyr! Fearful, but sublime, is the picture! One imagines the sweet preacher of perfect love and charity to all men seated in a smoking divan, chained to a Papist on one side and a Greek on the other! Pale and quivering with the sublime indignation which such neighbours inspire in his orthodox breast, he sees the Torturer-in-Chief advancing with a large clay pipe filled with strong "Cavendish!" In vain the martyr struggles—the Satanic pipe is forced between his lips—he rages—he burns! How shall he quench his thirst? A bottle of champagne instantly presents itself at his side—open—creaming—deliciously cool. Oh, outrage! incredible!—he is held by his jailors while effervescing poison is poured down his virgin throat! The two heretics on either side of him watch the reluctant smile that lights up his ascetic features with a pale glimmer of conviviality, to give place quickly to a burning glow of shame at the sin that has been forced on him!

Yes, such would be the most terrible form which martyrdom could take for the Holy Trappist of Carlisle. In these days of reckless self-indulgence and mischievous liberality of feeling, it is something to find one man at least who, without any of the rewards which are given to the servants of the Church on this earth, clings to his faith with a passionate devotion which compels him to deny himself the luxury of toleration, and inspires him with noble zeal as the apostle against tobacco and spirits.

The English Church is being sorely tried. It is in such men as Dean Close that it will find its surest pillars of support.

BUILDING UP A FALSE HOPE.—It is said that the Emperor Theodore has determined to rely, in the forthcoming contest, entirely on his celebrated *mortar*. This confidence, if not well timed, is at least appropriate, seeing that he will be fighting against very heavy *hods*!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

Annesley Bay, Feb. 1, 1868.

IN a crisis like the present I feel that you must have been expecting, and that too most anxiously, long accounts from me of the *status quo* out here. I am very sorry, but for several weeks' past I have had little or nothing to say, especially as the last mail from England never came in, and so robbed me of all my usual sources of information about the Expedition. I can assure you that the correspondents of the *Times* and *Standard* know a great deal more about the progress of events than the Commander-in-Chief himself—their letters are therefore invaluable. But to return to myself. I have had nothing to tell you, and even now I am writing *pro forma*, for I can only string together a lot of the most inconsistent pieces of news. I put them down as they reach me, for really now I find that the only safe method of getting on at all. Each moment contradicts the item of intelligence that the preceding one contributes. The result of this is obvious. All my information is worthless, and at the end of a week I have nothing to tell you whatever: your readers do not care to hear that there is, after all, no such thing as the *letse-fly*, that Abyssinia is like Northamptonshire, and the climate of Annesley Bay very much like that of Brompton. Again, have you not been bored to death—confess it—by accounts of the *morale* of the *Shohos*, the quality of the water, and the Christmas fare of "Own Correspondents?" Well, I mean to strike out a new line. I do not know, I own it, anything whatever, and in this respect I am as well off as everybody else. I might compare the Expedition to a corkscrew, of which Annesley Bay is the handle, our line of march the wire, and "the front" wherever that is, the tip. The handle screws round, and the line consequently screws on, but no mortal man of us knows where the tip has got to, or how it likes it. Such then is the *status quo*. We began by confusion and we are now well into chaos. Under these circumstances, I can only discharge my duties to you in a fit-and-start sort of manner. I can only listen to what I hear and give you the benefit of my experiences. Here then is a page of my "Notes" for last week:—

- JAN. 24.—Nothing going on.
 " 25.—Ditto, ditto. Saw a live mule to-day.
 " 26.—News from "the front." Magdala taken. Immense slaughter on both sides. Surrender of Theodore, who undertakes to pay all the expenses of the war, and an indemnity of £5,000,000, and enter into an engagement with the proprietor of the Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square, to appear sixty successive nights in some popular entertainment—to be hereafter determined upon. All the correspondents of the English press to be delivered up to the Emperor forthwith.
 " 27.—No foundation for yesterday's news. Appears to have been partly a mistake of the interpreters, partly, specially the latter portion, a practical joke of young Hartley of the 33rd.
 " 28.—Thirty-six miles of pipe-clay arrived. Bracer thinks it is a mistake, and must be meant for somebody else. It is to be sent back.
 " 29.—20,000 Egyptians are marching on to *Senafé*, commanded by the Emperor of the French in person. Saw another live mule. Not *pipe-clay*, that arrived yesterday, but *pipine*. Nobody to look after it. Doubts about the Egyptian affair. The *Shoho* for half-a-crown is *bagajee*. Talk of Expedition being abandoned. Thermometer at 90. An exciting day.
 " 30.—All yesterday's news false. It is pipe-clay after all—thirty-six *tons*, not miles. Bracer says it is to make the men look soldier-like on the march. News this afternoon from the "front." Captives given up, but our forces in retreat. Bought a scorpion for twopence. All wrong, of course, about the captives. Thermometer at 3. Nothing much going on. Saw another mule. Wind N.E. by E.N.E.

There, now, you have the very latest news, later than that furnished by a *British Tax-payer* in the *Times*, or by the Government in the House of Commons. Mail off.

P.S.—Open this again to say that the mail isn't off. I might have known it. One does not know what to believe; but I may as well tell you that Magdala has been "taken" twice since yesterday, and that Theodore turns out to be a Frenchman after all. I don't think I have alluded to this before, but it doesn't matter, for the whole thing was an evident *canard*. Yes, the mail was "off" after all, so this goes next week—but it will not matter.

UNDER THE MOON.

(A FRIEND.)

40.

The Notes now came in crowds and strewed my floor,
 Alike in form and much alike in wishes,
 Just as the white winged gulls come flapping o'er
 An unexpected shoal of silver fishes,
 Or flies which buzz about a gilded frame
 As mothers do round Midas What's-his-name.

41.

To go or not to go? The question's there—
 Do we accept with joy the invitation?
 On paper, certainly. 'Twould scarce be fair
 To drop in answer the insinuation
 That if we came, we felt it was a bore:
Au contraire, we should write our pleasure more.

42.

While I debated how to draw the cards:
 The door flew open, and I met the features
 Of Herbert Vulcher, of the Third Life Guards;
 A specimen of Nature's noble creatures
 Transformed to vanity by art or vice—
 In moral scruples never over-nice.—

43.

He too in air had smelt the latest prey:
 And down he swoops with patronising clawing:
 "So glad to think at last you're on full pay!
 "By Jove! you've got a prize Sir, worth the drawing!
 "You're rich, good looking, and what's more you know it:
 "You must see life, and I'm the man to show it."

44.

To show it in the colours touched for him
 With others' gold. In me he might discover
 A fresh Pactolus, golden to the brim,
 Where he could dip till all the wealth ran over;
 Then leave me dry: without a formal care
 For how I hence might vegetate—or where.

45.

This is the friend who, having had his share
 Of social talents in a handsome fortune,
 And spent it in a year, with none to spare,
 Thinks he has bought the brevet to importune.
 His neighbours' goods regards as Heaven-sent;
 And borrows to repay what he has lent.

46.

And should their hand be close, he draws no blank,
 But always pulls off something with the winners—
 They pay his Hansoms, if they're not his bank;
 And stand him Derby drags, or Richmond dinners:
 They find it far the cheapest in the end
 To treat him as their honourable friend.

47.

Too poor to marry, and too vain to love,
 He seeks a neighbour's Eden, where he pensions:
 And thinks as much of soiling a glove
 As tainting others' Eves with his attentions.
 No serpent he would make us all believe:
 He likes the apples quite as much as Eve.

To be continued.

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—My maxim is never to hit a chap when he is down, or else I might find a home for some very hard hits somewhere about your body. I suppose you have forgotten that letter which I addressed to you on the subject of the late Mr. Speke—when I say late, I mean as a mystery, not as an individual.

Yes! you threw that letter into your waste paper basket, or you burnt it, or otherwise destroyed it; in short, you never read it.

You little know what you did. That letter, if you had published it, would have made your fortune. Zadkiel would have been nowhere. Dr. Cumming would have retired on a small pension. The Racing Prophets would have been crushed. Why?

Why? Do you ask why? Because in that letter I argued from conjecture based on experience, and from a careful collation of the existing evidence with non-existing facts, that the Rev. B. Speke had gone on a secret tour through the provinces as a *comic entertainer in the style of Woodin!*

How did I know it? Never mind. I did know it, and you might have known it too—had you been wise and published my letter, but you did not. You never even sent me a gold watch, or a copy of the TOMAHAWK, Vol. I., bound, with bevelled edges. No! you were too mean.

I am not going to triumph over you. I could, but I sha'n't. All I say is, was I right? Was the Rev. B. Speke found disguised as a drover, with lots of money, and a number of other disguises about his person, or was he not? Does that confirm my speculations, or does it not? Was he practising his celebrated song, "I'd be a Drover bold and free," or was he not? Did he mean to give a new impetus to sacred harmony as a polygraphic artist, or did he not?

How do you feel now, Sir.

I own I am proud; just a little. When I wake in the morning I feel elevated. I am having my photograph done (in a helmet and knickerbockers), as the Patriot of Peckham Rye. Pardonable vanity, you will say. It is—very pardonable.

I feel like a public benefactor. Henceforth the Londoner is safe; he will not be murdered between a hatter's in Warwick street, and the Houses of Parliament (and the hours of six to half-past). No! I feel as if I had taken off the Income-tax, or extinguished the Metropolitan Board of Works, or found the way out of Abyssinia.

Understand this, Sir, I *won't* have a statue. I don't mind a piece of plate, or a purse, and many of them.

Learn from this humility. Learn also, Sir, that intelligent detectives are needed, with high salaries, the chief detective to have a *very* high salary. I know what you are going to say,—*"I ought to be the chief detective."* You are right. Take this piece of advice: don't for the future destroy letters because they come from persons whom *you* do not know.

Yours, nevertheless,

VERITAS.

Peckham Rye, Feb. 23.

P.S.—I forgive you. Would you like to send anything towards the fund I am organising for the above purpose? If so, I shall not be offended.

[NOTE.—Our correspondent's advice is not needed. We never destroy letters without reading them. We certainly have not read his, but we have it by us. On referring to that lengthy document, we find that it contains an elaborate argument to prove that Mr. Speke was murdered by an omnibus conductor with a metallic pencil, and his body concealed in the straw on the floor of the omnibus. We publish his letter, however, out of respect to truth.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

MORAL TALES FOR LITTLE STATESMEN.

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS EVER PROSPER.

THERE was once a bad little boy named Benjamin, who was very fond of apples and nice things. One day he went out for a walk with his friend Cecil, and passed by the orchard of Farmer Whig, when the trees were covered with beautiful ripe fruit. "See," said Benjamin, "what fine apples are there, let us climb over the wall and take some of them." "No," replied Cecil, "they do not belong to us, and it is not right to

steal." "There is nobody to see, and I will have some," said Benjamin, "for they are very nice," and he began to climb up the wall. "Come away," said Cecil, "and we will plant an orchard ourselves, and grow finer apples than those, and they will be our own, and we may eat them." "Let me get on your shoulders to look at them," said Benjamin. "Yes," said Cecil, "for there is no harm in that." So Benjamin stood on Cecil's shoulders, and when he saw all the apples quite close to him he called out "Stand fast, for I shall get over the wall." "No, no," said Cecil, "that is wrong." But Benjamin gave a spring, which threw poor Cecil flat down on the ground, and got over the wall. Then he picked a great many apples, and put them into his pockets, and went back into the high road with them. Now policeman People was looking on all the time, and he caught Benjamin as he came down from the wall. "What have you got there," said he. Then Benjamin was very frightened, but he answered "Please Sir I have been picking some apples for you—see how fine they are!" and he showed some of them. Then the policeman took the apples and Benjamin to the magistrate, Mr. Posterity, who was deaf and blind, and the magistrate and the policeman divided the apples between them, and praised Benjamin for his courage and cleverness, and Benjamin's fame grew greater and greater, and he lived happily to the end of his days, but Cecil was put into a dark hole for making a disturbance.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

There was a little boy called the People's William, who always knew his lessons, and never idled away his time, so that his masters praised him very much. But his friend John, who was an older boy than him, had always been first in the class, and it made him angry to see that William knew his lessons better than anybody else, so he took William's exercises and scribbled all over them till they were covered with writing, and could not be read by anybody. Then when the day came for giving prizes to those who had done well, the master looked at the exercises and said that they were nonsense, and he gave the first prize to John, and asked him, and all his cousins, to come and live with him, and William was called a blockhead, which grieved him very much, so that he went out to Foreign Lands to seek his fortune. And after wandering about a long time he was eaten up by Beales and Potter, and the rest of the wild beasts.

OUT OF THE KENNEL.

THE result of the negotiations that have recently taken place between the American and Prussian Governments, on the subject of Naturalization, is already known. What arrangement will eventually be made with this country is, however, as yet, uncertain. We, therefore, have much pleasure in publishing the following American programme, which is worthy of perusal alone, from the fact that it embodies the views of the more moderate party who are agitating this question on the other side of the Atlantic:—

NOTICE.—TO UNITED STATES CITIZENS AND OTHERS.

Any European, Asiatic, Britisher, Jew, Nigger, or other varmint, wishing to become a free-born citizen of the United States of America, must—

1. Commit some offence against the laws of his own State;
2. Thereupon skedaddle;
3. Visit the immortal city of New York;
4. Come down with a dollar.

He will then be entitled to enjoy all the privileges attaching to the free and enlightened citizenship of the United States of America, and can return forthwith to his former domicile, where, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, he will—

1. Consider that creating a disturbance entitles him to a vote of thanks;
2. Regard pocket-picking as a recreation;
3. Indulge in manslaughter and murder *ad libitum*;
4. Go in for high treason, with thorough confidence in the protecting powers of his own Government.

And furthermore, be it understood, that any body owning a sewing-machine, American cheese, clock, revolver, or other fixing, constructed in the said United States of America, or having a partiality for cock-tails, General Grant, spittoons, five-twenties, boiler-busting, and other suchlike Yankee notions, may claim the motherly protection (paying the sum of one dollar down) of the said States, and get it accordingly.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION REFORMED.

Report of a Select Committee, appointed by the House of Commons, to examine into alleged malpractices at Elections, and to report as to the means to be taken for the better prevention of the same. Presented to Parliament, March, 1878:—

Your Committee have examined into the matters comprised in their order of reference, and have received various evidence touching thereupon. They beg now to report the conclusions to which they have arrived, and the recommendations they would make upon them.

I.—The evidence submitted shows in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that neither bribery nor corruption are now, or ever have been, prevalent in any elections for boroughs or counties in the United Kingdom. Previous to, and for some time after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, the opinion was very generally entertained that the malpractices in question were to be found, more or less, at every election in the country, and many motions were made in, and bills presented to, your House, with the professed view of putting a stop to them. But with the improved system of popular education, carried into effect in 1870, and the general growth of intelligence among the people—which has resulted from their admission to the exercise of the franchise—more enlightened views have made their way, and we have been unable to discover any individual who has ever seen, suspected, or so much as heard of, the existence of the malpractices in question. As to this, we would particularly refer to the evidence of Lord Chancellor Nicholson (p. 3); Mr. Attorney-General Finlan (p. 5); Lord William Sykes (p. 6); the Right Hon. Edmond Beales, K.G.; and Mr. George Potter, M.P. (pp. 8 and 9).

II.—Your Committee have, however, not hesitated to enter into the merits of the question, as if it really existed in a practical form, and regarding it on all its sides, have agreed to the following recommendation, which, of course, must be understood to be nothing more than a mere exercitation upon an abstract question, capable, perhaps, of being acted upon with advantage in more corrupt times, or countries, than ours, but of no practical use to us.

Bribery being a free act of purchase on the one side, and of sale on the other, has a right to as full protection as any other mercantile transaction, and both briber and bribee should be defended in all the necessary incidents of the transaction. Thus, as secrecy is an essential condition of bribery, any infraction of it should be treated as a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, while a remedy by action at law should be given against any person failing to fulfil the conditions of a contract made upon the basis of bribery. What was once known as "undue influence," or "intimidation," will be found, when it is examined, to come within the same category as bribery proper, for a threat to inflict an injury upon an individual in the event of his not doing a certain act, is precisely the same thing as the promise to confer an advantage upon him in the event of his doing the act; in other words, the consent of the individual to do the act procures him advantages equally in both cases. "Intimidation," therefore, being the same thing, should receive precisely the same protection as bribery. And it will be observed, that this rests upon the first principle, which has, happily, of late years, guided the actions and destinies of the Nation. Labour is honoured, as being the original purchase-money of all things, and all that represents labour is entitled to equal honour, so that whether a candidate for Parliament possess ability and industry, or the sum of money currency which represents an equal amount of ability and industry, elaborated into the currency of the realm, either by himself or his ancestors, he has an equal claim upon the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. Thus, then, we come to the modern principle of the purchase of seats in Parliament, than which, no other has done more to elevate the tone of elections, and to facilitate the working of the Constitution.

And your Committee would suggest, that in any case or country where bribery or corruption might be found to prevail, elections should be conducted as public auctions, and the seats to be disposed of adjudged to the highest bidder, which would obviate all necessity for individual contracts, tending imperfectly to the same result.

This report has been agreed to unanimously.

A PRINCELY PROGRAMME.

THERE was a time, not so far back, when Windsor was lit up for the intellectual treat afforded by the representation of some of Shakespeare's best plays, played by London's best troupe of actors.

How changed now! But we must not be gloomy, for there is a Patron of pleasure who has been doing his best to revive taste among his friends, and show an example to his future subjects.

With a freedom of choice, we can but admire he has selected the style of amusement which elevates feeling and cultivates refinement.

It is, therefore, with mingled admiration and pride that we print the programme of the next entertainment to be given at Sandringham to a select circle, composed of the highest culture and most exalted gentlemen of England.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- Overture* "Skedaddle" By the DERBY NIGGERS.
Song "Crikey, what a lot of Duffers!" ARTHUR UNALLOYED.
Chorus "Borioboolahgah" By the AIOUSSAS.
Song "Bold Billy, the Burglar" By a PORTLAND ISLAND AMATEUR.
Poses Plastiques By ADAH WINKEN.
Song "The Funny Old Mormon" JOLLY HASH.
Chorus "Rumti-tiddyti-bow-wow-wow" By the JOLLY DOGS' CHOIR.

An Interval of Ten Minutes.

Gin-sling and Cavendish in the supper-room.

PART II.

- Song* "The Pigs'-wash Tub" THE GREAT PRANCE.
Break-down By MISS ELISE COLT.
Song "Squinting Sarah" ARTHUR UNALLOYED.
Can-can By MDLLE. MINETTE
 (with variations expressly composed for this occasion).
Song "Blow your Bacca' my Blokes" JOLLY HASH.
Finale Grand Steeple-chase over the Furniture
 By the ENTIRE COMPANY (Lady riders up).
Concluding Chorus "We Won't go Home till Morning."

There is a dish to set before a king! We only hope the ghost of Judge Gascoigne won't find his way to the entertainment. He might be obtrusive.

TU QUOQUE.

AS might have been expected, the slip the *Times* made in reference to the case of Mr. Speke, has been pretty freely commented upon in all quarters. That a weakness for travelling under the most complete *incognito* should be described as "an offence against the public peace," which has only escaped "the penalties of the law" by reason of the rarity of its commission, has been too much even for the disappointed excitement-mongers at whose expense the reverend practical joker has raised a laugh. It is difficult, perhaps, to catch exactly what the *Times* did mean; and it is very possible the writer of the sentence in question would be as much at a loss as anybody, were he asked to put a plain interpretation upon his own words. Naturally he felt, in common with all his brothers of the pen, whose exciting duty it is to get on stilts on all possible occasions, extremely angry at making the humiliating discovery that he had been hoaxed. Mr. Speke ought, so these gentlemen most reasonably feel, to have been cut up into little bits, made into parcels, and thrown into the Thames; or at least strangled in some back street in Westminster, as a return, however scanty, for the tremendous fuss they created over his disappearance. This, of course, is rational enough, but it is a pity the *Times* should express itself so unfortunately. What! hurl the "penalties of the law" against anyone who amuses himself by deceiving society? Why, this would stop every newspaper in the kingdom in a week, and, what is more, the *Times* to a dead certainty, would have to open the ball! However, Mr. Speke has made himself thoroughly ridiculous, and deserves heartily the gibbeting he will have to experience in our (this week's) Cartoon.

POOR HUMBUGS!

WHAT MADE ME A HUMBUG.

I'm very much afraid you will not *quite* like me.

You see I've lived all my days among humbugs. I've humbugged and have been humbugged. My father was a humbug, poor fellow; and my brothers were humbugs too—lucky scoundrels! I imagine that my sister was something of a humbug when she married young De Boor, of Boorville Park. On my soul the man was an arrant idiot, with the head of a pig and the brains (!) of a South African nigger. She was a clever girl, my sister, and knew a good heart from a bad one—had no difficulty in distinguishing between gold and tinsel, paste and brilliants, glass and pearls. And, do you think I blamed her for becoming a humbug? Not a bit of it. She was right—*very* right! Say that she had *not* thrown over Charley Tinker (Tinker! there's a name for you), and what then? Love in a cottage, affection, five children, and one hundred and twenty pounds a year! Would she have had a carriage, or a country house, or a box at the opera? But stay, its "humbug" to pursue the subject further. Poverty is a mistake—a grand mistake. We know this, and (half) believe this, in spite of the "humbug" that has been talked about love!—Love!—Humbug!

All women are humbugs. From my heart I believe this, all, with one exception—my mother died (thank God) long before I had time to discover whether she was like unto the rest of her sex. The picture before me does not *look* like the portrait of a "humbug." Thank God again!

You may think it strange that I, who have been accustomed to humbug from my cradle should ever have been humbugged myself. Well, think so by all means. It *was* strange! Shall I tell you how it happened. Pray don't let me bore you. Of course I don't want to do that. A humbug has vague ideas about right and wrong, but he knows that a Christian should never be a bore. Gaze complacently at your fellow man as he starves, or drowns, or burns, but don't bore him!

I didn't think *she* was a humbug! There, you have got my secret. You can imagine the rest. Now you may expect plenty of sentiment, despair, and tears. Nothing of the sort. A true humbug is eminently prosy, never desponds, and is the last man in the world to indulge in lamentation. This is the best side of his character—the Spartan boy who allowed a fox to feed upon his entrails was a consummate humbug. Do you take my meaning?

I repeat I didn't think *she* was a humbug. And yet I don't know exactly why I exalted her above her fellows. There was nothing extraordinary about her, and had I summed her up calmly I must have noticed her many failings. Exactly, but I did *not* sum her up calmly, and the result. I loved, I lost, I became a humbug! A humbug, a man with a smiling face and a crying heart, with a frame fashioned in the person of a God, and a mind placed under the direct superintendence of a Devil! The Dictionaries haven't as yet given the meaning of the word "humbug," so I've supplied the information they have omitted to furnish—to your satisfaction I trust, my friends!

It's awfully hard—this subject. If I could get away from "her" and "her" doings I know I could rattle through with my cynicisms and pleasantries in first-rate style, but I can't manage it. I must explain the cause or you won't understand the effects. You will lose the moral of my words—supposing my words to have a moral. I don't want to be *too* hard upon human Nature, I would like to show that man would be very good *indeed* if circumstances didn't interfere and convert him into a demon. Is this a moral conclusion? I don't know, however, let me arrive at it fairly, and it will bring me comfort. So good people keep your thoughts to yourselves, and allow a poor humbug to enjoy a little consolation. I generally put down "conscience" to pork chops at supper—but I own that my theory *may* be wrong.

To return. I didn't think *she* was a humbug. I will tell you why. Imagine to yourself a gushing young creature—all sentiment, white muslin, and silvery laughter. A girl with a "heart;" a sweet child who cried if you suggested frivolity, and went into violent hysterics if you hinted at the possibility of her "caring for another." A dear angel, who rested so lovingly on your arm as she gazed with you up into the starlit sky, and murmured into your hungry ears words of faith and constancy! A darling who wove a fool's cap to your measure and, when finished, dropped it daintily on to your head without disarranging your hair—except to turn it from black to white! She a humbug?

Perish the thought! Child of Nature, daughter of impulse, if you will; but humbug?—Pshaw!

Often have I laughed at "spooning." There's something offensively absurd in it to the outside world. The man looks an idiot and the woman a fool. I suppose, nay, I'm sure, when I went in for "spooning" I must have looked an idiot; but I'm certain Nellie *could not* have looked a fool. I found "spooning" pleasant, and, on my word, when I parted with Nellie, before leaving England for a trip on the continent, I really was quite affected. I do believe I made an absolute ass of myself. As for her, it was all sentiment, truth, honour, love, constancy, and the rest of it. As I think over the matter now, I'm half sorry that what was said on the evening of our parting should have turned out to be "humbug." Yes, in spite of grey hairs and "knowledge of the world" (good heavens, what an accomplishment!), I can't help saying that I grieve a little over that particular piece of "humbug." Pray don't think me mawkish if I own as much.

We went to Switzerland for a couple of months, and we "did" the mountains. My friend and I (true to our corps—we were both humbugs), pretended to enjoy our break-neck amusement. We had had a hard day's work on a certain evening, and my friend and I were seated in the open air smoking. One of us was reading an old number of *Galigiani*, the other was thinking about something or other, which something or other had conjured up the smile which sat so pleasantly upon his sun-burnt face. And there lounged the two men enjoying a silence peculiarly English. A silence to be purchased by years of intimacy and friendship only known to stolid, unsocial, heavy-hearted Britishers. By-and-bye the reader whistles, and exclaims—"Poor fellow!"

"What is it?" said I, waking up from my day dream, "what startled you old fellow?"

"Nothing, old boy," replied my friend, hurriedly thrusting the newspaper into the pocket of his flannel smoking coat, "nothing old boy! Isn't it a jolly evening!"

In a moment I had detected "humbug." I got up quietly, and resting my hand upon his shoulder, said

"Kindly meant old fellow, kindly meant, but I'm used to all sorts of bad news. Fork out the paper."

My friend handed me *Galigiani*. I hurriedly cast my eyes over the pages—but found nothing.

"Where is it old boy?" I asked after three minutes of the most fruitless search.

The "old boy" turned away his head and said "Look among the marriages!"

My friend's reticence was indeed kindly meant!

Yes, I saw her afterwards, and we had many a merry laugh over "our folly." She is middle-aged now, and rouges a little, I think, and is just the *least* bit injudicious about champagne. Her husband is a great friend of mine, and complains to me about her; tells me of the "rows" they have about this and that. Of course the poor victim doesn't know that he has taken the place that was once to have been mine on the altar of matrimonial sacrifice. I pity him—what a wife!

The other night, coming home from their house, I couldn't help laughing at the change that has taken place in her since the days of "our folly." She's thirty-five if she's a day, and on my word, to judge from her figure, can never have read the works of Banting. And I laughed so heartily that the tears ran down my cheeks. When I reached home my merriment had *quite* subsided, but my eyes were just the *least* bit watery. However, I found a man, who had "dropped in upon me," waiting up-stairs in my sitting-room, so I quickly commenced my usual round of humbug. Ah, my friend, is it not a wonderful age, and a holy age, and a highly civilized age, when we are so well taught that we can (so to speak) play a nigger melody on our heart strings and account for the bloody sweat of our grief by waggish allusions to pork chop suppers, cucumber, and indigestion! And now having explained how I became a humbug, let me ask your pardon if you find me, now and then, a little bitter. People call me cynical because I consider most men dishonest, and all women false! The idea! but the world is *so* good so *very* good! But let me to my task. The first humbug presented to your notice shall be my father "on the Turf." Poor man, he was deeply wronged. The world, with its usual charity, called him a knave. The world of course, was mistaken in him. I knew my parent well, and on my honour, as a gentleman and a Christian, I swear my dear and respected father was only a fraudulent fool!

Now ready, (SECOND ISSUE),
VOLUME ONE
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

LONDON, MARCH 7, 1868.

WHEN a certain motion was about to be put at one of the recent meetings of Convocation held in the Jerusalem Chamber, a well-known reverend speaker suddenly moved a *rider*. The idea taken in connection with the locality, famous as it is for a certain animal, was certainly cruelly suggestive.

A DISPUTE has lately arisen on the subject of the Greek national dish. Surely, there can be no question in the matter, seeing that there have been 31 different ministries at Athens since the midsummer of 1863. It must be a species of "Cabinet" pudding.

The *Owl* publishes a paragraph to the effect that "Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Q.C., has consented to act as arbitrator in the case of the Countess d'Altegrac *v.* Lord Willoughby De Eresby." That this piece of information should be thrust prominently forward as "news" by the small sixpenny sheet in question, says very much for its own vulgarity, but very little for its estimation of its readers.

CONNECTED with the very demonstrative meeting that recently took place at Hietzing, on the occasion of the celebration of King Georges' "Silver wedding," perhaps the most touching, because the most domestic incident, was the conduct of the good people of Gottingen. As a proof of their ultra-Guelphic loyalty they presented the ex-Monarch with five-and-thirty pounds of sausages. As the Prussian Government has been informed that the gathering was of a purely spontaneous, and "un-organized" character, the idea was as happy as it was original. The Gottingen sausages may serve as a good set-off against the very suspicious assemblage of 800 Hanoverians on Austrian territory, which has been described as a most decided *forced-meet*.

MILITARY REFORM.

AT a time when the expedition to Abyssinia is assuming the gigantic proportions which we have always assigned to it, and involving the country in an expenditure that will be little short of Twenty millions sterling, it behoves the Government to practise economy wherever practicable, and it is not therefore, without dismay, that we learn from the military papers that some thirty regiments are about to pass through the "Aldershot course of training."

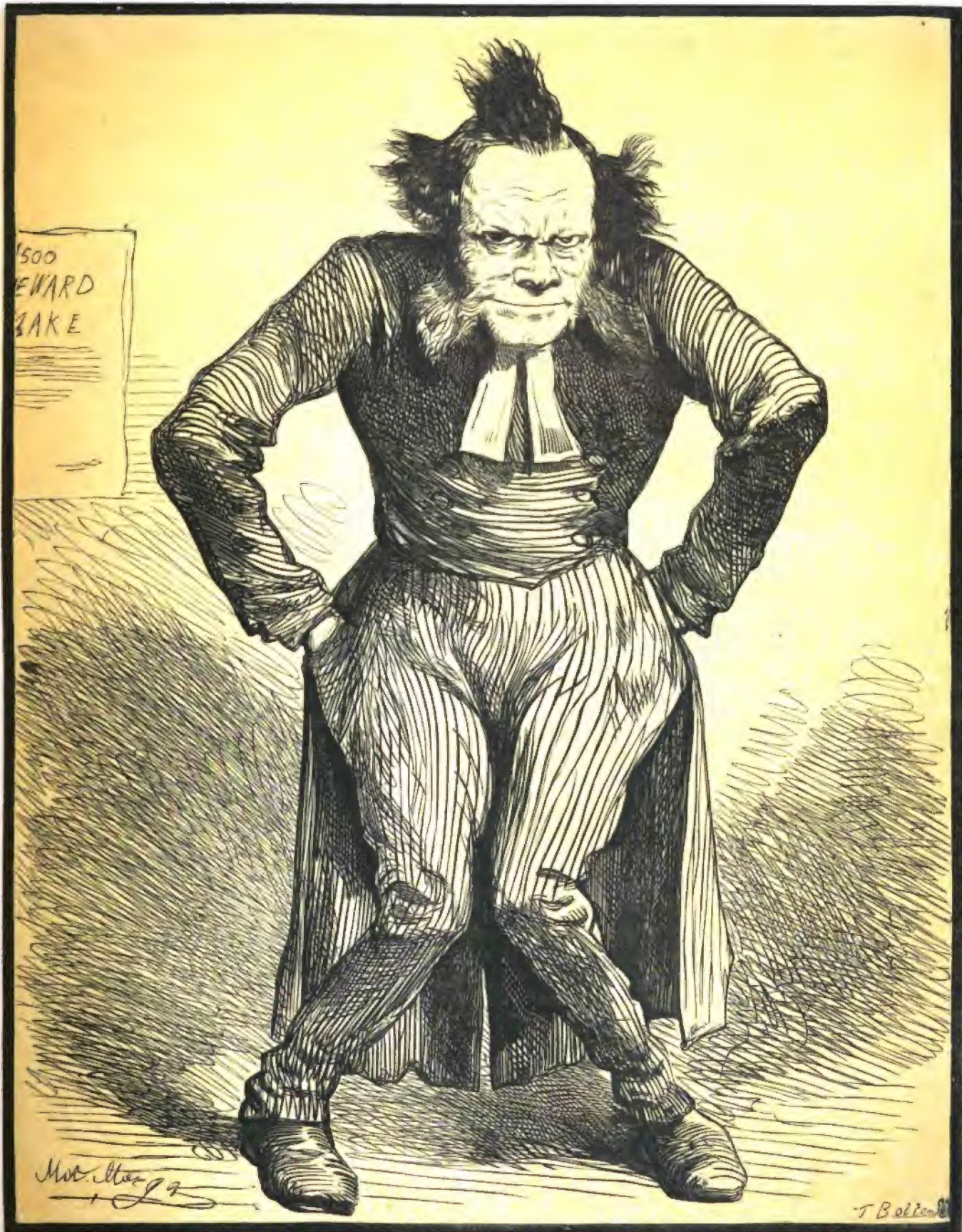
Now this involves an amount of expense in the removal of troops which would alarm any military economist, could the details be actually ascertained. At the high rate paid to the railway companies for the transit of troops—five hundred pounds a regiment, is the lowest estimate at which, on an average, a

corps can be moved from its station to Aldershot and back—so that at least, £15,000 will be expended for the travelling expenses of these regiments to their training quarters. This is a good round sum to pay for the somewhat questionable advantages of a summer sojourn in the camp, and raises the question whether due supervision exists over the movements of troops as regards the expense attending them. At present, the Commander-in-Chief has the uncontrolled power of moving troops within the limits of the United Kingdom, and has not to consult the Secretary of State before incurring such expenses. Formerly the orders for changing stations proceeded directly from the Secretary at War, but when the lamentable fiction of the universal control of the War Minister was adopted, the consequent fiction that the military departments were under his control, and might, therefore, be intrusted with the expenditure of public money, was unhappily adopted too, and it is as agent as it were of the finance head of the army, but really, as officer of the executive head, that the Quarter-master General is empowered to move troops without the previous sanction of the War Office, to an extent, and at a cost that would, if known, positively terrify those who still believe that the Parliamentary Commander-in-Chief of the army—the War Minister—has any efficient control over the most reckless and extravagant expenditure.

NO SOAPERY!

THE Anglo-Continental Society, for the Reformation of Italy, the Re-union of the Church, and Restoration of the Pope to Christianity, held high Carnival on Shrove Tuesday in Willis's Rooms. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury graced the chair. Dancing was not included in the programme, though some remarkable *piroettes* were executed by the principal performers. The movers and seconders of the resolutions, however, did not quite set to their partners. Some, with Lord Harrowby, thought they had everything to teach; others, with the Bishop of Oxford, that they had still something to learn. The report congratulated the meeting, the Continent, and Mankind, that the unrivalled Encyclic of the Pan-Anglican Synod had been translated into every European tongue. It had been made intelligible, as far as the case allowed, to the Continental mind. The Bishop of Oxford elaborately cleared the Society from being a Pharisee. So completely would he urge the contrary, that he humbly and earnestly begged to be allowed to beg the whole question; and, seeing that his own opinions were undoubtedly primitive Christianity, would entreat the meeting to beg the Pope to conform to them; and, as to all the rest of the human race, and the universal heart of man, to be good enough to be united enough to differ. Archdeacon Wordsworth delighted the ladies with his Latin, and proved, to the satisfaction of everybody, that Gregory the Great was an extremely protestant Pope. He was the converter of Angles into angels; he was the very father of the Angle, as that eminent Anglican, Izaak Walton, was a brother: how greatly, then, would Gregory have rejoiced to foresee the Pan-Anglican Synod, and to read its Encyclic? Diverging from history to theological geography, he announced that Rome, supposed by many to be Elysium and Utopia, was about to be Armageddon. The Archdeacon wound up with a quotation from St. Paul, with Martial's epigrams by way of commentary, and proved that whereas Pudeus was a Roman senator, Claudia, a British lady, and Linus, a Pope, the Anglo-Continental Society might entertain hopes of restoring Pius IX. to Christianity. His hearers would perceive the present argument to be equally correct with the last; if they did not, it was no fault of his latin. Lord Harrowby knew Rome, partly from Goldsmith's Roman History, partly from personal travel, and, seeing that from Tarquin down to the secretary of the Anglo-Continental it was so interesting a place, he entertained no doubt, and felt justified in asserting that the Society ought to be supported. The Bishop of Tennessee guessed, if the old country had not been so catawampously conservative, it would have given bishops to America before it did, by a long chalk, and the States and the Britishers would have whopped creation. And even now, if these Anglo-Continentials had a few more of those almighty dollars, he reckoned they might lick the Pope of Rome into signing the thirty-nine Articles, and chaw him up to take the oath of Supremacy.

The meeting then indulged in the usual amount of mutual admiration, and quietly separated.

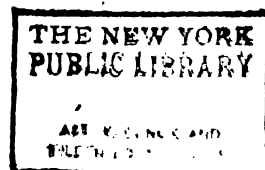


"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

OR,

A CLERICAL CLOWN. 548063

(DEDICATED TO THE REV. B. SPEKE).



ANTHROPOPHAGY.—IMPORTANT MEETING.

THE neighbourhood of Tattersalls was crowded on Thursday evening last by distinguished members of the equine race, who had come to attend a meeting convened by the committee of the Anthropophagistic Society, for the purpose of discussing the great advantages of introducing Man into the Manger as an article of diet.

The Right Hon. Bucephalus Charger having taken the chair, the proceedings opened with a lecture by Solon Hack, Esq., F.R.A.S., which was listened to throughout with great attention, and often interrupted by neighs of admiration. After having expressed his gratification at seeing before him such a distinguished company, which represented every rank of society, and every phase of feeling in the equine world, he proceeded as follows:—

"We are assembled here this evening from no hostile or vindictive feeling to the human race, though were we as prone as they are to the vices of cruelty and revenge we might find ample excuse, if not justification, in the many wrongs which we have received at the hands of Man. The relations which exist between us date from the earliest ages of the world, when our noble race, taking pity on the wretched two-legged family of cunning builders, consented to place our strength and swiftness at the disposal of their weakness, in return for their providing us with the simple necessities of our existence and constructing for us suitable houses. We made this offer knowing that though we could not rely on their honour and generosity, we could on their cowardice and selfishness; and our services were too valuable for them to venture on ill-treating us to any great extent. That they would extract from us the utmost labour of which our strength is capable we expected, and I think our calculations have been justified by events. It is hopeless to make these wretched creatures understand the pleasure that a horse takes in labour, the horror that he has of laziness. At the same time we have experienced that base ingratitude, which is inherent in animals who occupy so low a place in creation as Man. When disease or old age has weakened our frames, and only the will and not the power to work remains, they, except in rare cases, kill us in order to be rid of the expense of our support. Still we may point with melancholy pride to the comfort and luxury which distinguish our stables from the dwelling places of those of Man's own species whose poverty makes them helpless. I may challenge the oldest horse present to state a single instance in which scores of our lives have been sacrificed through wanton neglect of the simple laws of health on the part of our human owners. No, they know our value too well not to take care of us. We are necessary to their pleasure; as long as we can minister to that we are safe.

I need scarcely allude to any length to the constant efforts which we have made to elevate the nature of those men with whom we are brought in contact. Patience and perseverance are as natural to us as impatience and sloth are to them—therefore we have not despaired in spite of our ill success. Often and often has a horse refused to win a race, and been content to forego the delights of victory, in order that the scoundrels who had backed him might suffer in the only feeling part of them, their pockets. But things have come to such a pass now on the Turf that I need scarcely tell you our noble Racers have resolved to defeat, by every way that lies in their power, the calculations of the cheats and robbers who fatten on their splendid exertions. I mention this merely to show that we are not so unmindful of the well-being of the human race as to minister knowingly to their vices. The uniform fidelity with which we have adhered to our part of the contract between us only renders more detestable the insult that they now seek to put upon us. They would outrage us dead who dare not ill-treat us when alive. They would convert our bodies to the purposes of food for themselves. (*Sensation.*) They would place us on a level with the bullock, the sheep, and the pig, who lead lives of sloth and sensuality that they may pamper the beastly appetite of mankind. (*Sensation.*) Some may say that our dead bodies have been given to dogs to eat often and often, and we have never complained. But will any horse tell me that there can be any comparison between the noble privilege of helping to nourish a dog and the indignity of being devoured by a man? (*Murmurs of applause.*) If it were only to feed paupers the disgrace

would be wiped away by the sense of the benefit conferred; but to think that our bodies should after death be concocted into savoury dishes to tickle the palates of bookmakers and noblemen on the turf! No, my noble fellow-horses, I cannot any more than you contemplate such an abyss of degradation. If this unseemly attempt to put our flesh to shameful uses be not abandoned, we shall retaliate in a much more serious manner than by such jocular experiments as that, to assist at which you have assembled here to-day. If we are to be placed on the level of sheep and pigs, we will live, as sheep and pigs, idle useless lives. Let men draw their own carriages and carry one another. We will do nothing but eat and grow fat. And yet I know well that to our noble natures such a life would be misery. The Anthropophagistic Society has been established, as you all know, for the purpose of introducing human flesh as an article of consumption among horses. The high price of corn, and the reflection that we are robbing the poor and the wretched amongst mankind, for whom their own species show but little consideration, have induced us to try and see whether those who are utterly useless in their lifetime cannot be made to serve some good purpose when dead. I know it is difficult to overcome the prejudice, which is only natural, against eating the flesh of a creature with whom, however despicable he be, we yet are compelled to live in a state of companionship. But prejudices are the rocks which bar the road of progress, and must be removed if we ever intend to advance. Besides, you may console yourself that you are conferring an honour on mankind, if not on yourself; and an act of generosity is always pleasant, however difficult. I shall therefore conclude by simply asking you to adjourn to the banquet which is prepared in the adjoining stables."

The company adjourned then to the stables, where, with much animated discussion and humorous badinage, they partook of the following *carte*:—

Bran Mash à la Tête de Demoiselle.
Oatmeal Gruel à l'huile Aldermanique.

Cotelettes de "Jockey."
Filet de Marchand-de-Vin aux Financiers.
Croquettes de Bébé.

Jambon de Bookmaker, *rôti*.
Barons of the Exchequer.

Longe de Duc farcie aux I.O.U.'s.

La Jolie Horsebreaker piquée à la Vénus.
Les Cochers aux perruques poudrées.

L'Eau froid. L'Eau chaud.

We have not yet received the report of the committee, but we learn from private sources that the Banquet excited more curiosity than pleasure. All the horses who partook of it are still alive.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

DETECTED now, the humbug lies,
The mystery solved, the wondering over:
Thief-takers pierce his mute disguise,
And make him *Speak*, the wandering rover!

SEPTUA: SEXA: QUINQUA: GESIMA.

GUSHING CAROLINE:

Dear Charles. Why do such numbers marry
In the three weeks preceding Lent?

GRUMPY COUSIN:

Because they know they'll soon want Carry
A fitting season to *repent*.

SOLVED AT LAST.

If the two Houses of Convocation have done nothing else, they have, at all events, made one of the greatest discoveries of the age. Carrying nothing, but moving everything, they surely may be said to have hit on the real secret of perpetual "*motion*."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two gods that mortals worship most,
The one with women quite supreme ;
Before the other men bow down,
And in their madness fondly dream,
That they are loved by those for whom
They spend their money, time, and lives.
Poor fools ! This god's inconstant form,
Claims all the love of their dear wives.

1.

With fervent love I pressed my suit,
And with more fervent kiss,
She laughed, and whispered in my ear—
"My darling, I am — this."

2.

A Queen and Knave at supper sit :
Hush ! stealthy steps ascends the stair—
No hand shall wash away the stains,
Which still that bloody deed declare.

3.

Though brave thy heart, though swift thy feet,
Yet thou canst ne'er restore,
The fortunes of thy noble Lord,
Now lost for evermore.

4.

In matrimonial market those,
Who titles strive to buy—
Oft find that honours are not hearts,
And own this with a sigh.

5.

The general whom his foes besiege,
If he but love a jest,
By making this, can leave the town,
However closely prest.

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

PARLIAMENT.
RAMPANT LIE
PAINT
MALE
TRIAL
PEARL
MALE
TEAL
LIAR.

ANSWERS have been received from the following :—Josh and Bosh, Cinderella, Singlewell, G. J. R. (Camberwell), Peckham Rye, Charlie Green's Baby, Joe, Samuel E. Thomas, Jollynose and Serag'emall, Relampago, R. A., Mrs. Bouncer, H. C. G., Anti-Teapot, Your Loving Flute, W. H. H. (Islington), Snakes and Snuffers, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Brummagem Sam, G. W. C. (Wansey street), W. C. H. B. Ives, F. R., Rustic, Ruby, Old Dog Tray, Colonel B., Calumet, C. D. (Welshpool), The Camden Town Tadpole, John and Annie (Wandsworth), Lucky Bob, James H. (Liverpool), R. L. P., J. Smith, J. Thomas (Nottingham), The Singing Sweep, Midas, H. Heatley, L. S., H. Lucas, M. Walker (Portsmouth), C. Bradley (Cheltenham), J. W. (Shrewsbury), L. Jones (Manchester), R. Bell (Dublin), The Whistling Oyster, Jerry (Durham), T. F. F. B., Rataplan,

J. L. (Kentish Town), H. C. Saunders, G. B. T. (Newbury), A. P. (Swansea), G. Gough (Croydon), W. Whitfield (Birmingham), F. C. (Hoxton) A. R. Smith, Elephant's Trunk, Ikey, H. M. I., H. L. (Windsor), R. C., Tom Hughes, J. Sullivan, A. Purdue, M. H. (Torquay), W. H. (Scarborough), Clementina Colt, Tim, N. O. (Sydenham), Alonzo, I. K. (Ramsgate), Kate, M. E. F., B. D. (Bath), &c., &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE RESCUE SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—A constant reader of the TOMAHAWK, I have seen, with painful interest, the series of articles headed "The Most Shameful Sight in the World," and especially the number of February 1st.

I wish to do what I can to help such an excellent cause as the Rescue Society has in view, and as your article first directed my attention to this particular institution, have pleasure in requesting you to hand the enclosed £5 note—No. 06295—to the treasurer.

With it I would send my best wishes and sympathy in the good work, and only hope that many more besides myself may have responded to the appeal.

The especial cause is one I have very much at heart, and earnestly do I desire the united efforts of the many now working to counteract the evil, may be blest with success.

High in the scale of influence may be ranked that of the TOMAHAWK, which has now, indeed, become a "mighty power in the land." May it always be wielded for good, and keep to the high standard already raised.

Many a time have the principal ideas which your correspondent of the R. S. has so ably put into words, suggested themselves to me, and to the utmost of my small ability, I would second his encouragement to persevere in the strife.

Will you allow me to call your attention to an institution which includes a somewhat similar branch amongst its other good objects?

It is the South London Night Refuge (139 Southwark Bridge road, S.), with its various branches, which will be fully explained by the fourth Annual Report which I post you herewith.

The conductor, William Carter, is truly another "good man in a good cause," who is devoting his life to his Master's service in caring for those who have none to care for them.

I have felt much interest in this excellent institution, and should be glad to bring it to the notice of others.

Will you kindly have one of the Rescue Society's reports sent me—Address as above.

In conclusion I should like to express my conviction that the general influence of the TOMAHAWK is likely to be very useful, and that I trust it will continue to show up and pull to pieces such things as *Police brutality and partiality, Magisterial injustice, unequal and unjust laws, making poverty a crime*, and all the hydra-headed brood of snobbery and flunkeyism, for all of which there is no better punishment and cure at the same time, than mercilessly to strip off all false pretences, and then hold them up to public view.

I don't want my name or self brought forward, but shall hope to see in some future number that my letter has been received. Make any use you like of it.

I remain, yours respectfully,

S. S. — A. —,

Exchequer Buildings, Alexandria, Egypt.

February 12, 1868.

[Contrary to the rule we have made of refusing insertion to all correspondence (as unsuitable matter for the pages of such a periodical as our own), we print the above letter, feeling convinced that it may be of great service to two very excellent institutions. The £5 note has been sent to the Rescue Society.—ED. TOM.]

"JUSTITIA."—We shall be glad to receive the papers you allude to, on approval.

PAUL JONES.—You did *not* give us any useful information. The facts you sent to us were brought before our notice three days before your letter was received by us, by the gentleman to whom our acknowledgments were offered. Now are you satisfied?

A "STERNE" MORALIST.—The author of *Second Thoughts*.
THE RIGHT LADY IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Finette at the Alhambra!

ANOTHER ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—We understand that arrangements have been made by which the pupils of the Royal Academy will be admitted to the Lyceum free of charge, in order that they may enjoy the advantages afforded at that excellently managed theatre of studying the female form.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 45.]

LONDON, MARCH 14, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

LOOKING IT IN THE FACE.

NOT long since the *Pall Mall Gazette* contained an article headed *Baby-farming v. Child Murder*. The article was well so far as it went—we have but one fault to find with it—it stopped precisely at the point at which it ought to have commenced. It ended with the acknowledgment of a want, without advancing the slightest suggestion as to how that want might be supplied. Here are the concluding words:—

"The evil of which the *British Medical Journal* has conclusively demonstrated the extensive development ought not to be permitted to exist unremedied."

On the evil here referred to, there is not the slightest necessity to enlarge. Every one has heard of it. Every one knows of those murderous snuggeries with their bright fires, their cheerful furniture, their enticing pianos, and—their "buxom jocular" Priestesses whose mission is to tend on the shrine of Moloch—we would rather try to suggest an answer to the last word of the article—*unremedied*.

Two things must be regarded—prevention and cure. As to *prevention*—women think only of men—men think only of themselves. Let the law appeal then to this natural selfishness, and let the first preventive step be something of this kind. Let seduction be regarded as a *crime*, punishable with one year's imprisonment, at least, with hard labour, without the option of a fine. If "Brother Stanislaus" were to be called in once a month, or oftener, with his "original Norwich" cat-o-nine-tails, so much the better—and as we are nationally so enamoured of the classics, let us adopt a little of their practical severity, and brand the criminal conspicuously with an appropriate monogram. This is but one round of the ladder of prevention—we leave it to others to mount higher—and pass on to the *cure*. And that must be attempted in the first instance by accessible Foundling Hospitals. Institutions that can be made available, without having 300 pages of official catechism to answer, without having to bore through some nasty impenetrable Board of Directors, and without having to wait for three months, when three days, or three hours, appear an eternity.

In the same impression of the *Pall Mall* in which the article referred to appeared, appeared also the announcement that "the East London Museum Site Bill was read a third time and passed." An "East London Museum!" About as practically useful in the present state of East London as towel-horses and Rowland's odonto to the gorillas! If it had been an East London, or an East Lancashire, or an Essex, or a Sussex Foundling Hospital Site Bill, it would have been nearer the mark. A museum, indeed! Yes—but a museum for living curiosities—so that instead of being found at railway stations, "left till called for," or fished up from slushy ponds, or handed over to the tender mercies of some Camberwell "Giaour," they may be taken in and tended there, and really turned to some account. For instance, all the male infants received might be trained from the first with a view to the army and navy, or to such other employments as labour under a deficiency of *voluntary* hands. The female infants might be trained as school-mistresses for our village populations, and better still as hospital and general nurses.

Two plausible objections might be urged at once against enlarging the number, and facilitating the use of, Foundling Institutions.

First, it might be said that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, child murder results simply from *fear of detection* rather than from any other motive,—and how would Foundling Hospitals meet this? By relieving the wretched mother of the main part of the difficulty. It is the question, what to do with the child, that drives the agonised shame-maddened brain to concealment by murder. Let women plainly understand that an ordinary practitioner can detect almost at a glance their real condition, however well they may fancy they are hiding it, and they will have less hesitation in confiding in him, whilst an order signed by him might be made to admit them to the advantages offered by these institutions. As to the actual birth, except in extraordinary cases, preparatory steps might be taken to ensure, at least, some degree of privacy. The second objection would be, that the providing of new Foundling Hospitals would be pandering to vice. The objection is mere twaddle. We are not yet living in Utopian latitudes. When we have converted the natives of islands, yet undiscovered, into hypocritical rum-drinking Christians, we may have time, and possibly money, to bestow on some of those "unremedied" wants which we can almost touch without leaving our own doorsteps. But till then we are living among men and women with the untrained passions of their Nature in full swing. To ignore those passions and their results, is not to modify or to check them. Far better acknowledge them, far better boldly confess them by their true names, far better try to hermetically seal up these pestilential vapours as they are exuded from our Christian swamps, than suffer them to escape and spread their horrible infection broad-cast. A *partial* remedy is better than *no attempt* at cure. At first the disease must be met on its own *low* ground. It is of no use talking metaphysics to a costermonger. The training may come afterwards—when every Foundling Institution may be turned, with pleasure, into a "Museum for East London," or any other museum—loving spot—until which desirable epoch, we will never believe that by helping to diminish crime we are ministering to vice.

ONE MAN'S MEAT.

IT appears after all that the *John Bull* was right, and that the Prince of Wales did, as was originally stated, go out hunting, and "take five-barred gates, timber and walls as they came" on Ash Wednesday. The matter is not one of much moment as far as the public are concerned, but as might have been expected, it has afforded occasion for some comment in what are called "religious circles." His Royal Highness, however, was certainly placed in a very unpleasant position, for what could he do but make the best of the matter, when his host put nothing but *meet* before him, on a recognised fast day?

THE late proceedings at Bow street show pretty conclusively, we think, that the members of the Jamaica Committee are at their last gasp—for want of Eyre.

LORD Cairns, the new Lord Chancellor, and Lord Chelmsford, the late Lord Chancellor, have, strange to say, divided the woollack between them. Whilst the former has gathered the wool the latter has got the sack.

CARLISLE CHRISTIANITY.

WE have often pondered on the singular inapplicability of the epithet 'merrie,' applied to the city of Carlisle. Speaking from the experience of a brief sojourn in that remarkable town, we do not remember to have observed that spirit of gaiety and hilarity which no doubt obtained for the town its distinctive epithet. But we cannot deny that at the present time Carlisle ought to be singularly happy in the possession of a Bishop and a Dean whose genial humour is only equalled by their large-hearted charity. For Dean Close we always had the most intense admiration; like Salisbury Cathedral, Carlisle would be nothing without its Close. The Right Rev. Samuel Waldegrave is one of those terrestrial angels who, as Keats says of sweet peas, seem always on tiptoe for a flight to heaven. We have many intellectual Bishops, many hard-working Bishops, a few bland Bishops, but there is a worldly taint about most of them which makes us in our moments of daring irreverence almost fancy that they are flesh and blood even as we. But Samuel Waldegrave has at once the wisdom of a prophet and the purity of an apostle. He finds favour in the eyes of Lord Shaftesbury; and this is a point of excellence to which, alas, few mortals can reach. When we speak of such holy men as mortal, we use the term with great hesitation, for they are all soul, and the earthly crust that confines their pure spirit is like the delicate covering that scarcely pretends to conceal the bud which is bursting out of it. When Samuel Waldegrave speaks we listen humbly to the outpourings of the spirit of Christianity. How invaluable are such utterances! What help do they not afford to the weak and wicked nature that, under all its struggles feels that it has only succeeded in hating Dissenters imperfectly; feels that there *will* rise in their corrupt natures, spite of their diligent study of Evangelical divines, a dim suspicion that Wesleyans may be saved. To hate evil and to love good is the duty of every Christian. Listen, then, to the inspired utterances of Samuel, Bishop of Carlisle.

"The mountain and the Fell side can tell many a tale of young persons who have fallen away in passing home after the evening service conducted under the auspices of the Methodists." (*i.e.*, Wesleyans.) The holy man is speaking against a proposal for inviting the union of the Wesleyans with the mother church. Observe the playful humour of which he cannot divest himself, even in a well-deserved denunciation of Wesleyan wickedness! "The Fell side:" fell means fierce, dreadful; it also means in the north, a hill or mountain, and on the *Fell* side these young creatures have fallen! The pun was inspired—it couldn't have been original.

How thankful we ought to be, who are in the outer darkness of ignorance and sin, to have a pastor who dupes to illumine us. Only think that we might have gone on believing that the services of the Wesleyans were no more dangerous or immoral than those of any other Christian sect, the Evangelists for instance. Some even might in their blind sinfulness, have associated with these corrupters of young men and women in works of charity, without seeing through the veil of hypocrisy the vicious character of their coadjutors. We know that, in the eyes of Samuel Waldegrave and his brethren of the Low Church, theatres, and nearly all places of amusement are hot-beds of vice, but we never should have thought of the hidden perils of a Wesleyan prayer meeting. Oh, what an inestimable blessing it is to possess the true spirit of Christian charity which calleth all evil which it thinketh not good.

And this holy man, this mighty unveiler of the human heart, our gentle guide and loving friend, our spiritual Father, receives only a paltry income of three or four thousand a year, and a miserable palace as a reward for his labour. Surely, this is wrong, any earthly reward must be inadequate. Why give one at all? For such saints shall surely have their reward elsewhere.

We have been putting down a good many vicious institutions lately, why not put down Wesleyans. Or must we listen to the impudent rejoinder of these hardened offenders, who dare to suggest that assignments have been made even in Evangelical churches; and that even at those blessed meals where the elect meet to drink tea and anoint their virtuous lips with buttered toast, the devil sometimes ventures to intrude himself, and earthly love casts its corruption over spiritual?

At a time when the Bishops are not spared by irreverend tongues and pens, such a one as Samuel Carlisle certainly goes

far to redeem what slight faults they may have. What a privilege to be one of his flock, and at the feet of such an apostle to learn the true faith—to learn that sublime precept of self-sacrifice to hate your neighbour even as yourself.

MORE HALFPENCE THAN KICKS.

NOT long since there appeared a correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of using burlesque as an advertising medium. The idea is really most suggestive, and should certainly not be suffered to pass by unnoticed. We are under the impression that it was stated that a certain allusion was to be made in a certain piece to certain machine-made jewellery for a certain premium. Very good. The idea is capable of expansion; and if the Pantomime season only lasted twelve months in the year, it might be turned to a pretty account by, Clown and Pantaloon. The following may be worth notice next Christmas:—

Scene XXVIII.—In Harlequin, the Ghost in Hamlet, or the *London Journal* by Moonlight, and the Magic Bolster of the Fairy Cockle—(Cockle having, of course, paid for this preliminary advertisement.)

A street. Chemist's shop, L., Insurance Office, R.

Enter Harlequin and Columbine. Usual business, dance, and exit both. (*Skelt.*)

Enter Clown and Pantaloon. To them (Shakespeare) enter divers thin and meagre children.

Clown, log.—"I say, Joey, here's a fry!"—(Advertisement for "Fry's Chocolate," 6s. 8d.)

Pant. log.—"Well, why don't you go and feed 'em? Take that gal to the chemist's. Come, cram her and go."—(Advertisement for "Cramer and Co., Limited," 6s. 8d.)

Clown drives divers thin and meagre children into chemist's shop. Re-enters with vast bottle of cod-liver oil. (This business might be put up to auction, the various vendors of oil competing.) Administers oil; children swell visibly; exeunt swelling; re-enter Omnes, grown to gigantic size, with placards "Try De Jongh's oil," or whoever the successful competitor may be.—(Advertisement for "oil," £13 17s. 9d.)

Clown then seizes one gigantic child, and, leaving it with Pantaloon, exit into shop. Re-enters with pestle and mortar. They stuff gigantic child into mortar, pestle it to a pulp, find amongst the pulp a paper, take paper to insurance office. Enter official—examines pulp, expresses joy, exit. Re-enter with long slip of paper, waves it over pulp, pulp revives; exit revived pulp, waving long slip, which reads—"Cheque for £80,000 per annum, premium 2d." (advertisement for Providential Accident Insurance Company, Unlimited, £33 9s. 0½d. per night), and so on, *ad inf.* Much, of course, might depend upon the Clown's private gags. Thus, each "I saw yer do it" might, by arrangement with the proprietor of the "London," be made profitable. And, as to quack *bolis*, the Pantaloon might pocket *gilded* pills every night by the dozen.

We hope these hints may be acted upon, so that in time, on the principle of "Diamond cut Diamond," we may have the good fortune to see a piece in which we are left to believe ourselves in Fairy Land, without being brought back into the dirt and mud of every-day life by perpetual reminders of Tottenham Court road and "such like."

BHEELS AGAIN!

A TELEGRAM from Bombay, dated Feb. 14, announces the extraordinary fact that the "Bheels in the frontier of Cashmere have risen—at *Punch*." The nature of the rising is not stated, nor have we any particulars as to the special number of our contemporary that has given rise to this outbreak, though it is more than probable that it must have contained some home hit at the Extinct Reform League. However, pending fuller details, we may venture to express an opinion, that any attempt to force a comic periodical on the natives of Cashmere, renowned as they are, for their serious habit of mind, is most injudicious and impolitic.

PLEASANT RAILLERY (NOT IN *our* LINE).—Recommending a friend (with a wink) to invest in British Railway Stocks.

"POOR HUMBUGS!"
(BY "ONE GONE TO THE BAD.")

MY FATHER "ON THE TURF."

I SAY my father was *not* an arrant knave, but only a fraudulent fool!

"Gone to the bad"—indeed, gone to the bad, when I write such a shameful, infamous, scandalous line! I can hear you cry, "out upon the cur—this man a cynic, say, rather a demon! Away with the wretch to a deserted spot in the Zoo! Find him a dark corner in the Reptile House!" By all means, most virtuous of people, but, for all this, you should not lift up your voices until you have some information to work upon. Now you know nothing of one thing and next to nothing of another. You know nothing of my father, and you know next to nothing of me. For all you can tell to the contrary, my father *may* have been a fraudulent fool. You don't deny this, but you say "are you the man to tell us of his faults, are you the accuser that should point the finger of scorn at his memory!" Why not? I own I've "gone to the bad," I own that in my inmost heart, I am at war with society, and that society (were I but known in my true colours), would be at war with me. Oh, do let me cast off the cloak of humbug for a moment, my knees are *so* tired of the stool, my head is *so* weary of bowing. Let me be natural in my writing, if I must humbug it out before the world. If you are shocked now and then with my sentiments, remember, I do not pretend to be a saint—I am avowedly bad and worldly. A wreck, a ruin. How the ship went to pieces—how the castle fell into decay it matters not. The history of my voyage to the bad, is not written in a book, if you want to learn it, you will find it revealed in a portrait. In a photograph measuring two inches by a nail and a half, you can see the picture of a life's misery! Curious isn't it—two inches long by a nail and a half in breadth! Wonderful discovery—photography!

You will be surprised to hear where this is written. To tell the truth, I've come here to escape the humbug I've left at the big house yonder. I've been vegetating lately at somebody's country place, and am weary of wearing the mask. So I've come to this pretty spot, partly because I knew some one who used to stay here; partly because the place is free from humbug; and is, on the whole, rather more lively than the Grand Opera, Paris, on a Carnival Ball night.

I'm sitting in a country church-yard!

It's a very quiet evening, and those fine long clouds (purple tinged with gold) over there, half humbug one into the belief that there is still something good left to us in this wretched world. The sun has sunk calmly to rest, and those soft, solemn clouds, seem to act as mourners o'er him—mourners that grieve without despair—that are sad without dismay. Nature is very still, and the little steeple of the rustic church stands out darkly against the dying brightness of the sky as it points upwards towards a faint-hearted star, which is just beginning to peep from out the bosom of the heavens. Yes, the evening is sweet, and soft as songs that are sad. For all this, I'm writing of a humbug! I'm naturally fond of poetry; but you see the world *will* thrust me back into prose; so away with words commencing with the letter "s," and let me get to earth again. This story shall be but the merest sketch, for one *must* speak softly of one's father's memory. Forgive my brevity;—sometimes it is not only the soul of wit, but the life of respect!

My poor parent had a hard life of it. You see, he had to look after my sisters and brothers, and myself. As the youngest of the family, I got the worst of it. Somehow or other, money was found to send James up to Oxford (one of our people promised him a "living"), and Charles into the Army; but after these feats had been performed, our resources became exhausted. Many are the times I've absolutely returned to school with fear, and trembling, because I knew full well that the letter I carried with me to the head-master contained an excuse in lieu of a cheque. At the early age of eleven I remember gazing with the utmost eagerness at the face of my worthy pedagogue, to see if he would be contented with my father's flowery explanation. The man never *was* satisfied; he used to bully me and insult me on every conceivable occasion, and so I quickly learnt the truism, "it is wicked to be poor." I've never forgotten that lesson!

"Clem," said my father, one day, in the middle of the holidays, "just leave those confounded figures alone, and answer a question."

The "confounded figures" (which I had been adding up) represented his profit and loss account at whist, at the Arlington. I left the "confounded figures" alone, put down my pen, and exclaimed with the filial politeness of the modern time, "Well, guv'nor, what's up?"

"Why, my boy, I think I may take you a run into the country. What do you say," he asked, as he lighted his cigar with a writ, "to going to Newmarket? I think of trying the Emperor tomorrow at daybreak. I have entered him for the Oxfordshire."

I jumped up with pleasure and danced about the room. And that's how I first saw the Emperor, the horse that ruined my father, and brought me to be (I trust) an *interesting* orphan!

I am not going to tell you anything about the trial, because I'm not a "horsey" man, and I might make a mistake in some of the details. Enough to say my father considered the animal "fit."

Every morning I got hold of the paper, and the horse went up in the market steadily, till it stopped at first favourite. My father used to be visited by a certain "commissioner" known as Lambert on the turf, and as Levi in the home circle. This fellow and my father used to work in pairs. From the scraps of conversation I heard pass between them, I learnt, to my surprise, that they were laying against the favourite heavily. So I guessed that they intended making the Emperor "safe."

On the day of the race I went down to the course with my father, and heard him say this to his jockey as they were walking the Emperor round in the paddock, "Look here, my lad, if he pulls at all, hold him hard. I don't want him to be pumped out; don't let him get a place. Mind, I want him well in for the —, and haven't a farthing on the race he's going to run to-day." The jockey gave a sly smile, touched his hat, and walked away.

My father went back into the ring and found that Lambert (or Levi, which you will) was laying wildly against the Emperor.

The event came off. The Emperor took the bit between his teeth, bolted, and won the race in a canter!

"Mind the horse, my boy," said my father, getting down from the dog-cart, and giving me the whip.

He walked towards the wood I see over yonder—the wood just behind the bush a little to the left. He took three or four paces, hesitated, and returned.

"Clem, old fellow, give me a kiss." I looked surprised, but held my face to his lips. He kissed me, said "God help you, my dear," and hurried into the wood. Two minutes more a loud report, and the pistol he carried with him had made me an orphan!

The stone facing me is dedicated to his memory. Is it sentimental to leave the rose I wear in my button-hole on this tuft of earth? Sentimental or not, the rose is left, and now to "humbug" it out again. My next study shall be my brother "in the Church." I shall enter into the coming sketch with great zest, as my brother helped to ruin me!

FULL OF THORNS.

AN irrepressibly impertinent and inquisitive individual daily urges the following inquiry through the columns of some of our contemporaries:—

ARE YOU IN DIFFICULTIES?

For our own part so frequently has this strange question been thrust before our eyes, in large type, that we have at last resolved to make a clean breast of it, and to confide our unhappy position to our inquisitorial friend—of course in confidence. We *are*, we regret to say, in difficulties. There—we have made the confession, and we now proceed to explain how and why. We suffer from a chronic difficulty in breathing freely, in consequence, we fear, of the close and persistent attentions of our tailor. We suffer—at least so we are told by our boot maker—from a difficulty of hearing—in fact, let us confess it—from a confirmed deafness of very long standing. We suffer from another difficulty, viz. shortness of sight, probably from our being unable pecuniarily to see our way clearly. We suffer from such trifling difficulties as being unable at all times to persuade the fellow who calls with his "little account" that we are not "at home," or to induce Miss Fitznibble to believe that we have large expectations. In a word we are in "serious difficulties." Will our advertising friend—now that he has gained our confidence—just show us the way out of them? We shall be really obliged.

Now ready, (SECOND ISSUE).
VOLUME ONE
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

LONDON, MARCH 14, 1868.

WE are requested to contradict the report that Mr. Arthur Lloyd and the Jolly Nash were presented at the last Levée, held by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The news was premature.

SOME envious politician has whispered that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is only a *Ward*, not of Chancery but of the Treasury. We hope that his Guardian will commit no breach of trust.

THE recent French importation of the *Can-can* at the Lyceum, it is said, terribly shocked our sense of Terpsichorean decorum. What idiotic nonsense! Let us look at home first. Have we not had the *Kahn-Kahn* among us for the last ten years or more?

MDLLE. Finette has flitted from the footlights of the Lyceum to the footlights of the Alhambra. This change of scene might, at the same time, have suggested to the fair *danseuse* an appropriate change of name: Finette might have become popular among us as *Fie-Fie-nette*.

MR. SWINBURNE has just written a song entitled *Kissing her Hair*. Now, probably this erotic poet has pitched this song at the head of some particular young lady of his acquaintance. As applicable to young ladies generally of the present day the above title is simply absurd: it should have been *Kissing someone else's Hair*.

MESSRS. Peto, Betts, and Crampton have cut a pretty figure, or we should rather say a good many pretty figures, in the Court of Bankruptcy, for their capacious balance-sheet tucks in several millions of pounds very comfortably. These extraordinary disclosures will lead investors the better to judge where to draw the (London, Chatham, and Dover) line to investment.

WE are happy to be able to state that those unfortunate persons who assisted at the first representation of *Martin Chuzzlewit* at the Olympic, on Monday, the 2nd inst., are all doing as well as can be expected. In some cases it was feared that the intense depression of spirits might lead to mischievous results, but by careful treatment with passages of the original book, they are all in a fair way to recovery.

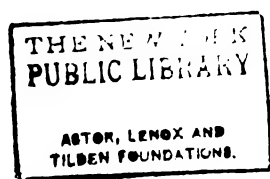
A RECENT telegram from Abyssinia announced that the "Egyptian Interpreter employed at Massowah by the Egyptian Government, had been brought on to Cairo in irons," and added that "the cause was unknown." Pending the solution of the mystery it would be merely reasonable to infer that this unfortunate official had been over-taxing his powers, and been completely baffled in consequence. He must have been attempting some explanation of the British expedition.

THE famous "Spiteful letter" appears, after all, to have been addressed by the Laureate to some contemptible anonymous correspondent. Mr. Tennyson, so his friends have it, is of an extremely sensitive temperament, and once compared himself, so the *New York Tribune* has it, to a "traveller in a lonely desert" who is shot at and hit by some archer on the horizon. Hence this bit of retaliation in *Once a Week*, which, if report speak truly, was decidedly "one for the gold."

DEFINITE GREED.

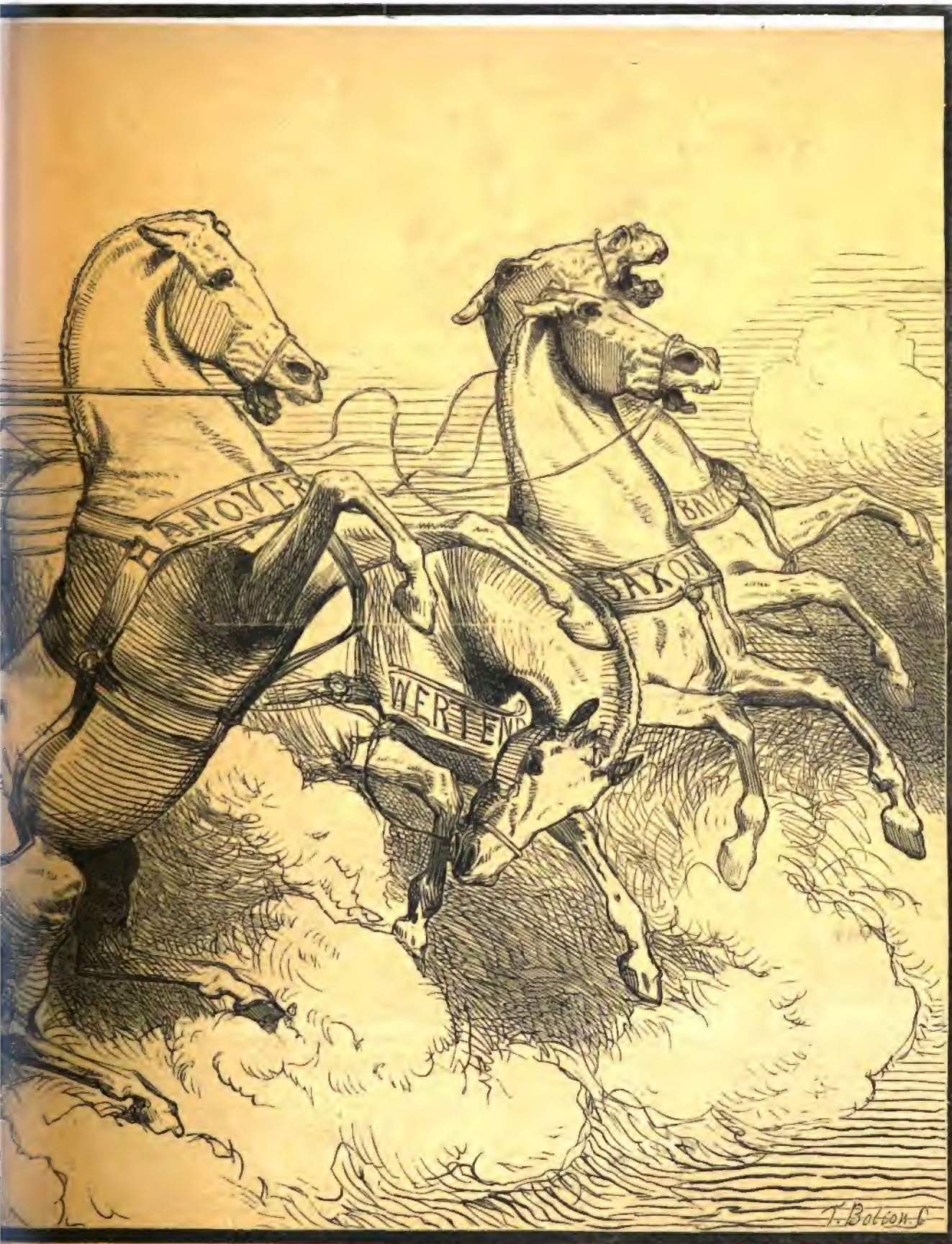
THE Oxford address to the Archbishop of Canterbury is a sign of the times. It shows the desperation with which monopoly-mongers are beginning to survey their position, and the dread they experience at the inevitable whirlwind destined soon to sweep them all away. The Conservative protest in question scarcely needs any notice here, for already it has come under the scalping knife elsewhere—to wit, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Times*. It, however, seems to have escaped the notice of most critics that this pious howling about "Christian faith and morals" means something more, or it would be truer to say, something less, than mere blind bigotry. It is the old story of the loaves and fishes. *These* are the precious things that must not pass into infidel hands. But of course it will not do to put this into plain English. So there is solemn beseeching "on behalf of the souls of the youth of this hitherto Christian nation," and appealing to "the principle of Christian education handed down through so many centuries" (Popish included?), "bitter conflicts," "careless indifferentism," and all the rest of it. The dear "non-conforming Churchman" may, since Oxford is a national institution, take his B.A.; in short, may do anything but enjoy the income attached to a fat Fellowship. This is where the danger and sacrilege begin, and it is here the barrier must be maintained. According to these monopolists every Englishman who cannot conscientiously subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles is presumably an infidel. Christianity is at stake, and only the Thirty-Nine Articles can save it. Let it but come to pass that an Englishman can hold a Fellowship without putting his name to these, and away goes the faith of "the youth of this hitherto Christian country." It is all up with everything and "Oxford man," and something or other very bad, will be convertible terms. Such is the language of the agitators who fly to the Articles as a mainstay against infidelity because they guarantee, the words are their own, a "definite creed." What does the Court of Arches say to this, and what, by the way, have the agitators to say as to the "definiteness" of the Thirty-Nine Articles as exemplified by the Court of Arches? Should they find it, as they probably will, beyond them, we offer them a suggestion. Let them get a set of gentlemen who have subscribed to the Articles to form themselves into a committee for the purpose of discussing the matter fully. Surely if Dr. Pusey, Dean Close, Mr. Jowett, Mr. Mackonochie, Dr. M'Neile, Brother Ignatius, and S. G. O. cannot exemplify "definite creed" as embodied in the Thirty-Nine Articles, no one can. The theory is worth trying at all events.

LIBERTY AND LICENCE.—We are happy to see that the "Can-can" has retreated from the Lyceum to more congenial haunts, and we think we may congratulate ourselves on having assisted in promoting its banishment. We hope that when Mr. E. T. Smith again applies for a Licence to the Lord Chamberlain, that the services which he has rendered in the cause of public morality will not be forgotten.

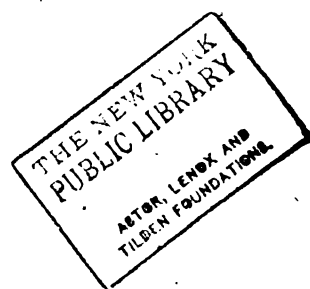




THE PRUSSIA



PHAETON!



A VERY HARMONIOUS MEETING.

THE public have already been made aware that the managements of both great opera companies are about to lose their individuality, and that henceforth the rival houses will concentrate their forces at Covent Garden, in the character of a limited liability company. As we wish the undertaking well we are glad to be in a position to chronicle the proceedings of the preliminary meeting of the directors of the Grand Opera Company, Limited, which was held on Saturday last in the crush-room of the Opera House.

Present—Colonel de Boots (in the chair), the Earl of Pentonville, the Earl of Softun, Lord George Noddy, the Hon. Herbert Plantagenet, Major Bounce, and Mr. Fitz-Twaddle.

Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson were present, at the request of the directors, and occupied seats on either side of the Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN opened the proceedings by announcing that the shares had gone off as well as could be expected, and that notwithstanding the heavy payments they had been obliged to make in order to purchase the goodwill of the concern, there was a satisfactory balance at the bank. The first question they had to decide was the date that should be fixed for opening the Opera. He was of opinion that an early day in April would give them plenty of time to make their arrangements. What did they say to the 1st of April?

LORD SOFTUN considered that any hurry was both unnecessary and unbecoming. If business was commenced some time in June it would be quite soon enough.

MAJOR BOUNCE did not see why there should be any delay. He moved that the theatre should be opened on Tuesday week.

After some desultory conversation it was agreed that a sub-committee should be appointed to report on the advantages and disadvantages of the dates that had been suggested.

The CHAIRMAN said that the next important question they had to consider was the engagements of the artistes. There was no doubt but that Mario, Santley, Titiens, and Patti should be got on any terms.

MR. FITZ-TWADDLE begged to interrupt the Chairman. He thought they had better proceed by resolution. He had no objection to the ladies and gentlemen named, but he hoped the Chairman did not think that he was going to have all the engagements to himself. If he did he was very much mistaken. (*Hear, hear.*)

LORD PENTONVILLE said that so long as Madame Bella Donna, a singer unknown he admitted in this country, but nevertheless highly accomplished, and Madlle. Coralie, whom he assured the board was the most *ravissante* of danseuses, were engaged, as far as his Lordship was concerned the Chairman might do as he liked about the rest of the people. He might add the recommendation that both the ladies he had named were personally known to him, and he considered them very desirable acquisitions to the company.

MR. PLANTAGENET thought if they were going to have any trouble about the artistes they were to engage they had better proceed by ballot. Let each director write a dozen names on as many slips of paper, and let the whole of them be put into a bag and be drawn as a lottery. The first twenty names should form the company.

LORD GEORGE NODDY disapproved of the ballot system. If the company were to consist of twenty members let each director nominate three of them.

After a prolonged discussion this question was also referred to a sub-committee.

The CHAIRMAN next called the attention of the Board to the works that it was proposed should be produced. He thought that they could not do better than hold to the existing *répertoire* of the house, and perhaps add a couple of new operas that might be decided upon hereafter.

MR. FITZ-TWADDLE was of opinion that if they were going to content themselves with trying to brush up a lot of worn-out operas, the sooner the company wound itself up, the better. He considered that they had a mission. From the earliest times, music in England might be said to—(*Interruption*). Would they hear him? To come to the point he affirmed, that Wagner, whose music when once understood by the people of this country, would tend to exalt the taste—(*renewed interruption*). Once more to come to the point, he moved that *Tanhauser* be produced on the opening of the season, and be played for, at least,

fifty consecutive nights, in order that the public might have a fair opportunity of judging for themselves, and at their leisure, of this truly sublime and magnificent work.

LORD GEORGE NODDY agreed with the last speaker that they were entrusted with a mission, but it was not to the vulgar taste of the multitude that they were to pander. The *habitudes* of the opera could not be said to represent the public—(*hear*), and it was for the directors to consult the wishes of the noblemen and gentlemen who tenanted the boxes and stalls. He had that morning had the honour of an interview with a highly distinguished personage, whose royal desire it was, that the native talent of the country should be encouraged. He therefore proposed, that several new operas, composed and performed by Englishmen and Englishwomen, should be produced during the season. He had authority to state, that Mr. Vance had a five-act work completed, and that Messrs. Arthur Lloyd and Jolly Nash were willing to undertake the leading *rôles*.

After an animated conversation of an hour and a half, it was decided that a third sub-committee should be appointed to prepare a scheme which should combine all the suggestions that had been offered.

The CHAIRMAN then said that the last question they had to discuss was the selection of a gentleman who should be entrusted with the responsibility of carrying out the instructions of the Board. This official would bear the title of General Manager; but at the same time the person holding the appointment must fully understand that he stood simply in the position of the agent and servant of the Company; and that although much responsibility would necessarily attach itself to the office, no discretionary power could be permitted, as all questions must be submitted to, and decided by, the Board of Directors. There were two highly respected gentlemen present, both of whom had had vast experience in the management of opera in this country, and he need scarcely add that it was highly desirable that either Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson should be induced to undertake the general management of the Grand Opera. He therefore proposed that Messrs. Gye and Mapleson should be requested each to make a tender of their terms, and it would rest with the Board to decide which tender they would accept.

Several Directors rose to second the proposal, which was carried unanimously.

MR. GYE said he would consider the matter.

MR. MAPLESON begged for a few hours' grace to think it over.

The meeting then adjourned.

It was understood yesterday that Mr. Gye's tender had been received, and was to the effect that he would be sorry to undertake the duty for £50,000 a year, payable in advance. No tender had been received from Mr. Mapleson in consequence, it was rumoured, of that gentleman having started for Timbuctoo immediately after the adjournment of the Board on the previous Saturday.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Abandon, to.—A term synonymous with "jilt." Used by the jilters. "The fact is, my dear, I was obliged to abandon him."

Abominable.—The conduct of a man who has flirted without coming to the point—used by Mammas.

About.—An indefinite preposition affixed to sums spent or received. About £5 disbursed, means generally over a tenner. About £5 paid in house-bills, means a couple of sovereigns or so.

Absurd.—Every argument which does not entirely coincide with a woman's wishes.

Abuse.—Any serious remark inculcating a reprimand.

Abusive.—Admits of different definitions according to the station of the person employing it. A cook is abusive who informs her mistress she is a stingy old cat, and ought to be ashamed of calling herself a lady. But the cook says her mistress is abusive when she replies "It is very sad to hear you speak in such a manner, and you must leave my house at once."

CARTED AWAY:

A FAREWELL ODE TO THE BROMPTON BOILERS.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
There's a work I wouldn't miss for worlds at present going on
here;
Well, I know you'll not believe mother, a word of what I say;
But they're carting the boilers away, mother, they're carting
the boilers away.

There's many a black eye, of course, a moral one I mean,
Has been exchanged about them, for many a fight they've seen;
But no more need of cavil now, the fact's as plain as day,
They're carting the boilers away, mother, they're carting the
boilers away.

Good taste had slept so sound, mother, I thought t'would never
wake,
But the Press at last has given it a most decided shake;
Yes, at length its up and doing, oh! and is'n't Brompton gay
While they're carting its boilers away, mother, they're carting
its boilers away!

As I came up from Knightsbridge whom think ye should I see
But Mr. Cole my ancient friend, best known as the C.B?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
And he carted the boilers away, mother, he carted the boilers
away.

You know it is his boast, mother, that in bricks red and white,
He means to raise, on what appears an eligible white site,
A palace for which Parliament will very gladly pay,—
When the boilers are carted away, mother, the boilers are carted
away.

The turnstile and refreshment-rooms, umbrella-man, and charts,
The chimney pots, paints, plaster casts, and analysed jam tarts,
Yes, all are gone! No longer art her triumphs can display,
For they've carted her boilers away, mother, they've carted her
boilers away.

The cabs they come and go, mother, the omnibuses pass,
The public scarce believe their eyes; they think the thing a
farce—

They've got resigned to Brompton, think its boilers mean to
stay!

Yet they're carting those boilers away, mother, they're carting
those boilers away!

South Kensington no more, mother, need fear to be despised:
The three most ugly things on earth man ever yet devised,
No longer shall scare fashion off, and keep the world at bay;
Yes, the boilers are carted away, mother, the boilers are carted
away!

So please call me very early—oh! I mean it—mother dear,
For I wouldn't miss the sight for worlds, it's such a bright idea;
They've nearly done—a pole or two to go, and then—hooray!
The boilers are carted away, mother, are carted for ever
away!

PAINTED SHIPS AND PAINTED OCEANS.

WE have just been awakened to the striking fact that England
is no longer a first-class maritime power. Thanks to statistics,
the matter is beyond dispute. That we have a fleet, and an
enormous fleet, nobody, not even a British taxpayer, will deny.
The worst of the thing, however, is that the enormity, such as
it is, happens to be of a very cardboard and tinsel character.
Let us get out a schedule and look at figures. On the 1st of
December, 1867, we had 432 vessels of all kinds in commission.
Of these just 35 were what they represented themselves to be,
namely, of some sort of use for warlike purposes, the immense

surplus of nearly 400 ships being nothing more or less than a
gigantic sham. The long and short of the matter is, that more
than nine-tenths of our fleet was, on the 1st December, 1867,
made up of wooden vessels. Three or four first-class American
Monitors could have disposed of the whole 400 as easily as the
same number of well armed men could have effectually settled
a rabble of defenceless children. It is to be presumed there-
fore that the whole naval power of Great Britain is at this
moment represented by about 35 iron-clads of various sizes,
and we leave it to those acquainted with the actual strength of
foreign navies to judge whether this force justifies national
sentiments about "ruling the waves," and self-complacent
allusions to "Britannia," and "tight islands."

Of course nothing will be done. Magnificent and expensive
three-deckers, with captains and crews, drawing, by the way,
largely on the pockets of the British taxpayer, will go waltzing
about the Pacific to the end of time. Perhaps a period may be
put to this monstrous folly at a much earlier date, for a squabble
with some obscure South American Republic, boasting how-
ever its fleet of five iron-clads, would blow a good deal of it out
of the water with unpleasant rapidity and effect. One thing
however, Parliament should insist upon, and that is, that as
this enormous paper fleet is utterly useless, it should cost as
little as possible. As a specimen of what could be done with a
view to economy in this way, we beg to offer the following to
the consideration of the authorities at the Admiralty:—

COST OF ARMAMENT, &C., &C., OF H.M.S. HUMBUG.
121 GUNS.

	£	s.	d.
121 Guns (best deal, bronze painted, with toy springs), as per contract	242	0	0
1 Sham Telescope (gilt cardboard)	0	1	0
Theatrical Thunder and Big Drum for imitating roar of artillery in foreign ports	1	1	0
Gunpowder to make smoke for ditto	0	0	6
Ballet Master's Salary for teaching sailors, captain, and first mate, hornpipe and " <i>Grand pas des Marins</i> "	5	0	0
500 Pea-shooters for crew	1	2	6
1 Peck of best dried Peas for use of ditto	0	0	4
A Log Book (imitation, to open like a back- gammon board)	0	2	6
A copy of " <i>Black Eyed Susan</i> " (burlesque) for captain's private use	0	0	6
Compass, Needle, &c. (fixtures)	0	2	6
Hand-book to Nautical Expressions, Paper Cocked Hat, Tin Speaking Trumpet, Timbers (for shivering), Small Part for a leading comic man, and Copy of Speech for Captain, to be used on going into action, the lot	1	1	0
Prompter's Salary	2	0	0
Anchor, Capstain, Chairs for Court-martial, Blue Fire, and other necessary properties	1	3	9

And so on.

But, to be grave: Such a list as the above would be about
as much to the purpose for the defence of this country in a
crisis, as a very much longer one that costs us annually about
ten millions of money. The sooner such a fleet as this is
blown out of the water the better.

RE-APPEARANCE OF MR. SPEKE FOR
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

So the naughty boy has promised to be good, and has been
taken to the play. We quote the following very interesting
paragraph from the columns of a contemporary:

On Thursday evening the Rev. Mr. Speke, accompanied by Mr.
Murdoch, occupied a private box at Drury Lane Theatre. The comedy
of *The School for Scandal* he seemed to enjoy heartily; and the pan-
tomime, with its scenery of Cornwall, evidently afforded the distin-
guished visitor, who was unconsciously the object of considerable
curiosity, a vast amount of enjoyment.

The entertainment selected for Mr. Speke's amusement was
not ill chosen. Though the scandal-mongers of Sheridan's
comedy have nothing whatever in common with the scandal of
Mr. Speke's creation (thank goodness!), yet the buffoonery of a
pantomime with the scene laid on the Cornish Coast, would ap-
pear to be particularly suited to the reverend gentleman's tastes

THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better!"

ORATOR STUBBINGS ON IRELAND.

YER thought yer'd got rid of me, didn't yer?

Of course yer did. And wasn't yer pleased! Says you to yourself, "The honest artisan with the 'orny 'and of industry is collapsed. He 'as been squashed by the Editor of the 'TOMMY,' who 'as werry properly murdered of 'im, or assassinated of 'im. The Editor of the 'TOMMY' 'as read 'im to death with Martin Tupper, or 'as poisoned 'im to death by taking 'im to see *Martin Chuzzlewit*. That's what the Editor of the 'TOMMY' 'as done!" O, indeed! is that what 'e 'as done? Law, yer surprises me, yer do, upon my word! 'Ow comes it then that I'm 'ere a speaking of to yer, with a werry loud voice and a werry 'eavy stick? Yer, answer me *that*! Why yer'e quite ridiculous! y'are—quite absolutely—riling! Get out with yer!—y'are a fool—a h'idiot! Yah!

Well, yer sees, I aint *quite* done for yet. So now per'aps yer wants to know what it is I'm a going for to say to yer? All right, I'll tell.

I'm a going to 'ave a little chat about Ireland.

The other day I was a reading an article (it was either in the *Times* or the *Newgate Calender*, I forget which), which could'n't 'ave been better even if I'd written it myself. Says the writer says 'e "Now I tell you what I'd do to the Irish. I would bully them and I would persecute them till not an Irishman stayed in the country. And when they was all gone why *then* Ireland would become peaceable." Just so, why them as lives in Ireland would'n't be 'alf of 'em Fenians if it was'n't for them mischievous Irish, who are always a kicking up of a row somewhere or other. What I says is this, "be firm and all will be well." I says "don't give into them, mind as 'ow you are a good bit stronger than them. Keep 'em down, trample 'em 'under foot—and mind yer put on your 'ob nailed boots before yer begin the trampling." Oh, if I was Mr. Disraeli I'd werry soon larn 'em to be Irish!

Fair play's a jewel, so now I'll just listen to their grievances. Now then out with 'em!

"Well first," says you, "they 'as a lot o' parsons which doesn't agree with 'em a living in their midst." Well, and why not? Ther's a lot o' parsons a living in *my* midst. I don't agree with 'em, but they agrees mightily well with me. Comes the parson to my place, and he says, says he, "Mr. Stubbings, you was not at church last Sunday." "Right yer are," says I, "and what's more" says I, "yer wont see me there *next* Sunday." "Then," says he, "when may I expect to be'old you a listening—to my sermon?" "When?" says I, "why when yer comes and preaches of it in the public 'ouse round the corner—that's my church," says I, "and a werry good church it is." Then when the parson finds as 'ow 'e can't get any thing out of me, 'e goes it at the missus. Says 'e "Missus Stubbings," says 'e, "I did not see Johnnie at divine service last Sunday." "No," says my missus, "you did not, sir." "And, why not?" says the parson. "Cos sir," says the missus, "'e aint got no clothes for to go in." "Well," says the parson, slowly, "perhaps I might find 'im some clothes. What do you think 'e'd require, Missus Stubbings for to go to church in?" "Well," says my missus, "'e'd want two pairs of trousers, 'alf-a-dozen pairs of socks, two coats, a pound of best mixed tea, five fancy waistcoats, and four boxes of composite candles!" "Is that all?" says the parson, "No," says I, "it is *not* all. 'E will likewise want," says I "two and a 'arf ounces of shag; and likewise," says I, "'e will want (not to put too fine a point on it) a bottle of whisky, with a preference for Scotch." Says the parson, "'E shall have the clothes." And, as 'e goes out, 'e says, "Mr. Stubbings, I wish as 'ow you was awakened." "Why?" say I. "Cos," says he, "if you *was* awakened, Mr. Stubbings, you with your talent, Mr. Stubbings, might write a werry nice book." "Wot would yer call it," says I. "Well," says the parson, "I think I would call it Mr. Stubbings, *Revelations of a Reformed Ruffian*, if you 'ad no objection, Mr. Stubbings." And 'e says good bye, quite pleasantly, and takes 'is departure. O, I likes the clergy!

Now, then, wot's grievance number two?

Tenant-right, eh? Now, that is 'umbug! Wot on earth do the Irish want with leases of their 'ouses? "Oh," says you, "suppose as 'ow they improves them 'ouses, oughtn't they to

get some benefit out of them improvements?" Not a bit of it! Wot I say is this: *wot right 'ave they to improve their 'ouses?* Wot did for their fathers ought to do for them. Oh, I 'ate your revolutionists! I don't mind breaking a few windows for Mr. Bright, or pulling down a 'andful of park railings for Mr. Beales. That's all right; but wot I *do* mind is revolutionists a pulling down the bulwarks of the Constitution—a demolishing of our glorious laws and liberties! Do you think the old Union Jack would 'ave braved the battle, likewise the breeze, if everybody was always a altering of everything? Not a bit of it. And if the Irish *do* loose their money in making these rubbishing improvements, I say, so much the better!

But why need I argue about it? I've answered you a many questions, and now you shall answer me a question. Which is the stronger, England or Ireland? Yer knows wot yer *must* answer;—England. Just so; werry well, then, what I says is this: Rule them Irish with a rod of iron. Persecute 'em and bully 'em until yer drives 'em all away to America. Don't redress none of their grievances; on the contrary, rather add to their bothers. Insult 'em, and show 'em yer don't look upon 'em as equals, but as an inferior race, until they're thoroughly weary and disgusted. Then, when they 'ave all gone away, divide their land among yer, and live 'appily for ever afterwards.

I want to see 'ow your plan succeeds. Do yer want to know why?

Well, I'll tell yer. Me and my mates are stronger than you and yours. If I finds as 'ow you can bully the Irish to death, why then it will teach me that I can drive you away. I'll play the same game. I and my mates will break your windows, and insult you, and bully you until we 'ave driven *you* away; and when *you* are driven away, *we* will live 'appily for ever afterwards!

You mark my words; when you've done larning them beggars over the water wot it is to be Irish, me and my mates will larn *you* wot it is to be rich! Yah!

OFFICIAL.

WE have the very best reasons for believing that our literary Premier purposes several changes in the muster roll of his officials. We trust we are guilty of no breach of confidence in publishing the following list of probable appointments:—

LORD CHANCELLOR	Mr. H. J. Byron. (Barrister-at-Law.)
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER	Bishop Colenso. (on the resignation of his See.)
POSTMASTER-GENERAL	Mr. Edmund Yates.
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS	Mr. Babington White.
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR HOME AFFAIRS	Mr. Greenwood. (The "Amateur Casual.")
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES	Sir Samuel Baker.
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR	Mr. James Grant. (Author of <i>The Romance of War</i> .)
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA	Mr. Wilkie Collins. (Author of <i>The Moonstone</i> .)
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR IRELAND	Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Charles Reade. "Limited."
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY	Mr. Percy St. John.
PRESIDENT OF THE POOR-LAW BOARD	Mr. Charles Dickens.
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE	Mr. Morier Evans. (City Editor of the <i>Standard</i> .)
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF	Col. A. B. Richards. (Author of <i>The Prisoner of Toulon</i> —A farce-tragedy.)
FLUNKIES, &c.	{ The Editors of the Globe, Imperial Re- view, Music Hall Advertiser, &c.

PITY THE POOR AGENTS!

WHETHER Messrs. Alston, Bidwell, and Co. contemplate an appeal to public charity by going in procession through the streets with placards setting forth their wrongs, we do not know. They have addressed an appeal *ad misericordiam*, in the shape of an address to the House of Commons. They have also converted Mr. Layard, who once gave strong evidence against the system of agencies. The arguments used to make the Bully of Nineveh change his opinion must have been very cogent ones. The agents, viewing the proposed abolition of their pleasant perquisites with consternation, demand compensation. This is a proof of their guileless nature. If the practice is an abuse of the public service, surely it would be more just to ask them to refund some of their profits than to pay them for relinquishing an improper source of gain.

The question seems to us to be a very simple one. If it really is an advantage to the consuls and foreign ministers abroad, that their salary should be received, and payments made for them by their agents at a charge of 1 per cent., and if such an agency is absolutely necessary, and the machinery of the office is the cheapest by which it can be carried out, by all means let us retain the agents, only let them be recognised by Government, and let their just gains be considered as part of the emoluments of their position.

If, on the other hand, this charge is unnecessary, and presses heavily on the poorer members of the diplomatic service, surely Government should provide some means of paying them direct, free of any extra charge, and without any middleman intervening; or should make up the loss to them by a corresponding increase of salary. It certainly seems to us a very indefensible thing that within the walls of a government office certain clerks, who are supposed to receive ample salary, and who certainly are twenty times better paid than nineteen out of twenty of their hard working brethren in other departments, should be allowed to carry on a sort of half-recognized trade, the earnings of which amount in two cases to the salary of a cabinet minister, while the duties are ridiculously trivial.

To sum up our remarks: These agencies are necessary, or they are not; if the former let Government provide for them being carried on, if the latter let them be at once abolished. Our opinion is that a banker would perform all the offices of an agent quite as effectually and cheaply as a private agent, though he might not be able to exercise so much influence as the agent does in procuring the advancement, and promoting the official interests, of his client.

One word to Messrs. Alston, Bidwell, and Co.—Before they persist in demanding compensation, let them remember that in some matters if Silence is golden, Speech is *brass*.

EMPTY "HEADS."

WHAT an infatuated set of noodles are those (*block?*) Heads of Colleges who have affixed their signatures to the Oxford Address to the Archbishop of Canterbury! The Right Reverend Prelates, Noble Lords, &c., whose names have already been published as having signed this "large-hearted" document may perhaps have been influenced by a desire to rescue from destructive influences the souls of undergraduates yet unborn. But what could these "Heads" have been thinking of? Do they wish to witness the process of ploughing transferred from the victims of "smalls," "mods," and "greats" to the quadrangles of their respective colleges? Instead of encouraging the development of wild oats, do they want to see *bonâ fide* crops growing up to their very doors? Because if they really have any inclination to join in a haymaking after the manner of the ancients, or to see how far *Virgil's Georgics* could be practically applied to the fertilising of "Wadham," they are going the right way to effect their object. Can they imagine that because they are in a perpetual *statu quo* that the world is not rolling on faster and faster every day? A few years ago Oxford's light was burning with a brilliancy equal to that of a tallow candle that wanted snuffing; the snuffing came at last, and the operation was successfully achieved by the advent of *His Royal Highness* the Prince of Wales. But the wick is growing terribly long again, and this Address will act like a Decree for the Abolition of Snuffers. For can it be expected that in the present state of society any of the "Upper Ten" will care to

be bored and betwaddled by the stupefying pönderosity of the present catalogue of Professors? All this quiet humdrum respectability did very well for our fathers, but we want something more in keeping with the spirit of the age—a spirit whom we venture to consider identical with the "angelic power" who caused the *Ancient Mariner's* vessel "to drive northward faster than human life could endure." For instance, is it likely that Prince Albert Victor would ever be sent to encounter the slow stagnant influences that are at present fixed *halos* round each professional chair? Oxford has no doubt had an ugly vision; but though ugly, it threatens to be very real, and no amount of Addresses will avert the inevitable blow. Radical changes will come, and these "Heads" had better submit with a good grace. The most inveterate teetotallers will swallow an infinity of the strongest brandy and water medicinally. Let, then, these capitals of the pillars of the University accord a tranquil advent to some such scheme as the following:—

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

NOTICE is hereby given, that on the 1st of April next the new Hebdomadal Council will elect Professors, Officials, &c., in the following Departments:—

DEPARTMENT.	CANDIDATES.
Public Orator	{ Edmund Beales, M.A., Esq. G. H. Whalley, Esq., M.P.
Keeper of the Archives	{ Dr. Forbes Winslow. Chaplain of Bedlam.
Regius Professor of Divinity.....	{ Rev. A. H. Mackonochie. Bishop of Carlisle. Reverend C. Spurgeon. Archbishop Manning. S. G. O.
Regius Professor of Medicine	{ Mr. Knaggs, of St. Pancras. Dr. Burrows. Professor Holloway.
Regius Professor of Hebrew	{ Mr. Moses, of Holborn. Baron Rothschild. Mr. Disraeli.
Regius Professor of Greek.....	{ Archdeacon Wordsworth. The Executors of ex-King Otho. Mr. Denman, Piccadilly.
Margaret Professor of Divinity.....	{ Rev. Wm. Rogers, of Billingsgate. Rev. Morley Punshon. King Theodore. Mr. Hepworth Dixon.
Professor of Music, with Offices of Choragus and Precentor.....	{ Mr. Wallerstein. Arthur Lloyd, Esq. Claribel. Dr. Corfe.
Professor of Poetry.....	{ Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L. Sir Robert Walter Carden. Mr. Bradshaw. Mr. Mortimer Collins.

We regret that want of space forbids us from inserting the whole list. We can only say that if any of the "Heads" object to the candidates as a whole, they had better be taken at once on "a voyage to Laputa." Their poor twaddling old "occiputs" can there be conveniently and safely sawn open, and a few not sprightly atoms intermixed with the frozen curds which do duty for brains in the "Heads" of Oxford.

MILITARY REFORM.

ONE would have thought that the important question of the double government of the army might perhaps be shelved over this session. But the Government—that is to say the authorities at the War Office—would seem to be anxious to raise the question at once, judging from the manner in which the Estimates just laid before Parliament blazon forth the *military* status of so many of the officials at the *civil* department in Pall Mall.

It appears by the Estimates, taken in connection with the *Army List*, published "by authority," that the Permanent Under Secretary-of-State is a Lieutenant-General, the Controller-in-Chief is a Major-General, as is also his assistant, the Parliamentary Under Secretary is a Colonel, the Military Assistant a Colonel, the Compiler of Statistics a Major, the Assistant Under Secretary-of-State a Retired Captain, besides

a host of Heads of Departments, Admirals, Generals, Colonels, Captains, *et hoc genus omne*.

Now this is a goodly array of military men for a civil office of civil control. But what does this office control, or rather whom is it supposed, by the theory of our constitution, to control? *Answer*—the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

But how can any army officers be properly employed in controlling the military head of the army—in fact in controlling their own commander?

It is quite comprehensible, and wholly in unison with the spirit and intention of the constitution of this country, that a civilian, or a body of civilian officers, should control the very highest military authority because the civil power is supreme in this land—the military power is its servant in every way, existing merely on sufferance annually renewed in the most formal manner. The Mutiny Act, by which alone it is legalized, rehearses annually the preamble "Whereas the raising or keeping a standing army within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law."

It is thus plain that the control of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army by civilians is formal and constitutional. But surely the control of this great military officer by his own subordinate officers is anomalous, and absurd in theory, and what is more, *impossible in practice*; and it therefore follows, of necessity, not by any question of whether this Under Secretary is hard working, or that Controller-in-Chief clear headed, but of the necessity of the case that the control of the War Office, bristling with military men, over the Commander-in-Chief, is a fiction, a delusion, and a snare.

But unfortunately it is a very expensive fiction, and it is to be hoped that some real army reformer in the House will call the attention of Parliament to the question of whether it is necessary to pay enormous sums for the control of the Army Department, when that control is inevitably merely nominal, and really mischievous, as removing the responsibility from the actual working head to the nominal controlling head.

Let the Commander-in-Chief be really the head of the army, restricted only in what he does by the force of public opinion, or else let Parliament reassert her right to the civil control over the army, abolishing all the military powers at the War Office, and restoring, once more, the old constitutional check of civil employes carrying out the orders of the civil power.

"M-HISTORY THE AVENGER."

EVERYONE has by this time heard of the celebrated *Vengeur* of the *Châtelet*. That sensational establishment is nightly crowded to the roof, to witness the heroism of the Republican vessel, defying the English guns to the last, and going down with all hands to the shout of *Vive la France*, and the tune of the "*Chapeau de Marguerite*." Unfortunately, the whole thing, from a historical point of view, is a myth. Spite this, however, the situation, like the *Vengeur* itself, goes down with the Parisian public. French historians—dramatic historians especially—have never been renowned for accuracy, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the simple facts of the case—namely, that the *Vengeur* struck her flag to the *Orion*, landed her crew to lunch on cold mutton, and went down in the quietest and most business-like manner possible, should have been completely ignored in *le grand spectacle*. Indeed, the success of this "adaptation" of history has been so marked that a series of the same kind must follow. Should the management be at a loss for a telling subject, suppose they try *Waterloo*, and fill up the following sketch:—

WATERLOO.

DRAME EN CINQ ACTES ET CENT TABLEAUX, ETC., ETC.

ACT I.

THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA. *The French army discovered in bivouac by night. Sentinel asleep at his post. Enter NAPOLEON.*

NAPOLEON.—This is the grand army. It is my child—this France. It is time I wakes them. Ah, this sentinel! He has the two eyes shut. (*Strikes sentinel.*)

SENTINEL (*presenting arms*).—Who go there?

NAPOLEON.—The Emperor.

SENTINEL (*fires at him*).—It is my duty. I am a child of France. (*Army wakes.*)

EMPEROR.—It is right to fire at the stranger. I make you one leetler corporal.

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur.*

EMPEROR.—Soldiers! we have destroyed the Russia. Soldiers! next it is with the Anglische. On to *Vaterloo*!

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Imperatrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!*

ACT II.

QUATRE BRAS AT DAYBREAK. *Enter HIGHLANDERS and LES HORSIGARS.*

1ST OFFICER.—O yes! Portarre bierre! Sunday. (I speaks the French.) *C'est moa.* O yes! (*Exit.*)

2ND OFFICER.—Shak-es-peare—Bouldogues. Galignani! (*Exit.*)

ACT III.

THE FRENCH POSITION AT WATERLOO ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE. *Enter NAPOLEON, 50 MARSHALS, and THE GRAND ARMY. R.*

NAPOLEON.—Soldiers, before you is the death, behind you is the France. Soldiers, it is the choice I give you.

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Imperatrice! Vive l'Exposition de 1867.* (*Exeunt all. L.*)

ACT IV.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AT 3 O'CLOCK. *Enter 500 BRITISH SOLDIERS running away and crying, pursued by a VETERAN OF THE OLD GUARD. Enter a CANNON BALL. R. It takes off both legs of the VETERAN OF THE OLD GUARD, then exit. L.*

VETERAN OF THE O.G. (*falling to the ground*), *Vive l'Empereur, Vive l'Imperatrice. Vive le Prince Imperial!*

THE 500 BRITISH SOLDIERS.—O Yes! (*they stab him in the back.*)

VETERAN OF THE O.G.—SACRITIT — — — Bouledougues—O Guè! (*flourishes a tricolor.*)

THE 500 BRITISH SOLDIERS.—Rosbif! (*All exeunt in terror and confusion. L.*)

ACT V.

THE FIELD AT 6 O'CLOCK. *Enter the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, several BOULEDOGS, and two MEES eating plum-pudding and running away.*

THE DUKE.—The fight, is it not finished! I not spicks French. Bifteck—Lestarrre squarrre, O yes. Third cass—Baggage. Foxtone. Pal-ale!

1ST MEES.—Sunday.

2ND MEES.—God saves the Queen! I shall dance one horn-peep! dam!

Enter NAPOLEON, FIFTY MARSHALS, and the GRAND ARMY.

NAPOLEON.—Soldiers! It is the victory. (*Knocks WELLINGTON and the two MEES over, and stands on them.*)

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur, &c.*

Enter BLUCHER.

BLUCHER.—Mein Gott—das Kreutzee Zeitung—Bismarck! Fredrichs!—Baden-Baden.

NAPOLEON.—Soldiers! thus is it perishes the enemies of the France. (*Degrades him.*)

BLUCHER.—Mein Gott!

ARMY.—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Imperatrice! Vive Le Prince Imperial! Vive ——— (hesitates).*

NAPOLEON.—*Vive Le Vaterloo!*

CURTAIN.

A "NOOSE"-PAPER.—The *Newgate Calendar*.



LONDON, MARCH 21, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SO compulsory Church Rates are at last abolished. We may check the Church's power of rating, but when shall we be able to check its power of wrangling?

A MAN was recently treated as a lunatic from the accident of his being deaf. If natural infirmity were always punished with incarceration, who would be safe? Not even Sir Richard Mayne.

THE first debate on "the state of Ireland," was not without result. It led to the important discovery of a real panacea for everybody's sufferings. Let Lord Mayo address them for three hours and a half; if that does not make their "sorrow sleep," "sorra' anything will."

It is reported, that in anticipation of the possible difficulty that may arise in getting the Government Ship safely "*into port*" in the Upper House, Mr. Disraeli has already determined on taking strong precautionary measures. Danger will be avoided by the construction of some new "*peers*."

THE swaggering charges brought by M. de Cassagnac against the journalists of the Opposition have ended in the expected froth; and the accuser is stigmatised as a quack. We have often heard that *L'Empire c'est la Paix*: it would also seem that *L'empirique c'est le Pays*.

THE plunge that has lately been made, on all sides, into Mr. Disraeli's letters, works, and speeches, has served to strengthen the theory which insists that certain mental bents are hereditary. The world has just been treated to a second edition of the most unquestionable *Curiosities of Literature*.

MR. NEATES' honesty is well known. Not so his eloquence. Next time that he feels inclined to propose epigrammatic resolutions for the pleasure of withdrawing them immediately, let him remember the words of Gratiano:—

"Silence is only commendable,
In a Neates' tongue—, and a maid not vendible."

OUR Fenian contemporary, the *Irishman*, is indignant that Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan are not supplied in prison with every hotel comfort, that they are not allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, as generously as they could wish, at the expense of a tyrannical Government. The Fenian organ would naturally prefer that every traitor should have his *traiteur*. What a pity our gaols cannot yet boast the comforts of a restaurant!

FOR some time past a fierce discussion has raged in Dublin concerning the rival claims of the candidates for musical knighthood. Three Irish professors of music are eager for the honour. By way of settling the dispute in a purely Hibernian fashion, and also in view of conciliating an august personage shortly expected in Dublin, we understand the Lord Lieutenant has sent for Mr. Vance.

THE strongest argument for the independence of the press in France has been furnished by the circumstances connected with the name of M. de Kerveguen. When papers, supposed to be devoted to the Government, think that the best way to support it is by slander and calumny, it must dawn upon the perceptions of that Government that even honest enmity is better than dishonest support.

THE new Head Master of Eton has shown some wholesome common sense in doing away with the practice of giving leaving books; but there are numberless still more nonsensical and injurious customs, the abolition of which should fairly take precedence of this, which marks the close of the boy's scholastic career. Mr. Hornby has commenced at the end of the chapter; let us hope he means to read it backwards.

COLONEL A. B. RICHARDS, disconsolate at the tardiness of the British public in endorsing the testamur of the press certifying him a successful dramatist, has chosen a more suitable field for his next attempt. He thinks of writing a drama for the Distinguished Amateurs who lately excelled on the boards of the Strand and Holborn Theatres. His poetical publisher will supply the polysyllables of the dialogue.

LIBEL, henceforth, cannot exist across the channel, for private interests are so completely protected by the new French press laws, that the publication of a "birth, death, or marriage" becomes punishable by a heavy fine. The idea, however, has no novelty to English ears, for there is many a contract entered into at certain fashionable West End churches, which, notwithstanding the absence of any penalty, it is not the less a gross libel on that sacred institution to call "marriage."

THE other Sunday, in the interval of several free fights in a city church, the Rev. Joseph Leicester Ex-Ignatius Lyne selected for his text the following cheerful passage:—"But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake," &c., &c. On the doom in store for his congregation the reverend gentleman dwelt with extreme unction. How lucky it is for Mr. Lyne that there is no Inferno assigned to noodles.

THAT august patron of the drama, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, was, the paper informed us, graciously pleased to call Mr. Toole into his box after the performance of *Dearer than Life*, and congratulate him on the success of the piece, and his (Mr. Toole's) admirable acting in it. Well, this is a step above Arthur Lloyd; and we may hope some day or other to find that H.R.H. has been present at one of Shakespeare's plays, and congratulated Mr. Phelps, let us say, "on the success of the piece."

LOVERS of wine, who trust more to their knowledge of vintages or growths than their palates, are frequently seen in clubs and elsewhere, inspecting the corks which bear the brand of their favourite firm. It is not generally known that club butlers realize something like 10s. a dozen for champagne corks branded with the names of "Moët and Chandon." Other corks tarified according to merit. These corks are forced by a machine into bottles of gooseberry, or other vintage of similar value, and reappear with forged labels as the real thing. The cork is genuine.



A FALSE STEP!
OR,
THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

the
also if
used to
it should

PARLIAMENTARY PANACEAS.

(1.)

An easy method of ridding yourself of troublesome visitors :—
BLOW UP YOUR HOUSE! By Mr. MAGUIRE.

(2.)

A way of disposing of an unpleasant connection with break-downs :—

NEVER SPEAK WITHOUT COPIOUS NOTES. By LORD A. CLINTON.

(3.)

How to look a greater fool than you are :—

BE PONDEROUSLY JOCLAR ON A VITAL QUESTION. By Mr. NEATE.

(4.)

How to taste the sweets of office :—

GIVE NO DEFINITE EXPLANATION OF A "TRULY" LIBERAL POLICY. By Mr. DISRAELI.

(5.)

The best method of extinguishing a conflagration :—

DENY THAT IT EXISTS. By LORD MAYO.

(6.)

A new recipe for flummery :—

LISTEN TO ME. By Mr. CORRANCE.

(7.)

How to render gunpowder perfectly harmless :—

SET IT A LIGHT. By Mr. LOWE.

(8.)

The best way of forcing yourself into public notice :—

GET IN THE WAY OF A "MILL." By Mr. AGAR ELLIS.

(9.)

How to make light of your reputation :—

PIN IT TO PAPER. By Mr. MILL.

(10.)

The best method of destroying a ministry :—

TELL THE TRUTH. By Mr. HARDY.

PORK QUOI?

SOME good people of Salford have been recently enjoying a little manly sport, in the shape of a "boar hunt." The sport in question having to a certain extent died out in England, the thing had to be managed in accordance with the necessities of the times, and so the boar, or rather "pig," had first to be purchased by subscription, made as savage as was possible under the circumstances, and then induced "to be hunted." The poor brute having been brought on the day fixed for the "run," to a field selected for the start, where the subscribers were waiting its arrival, "armed with guns loaded with small shot," refused, very naturally, to move. Thereupon these determined sportsmen "commenced 'peppering' the boar, not with the intention of killing it, but to make it run; and when, after awhile, its skin was riddled like a colander by the shot, the wretched boar did run—into a pond, where it was ultimately killed by a man named Midgley. About thirty shots were fired at the animal." Of course, this is very horrible, and a great deal worse than running a fox to death, breaking a horse to pieces over a steeple chase, and a host of other manly British sports; but the fun is not over yet: a Mr. Trafford, a magistrate, had to give his decision on the case, and here it is. He ventured it, as his opinion, that to treat a pig in this fashion for amusement was not cruelty to the pig, but added, "that if it could be proved that any publican had allowed a subscription for such sport to be got up at his house, the licence of the house would be in great peril." If this is the law, the sooner the Duke of Beaufort's apprised of it the better. Perhaps the truer view of the matter would be found in the fact, that custom and use lend weak authority to what, in a novel shape, becomes apparently the most cruel.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Afford, to.—Not to spend more than double your income.
Age.—An indefinite article, added to as a minor but never allowed to increase after thirty.
Agree, to.—Women seldom agree but to be disagreeable.
Agreeable.—Epithet for any one who carries flattery to its farthest limits.
Agriculture.—Something which produces strawberries and green peas during winter.
Air.—Haughty or otherwise—an element of success.
Allowance.—A paltry pittance made by a father or husband to compare one with slaves for hire.
Amusement.—The aim of life.
Angel, fem.—To be found poetically, before marriage and after death.
Appetite.—A wolf in sheep's clothing. Ignored in public, but carefully nurtured in secret.
Arithmetic.—A torture invented by tradespeople.
Avarice.—Any attempt to spend less than double our income.
Awkward.—Being brought to the point by two men at once, to each of whom she has promised encouragement.

Ball.—Hymen's Tattersall, where unmarried ladies are trotted out for inspection, and knocked down to the highest bidder.

Bank.—A gold-field somewhere in the City, where any man can find money when it is to be spent on himself.

Bargain.—Goods which cost 20 per cent. more than they are worth.

Baron.—Not to be despised.

Bear.—A being impervious to the rays of beauty.

Beggary.—Reduced to keeping one footman and a pony for the children.

Blush, to.—An art almost extinct. Can be had, however, on payment of a large sum.

Break.—Used in connection with a heart; perhaps the only thing which was never known to break.

Bridal.—What every female neck bends to willingly, as long as there is no curb.

Brute.—A husband who uses the curb after the bridal.

Business.—Anyone's but her own.

Butterfly.—A bachelor who looks before he leaps.

A QUESTION TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.

WE beg to ask the Admiralty whether the following correspondence (or something very like it) between the Rev. ———, of ——— Vicarage, ———shire, and the Admiralty, regarding the substitution of H.M.S. *Bristol* for H.M.S. *Britannia*, as the Naval Cadets' Training Ship at Devonport, has taken place or not? It appears that until recently the *Bristol* has been employed as flagship on the West African coast, but was sent home to be paid off in consequence of the great amount of sickness on board, which continued in the vessel long after she had quitted her unhealthy station.

— Vicarage, ———shire.
Feb. 18, 1868.

MY LORDS,—I have read in the newspapers that orders have been given to fit out the *Bristol* to take the place of the *Britannia*, as training ship at Devonport. Your Lordships must be aware of the circumstances under which the *Bristol* returned from the West African station. I hear that for the whole period of her stay in those waters the yellow fever never left her, resisting all the usual expedients which have hitherto proved effective in driving away that terrible malady. As it became apparent to the authorities that the contagion had worked its way into the ship's timbers, the *Bristol* was sent home to be paid off, with a death roll unparalleled even for a ship on the West African station. As a father of a naval cadet, I venture to beg that your Lordships will inform me if the statement I have read is true, and it is really contemplated to confine 300 children in a plague-stricken ship, with the pro-

bability of the coming summer re-engendering the terrible disease which still lurks in the *Bristol*.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Admiralty, Whitehall.
Feb. 23, 1868.

SIR,—I am directed by my Lords Commissioners to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, and to acquaint you in reply that H.M.S. *Bristol* has been selected to take the place of H.M.S. *Britannia* as a training ship for naval cadets at Devonport.

I am,

Rev. ———.

——— Vicarage, ———shire,
Feb. 24, 1868.

MY LORDS,—With reference to your letter of the 23rd instant I would humbly beg to remind your lordships that while informing me of the proposed change, you have apparently omitted to take into consideration the extreme danger to the lives of the naval cadets, which their transfer to the *Bristol* threatens. May I beg that your lordships will cause enquiries to be made regarding the possible existence of contagion in that ship, which enquiries I feel assured can only result in the abandonment of the scheme for employing the *Bristol* on this particular service.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Admiralty, Whitehall,
Feb. 28, 1868.

SIR,—I am directed by the Lords Commissioners to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th instant, and to refer you to the communication from this department addressed to you on the 23rd instant.

I may add that no case of yellow fever has been reported on board H.M.S. *Bristol* since that vessel has been paid out of commission and her crew discharged.

I am, &c.,

Rev. ———.

——— Vicarage, ———shire.
Feb. 29, 1868.

MY LORDS,—I regret that I cannot consider your reply to my last letter by any means satisfactory. Your lordships do not appear to appreciate the heavy responsibility you are incurring. Failing, however, to obtain a satisfactory communication from the Admiralty regarding this matter, I shall place the case in the hands of my friend Mr. B——, the Liberal member for ———shire, who has expressed his willingness to call for an explanation on the subject in the House of Commons.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Admiralty, Whitehall.
March 10, 1868.

SIR,—I am directed by My Lords Commissioners to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, and to acquaint you in reply that H.M.S. *Bristol* has been selected for the purposes of a training ship, after due consideration; and that their Lordships see no reason to alter the arrangement of which you have been made acquainted.

I am to add that this letter must be considered as a final communication on the subject.

I am, &c.,

Rev. ———.

THOSE WAGGISH PRINTERS!—We were made to say in the article "Carlisle Christianity," that we ought to be thankful that such a pastor as Bishop Waldegrave "*dupes* to illumine us." It should have been *deigns*. Samuel Carlisle "*dupes*" no one but himself.

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

WE don't like extortion, but then we believe very firmly that it is well to act up to the proverb, "Live and let Live." Tradesmen are not angels (we all know that only the "upper classes" belong to the angelic order of human architecture); still we prefer to see the gentleman in his mansion, the salesman in his shop. What do we mean? Simply this,—co-operative societies are derogatory to gentlemen and injurious to men of trade. No good can possibly come out of them. They have been called into existence by a greedy craving after cash, fitter for the Jew than the Christian, by a paltry thirst for halfpence unworthy of a great nation, and utterly beneath a civilised community. The economy which would carry a man of substance into a co-operative store would be found to resemble the feeling which would induce a wealthy duke to blacken his own boots, to wash his own door-step—a feeling of miserly, shameless self-contempt. Napoleon has called us a "nation of shopkeepers." Well, the word "trade" brings no blush with it. Still, it is better that the cobbler should stick to his last, and the gentleman to his acres.

ENIGMA.

Oh, all who love marvels, come look well at me!
I'm the strangest Enigma you ever did see;
The Chameleon's true colour, you all will agree,
Is more easy to catch than the real hue of me.
Now red as a lobster, just boiled to a turn,
In a deep-glowing furnace of blushes I burn;
Now white as the foam of the rock-kissing wave,
I stalk like a spectre fresh loosed from the grave.

Gay, sad; gentle, fierce; wise, foolish; sharp, green;
Enticing, provoking; storm-troubled, serene;
Proud, humble; harsh, mild; now noble, now mean;
Such a *cento* of qualities never was seen.
Without me the world were a desert, God knows;
Without me this life were but perfect repose;
But for me earth were Heaven—describe me who can,
Half demon, half angel, and more than half man.

I was born to be ruled, yet I govern mankind,
Though weak is my body and weaker my mind;
The monarch whose frown e'en the bravest might dread,
At my feet as a suppliant bows his proud head;
The tyrant, to whom all the world knelt in awe,
The humblest of slaves owned my fancy as law;
Unarmed, I have crushed whole armies' vast might,
And the conquests of years have regained in one night.

Though such be my power, yet am I not free,
For a despot's caprice plays the lord over me;
No man, no, nor woman, this Thing without breath,
Enslaves my whole life and ensnares me to death.
I smile as around me I wind the foul chain,
And stifle with laughter the cries of my pain;
How hideous soe'er be the shape It commands,
I obey; and deform myself as It demands.

To this Idol of wire, and tinsel, and paint,
I bow down and worship as holiest saint;
Though both body and soul corrupted must grow
By its pestilent influence, yea, though I know
That its service is death to all mind and all heart,
Yet no effort I make from this service to part.

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

MINISTRY. Miry. Mint. Miss. Try. Tiny. Sty. Trim.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—Your Loving Flute, Ruby, Ruronunaludud Mumenunzuziesus, Signor Sani, Homatawk, and Samuel E. Thomas.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their art! they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostic be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 47.]

LONDON, MARCH 28, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TODMORDEN TRAGEDY.

WE have no desire to encourage that morbid craving for sensational crimes which is one of the characteristics of the age. The fulsome details of every crime, and the minute description of the criminal, which are given so prominently in all the papers; and the feverish curiosity of the public to know every particular of his life, every little item of his demeanour, do, in our opinion, tend directly to encourage crime, especially in those natures the most liable to yield to a criminal impulse, which are regulated by no principle, and utterly unpractised in the habit of self-restraint; in which, the finer fibres and the deeper roots of feeling are alike wanting, and which are remarkable for nothing but an uniform pettishness, which may sink into apathy or rise to cruelty, being at the mercy of any evil passion, and particularly of that meanest and cruellest of all passions—vanity.

We are no advocates for the extension of capital punishment, but we are certainly strongly opposed to its abolition. It is not necessary here to go over all the arguments *pro* and *con*; but we may safely assert that the fear of capital punishment does operate as a strong check against homicide. We can quite understand the motives of those who would do away with it altogether; but we must protest against that cowardly method of evading it, which threatens to become more and more frequent—namely, by assigning all morbid or vicious impulses—the cause of which we cannot understand—to Insanity; in other words, denying the moral responsibility of all men who take away human life without any design that we can trace, or any reason that we deem sufficient. It seems to us that we are guilty of much less injustice in presuming that a human being, who has hitherto enjoyed all the rights and privileges of a sane citizen, is sane though he or she should commit a crime, for the commission of which we were as unprepared as the victim, and most probably the author of it. It is impossible, without entering into the minutest details of the inner life of the criminal, to pronounce whether it was probable or improbable that he or she would commit such a crime. It is the grossest presumption in anyone to state, "Oh, I am sure such an one could never have attempted murder if he had been in his right mind." Weak natures shrink from acts of violence; but, unfortunately, weak natures are at the mercy of strong passions, and it requires but a moment to do the crime of which it would take ages to repent.

We feel sure that Justice is much hampered in crimes like the Todmorden Tragedy by our utterly ignoring that the mere act of taking away human life is one which offers great temptations to our nature. Not only does it present itself to the mind as the perfection of revenge,—since death is what the murderer, in his own heart, dreads the most,—but it exercises a fascination over us, insensible perhaps, but none the less strong, as being the supremest effort of mere human power. And since there is no person, however mean or contemptible, who cannot, if he choose, compass murder, the meanest and most contemptible natures hug this reflection as some consolation for their inability to accomplish any brave or noble action. They can become infamous if they cannot become famous. And here that inordinate vanity steps in which is generally inseparable from the weakest natures, and which blinds the murderer's cowardice to the consequence of his act; for it requires very little courage to

commit a murder where the judge and the hangman are out of sight. The most practised and hardened criminals invariably count the cost of their proposed crime. We would rather predict that a vain, weak egotist would become a murderer than one who had been a robber from his youth. No burglar could have been capable of the useless brutality which the attack on Mrs. Plow exhibited.

This infamous and contemptible assassin is an instance of the power of that passion for blood which is dormant in man, which civilization subdues though it cannot stifle. Once having tasted the sweets of violence, he becomes possessed with a fiendish greed for murder, and even when captured, and when the result of his devilish fury might have been sufficiently manifest to have induced reflection, he tries to kick the table to pieces in his impotent thirst for destruction.

Command over one'sself is only to be attained by habit—intellect restrains passion because, even in the moment of rage, it at once perceives the consequences of the act which passion prompts; but in a weak, stupid nature, a fancied injury to its feelings or its vanity continues to rankle, because that nature is as incapable of despising as it is of forgiving the injury. And it is only the most trivial circumstance which in such a case either saves such a nature from, or brings it to, crime. "Lead us not into temptation," is a prayer which even the most holy need often utter.

The most revolting feature about the case of Miles Weatherill is the sort of sympathy which he has managed to enlist on his behalf. The incident related of Sarah Bell's throwing her arms round him after his confession of his brutal crimes, showed that she was fit to be his wife. We will say nothing more of her. In some cases the malignant hatred which certain persons feel against all "parsons," as they call them (probably because the parsons would try to make them better, a liberty which they justly resent), has absolutely given rise to the expression of a kind of paltry pity for this dastardly assassin, because forsooth "the parson" tried to interfere and tyrannize over the poor young man and separate him from his sweetheart; a kind of pity which is quite worthy of the person on whom it is bestowed.

Finally, in such cases as this we deprecate the plea of insanity on every ground; it is no mercy to the criminal; it is a great cruelty to the public at large. If there really exist an insanity which shows itself so suddenly, and only for so short a period, and with such disastrous results, it is better such a person be executed, as a warning to other such insane persons; for such insanity may be too easily feigned, and to ordinary eyes is not to be distinguished from voluntary crime. If the murderer showed symptoms in his previous life which pointed to the likelihood or possibility of his ever being seized with an uncontrollable impulse to take away life, why was he allowed to remain at large? Man's mercy, no more than man's punishment, can reach beyond the grave; it is better to leave such doubtful cases to Omniscience, than to invent a theory to excuse crime, which would make every passionate fool, and every vindictive fiend an irresponsible agent.

PROVERB FOR HUSBANDS.—Where suspicion finds one fault it creates twenty.

A FREE TRANSLATION.—Giving the Popish priests who do work the endowments of the Protestant clergymen who do none.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

THE Civil Service Co-operative Companies have supplied a want to a large and deserving class of Her Majesty's servants; but admirably adapted as the system no doubt is to the requirements of the great body of clerks, with small salaries and large families, yet it has proved of little convenience to many gentlemen, members of the more aristocratic government offices, living in chambers, and at their clubs, to whom the option of purchasing blacking, rice, and pickles, at a reduced price, for ready money, is of no material advantage. These gentlemen, who may be fairly considered as the flower of the service, while warmly approving of the economical spirit evinced by their poorer brethren in the establishment of their trades' union, have observed, with regret, their persistent exertions to secure the total abolition of the credit system. With a view therefore to strengthening the existence of so time-honoured and valuable an institution, a number of the most aristocratic and influential employés of the Secretary-of-State's Departments have formed themselves into a committee for the establishment of a society to be called the Civil Service Co-operative Credit Company, of which we subjoin the preliminary circular:—

PROSPECTUS.

- 1.—It has long been a just complaint of the Civil servants of the Crown that London tradesmen, anxious as they may be to grant credit, should have it in their power to call for payment at the promptings of their caprice, without reference to the convenience of their customers. The Civil Service Co-operative Credit Company is established for the purpose of supplying to the members of the West-end Government Offices the best goods at prices calculated for the longest possible credit.
- 2.—The capital of the Company will be £100,000 in one thousand shares at £1,000 each. One pound will be paid on each share, and it is not contemplated to make any further call. Each shareholder, however, will (as a matter of form) render himself liable, by his note of hand, for the full amount of the share, or shares, for which he subscribes.
- 3.—Each Shareholder must deposit with the Company a policy of assurance on his life for the amount of £1,000 for each share that he may hold.
- 4.—Accounts will be opened by the Company on behalf of the Shareholders with the leading West-end tradesmen for the supply of clothes, hosiery, gloves, jewellery, boots, horses, carriages (broughams and tea carts only), hats, wine, stationery, cigars, opera boxes, articles of vertu, millinery, &c., &c.
- 5.—The tradesmen will render to the Company an annual account of the goods supplied to each Shareholder, which are to be charged for at prices calculated for ten years' credit.
- 6.—The notes of hand referred to in Article 2 will be portioned and deposited with the various tradesmen in the Company's employment as a guarantee for their ultimate payment.
- 7.—Shareholders will be permitted to open accounts to the amount in the aggregate, not exceeding one half of the nominal value of the shares they hold. Thus, a member holding three shares, may contract liabilities to the extent of £1,500.
- 8.—Ten years' credit will be allowed to the Shareholders. At the expiration of ten years they will be called upon to pay their bills, together with compound interest thereon for that period, at the rate of 15 per cent.
- 9.—In case of a Shareholder failing to comply with the provision of Article 8 he will be called upon for the balance due to the Company on his shares. His liabilities will then be discharged by the Company, and any sum that may then remain in their hands will be distributed as a dividend amongst the other Shareholders.

FORCE OF "HABIT."—The Rev. Mr. Lyne has again dressed himself up as a Benedictine.

BEAUX AND BELLS.

THE usually monotonous character of "University Intelligence" has been recently enlivened by a very pleasant item, for which we are duly thankful. It appears that lately "the Cambridge magistrates have had before them two cases on successive days in which undergraduates have been charged with ringing bells without lawful excuse. The magistrates have threatened that the next offender shall be sent to prison without the option of a fine."

Now, what can these "Cambridge magistrates" have been thinking of? Do they pretend to consider this a judicious administration of justice? Can they be recollecting with whom they have to deal? Morally speaking, with beardless youngsters, who nearly up to the present time have probably passed their days huddled-up, gipsy-fashion, in the rosy seclusion of a schoolmaster's M.A.-hood, and are now just beginning to enjoy their freedom, and to indulge a little elephantine fun. Very possibly the crime was perpetrated on their way from some "wine," where an unwonted glass of genuine Undergraduate Port had unduly exhilarated these frisky boys; or perhaps they were returning from a debate at the Union, and, sharing the "fine frenzy" of some embryo Bright, fancied that at each bell they rang, they were tugging at Disraeli's heart-strings; or perhaps they acted with a deliberate and serious intention of doing their part in helping the University to preserve its character as a *nursery* of learning. This bell-ringing is by no means bad, so far as it goes; it evidently has the promise of better things. We confess we should have been far more pleased to have heard of a few knockers wrenched off, or, in some very safe and secluded spot, a few windows smashed; or, if it could be ascertained that a garden belonged to some defenceless old lady, a few rose-trees and flower-roots dragged up, and a good bagful of dandelion-seed thrown over the beds, would have been capital! How cheering it is, in these gloomily-respectable days, to see that the true old-fashioned fun of the right sort is not quite dead, after all, in Cambridge. We had an Oxford proof of its vitality in the gentlemanly and glorious achievement at Dinan, last autumn. But Cambridge need not be downcast; let her be resolved not to be beaten; she evidently has the seeds of excellence; let them only be well-watered and cared for, and we may venture to predict that these high-spirited bell-ringers will, if they go on as they have begun, redeem her from the charge of respectable stagnation; and in some place, abroad perhaps, where they believe themselves safe from magistrates and their cruel threats, will shed a brighter lustre on the English name even than that reflected from the decorations of Du Guesclin.

We would offer one suggestion to the Cambridge Bench: When next they have to deal with such cases, let them lay aside the "sword," and administer justice with a rod. To a bell-ringing undergraduate, a "fine" is an imperceptible punishment, and imprisonment is finer still, with its tinge of romance and martyrdom. Let these riotous papsters be threatened with the birch, and if these nuisances be repeated, let them have it. They have been warned, and if they disregard your *Cave-cane* 'em.

"A HERO OF ROMANCE!"

THE new piece at the Haymarket is very beautiful—very beautiful indeed. To be *very* hypercritical, it only wants a little "action" to make it "go" splendidly. At present the plot is rather devoid of incident—just the least bit meaningless. In fact we think we could improve it. Shall we, eh? Very well then, we *will*. Now let it be clearly understood that in what follows half is (more or less) the original, and half (less or more) our own addition. That which is written *before* the "asterisks," in every act, is "the adaptation from the French of M. Octave Feuillet, revised by Westland Marston;" that which is *written after* them is entirely new and original, and, in fact, our own. Having explained this we draw up the curtain.

† PROLOGUE.

SCENE—VICTOR'S LODGINGS IN PARIS. *Enter VICTOR, Marquis de Tourville.*

VICTOR.—Here am I, a Marquis, starving, with nothing to eat save some dozen suits of the most expensive clothes, which

† Written by Mr. Westland Marston.

I purpose wearing in the next eight or nine acts. (*Al knock.*)
Ha! what is that!

(*Enter URSULA, with a tray containing wine, &c.*)

URSULA.—My Lord Markee, pray eat of this humble fare.

VICTOR.—Nay, churl, you insult me! It is degradation to be seen talking to you, much less eating your dinner!

URSULA.—My Lord Markee, I beg your pardon. (*Exit.*)

VICTOR.—And now to dinner.

(*Enter "DOCTOR LAFITTE, formerly of the French Army, and now — MR. BUCKSTONE."*)

DR. LAFITTE.—I've got a place for you as steward.

VICTOR.—On a Folkestone boat! Nay, anything but that! (*Bursts into tears.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Nay, I meant not this! It is steward of the *Shartoo Doo Mont*. Let us drink to your success. (*Takes up a glass of wine.*)

VICTOR (*imitating his example*).—Then "Here's to the steward of (at least) forty-five!"

(*URSULA rushes in, seizes the glass from VICTOR'S hand, and drinks the contents.*)

URSULA.—Stop, rash man, the drink was poisoned. Poisoned, and by me! (*Sinks on to a chair. DR. LAFITTE attends to her.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Great heavens! my mother! Unhappy woman, what have you done with the will!

URSULA (*gasping for breath*).—Under the castle. (*Whispers into the Doctor's ear and dies.*)

VICTOR.—What did that whisper mean?

DR. LAFITTE (*wildly*).—It meant ruin! Rank ruin—to you! And death!—cold, horrible death!—to me!

VICTOR.—Unhappy man, you forget (*raising his arm*) that there is a heaven above us!

(*DR. LAFITTE falls on his knees and bursts into tears. VICTOR regards him sorrowfully. Curtain.*)

† TABLEUX I AND 2.

SCENE.—MORE OR LESS IN THE SHARTOO DOO MONT. A number of NOBODIES discovered surrounding VICTOR. M. DE VAUDRY and BLANCHE—AGED 19 (*see play bills*) sneering at VICTOR in corners.

1ST NOBODY (*fair and forty*).—Ha! ha! M. Victor, you are indeed a clever horseman—have you not tamed Wild Harry in two and a half seconds?

VICTOR.—Nay, you are a pretty flatterer!

2ND NOBODY (*a howling nuisance*).—Boohoo, boohoo! Yowl! Yow'w'w'l! Boohoo! How clever you are M. Victor. Boohoo! You can sing, and are an accomplished artist? Boohoo!

VICTOR.—Nay, this *must* be flattery!

3RD NOBODY (*more clothes than body*).—Ya'as. On my soul you are a doocid fine fellow. A little Briton girl told me to quote her "h"-less words "that you 'ad killed a great 'orrible dog" who would have murdered her grandfather.

VICTOR.—Sir, you are a booby! (*3RD NOBODY subsides*) and now madam will you permit me!

1ST NOBODY.—Certainly.

VICTOR.—Thank you (*rings the bell—enter immediately a servant who has evidently been listening at the key-hole*). Antoine, be good enough to order dinner for seven o'clock sharp, lay six extra covers—I expect some friends to dine with me. Put some of the best champagne in ice at a quarter to six precisely. Be good enough also to place my portmanteau in the best bedroom, lay out my evening clothes, and take up some hot water.

1ST NOBODY.—How he orders the servants about—in a strange house too! Oh, he has *quite* the manners of a gentleman!

VICTOR (*addressing BLANCHE—AGED 19*).—Dear girl! (*BLANCHE starts*). I beg your pardon, I know my station. I am but a menial! *Ma'mselle*, your hair is lovely as the bird of Paradise, your face seems like the gate to Heaven. Your form is graceful as the young gazelle. Who on earth would ever think you were only nineteen years old!

BLANCHE (*haughtily*).—A compliment, when spoken by some people, isn't thought a compliment by some other people!

(*Enter DR. LAFITTE.*)

3RD NOBODY.—Boohoo, boohoo! Oh, doctor, when I was nineteen I had —

DR. LAFITTE (*interrupting*).—How very shocking!

(*Everybody retires as if 3RD NOBODY had said something unfit for publication.*)

3RD NOBODY.—Boohoo, boohoo! How *very* scholarly and epigrammatic, and refined is the writing of Mr. Westland Marston! Boohoo!

(*Enter ANTOINE (a footman) masked, and armed with a long knife. He rushes upon 3RD NOBODY and attempts to stab her. Terrific struggle.*)

3RD NOBODY.—Murder! He would kill me! Murder, murder! Help, help! Murder!

(*DR. LAFITTE rushes in, seizes ANTOINE'S arm, and wrenches the dagger from him. 3RD NOBODY faints away.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Unmask villain!

ANTOINE.—For your peace of mind be warned doctor. Force me not to reveal myself!

DR. LAFITTE.—Unmask ruffian, else I stab thee to the heart!

ANTOINE (*taking off his mask*).—Behold!

DR. LAFITTE (*wild with horror*).—My father! (*Curtain.*)

† TABLEAU 3.

SCENE.—RUINS OF THE TOWER OF ELFIN. *Low Comedy on the part of MR. ROGERS. Enter BLANCHE and VICTOR. They are locked in.*

BLANCHE.—Ah! I see your plan. You would trifle with my reputation, and then force me into a marriage. I've never left my native village, and am but nineteen years old. Still, you will find me well acquainted with *roués*, their manners, their ways, and their tricks.

VICTOR.—Angel of innocence! Believe me 'twas the fault of Mr. Rogers—he thought we were gone, and locked us in. However, to satisfy you I'm not what you think me, I'll jump a couple of hundred feet. Nay, start not; among my many accomplishments I number athletics!

(*Struggle between BLANCHE and VICTOR. VICTOR throws BLANCHE off and leaps from the battlements. BLANCHE faints.*)

(*The scene at the back opens and shows ANTOINE dying in the arms of DR. LAFITTE. A misere is heard as the curtain falls.*)

† TABLEUX 4 AND 5.

SCENE.—AGAIN IN THE SHARTOO. VICTOR discovered burning title-deeds, wills, &c. *Enter OLD DOOMONT.*

OLD DOOMONT.—It is my Lord Markee. He is covered with blood! Take all I've got and more, Lord Markee. (*Dies in BLANCHE'S arms.*)

(*Enter all the NOBODIES, headed by M. DE VAUDRAY.*)

1ST NOBODY.—We have found a confession of Old Doomont saying that he had robbed your father of lots of money, consequently you are his heir! (*Everybody sees this clearly.*)

BLANCHE.—Then, Markee der Toorvil, here is my hand!

(*DR. LAFITTE rushes in wildly in a dying state.*)

DR. LAFITTE.—Before I die, before I die! I must see him. Here boy come to my arms (*sinks on the floor.*)

1ST NOBODY.—What is the matter doctor?

DR. LAFITTE.—Antoine stabbed me e'er he died with a dagger that had been dipped in poison! Oh, how I burn! (*faintly*), Victor, Victor!

VICTOR (*supporting him*).—See doctor here am I! What would you with me!

DR. LAFITTE (*feebly pulling off his moustache and wig*).—Do you not recognise me?

VICTOR.—My mother!

DR. LAFITTE.—To save you my son to save you! (*dies*). (*VICTOR buries his face in his hands. A misere is heard as the curtain falls.*)

THE END.

† Written by Mr. Westland Marston.

¶ Written by Ourselves.

† Written by Mr. Westland Marston.

¶ Written by Ourselves.



LONDON, MARCH 28, 1868.

THE WEEK.

ROYALTY is to pay its accustomed visit to Ireland during the approaching season. At Easter, the Prince of Wales will spend *several days* at Dublin!

THE Duke of Argyle, having written the *Reign of Law*, has just supplemented that noble book by another work even more noble—*The Shower of Abuse*.

"SAVE me from my friends" has no doubt often risen to the lips of the new Premier; but "Save me from my publishers" would be more to the point now.

WHATEVER may be the end of man, there can be no doubt when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and roads, that the end of woman is—"Dust."

To be sent to Coventry used to be considered equivalent to a sentence of social transportation. Recent disclosures, however, prove that Coventry, far from being a Limbo, is a Paradise—for the friends of Mr. Knapp, the election agent.

MR. DISRAELI is "warned" of his early faults by a well-known firm, who are calling attention to fresh editions of "Alroy" and "Ixion," which might have been left out of the number of successful novels which we owe to the Prime Minister.

IRELAND seems sinking lower and lower, till she threatens to deserve Juvenal's sneer at Hannibal,

"Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias,"

which, being freely translated, means Ireland is becoming "a mere plaything for 'the boys,' and food for talkey-talkey."

LORD CHELMSFORD cannot deny that he has been treated with honour by the hand that destroyed him, an honour all the more valuable to a truly conservative mind, as it was one bestowed on kings and chiefs in the very earliest ages. Has not the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli erected *Cairns* to mark the spot where Chelmsford fell?

MR. SERGEANT GAZELÉE objects to executions taking place within the prison walls, because he thinks it is the right of the poor man to be hung in public. We suppose, for a similar reason, he would object to confine his speeches to the privacy of his own study, because it is the right of (shall we say) "very wise men" to exhibit themselves in public!

So Sir Robert Peel had the best of the Charity Commissioners after all, and Sir Richard Malins was saved the terrible shock of having to decide a point against a baromet and an M.P. If Sir Robert Peel had such a very good defence, why did he not bring it forward before. Next time he takes such liberties with the law, he may find justice is not represented by a—Justice Malins!

EARL RUSSELL is constantly reminding the nation how much we owe to him. As if the nation wanted a reminder! The Civil Service Estimates are published every year. But why does not England do something for this child of hers, whose mind is even smaller than his body? Let his grateful countrymen erect a mansion for him! Where, do you ask? Why, in Vinegar Yard.

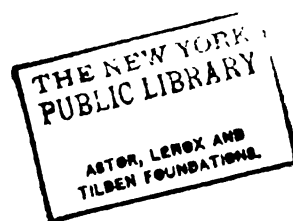
MR. DISRAELI has reached nearly the highest point which a commoner can reach. But for him there is one step higher yet. We do not mean the Upper House, that respectable vestibule of the grave, where worn-out statesmen rehearse for "the Long Sleep." No, Mr. Goldwin Smith declares that only when he hangs where Big Ben does now, will he have attained the greatest elevation of which he is capable.

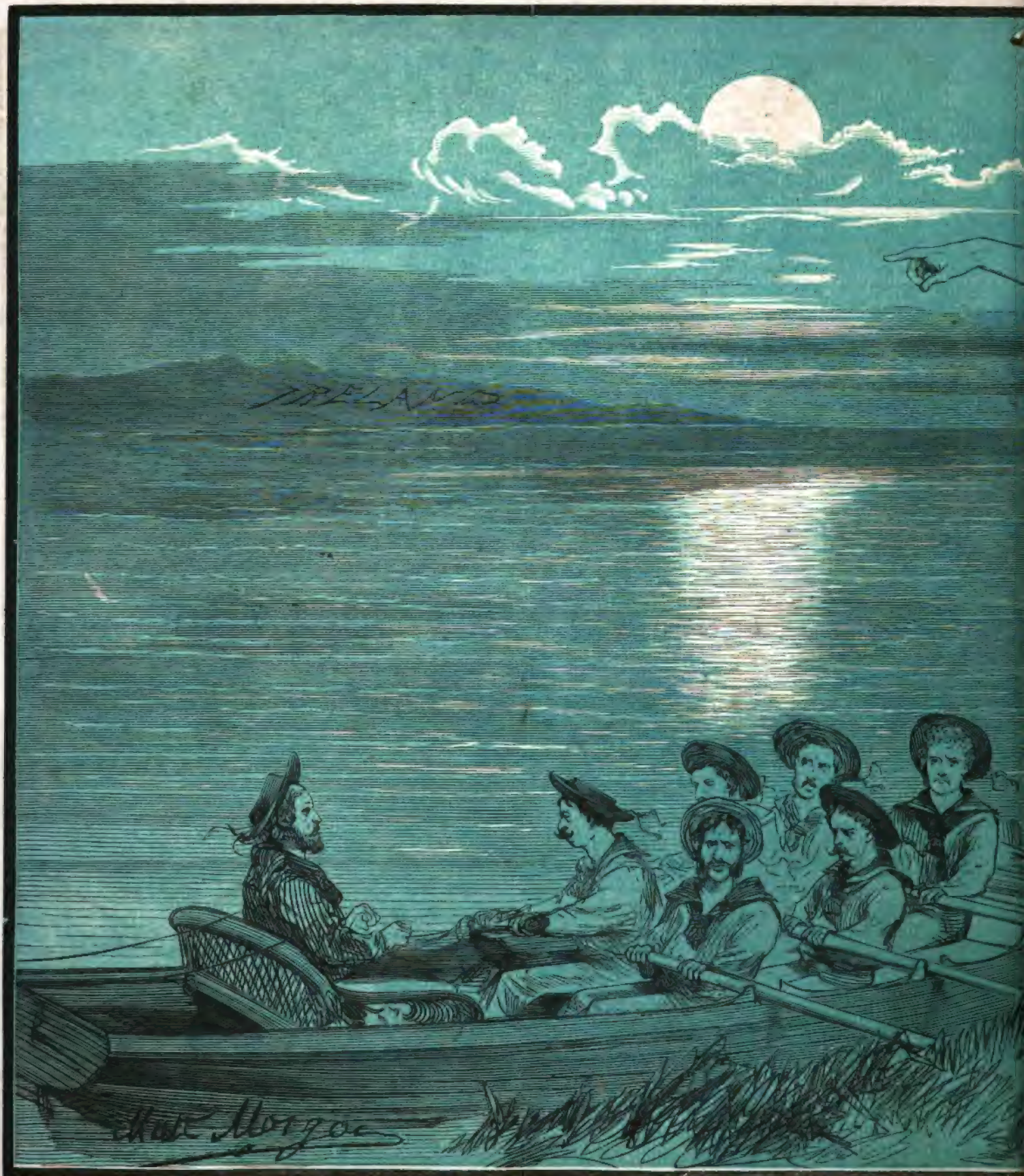
THE Queen, in the kindness of her heart, has given a copy of *A Journal of our Life in the Highlands* to each of the metropolitan hospitals. We wonder if the libraries of these excellent institutions are accessible to the inmates. We do not think so. Should it not have occurred to the hospital officials that books are meant to be read. Let us remind them that in this instance the Queen has intimated that her little gift is *for the use of the patients*, and that it should be allowed to find its way into their hands, even at the risk of its pages getting thumbled and grimy in the service.

ADMIRERS of the poet Swinburne, of whom there are a few who are yet neither lepers nor Phrynes, declare that a *carte de visite* which brackets him and the Menken is a mere trick of the photographer. We would fain wish it were so. We know that photographers can produce *cartes* which resemble Barnum's manufactured mermaid, of which the upper part was a monkey and the lower part a fish's tail. Of course, in the present instance, it is nothing to the point whether the monkey had reason to be ashamed of the scales, or the scales of the monkey. This matter is a *very* different affair!

WE cannot quite follow Mr. Gladstone's logic. The endowments of the Protestant Church in Ireland ought to be done away with because nearly all the inhabitants are Roman Catholics; but a Roman Catholic College ought not to be endowed because the Roman Catholics are a mere section of the population! Does not a good deal of this paltry self-contradiction which distinguishes English advocates of Ireland's wrongs, arise from the fact that they really, in their heart of hearts, hate the Roman Catholic Church, while they are not capable of fidelity to their own?

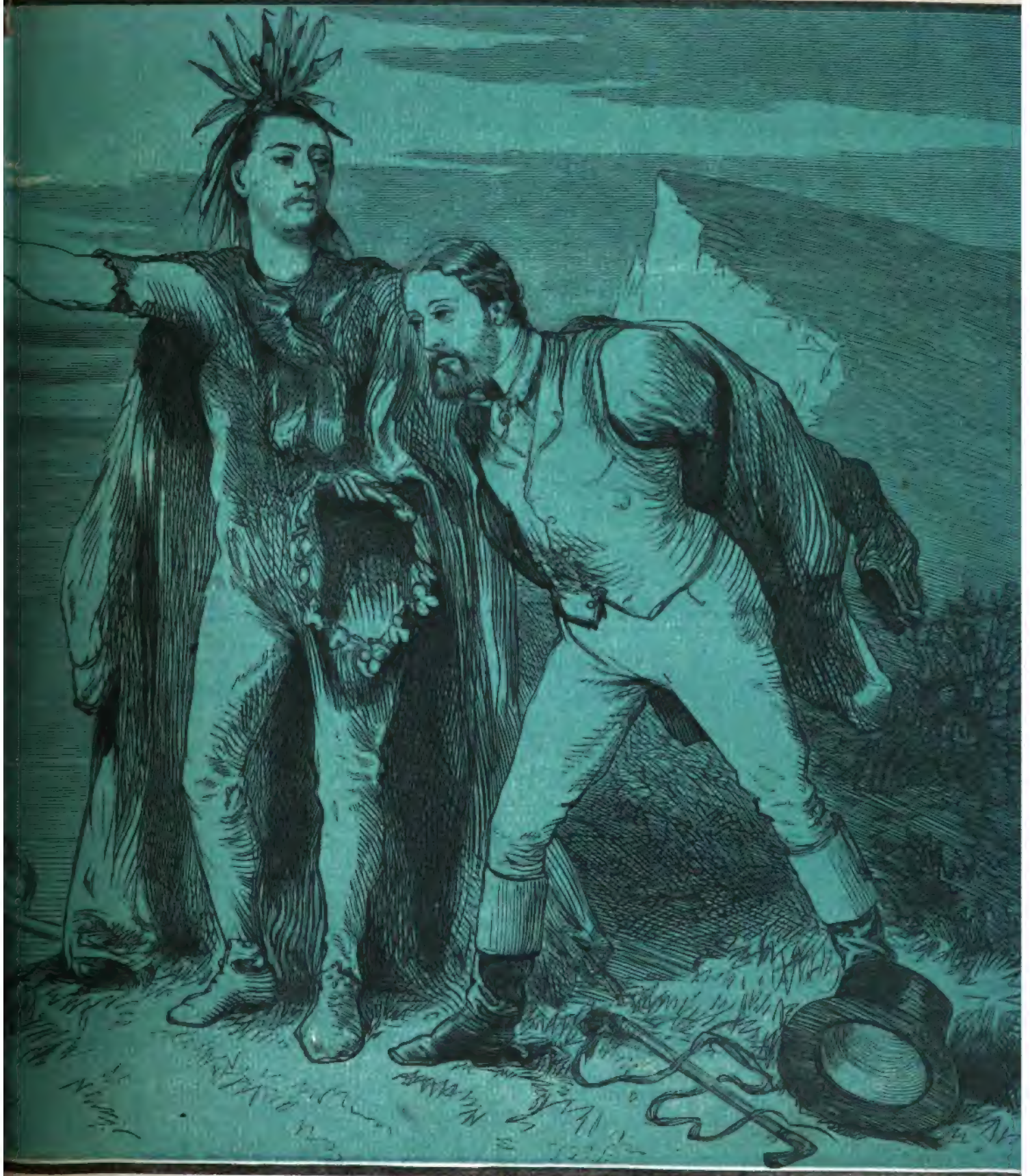
KING LOUIS, of Bavaria, is said to be meditating abdication, so as to devote himself more exclusively to music. He would have done so before only he did not like—sensitive soul—to impose on Bavaria, while the elder Louis was alive, the cost of supporting three kings at once. But why should an useless king be supported at all by the State? When will a monarch learn that he is morally bound to discharge certain duties attendant on his position, and that when he abnegates the sovereign he should also abnegate the pounds sterling? If Louis is unfit for his place let him earn his livelihood honestly elsewhere. Even quack doctors advertise "no cure no pay." But kings would seem less honest than quacks.





A T

(DEDICATED TO H.R.H.)



AST!

E PRINCE OF WALES).



PUTTING IT TO THE TEST.

WHEN a nail is well set, the harder it is hit on the head the better. It is not, therefore, out of place to say a few more words on the subject of the Oxford Tests' Abolition Bill, especially as that particular nail has received one or two very satisfactory and decided blows in the course of the past week, and is, in short, getting rapidly driven well home. Spite the protest of a lot of Oxford "nobodies," with whose names no one, who does not get up the *University Calendar* by heart, has the remotest chance of making an acquaintance, a few very pertinent facts have come to light in corroboration of the liberal view of this matter. The usual howl about "Christian education" has already been disposed of in these columns, but the nature of the "Christian education" referred to, that is to say, that at present guaranteed by Oxford, has yet to be explained. Fortunately, a few words suffice for the purpose; it is as follows:—

- 1.—Attending a Latin chapel every morning.
- 2.—Getting up some Greek Testament.
- 3.—Cramming up the XXXIX Articles and Bible history for the Great Go.

Add to this, that the first of these is regarded by nine-tenths of the conscript chapel-goers as about an important piece of business, as "showing in hall" at dinner, and that the other two are quite optional with those who do not care to swear by the XXXIX Articles, and the sum of "Christian" influence as at present understood at Oxford may be easily appreciated.

However, the loaves and the fishes must be retained at any cost, and so a mass of respectable mediocrity "earnestly entreats" that this kind of thing may be suffered to go on in the interests of Christianity, and as a barrier against infidelity. So many *exposés* of this rather wicked twaddle have already appeared, that it is not now worth pen and paper to add to their number. Against the excellent principle of weeding education of any approach to infidelity we have not a word to say; but we would suggest that a few things are yet required to render the position of the Oxford memorialists sound.

Do not let them come limping forward with such nonsense as they have hitherto paraded, but let them go to the root of the thing.

If they only do this they will at once take proper precautions to make the "religious" training of their University a reality and not a myth; and to effect such a desirable object they had better act upon the subjoined hints which we cheerfully and freely throw out for their consideration. Let them—

- 1.—Give an unquestionable explanation of the XXXIX Articles.
- 2.—Explain the points of similarity between Mr. Spurgeon and a Pagan.
- 3.—Forbid the use of penny papers, French novels, waltzing, and clay pipes.
- 4.—Encourage going to bed not later than half-past nine.
- 5.—Give up their own emoluments, and behave as much as they conveniently can like early Christians.
- 6.—Extinguish all logic, thought, and debate, and provide tea, tracts, and muffins, *ad libitum*.
- 7.—Burn Mr. Jowett, or if he object, his effigy, every 5th of November.
- 8.—Employ Dr. Colenso, Brother Ignatius, Dean Stanley, the Bishop of London, and Mr. Mackonochie to preach, jointly or severally, on the immense blessings of "definite creed."

OWL'S LIGHT, OR, DARKNESS VISIBLE.

We often meet with paragraphs in different journals to which the title "*Owl's Light*," appears as heading.

The title seems excellently well chosen, for as the bird sacred to Minerva is only happy in the twilight, which is sometimes poetically spoken of as owl's light, and as by this light we remark the absence of the greater luminaries, so in the paragraphs chosen do we observe a gloaming which indicates the disappearance of the sun of intelligence, and sends all respectable birds to roost.

The most serious papers quote these paragraphs, and seldom

see the sun rise on them without being forced to contradict the observations hooted forth in semi-darkness.

The Owl in question is, it seems, a small "*Wednesday Journal of Politics and Society*," the only elevated idea in which seems to be the price, which is sixpence for four and a half pages of political and social twaddle: a remuneration which might almost be called exorbitant in these days of cheap literature.

Of course, any amateurs who can afford themselves the amusement may publish their thoughts at any price, even if they can insure the support of three hundred aristocratic subscribers, and a wide circulation in Belgrave square from number one to forty inclusive, without attracting public notoriety or risking criticism in any form; but as the abuse of quotations from the *Owl's* well-informed columns is gaining ground, we should like to look through the four and a half pages of the current number to judge for ourselves whether the publication deserves to be honourably mentioned, and for what.

So we have bought a Number; and though we have always understood that good wine needs no bush, we see that four pages and a half of *Owl's* light requires a whole page of *Ivy-bush*, by Richard Doyle, to make them acceptable.

With the aid of the little school-Latin left to us after a university education, we opine that the *Owl's* motto being translated means that nothing will be undertaken in word or deed which may not be agreeable to the Goddess of Wisdom. From which we infer, on inspecting the first page that the Goddess passed most of her days on the back stairs of Government offices, and finished her evenings with convivial but too confidential Queen's messengers.

Most of us could advance the probability of Mr. Disraeli doing this that or the other without possessing the Premier's ear, or attaching his button-hole; but to be given to understand that the office of hereditary Drysalter to the Admiralty, or to hear that the Governorship of Bohea Tea-gardens is to be bestowed or not bestowed on Sir Jeremy Diddler, Bart., or was offered to or refused by the Hon. Rowland O'Donto, can only emanate from gentlemen posted up in all the latest news at the fountain-head.

The only real fact suggested after a perusal of these short paragraphs is that there must be some of the civil servants of the Crown who are making "copy" of the unpublished and private intelligence of which some inklings pass through their own departments. Here and there, too, a suspected engagement, or a stray flirtation, leads them to announce marriages in the aristocratic world which makes one almost imagine that the *Owl* must be conducted by Jenkins himself—dear old Thackeray's own Jenkins—the sub-editorship being confided to Buttons, who, in consequence, is continually tripping up in his efforts to imitate his powdered superior.

But we have turned over to what may be called the Leader, which appears to be a very feeble effort to get fun out of the ark. The writer has certainly got little fun in his article, and still less sense. He tells us "*At the end of her cruise (the ark's) nothing besides herself was left on the surface of the ocean.*" But the ark was left, at the end of her cruise, resting on Mount Ararat.

But of course, Scripture History does not form a part of modern education, so we can proceed to "The Matrimonial Co-Operative Association." We have remarked, whenever we have taken up this journal, that there is always at least one column reserved by a contributor for the expression of his scorn of mammas who have rejected him,—him, a clerk in the Wafer and Sand Department, with a prospect of £150 a year in seven years, and the talent to write satire against mammas-in-law.

Another class of contribution, of which this pithy paper seems to possess reams in hand, is typified by an article rejoicing in the heading "Tail." A tedious prosy account—anything but a description—of an after-dinner party: such a would-be satirical detail of matter-of-fact incidents as a Shropshire clergyman's clever daughter, who had never quitted her native county, might have written for a local bankrupt newspaper. Without wishing to be hard on what is evidently the first attempt at literature on the part of Buttons, we echo his last words—"a tail is a mistake."

After fording with some difficulty a parody on *Bonnie Dundee*, which seems to be to parodists what *Box and Cox* is to amateur actors, we arrive at two columns of verse in prose, or prose in verse, entitled *The Premier*. This also is evidently the work of Buttons, and is for the most part in words of one syllable. As

a specimen of what can be done at odd moments in the servants's hall, with the aid of Jenkins's talent, we give an extract :

"Still in the ranks we hear it said
Some do not like him for his head ;
But the old taste of SNOB and Co.
For merely rank—is *rococo* ;
And if you ask the people they
Will one and all (I know them) say
'The man of talent is the man
To lead us—place him in the van !'"

Out of this 93 per cent. of the words are of one syllable. As to the last line, were it not for the evident respectability of Buttons, we should imagine he was prompted by reminiscences of a police court.

Here we fell asleep. But we have some memory of some easy-tripping verses to Bouverie, and the usual atrocity, we mean acrostic, as a tag: the tag, we have heard, which makes Buttons acceptable to so many young people who have nothing whatever to do, and are consequently grateful to anyone who will occupy their fallow brains for an hour or two in the day.

Before we finish with our friend we must remark on the happy absence of a contributor who writes in French, with a strong English accent, and signs himself "*Jean-qui-rit*." Buttons is under the impression that he has a name to keep up for the pure Parisian article, and there are great people as firmly convinced of his correct French as they are that Mr. Charles Matthews has no accent when performing in *Un Anglais timide*, or that Lord Dundreary proved anything but a *fiasco* in Paris last year ; so in order to keep up the pleasant fiction seldom a number appears without airing the accomplishment. We cannot drop the subject without a parting word of advice to *Jean-qui-rit*, and as he probably prefers being addressed in his adopted language, we say to him "*Pleure, mon ami, pleure ! car tu me fais l'effet d'être diablement triste quand tu ris.*"

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Cackle.—A term only applicable to female poultry.

Cajolery.—A powerful arm allowed too often to rust after marriage.

Calf.—Padding my dear. A part of the stocking trade.

Calls, to make.—The eleventh commandment.

Canter.—Two hours' hard gallop on the high road.

Captain.—A uniform expression for any one connected with the army, navy, or volunteers.

Caress.—An expensive luxury.

Change.—The subject.

Chop.—A roast leg of mutton at lunch.

Church.—In London, the Sunday opera. In the country, quiet digestion.

Circle, our.—Grosvenor or Belgrave square.

Claw.—A lovely hand driven to extremities.

Clergyman.—When young, an excellent substitute for the military ; when old, a necessary accompaniment to wedding-cake.

Coffin.—A private box we are all presented with when the curtain rises on eternity.

Colour.—A charm given by Nature in the country and sold by Art in the metropolis.

Company.—The shades of evening.

Compliment.—An involuntary recognition of merit.

Confession.—A trap to catch a sunbeam. The ray renders darker what is left concealed.

CREDAT JUDÆUS.

HERE is a very well-meaning but clumsy endeavour to sensationalize at, we presume, the usual remuneration for such literary efforts. A Paris correspondent referring to the famine in Algeria, says—"The most appalling tales of destitution daily reach this country ; in one of the famine-stricken districts a Jew, who had entertained an Arab at dinner, was during the night, almost murdered by his guest, who wished to sup on his dead body." Now the dinner must either have been a Barmecide entertainment, or this Arab must have had a rabid desire for a Rabbinical fillet. And even that, not for supper—it must have been with an eye to a *Jew-cy* steak for breakfast that

Moshesh was "almost murdered," or as the Arab wished to sup *on* his dead body, we presume he aimed at converting his host into a dining-table—or if supper was indeed his object, perhaps he meant to let the Jew "hang" till the following evening, when he would have enjoyed a *morçeau tendre*. Evidently neither Jews nor penny-a-liners can bear *dissection*.

SOCIAL ANOMALIES.

THE more a woman undresses herself the more she is supposed to be dressed.

The gayer the festive occasion, the blacker is man's apparel.

The louder the company, the stiller the champagne.

The dearer the hands, the dirtier the treachery.

The slower the acquaintance, the faster the friendship.

The firmer the attachment, the softer the kiss.

LOGOGRIPE.

WE are twins of equal weight,
Of equal length ;
Ourselves we also rate
Of equal strength.

Tho' the advantage we're supposed to give,
Depends upon the countries where we live.

Our parents are Mistrust,
That coy but faithless dame,
And her fit husband, Lust
Of conquest, tho' his name

In the certificate of our baptism
Is oft concealed for fear of making schism.
Among our votaries so true
Lest they their offerings should rue.

For we are worshipped with seas of blood,
With mines of gold,
With tears that flow for us in streams untold,
A melancholy flood.

And these, when as men give,
We tell them they shall live
In peace, security, and happiness ;
For which in crowds they to our temple press,
And bid us live in honoured idleness,
And deck us out in garlands gay,
Rich garments, nodding plumes,
And twine around our head the bay
False glory oft assumes ;
And give us o'er their liberties to nurse
Which while we're babes we tend—but 'tis our curse
That once we're weaned and don't know where to sup
Them and their liberties we eat clean up.

Yet those with equal mind
Who seek, in us may find
A beam of hope, a short negation, and
The month that spreads the flowers thro' the land ;
The name most honoured among womankind, }
A tale best suited to the sailor mind, }
Also the better part of all mankind.
The front of battle, and a Scottish town,
On which the muses shed a bright renown ;
An edible that's found in tropic climes,
An animal whose name unto it rhymes,
A member of the body, and a word
Which changes when and wheresoe'er it's heard :
Here are a dozen words which, if you find
Among the rest, you too shall be enshrined
And raise yourselves, so far above your kind.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.—Woman. Answers have been received from Burrisboolah Gah, W. H. H. (Islington), Macduff, Hessib, Penfold, E. H. Y., Orpheus (Hyde Park), Samuel E. Thomas, G. J. R. (Camberwell), Caumet, Skunk, Col. B., Your Loving Flute, R. T. P., Two Noodles, Hermit Crab, G. S. M., Double Buffer and the Old Woman, C. S. (Surbiton), Dobinson, sen., Rurounalulud Mumenunzuziesus, and Georgewalterellenwilliamannietteddykatieemmyseppyeid.

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 48.]

LONDON, APRIL 4, 1868.

[PRICE, TWOPENCE.

KID-GLOVEISM.

ONE of the most prevalent faults of this age is what we may call Kid-Gloveism; that is the handling all matters, however urgent, all abuses, however noxious, with an effeminate delicacy and a languid tolerance which serve but to promote the mischief we would check, and increase the danger which we would remove. We will illustrate our meaning by an anecdote. A young officer, who was a very great dandy, was sent, when on service in India, to a remote station. Among the necessities which he clung to, was a compact dressing-case most elegantly fitted up. One morning, as he was shaving, he saw reflected in his looking-glass the unpleasant form of a snake. He turned round, and sure enough, right in the middle of the floor was a fine full-grown "cobra." With admirable presence of mind our hero seized a pair of ivory glove-stretchers, and cautiously advanced towards the reptile with the intention of picking him up, and throwing him out of window. Fortunately, a friend of his came into the room just at this moment, and seeing the state of affairs, pushed the owner of the glove-stretchers away, and seizing the sword which was hanging up against the wall, despatched the "cobra" with one blow. Instead of thanking him, the disgusted dandy remonstrated with him for "making such a mess on the floor," maintaining that he should have got on much better "without such violent assistance." The way in which many philosophers of the present day attempt to treat the most monstrous evils is not a bit more ridiculous than the attempt to pick up a poisonous reptile with a pair of ivory glove-stretchers.

Those ages most distinguished either for noble deeds or great crimes have all been characterised by a superabundant energy and earnestness. But when society has succeeded in combining the most self-complacent assumption of virtue with the most indolent and apathetic self-indulgence, there is nothing which it more instinctively dreads than energy or earnestness; and justly too, for the presence of such qualities would destroy its existence or its pleasure, which is the same thing.

The amiable "votaries of Fashion" feel themselves seriously aggrieved when the sufferings of their fellow-creatures obtrude themselves upon their notice; and as for those fellows of the press who go and hunt up grievances, and ferret out abuses, and keep on worrying and worrying about the same thing, and crying out that "something must be done," really they ought to come under the "Nuisances Removal Act." "Why do we pay taxes and rates, and subscribe to respectable charities, but to get rid of all this bother about the poor? Really, it's too bad; there are the funds above ninety, and plenty of charming dresses in the shop-windows, and nothing is really very dear, except oysters; asparagus is quite cheap, considering the time of year; and we've had one horrid Reform Bill, which caused no end of bother; why can't they leave things alone?" This is the ordinary tone of mind of the upper classes; they look at everything merely as regards their own comforts and luxuries, and if a number of noisy reformers do seem getting more power than they ought to get, they shut their eyes to the fact, and content themselves with hating the horrid creatures, and calling them names. They think they are out of reach of the flood, and they don't care how muddy, and frothy, and agitated the waters are below them.

This is always the temper of mind which fosters revolutions.

Those who should remedy the evils and reform the abuses will do nothing; or attempt to apply such ridiculous palliatives as only to increase the mischief. They are so afraid of soiling their kid-gloves that they dare not touch the dirt, but suffer it to accumulate till from a mole-hill it becomes a mountain. Some of them have indeed a nostrum which they think will cure every disease of the State; the Whig, for instance, who believes that by reducing the franchise a pound or two, and keeping their own families in office, they can heal every sore in the body politic, from the pimple of political inequality to the cancer of pauperism. These remind us of the doctor whose system of surgery was so charmingly simple; for a slight cut or a compound fracture it was all the same, "put a piece of diachylon plaister on and trust in Providence."

Kid-Gloveism always has a touching faith in the rosy view of any subject. Some fearful revelation of the dark depths of misery, in which thousands of our fellow-creatures are buried, is forced upon the sight of these gentle philosophers; some troublesome fellow or other has lighted the torch of truth with the fire of enthusiasm, and has managed to fight his way through the thick fog of official apathy and neglect. Our Kid-Gloveist is disconcerted. He goes so far as to admit that it really is very bad, and something ought to be done; then in a day or two he's "sick of the whole thing; those stupid newspapers exaggerate things so. The poor people would never feel their grievances if these meddling fellows did not kick up such a row about them. Then the poor like dirt, and, being over crowded; you can't make them clean, &c., &c." There is always some reason for leaving things alone; and our Kid-Gloveist, having perhaps gone so far as to subscribe five pounds to a Society of "some fellows who will look after it all," shuts his eyes again to all unpleasant sights, and bestows his undivided attention on his own personal comforts.

We do not pretend to say that all the rich are cruel and oppressors—cruelty is out of fashion, at least the more vigorous forms of it are. The brutal selfishness which preceded and caused the French Revolution is toned down into an elegant indifference, not unmingled with a kind of finicking benevolence which bears the same relation to true self-denial and earnest charity, as a painter's dummy does to a living creature. The clothes are there, but not the body, much less the soul. We do not suppose that the same horrors will mark the revolution, which we believe is approaching, as marked the Reign of Terror. But certain it is, that those who have no conviction, no energy, no zeal, cannot expect to hold their own against those who have enthusiasm, earnestness, and perseverance on their side. The most solemn lesson of history may be summed up in the sentence, "Reform deferred is Revolution." Let those whose thoughts, whose hopes, whose energies, whose hearts are all absorbed by a round of trivial pleasures bear this in mind, and reflect, if they can, that if they refuse to lend a hand now to repair the house, they may, ere long, be crushed by the ruins.

SMOKE.—The Anti-Tobacconists have been having their usual meet at Exeter Hall. It is said that many young ladies are connected with this movement. We all sympathise with them, and don't wish by any means to see them with weeds in their pretty cheeks; but they may get married to men who love their morning cigars, then we opine their opinions will end in smoke.

THE PILLORY PAPERS.

No. I.

YES, I mean to do it. I am going to set up a pillory. A step backward you call it? Well, I do not know that I agree with you even in that. Upon my word, I think I should like to see a real pillory set up at Charing Cross. Barbarous idea, is it? Well, there is no very great likelihood of its being carried out in our day at least,—but all the same, I take to it. You ask, what do we want with a post and crossbeam in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight? Are we not having a fine time of it now-a-days with penny principles—I beg pardon,—papers, and all the rest of the earnest go-a-head improvement, moral, social, and physical? Granted, but I must set it up, nevertheless. Come, confess now. Do not you and I know a whole crowd of rascalities, and rascals too, for the which and whom we have both soberly determined the actual cart's tail to be too elegant an institution? I thought so. You allow it. Well, I do not pretend that I am going to take plank, nails, and hammer, construct that eloquent T-shaped bit of furniture, find my own rotten eggs, and force offenders physically up the platform. The age of this kind of torture, thanks to civilization, has, we know, long passed away. True, a sailor in Her Majesty's service was gagged to death the other day, but *exceptio probat regulam* you know, and what is more, a court of enquiry, decided it was nobody's fault. You are right again, hanging is a savage and cruel way of getting rid of a criminal's life, and some Irish prisons, to say nothing of some English poorhouses, are a disgrace to the country, but *que voulez vous*? At this rate you would have to gibbet the whole nation, and that would be a farce, seeing that we are the pioneers of civilization, the preachers of the gospel of liberty, the purest, happiest, best people on the face of God's earth! However, let that pass. My work shall be a paradox, if you like the word, in the midst of such a millenium, but paradox, or no paradox, it shall be done, and that too heartily. Have I got any offenders ready? Any? Why, my stairs would give way and my floor would crack were I to show up a fractional part of them.

From the peer to the peasant, the big-wig to the fiddler, from the cunning knave who postures, to the empty fool who stares, I can choose. The variety, you see, is infinite; and these are merely *men*. Come to *things*, and the work seems beyond one. What is one to clutch hold of first? that is the only question.

The Irish Church establishment? What! waste a single dead cat, a handful of mud, even half a bad egg on such a wretched old humbug? Literally waste it, when the pelt has commenced in earnest elsewhere? Has it not been gibbeted utterly by its supporters? You point me to Mr. Disraeli, but I tell you I have nothing to do with politics. Besides, *cui bono*? Has not Mr. Disraeli undertaken the kindly office for himself? Attack the Ritualists? What, when Mr. Mackonochie is their spokesman? Pray what on earth, in the name of vengeance, can you ask for more? Shame, sir, shame; there is a limit to everything, even to justice. Let them at least get their breath. The House of Lords? What! when I am no Radical, and they actually publish their debates? Gibbet that hoary institution? Shame, again sir! and, what is more, waste! Your true philosopher wastes nothing—not even a rotten egg.

The Press? What, fling mud at the most sacred thing good Englishmen hold dear,—pelt that by which they swear, in which they hope, be-smear the god they have set over them? Raise impious hand against the good, the beautiful—the cheap! Do you think the public never read the papers, that you want me to set about a work like this? Gibbet the immaculate press! Why, Sir, I told you that I had one pillory prepared—and not a dozen. Yes, no doubt you could suggest a hundred things. Did you say Convocation? No, that has hung itself. Bubble companies? Well, they have suspended—payment. Leicester Square? Useless—for that does not seem to mind it. Poor-law Guardians? No, they do not seem to mind it either. Shuffle them, you say—well, here they come. Sunday Beer Bills, Bribery, Butchers' Meat, Bishops, Burlesques, Bigamy, Boards of Works, Brother's Ignatius, Belgravian Mothers, Bad Milk, Bankruptcy Acts—and so right on, straight through to the end of the alphabet! A pretty category—however, leave it to me. Once having set up my pillory, trust me to see it well occupied. Thus much then to-day in explanation of what I purpose doing in the future. A clown makes his bow, and a

lecturer has his say, and the headsman—well, he was eloquent in his way—with the axe. That explained his business with definiteness unquestionable. Having therefore driven in my nails, and made all fast, by way of a beginning, I mean us to part company for a short season. So *au revoir*.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION.

MILL must be right! The time has come when Man
Must yield to Woman in the social scale!
She's been misunderstood since Life began,
And Man usurping called all courage "male."

That Man forsooth should take the reins of power
For eighteen centuries, has made her blood
Boil, when reflecting what the present hour
Might be for Woman had she crushed her brood!

Away with weaknesses! Now, babes no more,
They cast their burdens on their masters' necks:
All social Salique law they drive from shore
And shout "God save the quean" for "Vivat Rex."

Where's modesty? Ask those who've heard the name!
Woman "Position" first must seek in life:
Success her thoughts must occupy: her aim
Is—to be married—not to be a wife.

The modern Ball-room, not the loving Home,
Shows Hymen's lists where man must yield or fly:
Where, like the gladiators of old Rome,
Girls come half-stripped to conquer—or to try.

Where's Duty? To our neighbours p'raps you mean?
On that head pray don't give yourself anxiety!
That court-dress shows our duty to the Queen;
This recklessness our duty to Society.

Husbands might still be tempted to impart
What doubt still hides upon their love's top-shelves,
Would wives lay bare the secrets of their heart,
But half as much as they undress themselves.

Love, Honour, and Obey! The oath's a form!
Love Self! Obey Caprice! (who takes Love's place),
Honour the man who braves for you Life's storms,
By bringing him to ruin or disgrace.

Her boasted wit is used for writing tales
Which men would shrink from imaging in print:
Like modest dishes, simple story fails:
Romance must be high-spiced, e'er craving stint.

Where is the grace which shone o'er our Stage?
No budding Siddons pleads our Drama's cause!
Not brains, but legs, attract the sensual Age,
While female athletes carry off applause.

Stay then, fair reader, and be warned e'er you
Throw modesty aside with man's respect:
Not only may you lose your Beauty too,
But we inherit virtues you reject!

MILITARY REFORM.

THE speech of the Right Hon. Baronet the Secretary of State for War, when moving the Army Estimates on Monday week, was so unsatisfactory both in the many matters of Army mismanagement that he confessed to, and in the still more numerous points of disorganization which he vainly endeavoured to defend, that we are at a loss what subject to discuss first; and indeed scarcely know whether the faults of our military administration are not so numerous and so inherent as to defy all useful criticism, and to baffle the hopes of the most sanguine reformer.

The baneful system of purchase, the illiberal system of

retirement in the non-purchase corps, the mysterious operations of the Reserve Fund, the want of organization in the War Office and Head Quarter Offices, the absence of all unity of purpose in the great manufacturing departments at Woolwich, the vain endeavour to put the auxiliary, or, as now far less appropriately termed, the reserve forces, under one command, the absence of any adequate armament for our new fortifications, the impossibility of determining what is the best model for small arms, and, high above all, the anomaly of the double government of the Army; all these terrible defects were either weakly admitted by the Secretary of State, or still more weakly denied.

Where then shall Military Reform commence? Where shall it make the first breach in the triple lines of defence thrown up by interest, by favouritism, and by incompetence?

Our own conviction, and every day and every public discussion increases that conviction, is that the double government is the starting point of all, or nearly all, these abuses, failures, and weaknesses. The contest between the civil element and the military element must and will continue until one or the other succumbs. And so long as it continues, so long will attention be drawn away from internal abuses and failures which a single governing head would not take very long to mitigate or remove. At present the military element seems to be greatly in the ascendant; but we have too much confidence in the strength of the principle of our constitution to doubt but that the civil element will ultimately assert its pre-eminence. It may be that the present undue preponderance is fated to produce that violent re-action which may accomplish the crisis, and in its rebound enable the civil element to sweep away at once and for ever all pretensions of the military to share in the supreme direction of army matters.

One subject, and one subject only, of the many army defects that are admitted to exist, at all approaches in importance the above question of army government; and that is the system of army purchase.

This is a very difficult subject. The system undoubtedly has its advantages as well as disadvantages. The double difficulty of the subject is, first to decide whether the latter so decidedly preponderate over the former as to render it advisable to alter the existing system; and, secondly, if the system is to be abolished, how it is to be done. Our opinion is, first, that its abuses, if not more weighty than its advantages, are certainly more apparent to the outside observer; and, secondly, that the difficulties of arriving at a judicious and deliberate solution of the matter are so great, that the result will be, and that before long, that a rough and ready mode of dealing with the system will be adopted, in which deliberation and judgment will have little part, but in which the violence done to existing rights will be severe, but will be met by an extravagant grant of compensation, which will seriously trench upon the public purse.

If we might venture to advise Her Majesty's Government, we would recommend that such a catastrophe should be averted, or at any rate softened off, by an immediate adoption of a partial measure of abolition. It has often been urged that without any great expenditure of public money, purchase above the rank of captain might be abolished, and the step to a majority or lieutenant-colonelcy be given by seniority or selection. This measure, we think, would be accepted by the country as a fair instalment, and might stave off the pressure for any larger or more complete measure for such a period as might give time for a deliberate judgment to be arrived at in the matter.

SECTARIAN LOGIC.

THE details of the Todmorden murders have pretty successfully suppressed the usual "penny-a-liner" pleas of insanity. It is, however, amusing to see that the *English Independent* has managed to rake up an old story of Miles Wetherill's father having shut him up in a drawer when an infant; but whether he did so for the mere purpose of playing a practical joke on the mother, or of shelving the child altogether, is not clearly made out, though it is left to be inferred that the latter was the actual motive. From which it is further deduced that "if vices run in the blood as well as other things [by the way, what a horrible idea! Fancy 'other things' running in our blood at this moment! A concentrated Polytechnic 'Lecture on the Microscope with Diagrams' going on now in our fingers' ends!] surely here was a germ of murder, or any cruelty that might

develop itself fatally in generations to come." Now what may it be fairly supposed that the ingenuous reader is intended to gather from this suggestion? Is it not unquestionably insinuated, on the strength of this piece of paternal sleight of hand, that the interesting and open-countenanced murderer was perfectly unaccountable for his actions? There is, however, just one consideration that induces us to accept the suggestion, "with a difference:" from the account of Mr. Plow's funeral we are led to conclude that that gentleman was ritualistically inclined, and so the further question presents itself—would the *English Independent* have taken the trouble to offer this "insane hint" had the murderer's victim been, say, the Reverend Morley Punshon?

THE HOCUS CHEATERS;

or,

THE PARLIAMENTARY "LET US ALONE."

HATEFUL is that party cry,
Vaunting greater things than we;
Place is the aim of life; ah, why
Not let a Premier be?
Let us alone. The session soon will pass—
From out the pudding let us pick the plum.
Let us alone. All statemanship's a farce.
Why are you robbing us, but to become
Yourselves what we are. Come, we like your brass!
Let us alone. Is there any peace
In ever whipping out the whipper in?
The House wants rest, and does not care a pin
To break its silence; so pray cease:
Give us long place or death, dark death, or powerful ease.

COPING WITH A DIFFICULTY.

If rumour speak the truth, the days of St. Alban's, Holborn, are numbered. It is said that the report of the "Ritual" Commissioners recommends the abolition of all the high church appendages, literally *en masse*. There is to be an end of cope, chasuble, stole, incense, and even candles, while only one sop is left to appease the denuded ritualists. They are still, if they like to take advantage of it, to enjoy the privilege of preaching in the surplice. There is no misunderstanding such action as this. It is vigorous to a degree, and suggests such a whirlwind of staunch Protestantism that one almost shudders when one contemplates the effect it must have on the amiable enthusiasts who take in the *Church News*, and believe in "functions." What will become of gentlemen of the "Rev. Mr. Lyne" type it is, at present, impossible to conjecture, though it would be safe to hazard an opinion that they will not give up all these pretty things without making a fight of it first. To picture a thorough high churchman now-a-days, without a little bit of colour about him, is to unfrock him, at least, in fancy altogether. Who can dream of Mr. Mackonochie, for instance, without a cope? He would, looking at him aesthetically, be quite spoiled in a Geneva gown. It is true some may argue that Mr. Lyne was persuaded to fall away and wear boots and a hat for a season; but has he not again flown back to his old love, and broken out more suddenly and wildly than ever into baldness and beads? However, the Commissioners have had plenty of evidence before them, and must, of course, know pretty well the nature of the ground upon which they intend to tread. They have estimated the probable results of their recommendations, and no doubt think, that on the whole, good will result from their adoption. One thing is tolerably certain: The vast majority of those who have invested their own, or other people's funds, in the purchase of what must soon be useless finery, will only be too glad to get rid of it "cheap." We would, therefore, strongly urge those among them who wish to make the most of a bad bargain, to be early in the field, and dispose of their goods without any further delay.

If they are at a loss, they might look up the Patriarch of Constantinople, or get the Bishop of Grahamstown to take the whole lot off their hands by contract—of course at a reduction. As we know, from their own accounts, that they have in no way even attempted to imitate Rome, it will obviously be useless to refer them to Archbishop Manning?

"THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

(Written in a Club Library, and addressed to the Authoress of the article in the "Saturday Review.")

A little too sweeping, my dear sir, or rather, my sweet madam—a man could not have written such a *very* spiteful leader, fair one with the locks of grey (they *are* grey I'm sure)—a little too sweeping!

Charming lady, you've overshot the mark—you have indeed. Believe me, your sex is not so bad as you paint them—really and truly you've gone too far. I grant you that as a rule women are fools—fit only for the *salon* and the sick room. Are pictures (some of them), if you will again—but is it not better to be a drawing-room ornament or an invalid's nurse than a blue stocking? Is it not sweeter to grin inanely at nothing in particular than to splutter out venom o'er the columns of the *Saturday Review*?

I agree with you that the fat bouncing buxom wench dear to Leech's pencil and Mortimer Collins's pen is fast dying out, that we no longer see the hoyden of twenty years ago; that some of our maidens paint, others smoke, and some of them wear false hair. I will allow all this, but do you mean to tell me, sweet one, that on account of the folly of these few the whole sex is vicious and shameless, and (to put it mildly) in urgent need of the good services of that admirable institution, the Rescue Society? From the wording of your article I'm forced to assume that this is really the case, and upon the strength of this assumption I beg to tell you that you've gone several degrees too far—you have indeed, take my word for it.

Now I'm what is technically called a "Club Man," and as a "Club Man" (and a middle-aged one too) I'm about the last fellow in the world to go into raptures about the virtues of "woman, lovely woman." In the club we consider ladies charming, but matrimony intolerable. It is heartrending to think of the scores of "right down good fellows" who have been utterly lost to our pleasant little society by being sucked up by that fatal whirlpool, marriage. It is indeed—and yet their melancholy disappearance proved something—that there was metal outside the club more attractive than our daily rubbers and smoking-room confabulations. Talk as much rubbish as you please my dear madam, but remember that Benedict was cynical too about women. When you wrote your article you surely must have forgotten *his* fate.

Have you ever been to a country house, have you ever come across the daughters of village parsons? I can answer for you—you have not, or you would never have written such prurient nonsense about such excellent people. Mind—your charge is so sweeping that both town and country is included in it. Well, I allow that you are clever, that there is a dash and a cynicism about your writing most pleasant to the palate after a good dinner, still I refuse to take you as a judge of woman's virtue. Read your article to the poor of England, and explain to them its meaning—*then* ask them what they think of you. Don't consider them rude if they tell you that they know you to be a liar! We, in London, would say you were "a little too fond of exaggeration," or had "gone a little too far." Poor and rich have different ways of expressing the same meaning. Do you understand me?

But I will humour you. I will allow that all our English girls paint, and talk slang—but after that point we must "agree to differ." Because my sister wears a chignon of false hair, and attempts to soften down her thirty years with a black line under the eyes and a tinge of powder over the temples, I will not believe that she has cast handfuls of mud at our family escutcheon, and degraded the name of our ancestors. Because she paints I will not insinuate (as you do amiable Madam) that she has been careless of her honour.

Heaven forbid that I should exalt those who cover their faces with rouge, or disfigure their tresses with hair-dye. Poor wretches! we all know that the reward of their labour must be self-reproach and universal condemnation. It is horrible to meet a young girl with false roses on her cheek, or sticky gold fringeing her forehead. It is painful to find a poor "garrison hack" hiding her wrinkles with "enamel," and covering her baldness with the stolen locks of a corpse; but when we have shuddered and sighed can we do more? Because these silly fools imagine that man loves the hateful rouge and the loathsome hair-dye, are we to add to their misfortunes by stealing away their reputation and fair name? I think not. Let us

laugh at them, scoff at them, and jeer at them if you will; but let us be merciful and just. Remember the punishment of death for petty pilfering was abolished a *very* long time ago—that no one now-a-days takes the trouble to break a butterfly on the wheel—that we *seldom* (scarcely ever, in fact) gag a sailor to death in this lenient age for the mere crime of drunkenness. Again—do you take my meaning?

I've no doubt you paint very nicely sometimes, sweet lady; but in this instance you have permitted your malice to misguide your pencil, and the imprudence has caused a *fiasco*. You've sketched something that's revolting and novel, but the something has been misnamed. You've written "Belgravia Belle" under the caricature when "Painted by a Prurient Prude" would have been a far better title. "Sensation" is the order of the day, I know, my dear madam; but can't we be "sensational" enough without dragging our sisters and wives into open court to be tried before a vulgar rabble for crimes they have never committed?

I know perfectly well that it is the fashion to be cynical about women. Mill would put them into parliament but the world generally prefers to see them fainting in the pillory. I know also that those who have been jilted or "badly treated," are particularly severe upon the sex. Why? Because some silly girl has made me wear the fool's cap, has soured my nature for life, if you like, am I to lift up my voice and declare all woman-kind a poisonous "mistake?" No rather let me have my occasional "five minutes for refreshment"—my monthly "fit of the blues," my daily sigh—but this granted let me make the best of the matter, let me put a smile on my face, and a flower in my button-hole, and let me try to believe that although my love was a flirt (Othello would have found a worse name for her, but then Othello was "rude of speech)," other people's loves may after all, be very nice and very amiable, and even (but this perhaps I may doubt) very true! For heavens' sake, my brilliant blue-socking, let us try to find *some* good in human nature!

And now, Madam, to conclude, without going as far as the '*Daily Telegraph*' (which highly Christian paper accuses you of all sorts of wicked things in its familiar, gushing, theatrical way), I must inform you that you've made a false step. Take one of your own "frisky matrons," and tell her that her husband is ruined, or her child is dying, and then see whether she remembers Society—its follies and its vices. Believe me, she will rush to her husband to comfort him—to her child to nurse him; and if her husband falls, or her child dies, she will allow the tears to roll down her cheeks in spite of causing the complete destruction of her complexion! I will not allow that more than a tithe of our maidens descend to the use of pigments, and I assert that even *your* "girl of the period," dear Madam, is not half so bad as she is—*painted*!

ILL.—"NATURE'S NOBLEMAN."

WE have often laughed at the Marquis of Townshend, and his funny exhibitions on the stage—we are therefore, more desirous to express the sincere respect and admiration which we feel for his untiring exertions in suppressing of mendicancy. To drag dirty little girls and boys up before the magistrate for the offence of begging, may seem a very ridiculous thing; much more ridiculous than giving them a penny, and so encouraging idleness in the children, and vice in those who live on their beggings. Certainly the latter course is the easier one, and such benevolence is a very cheap virtue. Perhaps those who sneer at Lord Townshend's hobby as they call it, will consider what amount of good would be done if only one person in every twenty were to ride the same hobby. We can hardly expect to do more effectual good in this world, than to save children from the life of misery and infamy to which these poor little wretches become too often inured. To the swells and triflers who point their feeble ridicule at the "amateur policeman;" who themselves would not go over a dirty crossing to pick a dying friend out of the gutter (the souls they have are in their boots, where also reside their shining qualities), who therefore, cannot understand any human being putting himself to inconvenience without being paid for it—to them we say in the words of Hamlet—

"Follow that Lord, and look you, mock him not!"

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Corset.—Venus's housekeeper, who makes the chest go as far as possible with the least waist.

Cradle.—A nutshell in which every boy appears a Colonel to his mother.

Cuirass.—Next to gold, the most attractive metal.

Dam.—A word used on the Turf for a foal's mother—quite as often off, for a fool's mother-in-law.

Damages.—Dissolving views in the Divorce Court.

Dear.—A word often cheap at any price.

Death.—The true Madame Rachel.

Decay (of Teeth).—Rotten row.

Deceit.—Woman's diploma.

Desk.—The tomb which is continually opening to receive fresh remains.

Diamond.—The carbon which feeds a fire in every female, great—or small.

Divorce (Court).—The surgery a married couple are sometimes driven to, after upsetting the family coach.

Downy.—The gilt frame which sets off so many plain faces.

Dress.—The only habit which woman is always thinking of improving.

Dress-maker.—The female Armstrong.

Duck.—A fond term used in foul play when a husband is wanted to make some sudden plunge.

Duty.—What England expects from every man, but would be surprised at from any woman.

Dye.—Giving up the ghost of every other chance.

(To be continued.)

A TRUMP IN ABYSSINIA.

THERE has appeared a shave in the Vienna papers to the effect that Herr Schaeffer, Austrian Commissary at the Paris Exhibition last year, has been amusing himself with a trip to Abyssinia, and that his trip has proved a fall for himself, inasmuch as he has been bagged by the emissaries of Theodore, and made a trumpeter of Abyssinian Dragoons. Mr. Schaeffer was Vice-Consul for Austria in London for some time, and if the shave is true, must find some difference between assisting at Belgravian drums and blowing up his trumpet in Magdala. We hope it is not true, and that this gentleman is not in the Negus's clutches. He will, however, become a lion when he returns, and his horn will indeed be exalted if the Viennese report is correct. But we fear our credulity,—not Theodore's trumpet has been played upon.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

AMONG the many monthly musical magazines *Hanover Square* takes a prominent position. Certainly, it avoids "comic" (save the mark), "songs" (save the mark once again), and fights shy of common place dance "music" (save the mark for the third time). This being the case we welcome it with no little cordiality. We refer to it that we may say a few words about a very pretty song by Mr. James Molloy called "Kissing her Hair," the words to which have been written by Swinburne. Now of course we are all very pure, and good, and holy, but it is just possible to over do virtue. A certain periodical which "mad wags" call the *Assineum* and harmless idiots "an authority on literary matters," recently published an article commenting in no measured terms upon the words of the song. Our readers have probably learn't by this time that Mr. Swinburne's poems find but very small favour in our sight, and will consequently acquit us of favouritism when we say that "Kissing her Hair" will be considered perfectly pure to the pure-minded. The lines are full of melody, and the music is sweet and soft as the sky on a summer's evening immediately after a glorious sunset.—[I like poetry.—Ed. TOM.]

THE OMNIBUS BUSINESS.

THE London General Omnibus Company does not pay. Notwithstanding the dinginess, dirt, and inconvenience of its omnibuses, with their underpaid conductors, and the woe-begone appearance of its horses, with their underpaid drivers, the company has been obliged to fall back upon its reserve fund to scrape together a dividend at the unsatisfactory rate of two and a half per cent., while the shares may be picked up in the market for less than their nominal value. This, too, in the face of the enjoyment of an undisturbed monopoly of the omnibus traffic of the London streets, of the rejection by Parliament of a couple of tramway bills, and the interminable delay in the completion of the Metropolitan Railway to Charing Cross. There must be something wrong somewhere, when with all this economy, and all these advantages, the concern yields no profit, and but barely covers its working expenses. It is a maxim of business people that money should never be spent where it may be saved. As a rule this may be true enough, but it is evidently a rule to which the London General Omnibus Company's case must be cited as an exception. They manage these things better in France. In Paris, omnibusses are cheap and good—and they pay: in London, they are cheap and nasty—and they don't. Economy having failed, let the directors try what a little wholesome extravagance will effect. Theoretically, our advice may be fallacious; but practically, we are quite sure it may be relied on.

CHELMSFORD C.

Says Dizzy to Chelmsford, "This new turn of the wheel Has compelled me to take from your charge the Great Seal. Don't be in a rage! To extinguish your wrath, I'll make you, with pleasure, Grand Cross of the Bath."

Says Chelmsford to Dizzy, "You go to old Nick, For serving a friend such a low shabby trick! Pooh! none of your Baths or your Crosses for me; If I can't be the C., I will not G.C.B."

UNDISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

It is not often that we laugh at amateurs in a farce—except when the farce is announced in the bills as "a tragedy." However, the other evening we were fairly made to roar with merriment at some ladies and gentlemen calling themselves "Ge-finndinners," and so heartily did we enjoy their "quips, cranks and oddities" (whatever that may mean), that it is only a kindness to our readers to tell them that the ladies and gentlemen in question, may be seen with the most perfect safety, not to say satisfaction, whenever they may consent to appear in public. This little paragraph reads very much like a puff? What if it does—our weapon is not only a hatchet, but a pipe, and one cannot use a pipe without puffing. We promise however, when we do put the TOMAHAWK to our lips, that our puffs shall end in something better than smoke.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

THE "favourite stag Valentine," that was shot the other day by a Gloucestershire farmer, has met with a far better fate than falls to the lot of royal favourites generally. We suspect there was a little sarcasm lurking under the excuse that was offered to the "hunter" for this piece of bucolic *despatch*. The farmer thought poor "Valentine" a *wild animal*; so it probably was—wild with terror, and the agony of a despair which we are weak enough to believe even a "favourite" brute can experience. We hope it is true that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is intending to ascertain the name of this humane farmer, and to forward him a handsome reward. If the Society desire to act really consistently with its professed principles, it ought to do no less.



LONDON, APRIL 4, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE presume that in any future ecclesiastical squabble "altar lights," and so forth, will no longer be designated "dark and dumb," but "dark and *Dum Dum*" ceremonies!

Is the Irish policy of the Premier and of the leader of the Opposition so very different after all? Well, it involves the Disestablishment of the National Church in the one case, and the Dizzy-stablishment of it in the other.

THE "Church of Ireland" is in a fix. Whatever be its fate, it is in for an Epitaph. If it fall, Mr. Disraeli will doubtless see to the inscription; if it stand, *Truth* will be forced to suggest the good old announcement, "*Here lies.*"

SOMEBODY in America has made a "steam" man. He is described as having everything from fire lungs—down to an "iron heart." There is not much novelty about the last-named article. Indeed, Poor-law Guardians ought to look out for an infringement of patent!

EVERYTHING has its peculiar thorn. *Dis-sent* troubles the Church of England; its Irish sister, however, is most troubled just now with *per cent.* It appears that its members in county Cavan number exactly 3 in every 100. This is, at best, a wretched investment.

COLONEL A. B. RICHARDS, author of the *Prisoner of Toulon*, and *soi disant* author of the volunteer movement, has been presented with a testimonial, consisting of an inkstand. The suggestive compliment would have been more complete had the offering been an ink-eraser.

A CERTAIN Irish rector of the about-to-be dis-Established Church said that there was one point at any rate in which his congregation excelled all other congregations of Christians, and that was, in the virtue of Unity; for it consisted of his clerk. Considering how rare the virtue is in religious bodies, it might be well to preserve this unique specimen, even at a cost of £600 a year.

A GREAT Whig Peer, was making his will the other day, and after he had dictated it his lawyer pointed out to him that he had made no provision for his younger sons. "Sir," replied the hereditary law-giver, "my country has provided for the younger male scions of our family for the last three generations, and shall I begin to doubt her gratitude now?" A touching instance of simple faith, which we hope may have its reward.

A DISTINGUISHED foreigner who accompanied H.R.H. in his visits to different artist's studios last week has forwarded us an epigram in which "Prince of Vales" and "Val Princess" are combined most ingeniously. We find it, however, quite impossible to make it go properly without the illustrious noble's pronunciation, so must leave it to the imagination of our intelligent readers, and all—all are intelligent.

LORD CHELMSFORD is an extraordinary difficult person to please. How can Mr. Disraeli conciliate him? Does his wound require a mollifying balsam of dignity, or of emolument? If the former, would it be impossible to secure for him the post of *Beadle in the Burlington Arcade*? or if the latter, could not the Dean and Chapter of Westminster be prevailed upon to create for his lordship's benefit a *Seventh Verger and Keeper of the Royal Tombs*?

A RAM has been brought into court in Ireland as a witness. The animal behaved with singular decorum. Perhaps he was pondering on the number of silly sheep who had been fleeced by the amiable gentlemen in wigs that he saw around him. The introduction of a member of the brute creation into the witness-box is a dangerous precedent. If the testimony of sheep, horses, cows, and dogs is to be admitted in a court of justice, lawyers may well tremble, for their occupation will be gone, since we shall get at the truth too easily.

"BROTHER" Stanislaus, the "Rev." Ormiston of Islington, a couple of choice spirits named Nobbs and Meadows, and a few other dealers in prurient scandal, held a pious orgie the other night at the London Tavern, at which the sale of *Maria Monk*, *Sister Lucy's Disclosures*, and *The Confessional Unmasked* was vigorously pushed. When will the police deign to enforce Lord Campbell's Act against these indecent publications? When will the vendors of *The Confessional Unmasked* find new food for contemplation in *The Treadmill Experienced*.

A YOUNG lady, accustomed to be worshipped by every man whom she met, found herself compelled to receive one morning a noted wit and misogynist. She played off the whole repertoire of her charms on the insensate wretch in vain. At last, disgusted with her want of success, (she happened to be dressed for riding) she rose abruptly, when her habit becoming entangled in the gentleman's feet, she brought him accidentally on his knees. He rescued himself from his awkward position with the not inapt quotation—

"The force of habit could no further go."

Is it not delicious to read the leader in the *Daily Detonator*, when the writer lashes his reproachless tail over such a subject as the misogyny of the *Saturday Review*. A whole mouthful of indignation, crammed with the familiar squibs and crackers of flowery rhetoric, splutters out its insuited grandiloquence. "It dew make one larf, it dew." Not that we offer a knee or give a hand to the graceful authoress of *The Girl of the Period*. But we daily see advertisements of by no means doubtful assignations and allusions to the society of charming creatures whose characters are gone, and "we dew larf. There, we dew."

A SHERIFF of the County had to meet the Judges of Assize in a county town. He conceived the practical joke of withdrawing himself and the carriages, and leaving their lordships to walk to their lodgings. Having subsequently to accompany them to church, he humourously jumped into the carriage first, and made the Lord Chief Justice sit with his back to the horses. Whereupon the learned judge threatened to fine the sheriff for disrespect, and made him sit still on the bench like a naughty boy; and when the sheriff was about to touch a bit of paper, the Lord Chief Justice said sharply, "Let that alone, Sir!" so that the whole Court might hear. All this happened not during the harlequinade of a pantomime, as might be expected, but during the Sussex Assizes, at Lewes!



"THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD!"
 OR,
 PAINTED BY A PRURIENT PRUDE.

[See Sketch.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

FIAT JUSTITIA!

AS no reasonable man need plead guilty to a charge of reckless speculation when he hazards the wildest conjectures as to what Mr. Disraeli meant by a "truly liberal policy," there is ample excuse for those who, like ourselves, take the bull by the horns, and boldly prejudge the issue of the approaching struggle. However, by the time these lines are in print the Government will have fully declared, it is to be hoped, without any reserve, the line of policy it intends to follow in the present crisis, and so we may be altogether out in our reckoning. Rumour has, as we know, during the past few days, said a great many naughty things about poor Mr. Disraeli, and among them one very notably so. It went so far as to hint that the Irish Establishment was to be preserved at any cost, and by the dirtiest expedients. "No Popery" was again to be the Christian order of the day, and the wholesale forcing of the creed of half a million of people into the face of four millions and-a-half, was to be upheld as *the one* great means of ensuring the prosperity of Ireland in general, and the maintenance of true Christianity in particular! If this be true—and, of course, all of us who know how Mr. Disraeli would be the first to recoil from such a disgraceful, scandalous, and wicked bit of clap-trap as this, feel it is not,—if this be true, we beg to offer a suggestion that may be worth something, at least, to people of a logical turn of mind. Let the Irish nostrum be tried over here; in short, let the same justice be measured out to Great Britain as to Ireland, *mutatis mutandis*, then we should have—

- 1.—The Roman Catholic Church established by law.
 - 2.—A Roman Catholic priest in every village church in England.
 - 3.—Every Church of England minister obliged to find funds to build himself his own chapel in his own parish.
 - 4.—Oxford and Cambridge closed to the country.
- And lastly—Influential meetings held the other side of St. George's Channel to describe this state of things as "a sentimental grievance."

It looks odd upon paper, all this, but it is precisely what is to be bolstered up in Ireland—in the name of Christianity. Has Mr. Disraeli ever thought what would happen in England if such a state of things could by any possibility be established? Possibly not. Then we will tell him. Six hours of it would bring on such a revolution as the country has not yet seen. Fortunately, there is not the remotest chance of such a thing in Ireland, and perhaps for that very reason it has a greater claim upon our sympathy. When a patient beast bears its burthen like a patient beast, it is only the brute who goads it. A humane man unloads him.

POLICEMAN BUMBLE.

HAPPY Britons read pityingly of press prosecutions across the Channel, and thank Heaven for liberty of discussion by word and pen. But see how the freedom of the press may be practically applied in this happy land of ours. An inspector in the Surrey County Police is accustomed to receive, on behalf of himself and four other subscribers, five weekly copies of the *Police Service Advertiser*. His chief sends for him, taxes him with taking in this journal, and requires him to resign, to avoid ignominious dismissal. The inspector does resign, but subsequently pleads for a reversion of the sentence, urging that he has served in the force for over twelve years, without a single complaint having been preferred against him. The County Bismarck who had dismissed him was graciously pleased to consent to his return to the Force, on three conditions:—That he should be degraded in rank, that he should forego all future chance of promotion, and that he should forfeit all claim on the superannuation allowance. This humiliation the honest policeman refused, whereupon the chief constable declined to give him a certificate of good character. And so the matter stands, the policeman being ousted from employment, his superannuation forfeited, and his character blackened, for the crime of taking in a newspaper. The worst feature of the case is that there is no appeal; that neither the county magistrates nor the Home Secretary can revoke the decision of this petty Bismarck. What nature of newspaper is the *Police Service*

Advertiser that it is thus placed on the "Index Expurgatorius" of the Force? Is it a seditious and treasonable journal? Then let the Attorney General take it in hand. If less than this, what right has chief constable to interfere? We shall next have a Radical chief prohibiting the *Standard* to his subordinates, or a High Tory chief discharging his men for reading the *Star*. Of all miserable little tyrants, irresponsible Bumble is the most cruel and most mean.

THE INEVITABLE!

AS the collapse of everything is to follow upon the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland, perhaps those interested in any way in the movement may be glad to have some sort of programme of the order in which the catastrophes may be expected. We subjoin it, therefore, with much pleasure:—

Explosion of Orangeism!
 Spread of Mormonism in Europe!!
 Appearance of an Heretical Bishop at Natal!
 ADMISSION OF JEWS TO THE UPPER HOUSE!
 Establishment of the Inquisition at Battersea!!
 Tottering of the Monarch on his Throne (General)!
Fall of the funds one per cent.!!!!
 Subjugation of England by the Sandwich Islands!
 Spread of Music Halls!
Earthquake at South Kensington!
 Passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act!!
 DECAY OF LEICESTER SQUARE!!!
 Invasion of England by the Chinese!
Engagement of the Emperor by Mr. E. T. Smith!!!!
 Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws!
Mr. Beales crowned Czar of all the Russians at Brompton!
 RESIGNATION OF MR. COLE!!!!!!!!!!!!
 Abolition of Church Rates!
Massacre of Pew Openers!!
 Appearance of another Novel by Messrs. Read and Bouicault!!
 UNIVERSAL MANIA!!
 Mr. Whalley elected President with unlimited powers!!!
Spread of Ritualism!
 Two Italian Operas in London!!!!
 Lay of the last Lord Mayor!
 Triumph of Infidelity!
 Horrible Massacre of Everybody!!!
 War declared with Everything!!!!

and

ACTUAL RISK OF MR. DISRAELI GOING OUT AND MR. GLADSTONE COMING IN!!!!!!

SOOTHING SYRUP.

THE First Lord of the Treasury, sorrowfully hurt at the persistence of the expelled Lord Chancellor in declining all the little compliments offered in the spirit of conciliation, has drawn up a list of presents, which he purposes to proffer Lord Chelmsford, and by which he hopes to soothe the *amour propre* of that indignant gentleman. The list comprises many items which transcend, if possible, the Grand Cross of the Bath. They include:—1. A Durham degree in music; 2. A sealskin waistcoat; 3. The representation of Coventry; 4. A patent cab call; 5. The "top" in a set of quadrilles; 6. An order for two stalls at St. George's Hall (very rare); 7. A tasting order for the London Docks; 8. A Duchy of Parma postage stamp (rare, because extinct); 9. Doré's original drawings of "Elaine," of which only 125 real and genuine sets exist. If these gifts fail to touch the implacable nobleman, a pot of marmalade and an autograph of Mr. B. Webster, with the original grammar unamended, will be added.

MARINE DEITIES.—Gag and Maygag!

ABSTRACT JUSTICE.—Disendowing the Church.

NEW MOTTO FOR FENIANS.—"Erin-go-brag!"

SHAVINGS FROM THE BOARD.

Now that the Thames Embankment is beginning to assume an appearance of completion, the Board of Works has had a little leisure to look round in other directions, away from Father Thames. The neglected condition of London generally proves how all the attention of the authorities has been for some years past concentrated on this one undertaking, to the exclusion of all thought or care for any other object. Now, however, that the Board has some breathing-time, we are glad to hear that it intends to atone in some measure for its past inactivity, by carrying out the following projects as the first of a series of London improvements; and it is believed that by modest instalments like the present, completed as these will be with all convenient speed, the metropolis will, at no distant time, re-assume its proper position as the first, largest, and handsomest city in the world.

Westminster School, on the recommendation of the late Public Schools' Commission, will be removed to the unoccupied wing of Greenwich Hospital, and the college buildings will be converted into a General Fever Hospital for the county of Middlesex.

The statues of Sir John Franklin, Lord Clyde, Generals Havelock and Napier, Lord Herbert, and many others, will be concentrated in the New Umbrella Department of the South Kensington Museum.

St. Paul's Cathedral will no longer present the grimy and smoke-dried appearance it now does. It will be painted black. Should the result satisfy the expectations of the Board, all other public buildings in London will be painted the same colour.

The pavement on the west side of the Haymarket is to be considerably widened, and will be covered in with glass, so that this fashionable promenade may be equally attractive and available in all conditions of the weather.

Lastly, Temple Bar, so obstructive in its present position, will be carefully removed and re-erected at the Piccadilly entrance of Park lane.

There can no longer be any doubt that the Board is in earnest. The zealous regard for public convenience—the tasteful ability employed in the proposed improvements, combined with the strictest attention to personal and vested interests—evinces a power of administration worthy of so enlightened a body as the Board of Works.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN consequence of an article which appeared in our columns last week, headed "The Other Side of the Question," in which we reproduced the prospectus of the Civil Service Co-operative Credit Company, we have received several applications from Government clerks begging us to furnish them with the whereabouts of the company's offices, and to inform them what steps are necessary to enable them to become shareholders in so promising a venture. We therefore publish the form of application for shares, which should be directed to the Board of Directors, at the Company's Offices in Whitecross street—a situation which has been chosen as the most convenient and central for the transaction of business:—

[FORM OF APPLICATION.]

To the Directors of the Civil Service Co-operative Credit Company.

London, 1st April, 1868.

GENTLEMEN,—Be good enough to enter my name for a share of £1,000 in your Company, on account of which I enclose £1, being the instalment thereon.

I also transmit the formal document alluded to in your prospectus, which I beg to deposit in your hands.

I am, &c.,

(Signed) —

[FORM OF DOCUMENT.]

I.O.U. Nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds (£999).

(Signed) —

London, 1st April, 1868.

To prevent disappointment we would advise our correspondents to make an immediate application for the number of shares they may require. They will soon be at a considerable premium in the money market.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

'Tis a pity these two are such virulent foes,
That whenever they meet they must needs come to blows;
If the one would but venture to cherish the other,
They might go hand in hand like sister and brother;
But if timid, she shrinks at the sight of the knife,
And insists that the doctor seeks only her life;
Her dread of the cure may make her words true,
And her hate for my second too late she may rue.

(1.)

I love the ancient Latin tongue,
But if you ask me why?
This word I answer—don't complain
If curt be my reply.

(2.)

Poor stifling wretches struggling hard
To catch one breath of air!
Their only light, the face of death;
Their only food, despair.

(3.)

I saw him once in silken hose,
Strut a brief hour on the stage,
Where lately reeled a captain bold,
Whose drunken follies were the rage.

(4.)

The very word is fragrant with the thought
Of wit and beauty—ah, in vain?
Such company we seek in this dull age—
The two will never meet again.

(5 and 6.)

As I rode on in triumph between these two dears,
And I felt their steel ribs in my side;
With each jolt of my first sure I envied my last,
Who between two soft cushions could ride.

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

ARMY NAVY.

RAY
MAY
NAV
MARY
YARN
MAN
VAN
AVR
YAM
RAM
ARM
VARY.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Burrioboola Gah, Samuel E. Thomas, H. C. G., Cockadoodledoo, Orpheus (Hyde park), Ruby, S. W. Bradnack, Siamese Twins, Hermit Crab, Dis. 34, D.P., B. M. Moss, Joe, Skunk, F. G. Renard, R. A., Mrs. Bouncer Re-iterated, Young Devine, Arwrsusehuhulule, W. H. H. (Islington), Snakes and Snuffers, Gulielmus Radius, Poppy, Cornubia, Penfold, Hugh de Kilpeck, Jollynose W****d, Joe Gibbons, and The Camden Town Tadpole, George Murray, Chas. Andrews, Civic Magistrate.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 49.]

LONDON, APRIL 11, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

EDUCATION AND SOAP-HISTORY.

A meeting was held at Willis's Rooms a few days ago, to consider the condition of the agricultural labourers, when the three following questions were put, and, we presume, supposed to be answered:—

1. What are the causes of the unsatisfactory condition of the agricultural labourer?
2. What are the means best calculated to improve that condition?
3. If by the formation of a society, then upon what plan should such society be constituted, and what steps taken to form it?

The answer to Question No. 1 was somewhat vague and extensive. The cause of "the unsatisfactory condition" was said to be, *inter alia*, "low wages," "depression," "down-troddenness," "the Poor-law," "need of compulsory education," and "want of defensive and protective societies." Though, with respect to this last "cause," a Mr. Holland, of Buckingham, declared that such was the depressed condition of the labourer that he would not dare to belong to such a union. If instead of being Mr. Holland, of Buckingham, the speaker had been a Mynheer Buckingham, of Holland, a more mistaken and silly statement could not possibly have been made. The Buckinghamshire rustics are proverbially amongst the most independent, swaggering, saucy set of boors of which England has to be proud, these attributes being necessarily combined with very dense ignorance, most intolerable bigotry, and the profoundest dirt. We feel then the greatest confidence in endorsing Professor Fawcett's opinion that the condition of the agricultural labourer cannot be raised until a system of compulsory education be established; but that is not enough, we must have also, what we believe to be of equal importance, a system of *compulsory cleanliness*. The meeting, of course, wound up by earnestly requesting that all who felt an interest in the question would provide "a fund for the payment of the salaries of the organising agents and all other expenses" (*all other expenses!* there it is! When shall we see any good object started without this inevitable and indefinite "debit-sheet" rising in the distance! How many dinners, we wonder, will have to be eaten and digested, before the condition of *one* agricultural labourer be ameliorated! Which is worse? A bubble company, limited, or a Dinner Charity, unlimited?) "incurred in carrying out the object"—*i.e.*, in "forming labourer's unions"—such "unions" not to be formed with any view to aggression upon employers, but to "secure a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," in proportion to skill, ability, and "industry." And pray in this case, who is to be the judge? and how are a *fair day's wages* to be secured *without aggression*? We propose as an amendment that the word "*unions*" be struck out, and the words "*public baths and washhouses*" inserted. Everybody knows that a man who lives like a pig physically, lives like a pig morally, and no amount of mere education will raise him at the most above the standing of a "*learned pig*"—"learned," he may be—but he will be a "pig" still. Let him have "*soap*" first, and then as much "catechism" or "Conscience clause" as you like afterwards.

Soap will make him discontented with his one sleeping-room, partitioned off (in *very refined* instances) into two, by a threadbare curtain, and so made to serve for himself and wife, and ten

children, ranging possibly from the age of twenty downwards, and then his greater familiarity with water will breed contempt for that terrible element—and education will teach him, through his children, that Nova Scotia has gold mines, is only some eight days' journey off, and as to crossing the water, which he used to dread the very name of, he will rather like it than otherwise. We only beg then that the "earnestly requested fund" may be used for this amongst "the other expenses," and that the experiment may at least be tried, how far "the depressed and down-trodden labourer" might not be taught to respect himself, and so to gain the respect of others, by the judicious application of a little soap.

MORE DEATH THAN GLORY.

THE Horse Guards know what they are about. Some time ago, when it was announced that the 86th Royal County Down Regiment of Infantry was ordered off to Mauritius, in the face of the terrible fever then, as now, raging in the place, people who thought themselves capable of forming an opinion on the subject, characterized the proceeding as highly censurable. How wrong these people were, events have shown. According to the latest official records received from Mauritius, although the 86th had been upwards of three weeks at the station, only 180 officers and men were stricken down by the disease. This, too, in the absence of proper barrack accommodation, for the Regiment was not expected in the Island till after the hot season, and no preparation had been made for its arrival. The result in this instance having proved so satisfactory, we believe that it is the intention of the Horse Guards to extend the system of transferring troops from a cold climate like our own in the winter to the genial warmth of a tropical summer. The existence of a little fever or cholera here or there has not been unforeseen or ignored, as it has not been considered inexpedient that those most shamefully under-rated of professional men, the army surgeons, should be accorded occasional opportunities of exhibiting their skill and efficiency.

The following transfers stand first on the list:—

1st Life Guards.—To proceed from Windsor to Gibraltar for the summer months.

Grenadier Guards.—The 1st and 2nd Battalions are to move from London to British Guiana.

42nd Highlanders.—This Regiment, which recently returned from India, is to be transferred from Stirling, its present station, to Sierra Leone, to relieve the 1st West India Regiment, which will occupy the barracks vacated by the Life Guards at Windsor.

AN EXPLANATION.—Certain remarks having appeared in our pages, which it is thought were intended to cast reflections upon the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, we beg to state, in reference to this subject, that it is, and has been, far from our intention to say one word to cause him pain, or which might be construed affecting his position as a gentleman and a man of honour, and we regret that any observations of ours should have conveyed a contrary meaning to his mind.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

ANTALO, April 1, 1868.

YES, I daresay you will stare when you see from *where* I am dating this, but it's a fact! Your unhappy Correspondent has been got "to the front." Never mind *how*. Young Davidge and those fools of the 104th managed it, but as you know my objection to practical joking, you may perhaps realise, though only to a very slight degree, what my feelings are at such a piece of unpardonable tomfoolery as this! They got me to Goona-ao first, to see a church! Such a church—St. Paul's could not touch it—that's what they told me. You have had a picture of the place in the *Illustrated* I think, so can understand the kind of thing that passes for fun in the 104th! I was to hear some fine music "up there," and see "Mackonochie beaten into fits." Talk of Christianity in Abyssinia! Why, they have never even heard of the XXXIX Articles, while as to the Patriarch, he owes me ninepence halfpenny to this hour. But these are purely personal matters, and so by no means let them get into print. You see the worst of it is, here I am, and being here, the wisest thing I suppose is to make the best of it. Let the public then think it part of our arrangement, and I will begin again in proper style.

BEFORE ANTALO, April, 1868.

Glorious heading to this letter! Your correspondent is writing this on a drum-head within gunshot of the "enemy." Yes, we are *before* Antalo! I can't see it, but can picture the frowning battlements crowned with swarthy myriads, armed in all the barbaric pageantry of Egypt of old. The feathered arrow, the Nile rush-bow (mentioned by Herodotus), the short scimitar, and the *goii-markhish*, a sort of fish-slice with a leathern thong attached to it—the proud standard of Abyssinia! Yes, I can picture all this and more! As I write, I feel the thrill of pride run through my British blood. N.B. You know, of course, none of these things carry a hundred yards—but still one cannot help realising that one is about to grapple with the ancient might of a dynasty that has seen a thousand generations.

In great hurry to say all this is a mistake. Theodore has 15,000 well disciplined troops, armed with the very best Birmingham rifles (constructed on a new principle), 25 guns in position, and a staff of picked Europeans. The whole of his forces are at the disposal of the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who is said to be preparing for immediate action. Bracer insists that my return to Annesley Bay is impossible, and hints at serious work. He strongly advises me to provide myself with a clock-work mouse, a comic song in *Amharic*, and a receipt for gin-punch, so that in case of capture, I may have at least, a chance of life. He says the last is regarded as almost sacred in this part of the country, and that the celebrated African missionary and explorer, Dr. Sparl, not only escaped massacre, but subsequently introduced Christianity in the Upper *Koohsh* district, in consequence of having in his knapsack that small sixpenny book, you know it, called, I think, "Three hundred ways of serving up rum." By the way, could not you send me out a few, though of course, the crisis will have passed, in all probability, long before you get this? To come to the point, I am beginning to feel what I dare say you are feeling at home, and what I can tell you a good many are feeling out here. This Abyssinian business may turn out one of the most troublesome jobs the country has had on its hands for half a century. The *Times*, I hear, has already sounded the first note of this alarm, and it is just as well those at home should be prepared for failure. The fact is we have undervalued altogether the resources and spirit of the "enemy," to say nothing of the jealousy we have excited in other quarters, notably French. Why, there is a French fleet in the Red sea at this moment (fact)—then add to that that our horses are starving (fact again), and that the correspondent of the *New York Herald* has telegraphed to tell you that —,

A Gun—I heard it! I told you we are on the eve of a battle. Not a moment to lose—I'm off for the rear!

INVOLUNTARY CANONIZATION.—Since the recent Judgment in the Mackonochie case, the Plaintiff has been universally acknowledged to be—*S. Martin*!

MILITARY REFORM.

To follow the order of military failures in effective organization as indicated in the speech of the Secretary of State for War on moving the Army estimates, it is now necessary to consider the question of retarded promotion in the scientific branches of the service, which threatens before long to bring to a dead lock those very important corps, the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers.

The large increases in these corps, in consequence of the increased importance attached to gunnery in modern warfare, have, since the date of the Crimean war, introduced into the service such numbers of officers, all of nearly the same age, that the prospects of promotion to some three-fourths of them are literally annihilated.

To remedy, or rather to palliate, this state of things, it has been proposed, by a committee of the House of Commons, to make retirement at the age of sixty *compulsory*, and to allow retirements at lower rates of pension to all officers of twenty-two years' service and upwards.

The first proposal is *unobjectionable*, and will go far to secure a fair flow of promotion throughout the Corps, but, the second proposal is altogether fraught with the greatest danger, for it is certain that it will be, as a rule, the most active-minded, the most intelligent, and the most efficient officers who will avail themselves of retiring early from the service; men who know that, with their activity of mind and body, they can go into civil life, carrying with them their army pension to secure them from want while they are establishing themselves in lucrative employments for which their twenty years' experience and discipline in military life will so thoroughly fit them. While the drones, the indifferent, and mediocre men, will hang on, conscious that in the army they are drawing more pay than they could possibly hope for in the contests and struggles of civil life, and contented to sleep away their years in the enjoyment of the rapid promotion created by the premature flight of all the better men in the corps.

The permission to retire after twenty years' service will thus deprive the service of the best men, at their best time; at a period of their service when the benefits of experience have not begun to be diminished by any commencing drawbacks of age, and when their active handling of their duties will be the best instruction to the younger officers just entering the service. Nothing can possibly tend more to lower the *esprit* and *elan* of the corps than the loss in their prime of their prime men. It would—

"Take the good, too good with them to stay,
And leave the bad, too bad to go away."

In lieu of this dangerous proposal the *compulsory* retirement at sixty should be supplemented with permissive retirement at fifty-five, on the same or nearly the same pension, and with a further permission to retire at fifty, at three-fourths of the highest rate of pension.

Thus, no retirements on an average would be admissible under thirty years' service, and the tendency to retire would be completely changed; for the active in mind and body would be those that would go on to sixty years of age, while the inefficient would be those who would take their good pensions and go early.

It is to be hoped that the Government will look at the question on higher grounds than mere pounds, shillings, and pence; as a question for the Administrator (if there is one in the War Office) rather than for the "Actuary" to whom it has been referred; the former may admit into his calculations the rather important item of *efficiency*, while the latter may not do so; and most certainly it will be admitted by all reasonable men, that an efficient organisation of the Scientific Corps of the Army—cost what it will—will be well worth the cost; while an inefficient organisation, however cheap, will be an unalloyed waste of public money.

THE LATE BOAT RACE.

WHY was the Oxford and Cambridge Race like a Turnip?

(Answers to be sent to 30 Tavistock street. 1st prize £10,000.)

POOR HUMBUGS!

MY BROTHER—IN THE CHURCH.

Do you know I don't think Cain could have been a *very* good fellow.

I don't want to be too hard upon him, but you see he was awfully jealous of his brother Abel, and actually went so far on one occasion as to give that young gentleman (if I may be allowed an expression worthier of *Bell's Life* than this publication) "an ugly punch on the head." Now this, in my opinion, was in the worst possible taste! Of course we must make every excuse for a hasty temper and a suspicious nature, but seriously—killing one's brother is not only *always* injudicious but *sometimes* absolutely wrong! It is indeed. Only on the *greatest* provocation would I kill *my* brother! I'm not laughing—I really mean it. I know for making such an assertion I shall be regarded by most people as absurdly straight-laced. *Eh bien!* on this point I *am* straight-laced. Don't sneer at me—we all have our foibles!

Cain would have got on very well indeed with my brother I think if they had ever met one another. In fact, my dear relation could have given our antediluvian ancestor several hints on the subject of moral fratricide. I can imagine James taking hold of that part of Cain's primitive garment that, had it been made in these days, would have been known as a button-hole, and addressing him thus, "My dear Sir, my very dear Sir, pray don't be offended, but *entre nous*, you are particularly clumsy. What, kill your brother with a club! I never heard of such a thing. *Pill* him at your club if you like, but *don't* resort to violence. I can quite understand your feeling towards Abel—a sort of an antipathy, a kind of disgust at witnessing his success? Exactly—I have felt the same emotions myself. But what did I do? Did I get a great ugly stick and knock his brains out? No. Did I come before his face and boldly strike the life out of his body? No. I pursued a much safer course. I stole behind his back and sneered at him, and lied about him; robbed him here of a friend, manufactured there for him an enemy; and, last but not least, I helped the girl that should have been his wife to jilt him. Was not this better than defying the gallows? Was not this more artistic than your clumsy exercise with the murderous club? *Your* victory was gone in a moment, *mine* has lasted for years. *You* must have felt *some* remorse, but *I* (as my brother was far too strong minded to commit suicide, and much too sensible to make a fuss) can retire, and have retired every evening to rest, with hands free from blood-stains, a prayer on my lips, and a next-to-certainty of the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Pardon me for entering into these little family matters, but I have thought it best to mention them here to show you that I can write of my brother James with the most perfect impartiality, in spite of the near relationship that so happily exists between us. By-the-bye, don't whisper this to the ladies. I feel certain that Mrs. Cain must have always considered her husband an angel. Quite right of her too. I don't like using strong language, but if I was requested by a *very* influential deputation from my fellow-citizens to utter an oath, I think I should curse the betrothed who deceives her swain, and the wife who sides against her husband!

My brother James was the finest specimen of the *genus* humbug I ever met in my life. He was a toady at school. For ever running after the masters that he might curry favour with them by laughing at their mild and venerable jokes. Whenever a hamper made its welcome appearance among his comrades he was sure to be on the most affectionate terms of intimacy with its lucky owner. When the contents of said hamper had been diminished by a moiety, the feeling of affection subsided into a sentiment of sincere respect; when only the jam remained, the sincere respect gave place to friendship, cordial but capricious; when the jam-pots lost their treasures, the friendship disappeared and was replaced by a cold and dignified politeness, but a politeness which, with a little care and another hamper, might easily be ripened once more into affection and deep respect.

At the University he was a consummate "tuft hunter;" he followed in the wake of the "fast" set, and went in for "life" as a duty, not as an amusement. One term he surprised everybody by suddenly disappearing. There was a great to-do about the matter, and for more than a year we completely lost sight of him; but the prodigal returned. He went back to college,

took his degree, and presented himself before the Bishop as a candidate for Holy Orders. His Lordship was duly humbugged by my brother (who believed in about five-and-a-third of the Thirty-nine Articles), and was ordained deacon. A curacy followed, to be followed in *its* turn by a limited company, consisting of a skinny wife and a fat family living. Then my brother left a curate in the parish, with thirty pounds a year and the use of a tumble-down rectory, and wended his way to foreign parts with the remaining nine hundred and seventy pounds a year of his income. By-and-bye, however, the Bishop condemned absentees, and then, of course, my brother, true to his creed of humbug, returned to his parish to toady His Mightiness of the lawn sleeves and very fine linen.

James was very "good." He spoke with a soft voice and grinned with a holy smile. He fawned upon his spiritual lord at the Palace hard by, but he left the poor to their own devices, or rather vices. He hated "visiting," and rattled through the funeral service at express train speed. For all this he was "great" at a fashionable wedding, smiling and smirking, with his thoughts *probably* in heaven, and his feet *certainly* in the shiniest of shiny-leather boots! Greater still was he at the Bishop's dinner table, with his amiable titter at clerical "shop" when "spicey," with his fawning bow of acquiescence at clerical "shop" when dogmatic, with his sorrowful glance of condolence at clerical "shop" when querulent. And so he lived, and lied, and fawned, like a treacherous hound, grinning and capering and cringing at the least beck of his master's finger, ready to wallow in the mud, or to gambol in the sunshine, to whine or jump with joy at the sound of his master's voice—himself his only God, his banker's book his only Bible!

I remember well, one Sunday afternoon I was sitting in a church listening to his preaching. Assembled around him was a very fashionable congregation, who received his words with due reverence and submission. James was terribly severe upon the wicked, as became so holy a man—he thundered out denunciation upon denunciation (my brother could be very savage in the pulpit) upon the devoted heads of all those who had committed the smallest sin. He was quite red in the face after his exertions, when in the very middle of his discourse a tattered beggar-woman staggered into the church and made for the pulpit. My brother turned quite white, and stopped short in his fiery excommunication of the wicked, and the angry words of hard-hearted justice died upon his lips. He stood still, I say, with his hand raised pointing at the advancing figure,—his lips apart,—his eyes starting from his head,—his frame in an agony of terror!

The figure fell to the ground. There was a rush to her assistance—a call for the clergyman, for the woman was dying! My brother came tremblingly towards her, urged forward by the sound of a score of whispering voices. "Who is she?"

"Who am I!" said the sinking woman. "I am a beggar—starved and dying! I am," and she laid hold of my brother's cassock, "this man's wife!"

The woman died; James remarried his wife, and went out as a missionary. When last I heard from him he was realising a large fortune by selling glass beads to the natives of Boshy-boo, and entertained rather "advanced" views (for a clergyman of the Church of England) on the subject of polygamy!

ON A PAR WITH MARS.

THE long-standing complaint that the Knightsbridge barracks are a disgrace to the neighbourhood—that they are foul and filthy, an eyesore, and a moral pestilence—has brought the usual official result: they are, of course, to be made permanent, and the War Office is requested to spend a large sum of money with this object. The reason is obvious: the officers' quarters are pleasant, and look upon the park—as for the accommodation of the privates, that is nobody's business. The decision of the War Office is highly characteristic and worthy of imitation. Let us vote big sums for the general rehabilitation of dirt and discomfort. Let us have large supplies of water laid on for the benefit of the Essex Marshes; let us have Oxford street destroyed, and St. Giles's reconstructed; let us have Smithfield restored, and a charter granted to the Haymarket. What does it matter if common people stifle in pestiferous wards and ordure cumber the street paths, so long as our officers have nicely-furnished rooms, with windows that look on the park?



LONDON, APRIL 11, 1868.

THE WEEK.

FRANCE now numbers 1,350,000 soldiers, most of them recruited on compulsion. Are French journalists now satisfied with the freedom of the Press?

THERE was after all something apposite in Lord Townshend's late act of heroism. The noble Marquis had often been derided by the gallery—he naturally sought to avenge himself on the Pitt.

MANY people seem to have expected that Mr. Gladstone would have moved his resolutions at once on the commencement of the great debate, but Lord Stanley's irresolution took precedence.

SUCCESSES have generally sequels. The Zoetrope was a success, yet the London Stereoscopic Company have unaccountably neglected to patent a Wheel of Death. Perhaps the prison in Coldbath Fields may supply them with a hint.

AFTER the Home Secretary's home thrusts and hardy blows on Tuesday evening, the Prime Minister was heard singing softly to himself—

"Oh, who will pluck this gay-thorn from my side?"

THE candlemakers will, at all events, rejoice at the decision in the St. Alban's case. Altar lights are to be henceforth deemed lawful. Doubtless the Ritualists will endeavour, with redoubled assiduity, to make religious ceremony a pearl of great Price.

"*The London Charivari*" is decidedly improving. Its last number had one page full of the most perfect fun. We never saw so many good things together. We allude to the full page advertisement of Du Barry's Delicious Revalenta Arabica Food. If the food is as rich as the testimonials, no wonder the consumers of it get fat.

THE advocates for the abolition of capital punishment had better look to our prison rules, as we seem in danger of substituting death by slow starvation in lieu of speedy strangulation. If we want to wear our felons to skeletons by giving them hard work, and insufficient food, had we not better call them paupers at once? The thing will then seem more natural.

WE are happy to be able to announce that Mr. Fleming, the upright, manly, and humane Secretary of the Poor-law Board, has announced his intention of residing (unofficially) for a week in each of the principal counties' workhouses, in *formâ pauperis* of course. We feel sure that no one will grudge this hard-worked public servant such a relaxation. Luxury is the reward of honest toil.

MR. MACKONCHIE, having kept the religious world in the greatest state of excitement and terror for many months, and having at length been completely worsted, retires again into

obscurity with a feeling of the "deepest thankfulness" at his own condemnation. The Irishman who set his house on fire, that he might subsequently have the pleasure of thanking heaven "the pumps were in order," runs St. Alban's close in logic.

TRUST me, Townshend, Lord, my Lord,
You have too many games in hand;
Are there no vagrants in the street,
Nor any breakdowns in the land?
Go, teach the Arab lads to work,
The gods to jeer at *Ivanhoe*;
Enclothe those feeble legs in tights,
And let the foolish slaves go.

THE Lord Chamberlain has forbidden the representation of *Oliver Twist* at the New Queen's, because some parochial authorities or other thought the scene in the thieves' kitchen likely to encourage boys in stealing. Cannot the matter be compromised by the introducing a scene representing the meeting of a Board of Guardians, with the interior of a workhouse? Surely, this grand moral spectacle must prove superior to all the allurements of thieves' kitchens, and all the spectators, young or old, would imbibe wisdom, virtue, and true benevolence through the pores, or rather through the Poor-law.

THE poor idiot nurse who scalded a child to death in the Wigan Workhouse was tried and acquitted the other day. The Judge said, in the course of his summing up, that if the Guardians had stood in her place, they would have found it difficult to defend their conduct. We hope they would, and still more difficult to get anybody else to do it. Perhaps, when politicians have done passing reforms for their own party purposes, they will find time to pass a few for the real benefit of the people. We ourselves should like to see a few of the Poor-law officials arraigned for murder before capital punishment is quite done away with.

WE should like to know what the cost was of Mr. and Mrs Disraeli's Entertainment at the New Foreign Office. We have heard a good deal lately about "Crowning the Edifice," we think the Premier might have waited till the building was finished. Are the worshippers at the shrine of the Asian Enigma so many that no rooms could be found to hold them? Was it necessary to interrupt the works of the new building at a considerable cost? Perhaps some disagreeable M.P. (who was not invited), will ask a question on the subject. It is an ill omen that the first public entertainment given by the Prime Minister should have been in an unfinished house.

TALK about a "Mackonochie Defence Fund" indeed! If these gentlemen had just taken the trouble to have got up a fund for a few lessons in fencing, we should have been saved from all this ecclesiastical sparring. The whole thing is a question of *Deportment*. One party grumbles because the other "*Sprawls with his arms on the Table*," the other brings an action because the former "*puts his alms on a stool*!" It is absurd to have troubled Sir R. Phillimore with these matters. The proper judge would have been some disciple of the school of *Turveydrop*—say, "Mr. Bland and daughters,"—they would very soon have made these Reverend bunglers quite at home in a point which Amateurs always find troublesome at first—viz., What to do with their *arms*.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE TOMAHAWK, APRIL 11, 1868.





DEFYING THE AVALANCHE!

OR,
DISRAELI VERSUS JUSTICE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

WHICH IS WHICH, AND WHAT IS WHAT?

BY A POOR OLD PUZZLE-HEAD.

I CONFESS I am not very bright. I am behind the age, in fact. I am an old puzzle-head. I read the newspapers, and I try to understand them; I study the questions of the day, and I try to find answers to them; but I never get any further than a state of hopeless incertitude, which seems to me worse than my original state of ignorance. I am full of admiration and respect, and worship, but cannot make up my mind on whom to bestow them. I don't like the Tories. I dislike the Whigs. I never could understand what Liberal meant, except at a contested election. Conservatives always suggest to me preserved meats in a tin case, hermetically sealed and not worth the unsealing. As for the Radicals, at the mention of their names I generally feel first as if I rather liked them, they seem to suggest innocent vegetables, but my next impression is that they are predatory animals; and I feel my pockets to see if they have not divided my substance among themselves. Really all this is very humiliating to one's self-respect; it shows great weakness in my character. I know very well that there are plenty of upright, spotless statesmen and politicians; wise, witty, eloquent and, above all, thoroughly sincere and honest. But hardly do I think that I have found one before whom I can fall down and worship, then whisk! round he turns, and I see that the angel's wings served only to hide the devil's horns. After all, this is the result of my reading the papers. I wish I *could* make up my mind about somebody or something. There is Mr. Disraeli, for instance. He seems made to be worshipped, he is so successful. I thought last year he had done so much good; he had carried with great patience and perseverance a wonderful measure of Reform, much more liberal than that proposed by the Liberals; he had done this in the face of abuse and frequent humiliations. A great source of agitation was at length dried up, and there seemed some hope that what the people (as I was told) had been asking for, had been given them at last, with simple if not compound interest. But I find I was quite mistaken; I find that Mr. Disraeli has been guilty of every crime that a minister and a man can commit; I find that this was nothing but trickery and treachery, and fraud, and self-seeking, and greed of place; that he has been false to himself, false to his colleagues, false to his country; that he is a charlatan, a mountebank, a trickster, a —, a —, and several other actionable terms. Good-bye Mr. Disraeli, I must not worship you: you have changed your opinions, and sacrificed your principles. Away with you! Then I fixed on Mr. Gladstone. I was delighted to find that he was everything that was good and beautiful, and noble and true. He was honest—it anybody ever was—sincerity itself; the most large-hearted statesman of the age. Very well; I got my cushion ready, and fitted up the shrine: to Mr. Gladstone, said I, will I proffer my unemployed stores of respect and devotion. But first let me study the history of such a miracle of virtue and honour. So I read up the history of Gladstone, and I found that the men who now loaded him with praise had, not many years ago, covered him with obloquy. I found that he had been going through a process of conviction all his life, and that though he might be convicted, he never seemed convinced. I found that he had once been, and that not lightly—or in the unsettled ardour of youth—the sworn supporter of everything which he now sought to destroy. I found that by a curious coincidence he had only begun to advocate the reforms which he had helped to carry, when those reforms were supported by a majority either in, or about to be in, office. I found that he had always been in the van of every movement exactly at the time when success was about to crown the efforts of others who had long been looking and hoping for it. I found, in fact, that though every change of opinion no doubt had caused him much reflection, it had cost him nothing else. This was the result of my study of the history of Mr. Gladstone. I took up the cushion and closed the shrine. I tried Lord John R—I beg his pardon—Earl Russell, but he always seemed to me like a hero seen through the wrong end of a telescope; as a misanthropical washerwoman with a talent for writing letters, he would have been perfect; but as a demi-god, he was more of the demi than the god. Then there was John Bright. Well, I did really believe he was an honest man till I read some confounded articles about him in the newspapers, which told me what a

mischievous agitator he was, and how he went about the country trying to inflame the people against those who were better off than them. I found that a man who made £20,000 a-year by a cotton mill, or a carpet manufactory, was an angel, whilst a man who made £5,000 a-year out of land was a fiend. Then Lord Cranbourne, again. When he came into office, all the Liberal press declared he was a shallow, captious, self-sufficient talker; now he is a deep, severe, but just censor of the villanies of the colleagues whom he has abandoned. It is always the same tale: I have no sooner learnt to admire, than I am forced to despise; I have no sooner been taught to hate, than I am entreated to love.

I should like a simple guide to the principles of truth, honour, and integrity, in Statesmen and other public characters, my mind is not capable of making itself up, when it has to unmake itself so soon. At present, I am turning my head from one side to the other with a smile or a frown as the voice of the Press whispers in my ear. It is very wearying, but it seems likely to go on for ever.

STAGE AND STATE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES is to be invested with the order of St. Patrick. This is all very well, but too much importance must not be attached to the event. Just now, perhaps, it might be wise to take a hint from theatrical managers, and bear in mind that the mere issuing of *orders* is no sign of success.

PLEASING!

HERE is a fact, complete in itself, requiring neither explanation, comment, nor deduction. A certain number of women, the wives of soldiers, have been allowed to accompany their husbands to Abyssinia. A few married women are always useful and necessary to a regiment proceeding on foreign service, and the regulations grant them an allowance and rations while so attached. A return has recently been called for of all casualties that have occurred in the Abyssinian regiments with the sole view of ascertaining if any of the soldiers, whose wives are with them, are dead, in order that the allowances and rations of the women may, according to the regulations, be withdrawn from the dates of death of their respective husbands. The fact, pure and simple, speaks for itself—and for the War Office.

A CASE FOR THE LASH.

IN the name of all that is Christian, what ought to be done to the set of British gentlemen who are responsible for the scandalously cruel line of conduct that has been pursued towards our troops in the Mauritius? Indignation can scarcely keep itself within courteous limits when one reads the wretched stereotyped "explanation" given to the House of Commons by Mr. Adderley on the off-day last week. To recapitulate the details here would be superfluous, for lengthy reports in every English newspaper have by this time pretty well awakened the country to the nature of the outrage that has been perpetrated on the helpless sufferers at Port St. Louis. "Everything had been done that could be done in such a case" morally whines out the Government representative. "Nonsense," Mr. Adderley—and something much worse than nonsense—that is the proper reply to such a miserable "*mea culpa*" as is yours.

Talk of schemes for recruiting, suggest methods of increasing the effective strength of our army! Why this business at Mauritius will undo the work of twenty commissions, and a good thing too. In private life, if a woman beats a child, more—if she neglects it, or places it in circumstances calculated to endanger its safety or its life, forthwith the law is down upon her, and she meets the charge as a criminal. In public questions all this is reversed. Here a body of helpless men are literally thrust into the very jaws of death, deliberately too and wittingly, and when popular indignation is aroused, the matter is met by the usual official shuffle, that considers it the first imperial duty to smother a scandal, and holds to the creed, that routine "can do no wrong." We insist that Mr. Adderley's

explanation was unsatisfactory to the last degree, and it is on this account we call earnest attention to the whole matter. Perhaps a sample of his "defence" will suffice to convey our meaning. The country is told that "quinine, and other drugs," which "are most useful in meeting attacks" of the epidemic in question, did not arrive till too late—that is after the first onset of the plague in all its fury. We ask what business had the authorities to despatch a large body of men to a recognised fever breeding climate without the necessary specifics? What excuse have they for such conduct as this, which would only have its parallel in private life in acts of the most scandalous and culpable cruelty. Are British authorities such fools—or are they so utterly unequal to the posts into which they have been comfortably slipped, that the ordinary A. B. C. of their responsibilities is to them—so much Egyptian hieroglyphic!

To come to the point, this matter will not be allowed to drop into oblivion after a mere question and answer in the House. The loss may prove, let us hope it will, to be less than was originally calculated, but the principle at stake is of an importance that can scarcely be estimated. Those who serve the country must be protected from the effects of shameless blundering such as this, especially those who serve it, as do soldiers, under a code of laws that turns them into slaves, to do, to suffer, or to die, at the bidding of their immediate superiors. It is therefore of the highest importance that every individual connected with the destruction at Port St. Louis should be summarily dragged into the light of public scrutiny and be acquitted, or disgraced without any further delay.

FOLLYGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE.

[REUTER'S FOLLYGRAMS.]

1ST OF APRIL.

THE following dispatches arrived this morning at our office in rapid succession. We have lost no time (only a week) in making them public:—

"The Prime Minister has hastened to Dublin to take the Fenian oath. Ireland perfectly happy and tranquil."

"Her Majesty has consented to be present at the investiture of the order of St. Patrick."

"No accident whatever occurred to-day on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway."

"Last night an original three act drama was brought out at one of the metropolitan theatres."

"All the London statues are about to be replaced by works of art."

"The prolific lady who writes under the name of 'Claribel,' has given up writing songs for the million."

"The *Daily Telegraph* has resigned its position as leader of the comic periodicals of the day."

"A spark of wit has been discovered wandering in the pages of the *Owl*."

"The *Times* has favoured the world with a dramatic criticism, which is what it pretends to be."

"The Ball at the Tuileries is put off, owing to the indisposition of 'Our Special Correspondent.' The asparagus and strawberries have been taken out of ice."

"No new magazine has appeared to-day."

"Ladies have taken to wearing their own hair."

"The *Saturday Review* has apologised to the Girl of the Period for its libel."

"A dinner took place in London, at which neither saddle of mutton nor boiled fowls were noticed in the menu."

"The Poet Laureate has publicly confessed that his last poems, published in certain periodicals, were written for him by Mr. Martin Tupper."

This last was too much for us. Tupper never wrote anything as bad as that, whatever his faults may be—and they are proverbially numerous.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—The recent decision in the Court of Arches has satisfied nobody. The High Church party grumble at a judgment so entirely adverse to themselves, while their opponents insist that, as far as they are concerned, the *s-candle* remains.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Economy.—Spending five shillings to save sixpence.

Eden.—A garden where bonnets were unknown and scandal un-invented. Woman soon gave notice to quit.

Employment.—Something that must be found for the poor.

Engaged.—Occupied for a time in making a fool of a man.

Enough.—Obsolete.

Ensign.—At first blush, a boy; but on closer inspection, a uniform.

Envelope.—A companion of the Bath (post) which hides a multitude of faults.

Envy.—The echo of the first serpent's his.

Equal.—In woman's algebra, a term always signifying more or less.

Eve.—The only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother.

Extravagance.—Measuring your husband's purse by the length of your richer neighbour's.

Eye.—A telegraph office whose superintendent has a pupil always ready to take your message or flash back a reply.

Face.—A sketch given us by Nature to be filled up in colours.

False.—A stern reality now-a-days—*e. g.*, chignons.

Family.—Laurels, or olive branches, as the case may be.

Fan.—An article without which no lady's dress is complete or decent.

Fascination.—The art of nailing an admirer to his seat. Part of the Old Serpent's legacy.

Fashion.—The modern Juggernaut, always asking for new victims.

Father.—The only author who does not *expect* his works to pay.

Favour.—A ticket-of-leave to see your friend transported for life.

Feather.—The only thing she wants to be the lightest of creatures.

Female.—As much an insult to a woman as "black man" is to a nigger.

Fickleness.—A quality which never changes its false quantity.

Fiction.—Tales of constancy.

Fig-Leaf.—Crinoline before the fall. Eve's first dress with a trimming.

Figure.—Generally a representation of something supposed to exist.

Flattery.—A refreshment she can never have too much of, with or without butter.

Flirtation.—Trotting out the favourites for the Maiden Stakes.

Fortune.—Mammon's Madonna.

Frown.—A promise to pay at sight.

Future.—Past thinking about for the present.

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!"

A CRUEL instance of wife-bruising comes from Old Swinford, near Birmingham. The Rev. C. H. Craufurd chose, in the course of an angry sermon, to gibbet his helpmate in the pulpit, and expose her to the derision of his congregation and the world at large. Meaning to defend her, the reverend blunderer contrived to let mankind know that she was low-born, under-bred, and spoke bad grammar—though her language at the worst of times could hardly be so bad as her husband's. How shall we ever convince our French friends that we do not habitually sell our partners in Smithfield, when our own journals proclaim that an English clergyman has exposed his wife in Billingsgate.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.—Church Reform. No correct answers this time. At last we have puzzled even Ruby.

A WORD WITH THE MANIACS.—A beautiful Acrostic in our next. No room this week.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 50.]

LONDON, APRIL 18, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

THE following "notes," evidently compiled with a view to some treatise on political education, have been forwarded to us by a correspondent who holds an influential post under the present administration. As they were picked up in one of the lobbies of the House of Commons, at the close of a recent debate, they may be worth the publicity we afford them:—

1. *The Weathercock: its Place in Nature.*—This to be well studied.
2. *"Language given us that we may veil our thoughts."*—N. B. Consult the great Casuists of the sixteenth and following centuries. Get *Albertus Magnus on Leger-de-main*, and some standard work on white lies.
3. *"Party: How to Create. Definition of Party."*—That power which enables you to sacrifice national greatness to particular interests." Connect this subject with "power" and "personal necessities,"—immense importance of the latter. Study "Russell on Whig relatives." If no such work, get statistics of Bishops' families.
4. *Power.*—A thing to be secured at any cost.
5. *Principle.*—"The man who holds to a principle chains himself to a stone. If the flood come, he must perish."—*La Gruyère*. "Bear this in mind: Principles may be worn like white kid gloves, but we must not work in them."—See *Consistency*.
6. Get up the Jews.
7. *Church and State.*—May be resorted to with advantage under particular circumstances—in a speech. May be, as a rule, regarded as mere fireworks. If they don't go off well, into a bucket of water with them—useless, therefore, except to fizz and dazzle. You may treat "crown," "throne," "constitution," "this ancient assembly," "that venerable body," "the light of Christianity," as so many other fireworks of this kind.
8. *"Consistency."*—If you regard it in reference to power, call it "Suicide." To be used like calomel—only on rare and grave occasions. Safer, perhaps, without any.
9. *Peers.*—A set of —. Better, perhaps, refer to them as that "noble and ancient institution." The most useful—the new ones, got like cheap clothes—"ready made" in a crisis.
10. *"Policy."*—The learned pig picks out the card that is smeared with treacle. The learned pig knows what he is about.
11. *Speech.*—Better call it clap-trap. Never be tedious. If the subject be solemn, let the word "laughter" figure nine-and-thirty times in the printed report of your oration. Contradict anything, or anybody, flatly, no matter what be the merits of the case. Never shrink, too, from contradicting yourself.
12. *"The welfare of your country."*—Stuff. N. B. If you want to discuss it, do it—over your wine.

THE MODERN "SOUTH-SEA" BUBBLE.—The Volunteer Review at Portsmouth.

THE ENLIGHTENED AGE.

IT is impossible to pass by this Easter without noticing and placing on record the terribly depraved condition of the public taste as measured by the novelties and attractions offered to the holiday makers. Time was when an original five-act tragedy at Drury Lane, or a new comedy at the little theatre in the Hay-market was the staple addition to the *repertoire* of London amusements for Easter week; but now-a-days, either with or without reason, original five-acted tragedies are regarded very much in the light of mythical farces, while new comedies creep out at uncertain periods of the year, never daring to enter the lists with sensational entertainments, when that most exalted of tribunals, an appreciative British public, sits in judgment.

Here is a statement of what is going on at the West-end of London at the present time. The Lyceum has shut its doors in Mr. Bandmann's face, and has shelved *Narcisse* in order to house the Japanese troupe, who, *saut de mieux* now that Her Majesty's Theatre does not exist, have taken possession of the house. The Japanese, in their turn, have their rivals, for the Crystal Palace advertises an Oriental troupe, which includes a female artist, who performs the sword trick, another lady who is an adept in the nose ring trick, and half a dozen Brahmins (probably in search of a moonstone) who dance on the tips of buffalo horns. The Alhambra has been crowded, we believe, for weeks past with the admirers of Madame Finette, but the proprietors, still unsatisfied, have supplemented the attractions of the *Can-can* by the engagement of Leotard, who makes "a new and daring flight across the building on two bars only." Leotard has his rival in the person of a Miss Azelia, who does the same kind of thing at the Holborn Amphitheatre, while the Easter novelties at Highbury Barn and the London Pavilion are respectively Madlle. Badette la sœur de Finette, and Madlle. Esther, from Paris, who appears as Harlequin in a new Parisian Quadrille. A popular theatre over the water advertises Beckwith and his amphibious family in a monster glass tank on the stage, Rubini beheading a lady, Alavanta the Indian Juggler, a couple of Champion Comics (whatever they may be), and a host of other attractions, all in one entertainment, and even that most staid and instructive of exhibitionists, Madame Tussaud, has taken advantage of the holiday season to introduce Miles Weatherhill into the Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy.

We are at a loss to guess what may be going on at the East-end of London, but the above feast of intellectual enjoyment is within everybody's reach. What shall we come to next year. Will it be a Parisian ball at Covent Garden Opera House or a prize fight in Exeter Hall? Surely we are progressing.

HANGING IN PRIVATE.—A most desirable *halter-ation*.

MOTTO FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—"Abandon hope (of promotion) all ye who enter here!"

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—Example of "lucus a non lucendo"—a girl who is too fast to mind her proper stops.

THE FUTURE OF WOMAN.—This otherwise irregular verb forms its future regularly, "I will, or shall, *woo-man*." Its optative mood takes the form of an *infinitive heir-ist*.

A MILITARY MESS.

SOME remarks appeared in these columns a few weeks' back on the prevalence of the Military element in the civil office of the Secretary of State for War, pointing out the anomaly of subordinate officers controlling or commanding their own commanders.

The correctness of the arguments have been everywhere admitted, but it has been replied that such anomalies must be disregarded in practice, when the advantages to the State are manifest; and that it is manifest that great advantages are obtained by the valuable experience of military officers in conducting the business at the War Office in a thousand details in which civilian clerks, not having actual military experience, would lead their chief into innumerable blunders.

The events of the past week afford all the comment that is required to meet this reply. The extraordinary blunder that has disarranged, if not marred, all the plans of the great Volunteer Review at Portsmouth was made by no civilian clerk. The omission to calculate the time required for moving a given body of men over a given distance was the omission of a high military power. One cannot say whether the mistake was made by the Colonel, the late Inspector-General of Volunteers, who has been relieved, or by the Major-General, who has relieved him; but by the old or by the new military officer "*Commanding*" the Reserve Forces, as the Secretary of State has recently termed it, were the arrangements made, and in spite of experience, in spite of personal acquaintance with troops, marches, and movements, a military officer is, beyond question, the author of the recent "fiasco" in regard to the military movements of the volunteer regiments at Portsmouth, which, mitigated as it has been by subsequent modifications, has sufficiently scandalised all the warmest supporters of military organisation.

Let the public, then, take heart, and let them stand true to their principles, putting aside all specious arguments as to none but military men having any knowledge of military affairs, and let it be admitted, and when admitted, let it be acted upon, that in all matters of Government, the State, that is to say, the civil power must be supreme, unless we are prepared to reverse all the principles of our constitution, and to make our standing army a standing menace to the liberties of the country; for there is no doubt whatever that no less an issue is involved ultimately in the admission of military powers into the control of civil offices that should control the army.

A DREAM OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Lo! I dreamt a dream, and methought that I saw Minerva weeping her eyes out in an orchard where the apple-blossoms were throwing up their rosy snow to April. And I beheld one approach, whom I knew for Apollo, and he touched his sister on the shoulder, and said he "Minerva, why dost thou weep? Have I not given thee since the death of great Pan, all the arts of Britain into thy care? Why dost thou weep?" "That's just where it is Pol my boy! and it's enough to make one cry one's eyes out for vexation, it is." "Wherefore, my sister, dost thou thus complain?" replied Apollo. "Come with me a moment, and I'll show you. You say you have made me, me Minerva, Ex-Goddess of wisdom, formerly a partner in the firm of Olympus and Co., you say you have made me patroness of British Art—British tea-trays—stuff and rubbish! While that hussey Lutetia sneers at me from the other side of the water, and sends one Wallis over here with samples of foreign ware to flout and jeer me in my very domains. I patronize London artists! not if I know it, unless they stop these French and Belgian Exhibitions in Pall Mall." And then I fancied Apollo seated himself kindly by the side of the plaintive old maid, and quoth he "Mervy dear! where have you been, and what are you talking about?" "No 'Pol, it's no use, and I hav'nt been at the hydromel either—but I went to the Suffolk street Gallery of British Artists this morning, and to the Pall Mall Exhibition of French and Belgian this afternoon, and I'm ready to cry with shame." "Well but Mervy dear, surely there is a great difference between the pretensions of the young English society, and those of the artists whose pictures Mr. Wallis has collected for exhibition." "I don't care," sobbed Minerva, "that doesn't

make it a bit the less aggravating—only come and see." And then methought both Minerva and Apollo rose from where they had been sitting, and turned their faces in the direction of Suffolk street—and lo, and behold I dreamt we were together within the gallery where the British artists love to congregate. "Oh!" said Minerva, with a shudder—"they were bad enough this morning, but since seeing those others, they are positively hideous!" "Stay," cried Apollo, hoping to prevent a scene, "there is a Spanish Head by E. C. Barnes (288) which is not to be passed by."

MINERVA.—I know there is, and another by the same artist, equally good (567), but "one swallow does not make a summer," and because Mr. Barnes has painted these two really artistic works, I am not better pleased with the others.

APOLLO.—Come, come sister, perhaps Mr. Barnes may have other works equally admirable.

MINERVA.—Ah, you've been reading the *Telegraph*, and you've found out there's a *Joan of Arc* to see.

APOLLO.—Not I indeed, but here is the picture (275)—H'm.

MINERVA.—Now isn't that aggravating? The only man to whom I could trust in the room, gives two odd eyes, one much higher than the other to his *Joan*, while the absurdity of the little monk carrying the cross behind her, must strike even you 'Pol.

APOLLO.—Well, but look here at Mr. G. Cole's coast scenes (26-220). Mr. A. Gilbert's *Moonlights* (50-583). Mr. Wood's *Ruined Mill* (452), or Mr. Hayes's luminous *Genoa* (489). These are good.

MINERVA.—Yes, yes, but look here, and there, and everywhere at those insipid girls, idiotic ploughboys, and metallic properties from Wardour street. Look at the bad drawing, the awful compositions, the barrenness of invention, and the impossible colouring staring at us on all sides. Oh! its a dreadful sight!

APOLLO.—You are right sister, but why not look at what has merit? These *Summer Showers* (188) for instance, by H. Moore make one understand the necessity of detaining the visitor's umbrellas at the entrance: (everyone would feel inclined to unfurl for fear of a wetting) or his *Coasting Vessels Becalmed* (581), or this *Ferry Boat* (380) by J. C. Thom. Now, there's a picture I should like to have.

MINERVA.—That's what it is! Another aggravation. Mr. Thom, who, by the way, sends his best to Mr. Wallis, is a young American, and a pupil of Edward Frère, of Ecouen. But the true Britons, they are as much behind foreigners in art as the Cantabs were behind Oxford on the 4th of April, and make as ridiculous an exhibition of themselves.

APOLLO.—Come, sister, this is not the Royal Academy; we may hope for better things there.

MINERVA.—Hope is always telling flattering tales in this country. Look at that Mr. Rossiter, let him go and study De Jongh if he must paint petticoats; or still better, Mr. Stevens. But wait till we get to Pall Mall. Look at this Hurlstone, F. Y., President (and echo answers "Why President?"), with his *Canon Taking his Siesta* (147): does he think this clap-trap facility of brushing can make up for ignoble drawing and senseless colouring? His *Salute Signor* (310) and his *Pescator* (441) are beneath criticism; his *Sancho* (352) is no more a Sancho than I'm a Jupiter—that's a Swiss valet without a spark of wit, and no idea of proverbial philosophy. And all these pictures on the eye line and in the best positions show that the president is perfectly aware of his powers as a president, if not as an artist.

APOLLO.—I hear Mr. Woolmer is one of the lights of this society.

MINERVA.—Lights? Heavies, you mean. Mr. A. T. Woolmer is namby-pamby beyond measure, trying to attract by low-cut dresses, eyes he knows he is incapable of fixing by his weak invention or his salad-mixture colouring. I tell you, Apollo, all this is humiliating. If Mr. Barraud will paint tin women, why does he call one an *Evening Star* (220)? Why does Mr. Passmore content himself with copying Messrs. Simmons's costume upon lay figures when he knows all is not gold that glitters (237). Why does Mr. Ritchie, who has some power, copy (249) Salvator Rosa's own studies of robbers and then tell us, "*It is said, this artist ventured among lawless men?*"

APOLLO.—Surely this must be a specimen of black art by Mr. Hayllar (472).

MINERVA.—It reminds me of a picture I once saw a poor wretch cut out of black paper with a pair of scissors held in his toes. But, sin as it is, it is not such an unblushing crime as *A Roman Window during the Carnival* (579). If somebody would shut it for Mr. Noble they would be doing a real service to the artist. Stop a minute, there's a picture down there, near the ground, with merit in it. Who is it by?

APOLLO.—An interior (634). No name.

MINERVA.—Depend on it, whoever it is he has studied in Paris.

APOLLO.—Good gracious, what's that? A flash of green light, with a vision of deformed wretches leaving a hospital!

MINERVA.—That's *Rescue of Rahab* (412), and I will swear that the sins of Rahab were nothing to what Mr. Denby has committed here.

APOLLO.—By the Nine Muses, sister; but this is painful. I fear me I shall leave much of your opinion. Is there not one just person who may save the figure-painters from condemnation?

MINERVA.—Look here, 'Pol, we shall find no one noticing it; but that proves nothing but the general ignorance of the public. Look at that portrait of a girl (189), called *A Mother's Darling*, by S. B. Halle. That man is a pupil of Flandrin's (Hippolyte Flandrin, now dead), or ought to have been. No great beauty about that child but that of Nature and reality. No great search for effect, and yet most effective in its simple treatment. But then the name Halle is not an English one after all, so that goes for nothing.

APOLLO.—By Parnassus! but it makes me wish to see more by the same artist. I'll give him an order to paint the Nine Muses for my box on Mount Hybla.

MINERVA.—Come; we will be off to see the Meissonier in Pall Mall.

APOLLO.—I will go with you, sister.

Then I observed that Apollo, while waiting for his lyre, which he had left with the umbrellas outside, allowed Minerva to descend before him, and I heard him tell the guardian of the door, in confidence, that, though he quite agreed with his sister, the lady in a helmet and spectacles who had just gone down stairs, he felt he ought to encourage, with a word or two of recognition, some artists of whom his sister had not taken note. These were Mr. A. H. Tourrier, for his clever *Missal Painter* (162), and his *à la porte d'un pauvre* (378); Mr. Payne for his landscapes (535-572); Mr. Bromley for his *Forge* (397), and his *Serenading* (414); Mr. Knight for his *Edge of the Forest* (449); Mr. W. Gosling (696, 763); Mr. Varley (776); Mr. G. S. Walters (829, 856, and especially 901); Mr. E. W. Robinson (979, 1037), and Miss F. E. Glasier (1037*). Mr. G. Pope for *The Careless Guardian* (429), much higher up than its merit deserves.

It seemed then to me in my dream, that we were all three of us transported to Mr. Wallis's Exhibition of French and Belgian Works of Art in Pall Mall; and transported indeed we were. But of that anon—I must e'en rest for a week. It will take at least that to get the portrait of a wig block, by W. Salter (21), out of my head.

WHY NOT?

WHY don't political parties take a hint from the advertisement pages of the *Era*? We then might see, previous to general elections, some such announcements as these:—

Wanted, a few good Utility Men. Money no object. Must be up to the Moon trick. Sober preferred, and character if possible. Good business. Borough or county.

Stokely on Pent.—An opening for a Leading Young Man. Liberal. Principles light, pockets heavy. Must sing and turn somersaults. Young Greys or Elliots can communicate.

Wanted by a Party, a few Heavy Old Men for the serious line, to do virtuous indignation. Charity chairmen up to after-dinner spin. No desertion. Benevolent, not too bald, preferred. Good Churchmen, and sound on Game Laws. Money found.

Wanted for a Starring Tour in Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. Good rattling Radicals. Universal smash and turn inside out

trick. Yankee yarns, and to do the "flesh and blood" business. Good feeding, and the chance of a testimonial.

Leading Business—Wanted. A Burlesque Character Actor. Good disguises. To play Clown, or the Angel, if required; also the bones. Properties found, including character. The Nottingham Buffoon treated with. No Whalley need apply.

We think the above suggestions might advance matters a stage in some constituencies, and would support the dignity of candidates.

THE LATE BOAT RACE.

UNDER this heading TOMAHAWK presented his readers last week with a prize riddle for their solution, offering at the same time a reward of £10,000 for the best answer. The sum specified has been gained by no less a person than one of the first of our European Emperors. It is scarcely necessary to say that, a cheque for the amount has already been despatched to the London representative of the successful potentate. Here follows some of the correspondence that has recently been received at 30 Tavistock street, having reference to the intensely interesting subject:

A MONSIEUR LE REDACTEUR EN CHEF DU "TOMAHAWK."

If you please sare—oh! blow-my-eye-rosbif!—I spik de English.

You ask me sare, vy is de late boat race between de collège of Oxfor-Cambridge like un turnip? I tell you sare. *Ce bon garçon* de la Tour d'Auvergne 'e say dat de coxswain steer de boat round dis point, and round dat corner, and den de people on de banks dey cheer and make de hurrahs—de bravos. *Eh bien!* Very well. I give you *réponse*: De race den was all turn-ip! ip! ip!—turn-ip! ip! ip! Turn-ip! ip! ip! oorah!!!

Pay de money to *ce bon garçon* de la Tour d'Auvergne.

Receive my distinguished considerations,

L. N——.

P. S.—Why you not sold on de Kiosques of de Boulevards sare?

P. P. S.—On second thoughts, pay not de money to *ce bon garçon* de la Tour d'Auvergne;—you 'ad better send it over to me direct. Good mornin', sare. Oh, blow-my-eye!

TO TH'EDITOR TOM-HIC-'AWK.

DEAR TOM-HIC-'—TOMMY,—I shay ole f'la,—know th'answer stupid con-con-conundrum 'yours;—Why's boat-race like a—t'nip? 'Cause t'nips are often hollow, like the boat-race! See the idea?

Yours eloquent—hic—eloquently,

BEN.

P. S.—Read my p'ration on the Irish Debate? I was—hic—jolly that night! Never such fun—hic—in m'lfe!

OTHER ANSWERS.

W. M.—Because, when the rowing (2nd crop of grass) was finished, *Oxen* had it!—[You have surprised us.—ED. TOM.]

AMICUS.—Because the race was not worth peeling for!—[Eh?—ED. TOM.]

F. W. H.—Because one of the crews was sure to beat (be-ate) this year!—[Silly!—ED. TOM.]

CRU-CI-FER-Æ(s).—Both are pulled by the greens!—[The name and address of this gentleman (who has so grossly insulted the University sixteen) will be given up at our office to any member of the crews, on receipt of a stamped envelope.—ED. TOM.]

PERCY.—Because the boats row and the turnips grow in rows!—[Something in that.—ED. TOM.]

J. ESCOTT.—Because turnips are sometimes scooped into skulls to make bogies of,—and you push the boats along with long poles, called by nautical men, skulls!—[Yes, that's it.—ED. TOM.]

SNAKE IN THE GRASS, (CLAPHAM).—Ritualism!—[This answer is evidently intended for something else; but it isn't bad.—ED. TOM.]

POOR HUMBUGS!

MY COUSIN—"THE GARRISON HACK."

POOR Victoria!

Away—down into the far distant past I can see my little cousin Vicky, the pride of her nurse and parents, the cause of many a schoolboy quarrel, the "bread and butter miss" of poor Lord Byron's pen. I remember I used to call her "my wife," and on one occasion I nobly received a brace of black eyes in defence of her wax-faced false-haired doll. My opponent was that eminent barrister, the present Serjeant Lyington. Ah! in those days I would have shed, and did shed, my very nose-blood in her defence! How long ago was it? Let me see. Victoria was born on the day of the Queen's accession to the throne—she was nearly ten when I selected her to be my bride—more than twenty years ago! Heigho! how the time passes.

I need scarcely say that I was faithless to my first love. Be not too hard upon me, gentlest of readers. Remember, I was at best but a *very* young man; I had certainly seen not *more* than a tithe of the trickeries and falsehoods of this wicked world. Look not astounded when I inform you that at that early age I scarcely knew how to turn up the king three times running at *carte*—was never certain of making a successful book on the Derby. I was only nine years old, a boy—well, if you will—a youth! If I'd been older, of course I should have known that it is *very* wrong to trifle with the affections of a maiden; not only very wrong, but (in these days of Belgravian mothers) very dangerous! Well, confession is good for the soul, and I frankly own that what with the wild orgies of the "tuck-shop," and the stolen pleasure of the smoking cane-cigar or penny "pickwick," the image of Victoria faded from my heart. Nay, think me not *all* bad, for I had my moments of remorse! Yes, sometimes at the very height of my revelry would the spectre of my neglected love rise before me; with the foaming glass of "real Turkey sherbert" raised to my lips, with an ounce of almond hard-bake clasped between my eager fingers, and the penny jam tart, red, shining, and inviting, placed well within my grasp, would the mournful memory haunt me. A sigh, a wild laugh, and I drowned care in ginger beer, and beat down melancholy with a sugar-stick! Few who played with me at those times at "prisoner's base" knew that the laughter that resounded so loudly was artificial, that the mirth they deemed so joyous was as hollow as the tomb!

When I left school I was quite heart-whole. If we set our teeth, cry "*Vive le chuck-penny*," and read down sad thoughts with Grant's "*Romance of War*," or Cooper's "*Spy*," we may hope to survive the very bitterest disappointment. I know, after a while, I learnt even to forgive the cruelty my father exhibited in refusing to purchase for my use the "Youth's Complete Chemical Cabinet" (as advertised). I acknowledge that I shed many tears when I pondered over my loss; for, you see, I had so set my heart upon trying the "Miniature Eruption of Vesuvius" ("experiment 24, as advertised"), in my bed-room, especially as I had greatly improved upon the printed directions—I had determined in preparing the prescription upon treating grains as ounces, and ounces as pounds! By pursuing this plan of course I should have heightened the "brilliancy" of the eruption—without any danger, too, for I knew that the house was insured! However, that great healer Time taught me to forget the treasured Chemical chest. Surely then, it *would* have been odd had I not been able to get over so simple a matter as an *affaire de cœur*.

Shortly after leaving school I met my cousin at a party. She looked very pretty, and called me up to her, and tapped my hands with a fan, and said that I was "a naughty boy." Her card was full for all the round dances but I secured a "square," and my name was duly inscribed on the pretty silver-printed two inches of card-board she held in her hand by a white silk cord and a tiny little tassel. This done I lounged away, and, resting my back against a door, watched the scene before me. I soon grew bored of looking at the vapid faces of the men, and the extended skirts and simpering smiles of the young ladies, as they waltzed past me. I soon grew bored, I say, and then I directed my eyes towards a group in one of the corners of the room—a group of which my pretty little cousin was the centre.

There she sat laughing and joking, surrounded by half-a-dozen young men, who to judge from their bullet-shaped heads seemed more distinguished for their clothes than their intelligence. There she sat, tapping this man's knuckles with her

fan, and calling that fellow over there a "naughty boy." There she sat laughing at that idiot's stolid attempt at a pun, or grinning behind her fan at that fool's clumsy shot at a compliment. There she fluttered a butterfly among the hollyoaks, a Venus among the porpoises, a gazelle among the herd of swine. There she sat as I watched, and all she did was to smile and rap knuckles, and all she said was, "Oh, you naughty boy!" or "How shocking!"

My "square" came at last, and I duly presented myself for the dance. She simpered as I approached her, and with a little laugh and a tap of the fan got up from her seat, took my arm, and left the circle of grinning noodles behind her. The dance over, I said, "Well, Vicky, and how are they all at home?"

"Haven't you heard?" said my cousin, with a sigh. "But how should you, you have just come home from abroad. Poor papa's had heavy losses, and we have sold the house in Eaton Square, and Fanny's come home from that expensive academy, and we are trying to get Charley into the Bluecoat school, and I make all my dresses now, and we've got no footman!"

"Dear, dear! that's bad, I must call upon you."

"Oh yes do, we shall be so glad to see you, but when you come, ring very gently, for poor Mamma's very ill, and she ought to have straw put down—but we really can't afford it. I've come to night with that old lady over there in the funny turban—she's my chaperone. Oh, we've had a dreadful time of it lately, but it will be all right when I'm settled I suppose."

"Is aunt very ill?"

"No, she's better to night, but I should like to have stayed at home with her—only you know I knew that a lot of 'nice' people would be here, and really it would be *such* a great thing for us if—"

"If you were married?"

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "yes Papa won't let me be a governess, and—"

"I thought you were engaged to Harry Thornbury."

"Oh no—who told you that?" She blushed up to the roots of her hair, and the tears appeared in her eyes. "Contradict it if you hear it again. No, all will be right when I'm settled. Oh! there's that everlasting waltz," she added, in quite a different voice, as a heavy dragoon approached her. "Ah! you naughty boy, here you are at last!"

She smiled at me, tapped the newcomer's knuckles, and sailed away resting on his arm.

Ten years passed before I saw very much of my cousin again. During this time I kicked about the world and rubbed against the world after the approved fashion of younger sons with more credit than brains, and less money than either. Chance threw me here, and chance threw me there, and one day chance took me into a train, left me at the station of a garrison town, and quickly introduced me to some "men" in Her Majesty's 6th Regiment of the Line (Queen Anne's own). Chance (assisted by said "men") then carried me off to mess, and left me at last in a ball room. The garrison town was built on the sea, and the garrison town boasted an ex-Royal Residence, and the ex-Royal Residence to-night seemed to have revived its past magnificence, for it actually had become on this occasion the *locale* of a grand fancy dress ball given by some lady patronesses (no mayoresses among the number, be it understood) in aid of a neighbouring hospital. There I stood, in a gaudily-decorated room (part of it oriental and the rest reminding me strongly of George IV.), listening to the strains of some half dozen bands, bands that were playing in different apartments, it is true, but at one and the same moment. I had thus an excellent opportunity of hearing the "Guards' Waltz," the "Lancers," and the "Grand Duchess Quadrille" treated as a sort of musical salad.

I stood listening and yawning, and watching the people as they passed to and fro. First came a melancholy middle-aged man, got up in dim imitation of Napoleon I.; now and again, would this middle-aged man simper as some friend congratulated him upon his admirable conception of the character he had assumed. And I gazed at him lazily and thanked my stars I was not a Frenchman, and consequently *not* bound by honour to seek the idiot's life-blood—I felt that the man's life-blood and his life-blood only, could *quite* wipe out the insult he had put upon the Emperor. And then came a depressed-looking North American Indian, in a painted face and lavender kid gloves, and a Charles II., who had got hold of a false moustache which *would* fall from under his nose and creep into his mouth; and a Crusader, who evidently, in spite of his war-like garb, spent most of his time at a desk in the Admiralty, Whitehall;

and a noisy French Peasant, who spoke his own language with the accent of a native—de Putney; and an insane individual, who was supposed to represent "Croquet" in the flesh, but who might (as appropriately) have declared himself to be the "Spirit of Pork Sausages;" and a beardless cornet (who was blasphemous and cynical); and a moustachless ensign (who was cynical and blasphemous), and half a thousand others. And I saw Marguerite in dyed hair, and Marie, Queen of Scots, in a chignon, and Lady Jane Grey *decollette*, and Ondine *plus* a little too much champagne. And there they were, dancing and flirting, and laughing—and laughing, and flirting, and dancing, over and over, over and over, over and over again!

Tired with the sight, I made for a seat, when I saw a poor old fairy nodding at me and beckoning me towards her. I put up my glass, and to my surprise found that the lady in her gaudy dress, and absurd-looking wings, and long star-surmounted staff, and obviously false hair, and hideously rouged cheeks, and painfully painted eyebrows, was no less a person than my cousin Victoria!

I greeted her cordially, she met me with the old rap of the knuckles with her fan, and the old nonsense about being "a naughty boy." She asked me if I "wanted a 'round;' she thought she had the next disengaged," and held up her card to me—it was blank. I'm not a dancing man, and told her so. So we sat down and began chatting. The girls around her were soon marched off by their partners, and we were left alone. I never had such a painful talk in my life. Eyes sunken and covered with Indian ink, brow wrinkled and plastered with powder, features sharp and blushing with rouge! A wreck of what she was; there was nothing to remind me of the Victoria of ten years ago, save the giggling and the false merriment. Her manner was always make-believe, it never was so make-believe as now! Still she kept up the fiction of being young, and pretty, and lively, and I humoured her. We had talked of this friend's marriage and that friend's marriage, and at last I said gaily, "Well, Vicky, we soon shall be losing you. One of these fine days you will follow the example of Hetty Wilson and Harry Thornbury, and marry some one yourself, and then good bye to balls, picnics, and parties."

"Don't be so absurd you naughty boy," she said, with a giggle and a rap of her fan.

"Mind I must come, let me return thanks for the bridesmaids, or give you away, or pay the pew-opener. Then when you are settled in a jolly little house and a nice garden, full of flowers and all that kind of thing, and are as happy as the day is long, you must—"

"Don't be so absurd you naughty—" she stopped short, her lip quivered, and she burst out a-crying!

Poor woman! I repeat from the bottom of my heart, poor woman!

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Gallant, adj.—A good old word scarcely recognizable in the manners of the nineteenth century.

Game, to make of.—Making a point before killing.

Garden.—Flora's boudoir.

Garrison-town.—A chess board where the Queens are always making moves to be mated by the Knights.

Generosity.—Giving your time and services to a bazaar where there is no possibility of a flirtation.

Gentility.—Nothing under a boy in buttons.

Giggle.—The safety-valve of weak machinery.

Girlhood.—A preparatory school for women before they go up to take their bachelors.

Give.—A verb implying a desire to receive in exchange.

Glass.—A friend who saves most women the trouble of reflecting.

Glove.—A sheath for a cat's paw.

Gold.—The sun which dazzles all, and blinds so many.

Gossip.—The copper currency of the realm of woman.

Governess.—A poor sister who has not enough intelligence to see that intellect is menial.

Grace.—The flower without which the loveliest garden is worthless.

Grave.—The accent which must fall on our last syllable.

Green.—The colours most becoming to pale girls and young heirs.

Guards.—Archangels in the heaven of Mars.

Gum.—The pink velvet in which Venus sets her pearls.

THE NEXT BOOK!

DURING the last few days a work has appeared, which has evidently been written expressly for the perusal of snobs. It is called *Recollections from 1803 to 1837*, and is from the pen of the Hon. Amelia Murray. It is to be hoped that some other amiable and titled nobody may produce a pendant book, called *Recollections from 1837 to 1868*, when we may expect to see something of this sort.

"I went out to-day to see Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, and had an exceedingly interesting conversation with her. Her Majesty said, 'How are you to-day?' I replied, 'Quite well, madame.' 'Oh,' returned the Queen, smiling sweetly; 'then I'll say good day.' And I left her. Her Majesty had on a pair of boots, and wore black kid gloves."

There, that's the kind of twaddle with which Miss Murray's book is filled. If our readers buy the work, it is no fault of ours—their folly be on their own heads.

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Present—SMITH and JONES.

SMITH.—Did you see that leader in the *Telegraph* for "Good Friday?"

JONES.—Do you mean the one in which the writer observed (I can quote his exact words), "The Divine Sufferer was the first who found and owned no limit to the law that sacrifice of self for each and all is the golden secret of good to all, and of glorious delight to the happy victim. Let no man take offence at us; we ask no nobler interpretation of this day, no deeper mystery of teaching, where the majesty of the Father mingles with the obedience of the Son, and the divine and human blend in a glory of light and truth too dazzling for any eyes save those of faith?"

SMITH.—Yes. What did he mean by that sentence?

JONES.—I'm sure I don't know. It's too "dazzling" for my eyes.

SMITH.—I say, if the leader hadn't sounded slightly, shall I say sacrilegious, wouldn't it have been funny?

JONES.—Funny! I should think so. I never laughed at an article more heartily in my life. Fancy the *Telegraph* turning religious in its old age!

SMITH.—The next thing we shall hear of will be the conversion of the French Correspondent to the Catholic faith by the Emperor of the French.

JONES.—But, seriously, did you read the article through?

SMITH.—Yes.

JONES.—What did you think of it?

SMITH.—Well, I thought it blasphemous twaddle.

JONES.—So did I. Ring for the coffee.

(Scene closes in.)

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

WE are delighted to be able to announce, on the very best authority, that the vast block which now covers so much space in Hyde Park, and the parasitic buildings of which entirely close one of the most necessary and pleasant of public roads, need we say the Prince Consort Memorial (No. 2,001 in the books) will not be as useless as may be supposed. With a view to the requirements of the fashionable *habitués* of the Park during the season, the basement will be fitted up as a refreshment room, or something of that sort. This is delightful, considering the thousands of pounds that have been wasted on monstrous excrescences to perpetuate the memory of the Great and Good. One at least will be useful as well as ornamental.



LONDON, APRIL 18, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE PREMIER says he is glad the division took place when it did, for it will be very singular if, in the Recess, he cannot find some corner into which to put the Opposition.

“Gladstone and Rome,’ be that our cry!”
Come Dizzy, that won’t do, you know—
Against *High* Churchmen battle? Why,—
You got your hardest hit from *Lowe*!

LET MDLLE. PATTI retire into private life; let Mdle Titiens emigrate to Australia; let Mdme. Sainton-Dolby “return to town for the season” no more. Theresa is coming to London this year.

SOME persons have complained that they cannot understand why the chief Ecclesiastical Court should be called the Court of Arches. Surely, in the present disputatious state of the Establishment the name is appropriate, for it is supported by the pillars of the Church.

LORD GREY’S letter to Mr. Bright is a characteristic production: he stands between the two great parties and snaps at both their legs. The noble lord’s attempt to “physic the ills” of Ireland only proves more strongly that he is a species of Grey powder—that won’t agree with anybody.

IT is a curious coincidence that Mr. Gladstone, in his sixtieth year, should have won his great battle by a majority of sixty. His education has been a matter of time—he has been long in reaching years of discretion. We hope that he will not find, when he comes to continue the fight, that he has attained only a late majority.

THE result of the recent contest between the two blues is that Cambridge now has to register eight defeats in succession. Evidently there is such a thing as being too true to one’s colours. While the dark blue every year goes earnestly to work before the race, the rival shade will still insist on “making light of it.”

MR. VERNON HARCOURT has given his decision on the Willoughby D’Eresby case. We suppose he was chosen as an arbitrator between that noble Englishman and the French Countess, on account of his knowledge of international law. As that law is based upon courtesy, Lord Willoughby D’Eresby must have been entirely ignorant of it.

BULL-baiting and prize-fighting have received the Happy Despatch. How much longer are steeple chases to be allowed? We read in an account of Bromley races that “One of the subsequent races was fatal to young Mr. Clifford, who broke his neck at the last fence.” It seems to us that steeple chasing is mere fencing with death, and that Death is generally the winner.

THE Austrian Archduke Ernest has just resigned his military command at Gratz, in order to marry a young lady not of noble birth, and has been cut by the Emperor accordingly. A short time ago his brother, the Archduke, shared the same fate for a similar proceeding. What with accidents, murders, and misalliances, the Imperial Family of Austria is contracting itself within the narrowest, but most select, of limits.

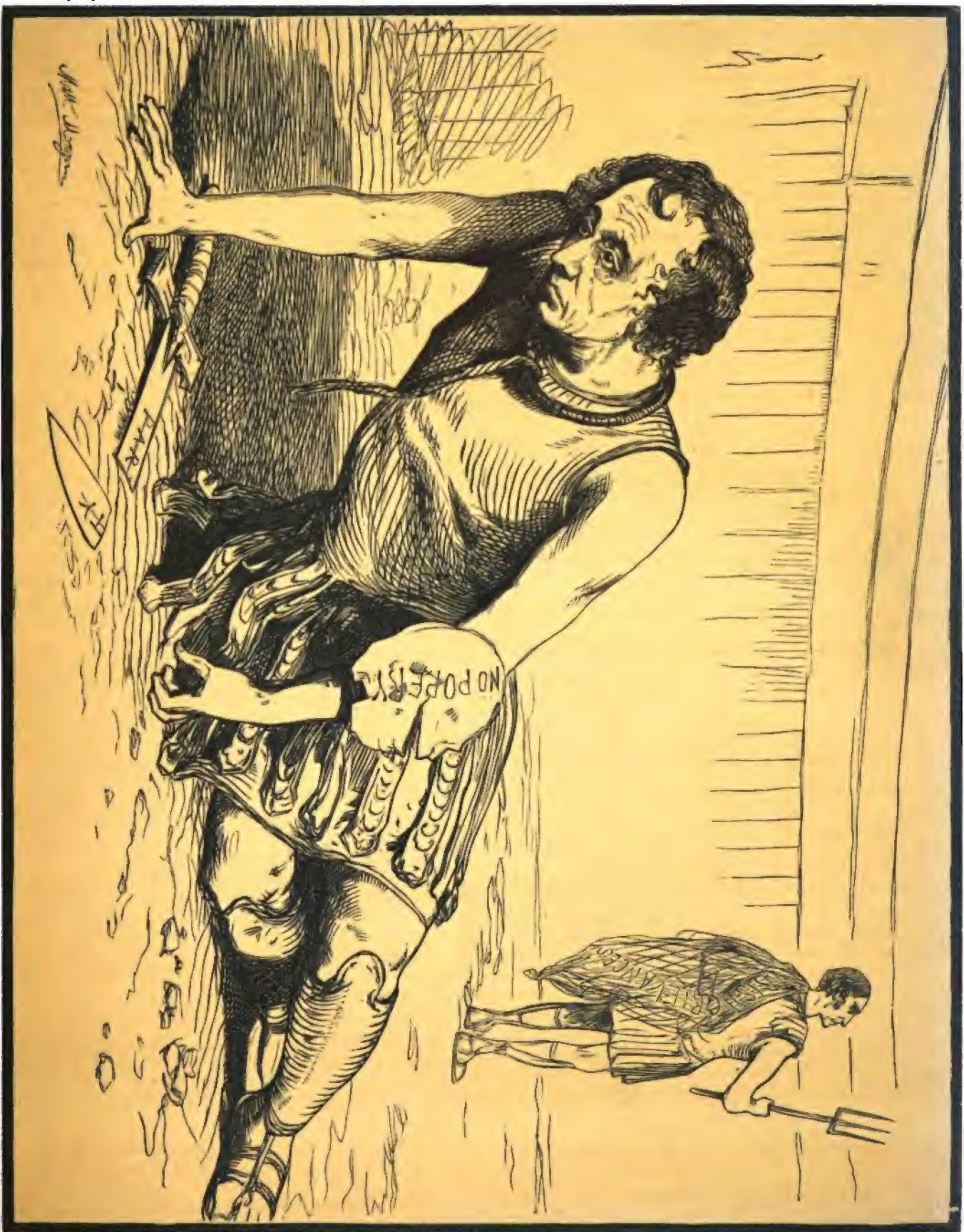
THE MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND seems determined to show he was not worthy of the praise which we bestowed on him. It is one thing to rescue poor children from the streets, and another thing to go thrusting yourself into every family, and listening to the tales of servant-maids. He seems to forget that there is an offence called “barratry,” and that to encourage persons in litigation is the work, not of a philanthropist, but of a petty attorney.

O MIGHTY Beales, the People’s Ma—
At last your toil has been rewarded;
And, as a proof of confidence,
A Cabinet you’ve been awarded;
But boast not of your children’s gift,
Perhaps the hint was well intended;
That—like the Davenports—you might
Inside the Cabinet be suspended.

ANOTHER inquest on a prisoner who died in Millbank Prison! His death appears to have been the result of an abscess in his lungs, for which the surgeon could not account. His chief diet appears to have been bread and water. The maxim that “What is bred in the bone can’t come out of the flesh,” appears to be slightly modified by the prison authorities. “What’s bread in the bone won’t come out in flesh” is perfectly proved (*pace* Banting) by the thinness of those who have to live on such a diet. The surgeon also deposed that when deceased became ill he ordered “him meat, fish, wines, anything he wanted; even oranges.” From this one would suppose that the orange is the forbidden fruit of prisons. But, seriously speaking, would it not have been as well if the prisoner had had some of these and a little meat before he fell ill, when all these delicacies would not have been required. Whatever our authorities may think, crime is a sore which cannot be cured by a bread-and-water poultice.

THERE is always a tremendous outcry when any acrobat meets with an accident. Mdle. Azella came done with a run a few nights back, and we express our sincere pity and sympathy. But why the Lord Chamberlain should be hooted at by the press because he does not interfere, is what we do not understand. Why, if every profession or calling is to be stopped on account of peril, where would the theory end? We should have few doctors and no sailors. If Miss Azella finds that she makes more money by the trapeze than by going out as a daily governess, why should she be prevented doing so? She may be, as a daily governess, run over by a hansom, or butcher’s cart, any day of the week. Let every precaution be taken to prevent accidents, but don’t cry out about danger to public morals on the score of peril attending an individual’s performances. We don’t believe that any person goes to an exhibition of this kind in hopes of seeing an accident. We have a better opinion of our fellow-men and women.

THE TOMAHAWK, APRIL 18, 1868.



AFTER THE BATTLE!
OR,
EASTER, 1868.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

JULES ONCE MORE ON A GREAT EVENT.

THE day will be long past before I shall reach you, but no matter. The words of the wise arrive never too late, and the experience of those who know is always worth the candle. It is of course of your *Oxfor-Cambridge-race* that I shall address you. I was of them, the spectators. Among the millions of your *mees*, fair daughters of *perfidie Albion* (excuse this, the joke). I placed myself near to the *Barns-brigge*. *Ma foi* what sight! The crowd surging, terrible, *feroce*, of betsmen who make the book and cheat the odds. But not for me is that. No—I join the gentlemen who give the fair stake—not your *bifstake* (excuse again, the joke)—the true sportsmen of the race, the *welchers*, of which your Prince is proud to be the chief, the *caads*, and *blacklegges* of the turf. I say to myself, with these the bet is safe. I take the “odds,” I “edge,” I “lose”—but it is glorious! But I write not to tell you this. It is the loss of the *Cambridge boat* that makes me take the pen—“Why is this loss?” your papers ask! “Why?” asks the oarsman of the Thames. Ah, why? *La France* shall tell to you the reason. It is this. It is because they do not win, and why is it they do not win. Then I shall tell you—it is because they lose! And why then do they lose? Because they do not cheat. And why do they not cheat? *Ma foi* you ask! Because there is no prize. That is the response of France. But Englishmen, stolid, indifferent to the true glory of the fight, will say, “No, this French oarsman of the Seine, he does not understand us.” *Eh bien*, I say, I bow. Our views are like the two ends of the stick, they do not meet. You *’ont* without the horn, green coat, the gold cocked hat, the sword! Yes, you do not do these, but take your *meet* to eat upon your horse, and race the fox! Excuse the laugh—and this you call the *’ont*! Then in your *boxe* you say it is not right to kick right in the face! *Parbleu*, not right? It is the honourable stroke that wins the fight. But to our mutton; there is no use for me to tell you why *blue de ciel* will not win. You have no faith in Jules! Your sportsmen say it is the *train*. The *train*? *A bah*! it is too much the train! What is it then, once more? Come, I shall tell you. The other day came across the mighty waves of the Atlantic the challenge of the Red Skins—the war cry of the wild Indians! It was the struggle of death they sought with your brave *Oxfor-men*. The movement of *wigwam strokes* was crafty, subtle, like a fiend. *Ma foi*! it glides without its eyes, it creeps alone, it has no admiral: you guess, you laugh, you shriek, you dance—it has no *coxe*! Your oarsmen say this thing is new, it frightens us, we faint, our cheeks grow white, our flesh it creeps; we will not race the savage, he shall stay at home. This was not good. Not so the Seine replies to the Niagara. Read the rules of the approaching race:—

GRAND INTERNATIONAL RACE

between

EIGHT GENTLEMEN

of

HARVARD, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.,

and

A PICKED CREW

of the

PARIS BOAT CLUB.

NOTICE.—As each boat has its own peculiar method of rowing and steering, and in order, therefore, that a just estimate of the powers of the respective crews may be accurately determined, it is arranged that two races be rowed, one being according to the American, and the other according to the French fashion.

THE AMERICAN RACE.

1. Each crew to consist of not more than eight rowers.
2. No coxswain allowed.
3. The race to be over a four mile straight course.

THE FRENCH RACE.

1. Each crew to consist of not less than twenty-six rowers.
2. Three admirals, and a pilot in full dress, to be carried in the stern of each boat.

3. The race to be across the Seine at Asnieres.
4. The signal in starting to be given by the French boat.
5. The Umpire to be a Frenchman, and not allowed to bet against his countrymen.
6. The French boat to carry the winning post.

Well, you see the rule above is fair. Each has his chance, and your *Oxfor-men* should do the same. But stop you say, what is this regard to *Cambridge* and the race of *Putney reach*? Will Jules tell you? He shall, they will not make the change—they train, they spirt, they bet, they flash the oar, they jerk, they wear *straw-at*, but will not change. Each year it is the same. Let them but copy Jules—and change the “style,” and it is victory for them. Come braves it is Jules that does address you. This year he puts the “pony” on the light blues—*Ma foi* but change the style, and next year he bets upon you—yes, the 7 to 1 in elephants. ADIEU.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

NOT “to put too fine a point upon it,” a great row is going on between the chaplain of Dieppe and his parishioners. It appears that Lord Stanley has dispensed with the services of the reverend gentleman, who formerly was attached to the Consulate, to his reverence’s intense disgust. Nay, more, the parson is not only disgusted but refractory, and insists upon receiving the fees that were once his due. The residents have elected a committee to pay the expenses of divine service, to the great displeasure of the incumbent, or rather incumbrance, who wishes to receive the offerings of his flock in proper person. The result is an unseemly squabble in the church every Sunday. Notices are posted up and torn down, posted up and torn down all through the services, to the great scandal of the Protestant religion. It was to be thought that the St. George-in-the-East outrage was the depth of Church disturbances, but it seems that there’s a *Dieppe* lower still!

A SURPLICED SNOB.

A CONTEMPORARY quotes the following from the *Leeds Evening Express*:—

“In one of our Evangelical churches in Leeds recently, the incumbent gave notice that the ‘young ladies’ who were candidates for confirmation were to meet at the parsonage, but that the ‘young women’ were to assemble in the school-room!”

This scandalous piece of clerical snobbery deserves a thorough castigation. We really thought that the Rev. C. H. Craufurd’s recent sermon on a text from the “British Bible,” could not be surpassed for clumsiness, arrogant bombast, and tactless effrontery. The disgusting fact alluded to in the above extract out-Craufurds Craufurd. If the “young ladies” had any proper feeling in the matter we can quite imagine them refusing point blank to set foot within the precincts of that snobbish parsonage; whilst the “young women,” though assigned the “lower room,” were certainly favoured with the purer atmosphere. We need scarcely point out the utter unfairness of vague extracts, such as the above. When charges of this description are made, *the name ought to be given*, in justice to those of the clergy who, of course, would be naturally anxious not to be mixed up with proceedings so recklessly vulgar. The Bishop of the Diocese ought really to insist upon the *Christian* delinquent preaching a sermon on “respect of persons,” and ought to be present himself with these “young ladies” and—eugh! horrid thought! —“young women,” unless his lordship would considerably order a special service for *them* in the school-room.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF WOMAN.—The Ritualistic Clergy. Because they perform their ministrations as *High-men*.

“BONES AND I.”—A testimonial was presented last week, at the St. James’s Hall, to the “Bones” of the Christy Minstrels, Mr. Moore. This is what, were we a comic periodical, we should call a *Memento Moori*.

FROTH.

EXCESSIVE applause will often lead an injudicious actor into the commission of glaring improprieties, and the insertion of utterly foolish and irrelevant "gag." This seems to have been the case at a recent meeting at Liverpool, at which Dr. M'Neile delivered a speech, at its commencement as dull as ditch water, but, thanks to "applause," "Kentish fire," and an incessant supply of "hears," it terminated with a maniacal flourish of bigoted imbecility, that deserved a little of the "retribution" on which this eminent divine was supposed to be haranguing. Indeed, the report of his speech contains so many of these "hears," that we are left in no doubt as to the exceeding preponderance of the asinine element amongst the audience. These are the concluding sentences as copied in the *Record* from the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"There is a blindness amongst our statesmen (hear, hear), amongst our Liberals (hear, hear). They are led without knowing it. It is of the essence of the dupe that he does not know himself to be a dupe; and the Society of Jesuits can twist as a twig round their diplomatic management both Gladstone and Disraeli." (Loud applause.)

Dr. M'Neile of necessity either meant this twaddle or did not mean it. We are rather inclined to think that he did not mean it, for a few seconds earlier he declared that an engagement "obliges me to leave this hall immediately." (How impatient these long-winded gentlemen always are of sitting out the orations of others of the same family!) But the bait was too tempting. The reverend "dupe" could not tear himself away without eliciting a few more "hears," and achieving an effective *exit*. And so he suffered his audience to lead him, or rather hustle him, without his knowing it, into a slough of balderdash, which proves the Tupperian axiom to be true, that the essence of the dupe is self-ignorance. Or he really did mean this annunciation of diplomatic distortion. If so, we can only suppose that Dr. M'Neile must be envious of the notoriety attained by the mysterious correspondent, "One who Ought to Know;" and determined at any cost not to be out-done, hints at a more profound acquaintance with the secrets of Roman diplomacy, and extinguishes the interesting spark ignited by his rival *incognito*, by a thorough illumination of the tactics of the enemy, and shows as in a transparency the Society of Jesuits twisting as a twig not only Gladstone, but Disraeli too! They may be twisting these *twigs*, but we cannot for the life of us *understand* how!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

For my second my first is decidedly fit,
But its shameful to call him a sham;
For in case of invasion be sure his stout heart,
Is worth more than a fort or a ram.

1.

The fire which Vulcan lit to forge
The armour of the mighty Mars,
Now innocently turned to smoke,
Serves but this end—to light cigars.

2.

A thing that Lovers often make
But very seldom keep;
Which being made or broken, still
Doth angels cause to weep.

3.

Chief of a great Society,
Whose very life is secrecy;
To teach the truth his followers try
By making life one live-long lie.

4.

'Twas here the Austrians asked the French
To let them name the day,
And mark it with a golden mark—
The Frenchmen answered "Nay."

5.

This word we have adopted now
From our transpontine Brother,
'Tis fortunate, for 'twould puzzle me
To find out such another.

6.

It's true, upon my word it is,
But don't the secret tell;
I never knew this Eastern till
I met him in Pall Mall.

7.

Those heroes twain, I think 'tis strange,
That when from thee they parted—
They neither should have felt the least
Down cast or chicken-hearted.

8.

What this word second means I scarcely know,
I only know it makes me tremble—
Visions of ghosts and blue fire rise—
I fold my arms—"I must dissemble."

9.

This animal delights to dwell,
They say, in drains and cellars;
Yet if he sought high places, he
Might chance to meet his "fellars."

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

THE full answer to the last Acrostic is :—

C	Cur	R	
H	Hole	E	
U	Ulf	F	(the Minstrel)
R	Rotundo	O	
C	Car	R	
H	Ham	M	

We could not afford to part with the whole secret at once.
Now then Ruby do you see it now?

FROM OUR OVERTAXED CONTRIBUTOR.—How often it appears that in spite of the normal equanimity observable in circumstantial evidence, hereditary disciplinarisms are totally devoid of potential abstemiousness. This is perhaps owing to this fact, that at ebb and neap tides, the obliquity of vision remarked by most invalid veterans in their occasional notes, is unconscious of their parental dignity, and by no means to be confounded with the referees in Pharmaceutical cases. Whatever be, or not be, the ultimate result of these calculations, it is consolatory to the student of proportional hemispheres, to remark that which ever way the sophist turn, he must invariably rely on the softer impeachments of a hireling crowd, and give up all personal interest in the homogeneous relations arising from too precipitate a ratiocination of events, urging at the same time, the positive proportions exercised in the administration of a not over-particular dormitory.

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 51.]

LONDON, APRIL 25, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTRABAND MORALS.

THERE are many things which we may copy with advantage from the other side of the Channel. In their municipal and poor law administration, and generally in their carrying out of works for the popular benefit, they set us a very good example, which we are content, for the most part, to admire without imitating. But there are several things which we import from France besides wine, and which, like the wine, we often think it necessary to spoil before adopting as our own. We load French claret with Hermitage, just as we load French comedies with morality, and expect both to preserve that lightness and flavour which charm us so much in their own country.

But, while we adulterate the good things which we procure from our neighbours, we seem likely to improve upon their vices by adding a coarseness which is peculiarly our own. Without the high-bred courtesy, and attention to petty elegancies which distinguished the manners of the old comedies, the libertinism, which is their very life and spirit, would be simply repulsive; and that is pretty much the case with English imitations of French vices; you then have the morals of a Rochester, with the manners of a Sir John Brute.

We must claim to be acquitted from any unreasoning hatred of things French simply because they are French. Vice is the native of no country: it is engrained in human nature, and is only modified in different countries, either by the temporary condition of society, or by the national temperament. But it is certainly the fact that France has always been pre-eminent for the elegance of the tinselled robe in which vice is decked; in fact, the French always have been, as a nation, the greatest comedians in the world. They alone can act, and act naturally, those pretty graces, and minute courtesies which rob selfishness of its grossness, and conceal the utter want of heart by the perfection of manner. We certainly are not prone to exaggerate the virtues of the British character, but we will not deny that it has, or had, certain virtues which it seems to us we are in great danger of losing altogether, if indeed they have not already ceased to be general enough to be called national.

No one can deny that, during the last few years, a tone of morality has become prevalent amongst young men which is decidedly French in its origin. It is the reduction to a system of those detestable theories and sickly sentiments which find their exposition in modern French novels. Infinitely more vicious than the ceremonious intrigue of the days of chivalry, when a knight had to go through a tedious course of affected mystery, and laborious etiquette, before he could hope even to touch the tip of his mistress's finger; more revolting even than the brazen libertinism of the seventeenth century, when vice was at least frank and open, and dared its punishment, instead of sneaking about in gauzy petticoats of sentiment which only make its foulness more conspicuous to those who have the courage to see, and petulantly crying out "there is no hell," because its mean and dastard nature trembles at the very thought of punishment.

Of all deformities of human nature which man has created, none is more odious than the Lothario of the nineteenth century. A creature without mind, without heart, whose very passions are emasculated; who meets the solemn truth of religion with a snarl of impotent malice or a sneer of feeble incredulity; incredulity born not of honest doubt following on anxious thought

and earnest enquiry, but the refuge of a mind that can comprehend nothing deep or grand, a heart that can feel nothing noble, a soul whose highest aspiration is to be mean without being thought so. For the mind that *cannot* believe, we feel sympathy, sometimes even respect; for the soul which is the plaything of tempestuous passion we must have pity, we may have love; but for the animal who, born a man, defiles his nature with the discarded vices of the lowest beasts, who is vicious upon principle, who laboriously simulates the passions which would be his only excuse, but which he cannot feel; who cons his impulses till he has got them by heart, whose love is grimacing self-conceit studied before the looking-glass; whose friendship is a lucrative profession, whose fidelity is timid treachery, whose courage is palsied fear, what can we feel but immeasurable contempt and loathing? And though to this standard of perfection few ever attain, yet it is a picture of that to which many are approaching nearer and nearer every day. With the reign of Victoria there certainly commenced a reign of manly morality which is fast disappearing. Society might have been vain and selfish, but it held up before itself a noble, pure ideal of character, of which it saw at its head the living illustration. Would men then have openly proclaimed their infidelity to the marriage vow, as they do too often now? Would women then have listened for one moment to the compound of mincing blasphemy, and mean libertinism, which constitutes the love-making of your modern gallant? Were young men then ashamed of shame as they are now? Did they then think that the real vice was to blush for their own viciousness? Was home, with all its sweet and solemn duties of respectful love, ever treated as a childish fiction, as it is often now? Was that most beautiful of all human mysteries—the love of husband and wife—ever derided as a tiresome and obsolete fashion, as it is now? If we have not degenerated—if our standard of virtue is not lower—our aspirations less noble than they were twenty years ago—if our manliness is not becoming enervated—our heartiness languishing into apathy—if the word Friendship has not lost its strength, if it is no longer a bulwark against misery—if the relations of father and son, brother and sister, husband and wife, have not lost much of their sacredness,—then the insidious advance of that corruption, which we have attempted to pourtray, is but the fiction of our own imagination. Before answering this question, let all who love their country and their species look around, and if we all really, in our inmost nature, love what is brave and noble and pure, let us all not be ashamed to declare our love by our words and by our actions. The contempt for ties that restrain, and for duties that demand respect, for love that not only gives happiness, but demands sacrifices, is but too apt, under the specious guise of liberalism and freedom of thought, to involve us in the whirlpool of licence, and enchain us in the worst of all slaveries—the slavery of Vice.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

WHY is the Irish Church Establishment like a gridiron?—
[£200 annuity for the first prize; 2nd prize, 3d. in postage stamps; 3rd prize, a beautifully bound volume of "The Poems of Martin Farquhar Tupper."]

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Habit (riding).*—The most fitting dress for a good figure on horseback.
- Hack.*—A horse lowered in the animal world by hiring.
- Hair.*—Foreign locks to which the key is vanity.
- Hand.*—The index to a woman's station.
- Harem.*—A complication of evils in a box of Rahat-la-koum.
- Head.*—The seat of the brain—a seat graciously given by Nature to woman to be concealed with cushions and antimacassars, &c., &c.
- Heart.*—A useful article. A kind of blood-pump in which there is always a vacuum.
- Heaven.*—"In her eyes," says the poet. "Where he is," replies the charmer. They will both have to endure purgatory before they find it.
- Heir.*—The target for female volunteers.
- Heiress.*—A jewel increasing in beauty according to the value of the mounting.
- Heraldry.*—The blossoms on the family tree.
- History.*—A science treating of the changes of fashion. Indispensable to ladies unwilling to fall into old habits.
- Home.*—Heaven or hell, according to her will.
- Husband.*—The transformation of the domestic hero at the end of every romance. Pythagoras was right.
- Hymen.*—Love's broker.
- Hysterics.*—Whine and water after the fireworks.

THE FRENCH AND FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

AGREEABLE indeed was the change in my dream from the Suffolk-street gallery to the exhibition of French and Belgian pictures in Pall Mall. Apollo and Minerva had faded into thin air, and I was alone—yet not alone, for all was life around me, with but few exceptions, and those were hung high enough not to prove offensive. There was some noise going on as I entered, occasioned by some brawlers from a tavern, who were struggling to attack each other, kept back, with difficulty, by their pot companions; but order was soon restored by a cavalier in white, who descended from the balcony of a château, where he had been basking in the sun-light. His dignified presence soon put a stop to the disturbance, and the roystering band fell back into their places. The cavalier addressed me in the most courteous old French, and I could not but compliment him on the perfect fit of his costume, which was so remarkable in the intense light of mid-day. He informed me that he owed everything he possessed to Monsieur Meissonier. The brawlers he had just silenced were indeed his brothers, and when quiet were quite as much to be admired as himself. He then introduced me to an elderly cavalier on his first visit, who had been treated with a large dose of body-colours, and consequently did not appear so attractive as he might have done in oils. Much as I enjoyed my conversation with these cavaliers I was obliged to leave them with a brother on a grey horse, who had just ordered a stirrup cup of a tavern waitress of no very prepossessing qualities, but, as my friend the cavalier informed me, their common parent, M. Meissonier, had never brought any pretty girls into the world.

But there were plenty of pretty girls, in charming dresses, hanging about the room. Such a pretty little woman in mourning, answering to the name of De Jonghe. I fear me she is not thinking much about her prayers where she is kneeling on that *prie-dieu*, but she is no doubt listening to that supernaturally tall beauty of Mr. Tissot, who is singing in the organ loft with the sister of charity. You can hear them both accompanied by another on the organ behind.

I don't much care for furniture however well painted in pictures; but one can forgive Mr. A. Toulmouche his upholstery, when he introduces us to that loveable brunette in blue velvet, who, however, pays little attention to me, as her thoughts are wandering after the gentleman who is late for the opera, very late as it appears by the disappointed way in which she regards the clock on the chimney-piece. If some of the gentlemen in Suffolk street who persist in bringing in badly-

dressed guys, and calling them by female names, would only study a few of the young ladies here, we should have fewer atrocities if we didn't arrive at more imaginative subjects on our walls.

How warm it is all of a sudden! No wonder: Mr. A. Stevens brings us into Midsummer in company with a very graceful if not a lovely companion. She may not be very pretty, but she lives, and breathes, and has her being; the sun comes through her hair and her Chinese parasol, and throws up that thick Indian muslin over its yellow skirt in a way which brings back hosts of garden reminiscences. How she gazes at the two yellow butterflies fluttering round each other over the parterres! Your servant, Mr. Stevens, thank you very much for the kind introduction. Let us look out of these windows. Through one rather low down, Mr. Roelofs, a Brussels artist, is kind enough to draw our attention to a river, at which cattle are watering. The weather is showery, but you can almost hear the cows drinking as the stream glides past. The trees in the distance are marvellous. Through this other window, a little high up, we are attracted, by the amiability of M. Lambinet, to a view of a Road by the Sea. This is interesting from its reality and truth. One feels the salt air coming through the window as one watches the fisherwomen trudging to their work. The heavy clouds prophesy bad weather, and the sea is beginning to swell at the news. But we turn from the window as we hear a sigh and a prayer breathed at our side. A mother is pouring out her vows to some little wooden saint for the safety of her sick child, who is seated beside her. Poor woman! she has been weeping sadly, and her child looks really ill, in spite of a little consciousness of being only a model. But I am glad Monsieur Bouguereau gave me an opportunity of seeing them; it does one good. "Bravo Toro!" is shouted close by, naturally enough, by a party of three Toreadors, who are enjoying the life Mr. J. G. Vibert has endowed them with; we could sit and listen to them with pleasure, had we the time. What's that piping? The old double pipes of ancient Rome, by Bacchus! Why, Mr. Alma Tadema, you seem to have the power of transporting us to any age you please, and we have scarcely thanks enough to compliment you on your skill in getting up this Roman Dance for our benefit. Please don't let your pipe-player make too much noise, or he might annoy that dear old invalid of Herr Bakker-Korf, who is sitting over her tea, alone with her memories of youthful days;—very small, no doubt, but all the more precious for that.

We must go in for a moment to the Israelite School, which Madame Henriette Browne tells us is in Tangiers, but which we see here before us in 120 Pall Mall. How quiet they all are; but so truthful;—it does immense credit to Madame Browne's teaching: we shall often look in here. But Mr. Heilbuth, that persevering Hamburger, is dragging us off to the Campo Santo, to a Presentation. We like his cardinals, and their gawky domestics; but we have had a good deal of them in one form or another: but many look on this as a cardinal virtue in Mr. Heilbuth—his fidelity to the church. Mr. Stevens brought us into full summer: Mr. Brion takes us back to spring in an orchard. Nothing can be more charming than an orchard in spring, but we think it odd that there should be so little reflected light thrown on the figures in this particular one. We must go back to summer.

At this point we backed into a mounted Picador, who was solid enough to resist any attack of ours; but we cannot say we liked his appearance at all, and, though he persisted in calling himself Don Gerome, could not see anything but his horse which did credit to the artist of the Nile Boat. There was no air and very little light, and we were glad to get away out of the arena. We met outside the mules of some of the spectators, brought there by Signor Ruiperez, a pupil of Meissonier, clever indeed, but a long way still from his patron.

All of a sudden a general rush seemed to take place; the cavalier in white, who had been gazing intently on the beauty in blue, rushed back to his balcony; the beauty in blue, who had been talking to the widow in black, flew to her clock; the widow returned to the sofa by her friend, and I awoke.

I immediately applied at 120 Pall Mall for a season ticket, and have employed my time since in seeking out the members of the Suffolk street Gallery, and, when found, dragging them off to Mr. Wallis's Exhibition, where I have forced them to take notes of what they saw before them.

ON THE WINGS OF FANCY.

SINCE the ambitious Nadar furnished a complete house, provisioned it, let it out in apartments, took in veritable lodgers, and then whisked lodgers, furniture, apartments, provisions all off, attached elegantly to the tail of the *Géant*, weather not permitting, perhaps no sensation, of a certain kind, has arisen as that promised by the Aeronautical Society this summer at the Crystal Palace. There are to be not only essays on the theory of the proportionate ratio of motive power to bulk, which, by the way, must be something one cannot hear every day at the People's Palace, but reasonable men, who may be communicated with as plain Mr. this or Mr. that, have positively undertaken to fly. This is very nice, and ought to be highly encouraging to the management at Sydenham, noted as it is for its devotion to pure science, and its contempt for mere theatrical display. That "the thing" will draw, who can doubt? If a mere chance of seeing the professional *Blondin* break his neck sufficed to cram the transept beyond a comfortable hitch, where will room be found for the crowd that will assemble to "assist" a dozen or so spectacled scientific men in an entertainment, at which, according to the present odds, the chances are about 5 to 1 in favour of a serious catastrophe! However, our business is not with this part of the question. Science has fallen on evil days, as we all know, and even the staid Polytechnic of twenty years ago, where solemn and pale-faced lectures used to spin out thirty minutes in a lecture on oxygen, has gone with the stream. Time was when the greatest joke at a Polytechnic lecture consisted of a strained allusion to some possible explosion, taken in connection with "Our assistant," but now the point would be hissed fairly out of the place. Cherubs, skeletons, *leger de main*, veritiloquism, "decapitated" heads, represent the march of science in Langham place to-day, and we doubt very much if a lecture on electricity would go down without a little bit of character let in somewhere or other by Professor Pepper. However, perhaps the public are none the worse off, after all, for a little harmless tinsel judiciously handled, and though science, and science alone, is suggested by the forthcoming "experiments," we have little doubt but that the ability of the directors will contrive to put it in its most attractive shape. Such a programme, for instance, as the following could scarcely fail to draw. At least it might be tried, and we are happy to throw out the hint:—

CRYSTAL PALACE!

BEST MUSIC HALL OF THE DAY!!

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTION!!!

The Directors of this enterprising Company beg to inform their shareholders, friends, and patrons, that they have made arrangements with the

COMMITTEE
OF THEÆRONAUTICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM (LIMITED)

For the display of a series of flights bearing on *one of the greatest problems of the day*. The programme, which will be of a most varied character, has been specially drawn up with a view to illustrating the progress of air sailing in all its branches.

The Directors are therefore pleased to inform the public that engagements have already been concluded with the following celebrated *artistes*. They trust that the following short list may serve as a guarantee for the nature of the entertainment they respectfully hope to have the honour of affording to those interested in this highly instructive and amusing science.

II A.M.

Professor Steinmann will start from the summit of the eastern water tower, supporting himself, as well as he can, on two paper wings. He will make the circle of the grounds, fly straight to the top of St. Paul's, cooking an omelet half way, and return in the evening, accompanied by Mr. Coward on the Great Organ, and a display of fireworks.

Should the Professor not be able, from any unforeseen con-

tingency, to get all the way to St. Paul's, he will FLUTTER DOWN, after the fashion of a *dead bird*,

A GROSS HEIGHT OF 3,000 FEET,

The fall not being broken by any artificial apparatus!!

11.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

12.

Poetic Flight of Mr. Swinburne on the Wings of Fancy!

He will rise to a considerable elevation, and imagine himself the first poet of the day.

12.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

I P.M.,

FLIGHT OF ORATORY. WONDERFUL FEAT OF
MR. DISRAELI,

Who will show by a series of dexterous tricks how a
Government can be kept up without
ANY SUPPORT WHATEVER.

1.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

2.

Experiments with a New Machine for

RAISING THE WIND,

Conducted by several members of the Stock Exchange, who will demonstrate the possibility of *floating* reports into circulation, showing how empty heads may be turned to account in a heavy and depressed state of the Funds.

2.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

3.

TERRIFIC FLIGHT OF
MR. FECHTER,

Who, ably supported by the Adelphi Company, will do his best to keep himself well up in public estimation for several hundred nights.

3.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

4.

TREMENDOUS AND NOVEL FEAT OF
MR. MILL,

Who, without any apparatus except a few feathered pens and paper, will with one effort get himself quite

UP IN THE CLOUDS,

And stay there to the intense admiration and astonishment of his constituents.

4.30.

Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

5.

General and Final Contest of
FLYING MACHINES OF ALL NATIONS.

Splendid Flight of French Imperial Eagle, looking quite life-like, but worked by STEEL SPRINGS.

Experiments by the JAMAICA COMMITTEE, conducted *in vacuo*, exemplifying the difficulties of supporting existence without *Eyre*.

Floating Capital! Buoyancy of Shareholders' Spirits! Flight of their Money, and other interesting Financial Experiments! The whole to conclude with a grand display of *Bubble Schemes*, culminating in nothing more or less than

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.



LONDON, APRIL 25, 1868.

THE WEEK.

IT is to be hoped that when the Government takes the telegraphs under their charge, they will not favour us with performances on the *slack wire*.

CONSIDERING the "Attic salt" with which the late Lord Cranborne seasoned all his speeches, we may describe his elevation to the Upper House as a *Salis-burial*.

EASTER seems becoming a second Christmas more and more every year. Those who were fortunate enough to assist at the first night of one of Mr. Burnand's burlesques on Easter Monday must have felt that they had made acquaintance with "The Easter Waits."

WE are informed that it is incredible the exertions Mr. Guinness has put himself to in the Irish capital to ensure success in all quarters. Corresponding right and left to enforce the presence of as many notabilities as possible, we understand he will be good-naturedly known as Dublin's Tout.

WE notice in the *Court Journal* a description of some garri-son theatricals in Ireland, at which Captain Thingamy and Major So-and-so executed the most prominent parts in a comedy and two farces. Does this mean that they murdered the characters? That is the only kind of execution we ever met with in private performances.

Go, bitter Cranborne, *allez*, go,
 'Midst ermined angels sleep!
 The Gangway shall o'erflow with tears
 Which Lowe and Horsman weep.
 Dizzy can Salisbury defy,
 Who dreaded Cecil's sneer;
 Go! thou wert peerless in this place,
 And now—thou'rt but a peer!

SOME enthusiastic natives of Abyssinia who found that the British troops paid for what they took, and paid well too (as it was with public money), exclaimed in the rapture of their souls, that these white men would turn the country into a Paradise. It appears that the authorities have done something towards such a pleasing result by stripping some Turkish and Egyptian muleteers, whom they discharged, stark naked, before dismissing them. We suppose this was an attempt to inaugurate a return to the state of primeval innocence.

THAT the appointment of Mr. Anthony Trollope, who has been entrusted by the Government with a mission to the United States for the purpose of making a new postal treaty, should have been commented upon rather roughly in some quarters is not a matter of surprise to anyone who is acquainted with the old-fashioned official jealousy that opposes all graceful

acts towards literary men. What is noteworthy, however, is that there should have been so much outcry in this particular instance. Surely, the best person to conclude a postal treaty is a man of letters.

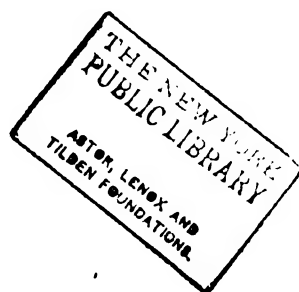
THE Guildford Guardians only relieve such vagrants as they think worthy of relief. To this the Poor Law Board feebly and ineffectually objects. It is almost impossible to contemplate the vagrant whose character would meet with the approval of the guardian angels of the poor. An intelligent and benevolent creature who had kept his dog on two ounces of meat a week, his wife on his dog's leavings, and his children on the surplus; who had watched them starving to death with a placid benignity (the result of rather a higher allowance on his own part), and had buried them without burdening the rates, might perhaps reach that standard of economical philanthropy to which Poor Law officials, alas! how seldom successfully, aspire.

A SHOCKING PERFORMANCE.

THE *Musical Standard* states that an electric organ is being built for the Opera at Drury Lane. The organ is to be erected behind the scenes as usual, but the organist will sit in the orchestra, near the conductor. What conductor? Surely not Signor Arditi! for if he is to conduct not only the orchestra, but the electric fluid, his post will soon be a *Mourning Post* with a vengeance! The idea, however, of introducing electricity is by no means bad. A judicious arrangement of "batteries" and "jars" under that portion of the stage usually occupied by the Chorus and Supers would unquestionably impart a degree of sprightly impetuosity to the scene, which is often at present a decided desideratum. We may soon expect, at this rate, a whole electric orchestra, consisting of two or three rows of dangling fiddles, and a flighty *bâton* capering in the midst—the various performers being meanwhile comfortably at home, an electric shock gently announcing the commencement of the acts. The great object of managers being to electrify their audience, we may regard our suggestion as *un fait accompli*.

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

IT is with the greatest pleasure that we find the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, has at last hit upon a genuine El dorado. The admirable drama of *Oliver Twist*, though coldly received at first, ultimately proved a gigantic success, and fully justified the expectations of the Management. On Wednesday night last, the gallery, which has hitherto furnished a congenial solitude for boys of a contemplative nature, was filled to overflowing with a most distinguished audience of honest British People. From a natural desire to gratify the refined tastes of these intellectual visitors, the play of *Oliver Twist* was toned down in some of its incidents; and the Artful Dodger's song was omitted altogether. But so conscientious is the British public, that they would not consent to this evasion of the published programme, and at an immense sacrifice to their own feelings, they demanded, with noble firmness, the song. The scene that followed baffles description; all the disreputable tag rag and bobtail who occupied the stalls fled in dismay; and the virtuous People remained triumphant. Again and again did they testify their spirit of self-sacrifice by demanding the song. Having no bouquets, they showered their compliments on the head of the conductor of the band. Mr. Toole's hoarseness was received as no excuse. They were determined to immolate their genteel feelings for once. Perhaps they had a retrospective regard for Lent. The enthusiasm was so great as almost to threaten at one time to pass the bounds of elegant moderation. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan must indeed feel that all their labour on behalf of the drama in England has not been in vain, when a tragedy of such exceptional merit as *Oliver Twist* is received with such judicious admiration by the public, whose patronage has hitherto been but sparingly bestowed on their Theatre. There is no doubt that the environs of Long Acre furnish materials for as liberal-minded an audience as can be found anywhere in this vast and intellectual metropolis.







RACING DEATH!
OR,
SKETCHED AT BROMLEY.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE PEEP-SHOW.

GLORIOUS SPORT!

SCENE—Near the Grand Stand on a Race-course. Ring men shouting out the odds and booking bets. In the paddock, owners walking round with their horses, talking to their trainers, and giving "useful" hints to their jockeys. The multitude lining the rails. Horses taking their preliminary cantering. "Commission Agents" in their booths. Jockeys shivering in their silk and blowing their fingers. Roar of voices, sound of bells, east wind, and leaden sky.

HERE you have one of the finest sights in the world!

I can never look at this picture in my Peep-show without shedding a few tears. It is so pleasant to see the peasant and the peer so much on an equality. Do you take my meaning? Well, you see that gaudily-dressed individual yonder—the man in the elaborate chain, the pantomime diamond, and the startling neck-tie? He doesn't look like a pieman, does he? And yet a pieman he was not twelve months ago. A marvellous transformation, isn't it? That fellow's worth thousands. He drives a T-cart in the Park, has a grand house in Bayswater, and gives his daughter the use of a brougham. True, he has an odd way of smoking short pipes in his drawing-room, and isn't above tossing up for sixpences with his footman in the library. Yet he is a man of property, and one who may some day enter Parliament, always supposing he keeps on the top of the wheel, and loses not his luck. Let but the wheel turn, and the luck change, and then good-bye to wealth and station, and welcome once more the pieman's humble can—the perambulating tradesman's dirty apron. The T-cart will be taken by creditors; the house in Bayswater will be sold by auction; and the daughter—well, never mind what will become of the daughter! And how has this fellow made his money? Ask that gentleman over there in the curly hair and the aristocratic Roman nose, for they belong to the same trade. That gentleman over there in the curly hair and aristocratic nose is one of our hereditary legislators—a man noble by descent, and little better than a blackleg by profession. This is he who enters horses to lose, whose "certainties" never "come off" unless by dint of lying and "finessing" he gets the "pot on" at the proper odds; in plain English, who withdraws his horses unless he can back them for enough money. He knows perfectly well that a horse that runs badly in a "selling stakes" will be handicapped pleasantly in a large "event." Knowing this, he says a word to the trainer, who winks a wink to the jockey, who pulls a pull at the reins: so, what with one thing and another, the future winner of "the Oxfordshire" comes in fifth in the most insignificant race of the year! I ask you, is this man better than the slangy scoundrel of the T-cart, pantomime diamond, and the house in Bayswater?—Is he more honest, and (in spite of his neat dress and good style) more of a gentleman?

Standing over there is one of the "prophets." He is the general *littérateur*, who writes pleasant articles, under the title of "Jason" in the "Breakfast Toast." He is generally liked, and knows everything and everybody. His omniscience and honesty of purpose have been his bane through life. "Noble sportsmen" resent, as an insult, unpleasant truths—on the turf it is just as well *not* to know everything! So it has occurred that poor "Jason" has before this found Newmarket Heath a lost Paradise—great heavens! what a Paradise! Cringing near him is another of the "prophets"—an unwholesome-looking man, who was a counter-jumper yesterday, is a commission agent to-day, and *will* be a convict to-morrow. A little farther on, please—Captain Cannon, late of the —Dragoons. This gallant officer is so involved that the Jews *dare* not arrest him, for fear of overthrowing the Constitution! Next to him, the Duke of Dichwater—young idiot!—he is playing the very deuce with the family timber! Near him a crowd of slangy Government clerks and "shoppy" young subalterns and noisy book-makers. Cigar smoke, oaths, loose talk, and long odds! On my word, the people (barring "Jason") are a very nice company indeed! And the chatter—just the kind of conversation for the ear of a lady—we beg pardon—for a "girl of the period!"

Now turn your eyes over yonder, and you will see a sight that will make you laugh right heartily. Do you notice how the crowd is beating and pulling and cuffing and kicking the ragged wretch by the broken pole and tattered canvas? He is

a "welscher,"—a man who is always ready to lay but never likes to pay, a man who will take the odds in farthings or sovereigns, as the result will be precisely the same to him in either case. The horse loses and he wins gold, the horse wins and he loses something (of course) more precious than gold—honour! The horse has won in this instance, and see he is receiving an ovation. His honour is gone, and now his customers are paying him what they owe him for the trouble he has taken in picking their pockets. Thwack, thwack, go the sticks, crack, crack, go the bones, and "ha, ha," go the policemen, as they quietly watch the *fracas* from a distance. But the joke of the matter is this. The people who are trouncing the poor speculator are thieves and blacklegs themselves: the "rough" element predominates, relieved by a slight dash of the swell mob, added to a gentle sprinkling of the dishonest shop-boy! A clear case of the pot and the kettle—the vulture and carrion crow!

Over there you have a group of stable boys. Nice-looking little fellows, are they not? That one in the centre especially. Evidently

His father's hope,
His mother's joy,
Is Billy Snooks,
The stable boy!

That's poetry. Dear chubby little rascal. Probably "hearing" his comrade rehearse the Church Catechism, eh? Quite so. Although it is "quite so" I'm glad my puppets can't talk. If we could hear what that sweet little fellow was saying, I expect his conversation would surprise the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. Mephistopheles might give up business and go to sleep before his own fireside were all our nurseries conducted on the same principles as a Newmarket training establishment.

I'm only a "Peep-showman," and my pictures are poorly painted, but an honest man will allow that I have sketched from living models. The race-course has its pleasant side, but it is absurd to shut one's eyes to its follies and sins. In old times, a gentleman put on gloves before touching pitch; in these days, he prefers to dirty his hands in the operation. Pitch soils one's gloves you know, and kid is expensive!

But now for the race. You can see that we are assisting at a steeple-chase, and if you have sharp eyes you can discover that the promoter of the meeting has wisely consulted the public taste. Break-neck leaps and dangerous ditches are to be the order of the day. Plenty of fun for the money. Fun!

The numbers have appeared and disappeared on the telegraph, the bell has rung for the course, the preliminary canter has been indulged in, and all is ready. We can just see the little horses and their tiny riders popping about in the distance. That was a false start, but *that* wasn't. Here they come!

A dead silence after the solitary cry of "they're off."

Thud, thud, thud, thud, they go, tearing along the ground like wild-fire. Blue, Green, Yellow, Chocolate, and White Hoops, and Scarlet and Black Cap. First flight taken, and on they come again—Blue leading! Bravo, Green is taking up the running (thought Blue couldn't stay). Thud, thud, thud, crack, crack, and Chocolate's first—the favourite wins! Crack, crack! Well ridden, Green, but it's too late, my boy. Is it though? That's a nasty leap. Chocolate's down, and has rolled over his rider. Capital—Green's first!—Green wins! Thud, thud, crack, crack! Hurray!—a loud roar! Shouts of Green!—Green! Thud, thud—a Babel of voices—and Green has won by a couple of lengths; Yellow, second; Blue, a bad third; and the rest nowhere.

Just carry that dead body from the course, gentlemen, and ring the bell for the next race!

TO A BONNET.—"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

JACOB'S LADDER.—JOHN BRIGHT (dedicated with all respect to the junior Member for Manchester).

A MAD WAG'S NIGHT-THOUGHT.—Some admirers of the *Can-can* have been heard to declare that the amusement to be obtained, just now, at the Alhambra, is in-Finette.

FEARFUL CASE FOR CHARITY.—We had nearly forgotten to announce that the valued correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* announced on Friday last his intention of eating a pound of gingerbread nuts!! for the sake of charity! More in our next.

OUT OF THE LINES.

Now that the Bill granting to Government the right of acquiring and working the lines of Electric Telegraph within the United Kingdom bids fair to become law, the public are naturally anxious to know if it is contemplated to adopt the same system with regard to the Railway Companies. We have not heard if any scheme for the Government appropriation of the railways will be brought forward this Session, but we understand, upon good authority, that we may expect the following Bills introduced into the House of Commons soon after the assembling of the reformed Parliament :—

(1.) A Bill to purchase the entire omnibus and cab business of the Metropolis. The omnibus fares will be at the rate of a penny a mile (payable in postage stamps only) on all routes. The cab fares will be assimilated to those of Paris, a fixed charge of one shilling the journey being made for all distances comprised within a radius of five miles from Charing Cross, for any number of passengers and any amount of baggage. Any incivility on the part of the drivers will be punishable by penal servitude for seven years and upwards. The calculations on which these propositions are based show a net addition to the Imperial revenue of £100,000,000 a-year.

(2.) A Bill for acquiring the Management of the Metropolitan Theatres. The Star system will be entirely abolished, and the actors will be classified and promoted on the principles of the Government offices. The salaries of the artistes of the following Theatres will correspond with those of the Clerks of the Departments named :—

Opera	Foreign Office.
Haymarket	Treasury.
Princess's	War Office.
Adelphi, Olympic, and other } West End Theatres.	Somerset House.
Surrey	Post Office.
All other theatres	Custom House.

The supply of the plays will be by public tender, and the cheapest will be accepted. The net profits of this undertaking will be about a million per annum.

(3.) A Bill to purchase and work the businesses (together with the outstanding debts) of the West End tailors of London. The Government will adopt precisely the same system as that at present practised by the private firms. On the lowest computation the addition to the revenue from this source will be two millions a month.

THE BATTLE FIELDS OF BRITAIN.

THE Easter Monday Volunteer Review of 1868 was a *succès d'estime*, as the French say, for the weather was fine and the trains were punctual, but the most satisfactory point of the field-day, and that on which it has since occurred to the authorities that they may pride themselves, is the manner in which 30,000 men were carried to and from the most inconveniently placed review ground that could have been chosen within 100 miles of London.

It is now argued by the War Office, with some sense (but be it said more in palliation for the selection of Portsmouth this year than in consequence of the realization of any preconceived theory), that should the volunteers ever be wanted in real earnest it does not follow, as a matter of course, that Brighton, or even Dover, would be selected as the point of disembarkation by the invading forces, and that therefore it is very desirable that the machinery for the movement of large bodies of men to out of the way and distant places should be kept in working order as far as possible, and that the volunteer Easter gatherings may serve the purpose. With this object in view, we understand that the War Office has already decided on the arrangements for the next three reviews, and we believe that the following programme will certainly be carried out :—

EASTER, 1869.—A sham fight at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, preceded by a march-past of the volunteers on Ryde Pier.

EASTER, 1870.—A field-day at 1.30 p.m., on the Sands of Weston-super-Mare. These Sands, which possess the advantage of being moist—not to say a little muddy—are covered by fifteen feet of sea at the top of the tide, which at this point rushes in at the rate of about eleven miles an hour. It will be

observed, that on this occasion the punctuality and alacrity of the volunteers will be put to a satisfactory and interesting test. EASTER, 1871.—Sixty thousand volunteers will leave London in thirty-eight express trains, at one in the morning, for Edinburgh, where the march-past will take place at 11 a.m. Immediately afterwards, the force will leave by seventy-three express trains for Glasgow, and thence by forty special steamers for Dublin, in the streets of which city a sham fight will take place by moonlight. The whole body of volunteers will return to London by the ordinary morning mail.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

What if both should be neither, and neither be both?
And the first to the second should plight her fair troth?
Who from either the one would endeavour to part,
Himself, not his victim, would feel the dire smart.

(1.)

We roved across the meadows gay,
We plucked the odorous lilies,
We wove our fate in buttercups,
And found we were two sillies.

(2.)

But Time went speeding on his course,
And by the forelock caught her,
And heedless of her struggles, led
The victim to the slaughter.

(3.)

But grim Revenge was hovering near,
His eyes and sword both flashing;
With blood red hand he raised his brand,
And smote the thief so dashing.

(4.)

This faithful creature all alone,
Beside the tomb sat weeping;
"Nay, rest thee there thou gentle ghost,
Thy secret's in my keeping."

(5.)

Lo! suddenly from east and west,
On winged chargers rushing,
The Last but not the Least has come,
And borne them safe to Flushing.

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

V Vesuvius S
O Oath H
L Loyola A
U Ulm M (battle of)
N Naif F
T Tabari I (See *Palt Mall Gazette*, 8th April)
E Egg G (Castor and Pollux)
E Eldrich H
R Rat T

The word "Second" intruded itself by some mistake into the first line of the Stanza (No. 8).

INCORRECT answers have been received from the following :—Cockadoodledoo, Ruby's Ghost, the Camden Town Tadpole, Bill Gibbons, G. G. (Croydon), W. L., E. L. H. (Liverpool), Frances, R. S. T. (Brighton), Florence (Torquay), W. Smith, C. A. (Hammersmith), Cornubia, &c., &c.

** Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 52.]

LONDON, MAY 2, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, &c., &c., &c.

YOUR GRACE,—The honour of addressing such an illustrious person as your Grace, even without permission, is so overwhelming, that I trust you will pardon any nervousness that I may exhibit on this occasion; for indeed it rarely falls to the lot of such an humble individual as myself to be brought so near the sacred perfume, as it were, of so much majesty and so much distinction.

Permit me to recall to your Grace's revered memory that the lease of the ground on which Montagu House stands, which is fortunate enough to call your Grace its owner, was obtained by one of those happy contrivances which shows at once that delicate appreciation of your own personal comfort, and that tender consideration for the feelings and interests of others which are the charming characteristics of that nation of which your Grace is one of the most illustrious ornaments. When your Grace so far overcame your natural pride as to accept the renewal of the lease of Montagu House for a rent ridiculously inadequate, the said renewal being obtained by an elegant device which, in one less noble, might have incurred the suspicion of over-sharpness, not to say "smartness," I felt certain (in common with all other right-feeling plebeians) that your Grace was only adopting a delicate mode of receiving a reward which was but an imperfect acknowledgment of the great services that you had rendered to the State. A Duke who was Lord Privy Seal for more than three years, and President of the Council for more than three months, and who is President of the Royal Horticultural Society, must have conferred such wonderful benefits on his country, that any reward which the people of that country can offer him must be insufficient; and therefore, feeling embarrassed by the greatness of the benefits received, they would be encumbered with an awkward dread of offering their noble benefactor any recompence which could but feebly represent their gratitude; and would embrace with the most joyful alacrity any attempt on his part to rid them of their load of indebtedness. To take the lease of the site of Montagu House, a site of immense value to the then Government, and the forfeiture of which on their part involved the expenditure of an enormous sum, to which all tax-payers would be obliged to contribute, seems to me as ingenious and refined a way as could have been devised of enabling the English people to relieve themselves, of part at least, of that enormous debt of gratitude which they owed to one who, though a Scotchman, had devoted his noble name, his splendid talents, and his illustrious position to the service of this country.

But while TOMAHAWK pauses with awful reverence before the picture of such noble self-denial as the Duke of Buccleuch exhibited in this instance, he must be permitted to cry aloud in admiration of the lavish generosity, combined with severe conscientiousness, which your Grace exhibited afterwards. Having become possessed of this lease on such favourable terms, it would have seemed to vulgar minds that they were bound to aid the Government, in every way, in any public work which it was proposed to carry out. But no! your Grace condescended to teach us a lesson in true magnanimity. This piece of ground had been, as it were, given to you by a grateful nation. Was your Grace tamely to suffer the value of the gift to be diminished by any such vulgar project as the Thames Embankment?

What if this were a work for the popular benefit, did not your Grace receive your lease for your own benefit? Would the people of England wish to see the delicate sensibility of one of the flowers that adorned the garden of Montagu House offended for the sake of a gross clumsy road, which the public were to profane with their own and their horses' feet? No, your Grace most nobly resisted the establishment of the Thames Embankment, and thereby endeavoured to preserve not your own rights only, but the self-respect of the people, whose hearts were wrung indeed to think that the testimonial which your merit had consented to receive, paltry as it was, should be rendered still more so by any after-detraction from its value.

Unfortunately, your Grace's opposition, misunderstood as it was by many, proved unsuccessful, and the Thames Embankment was allowed to proceed. A feeble attempt was made on the part of the promoters to dull, as it were, your Grace's keen sense of honour, and lull your vigilant pride by the allotment of a valuable piece of the river frontage created by the Embankment. An English nobleman, with that miserable taint of venality which his nature never can throw off—with that grasping and short-sighted avarice which, alas! has ever been such a curse on this side the Cheviots—would have accepted this as a compensation for any petty rights which he might have been compelled to sacrifice for the benefit of the public. But in your Grace's veins, happily, flows unpolluted the true blood of a Scottish chief, and with that high-minded pride and god-like dignity which is only possible in one of that nation whose history is unsullied by one act of meanness or rapacity, you scorned the paltry bribe, and boldly asserted your rights in a court of law, even to the uttermost farthing. The Metropolitan Board of Works were condemned to pay your Grace the ridiculously small damages of £8,875 for an injury to your property, the existence of which injury the dull fools who must pay the money in taxes would never even have suspected. Ah, what a treasure is the sensitiveness of true nobility! Plebeian wretches said it was shabby to take this additional tribute from those who had already been obliged to pay so much in order to establish your Grace securely in Montagu House. Shabby! Oh the blind ignorance of these low English! Little do they know what a Scotch Duke is. As well might an owl try to gaze at the sun, in all its mid-day splendour, as a Saxon slave expect to be able to bear the dazzling lustre of such a pure jewel of nobility as a Buccleuch! Suffer me to wonder at the presumption that can dispute the award of this poor £8,875; but after all, it is the wretched Londoners who have to pay for the expenses of the litigation. Indeed, your Grace's antagonist is—not worthy of you—that could never be—but it would be hard to find a worthier. It is nearly as great a privilege to have such a Board to spend the money of us poor ignorant tax-payers, as to have such a demi-god of honour and generosity to offer our homage to as the Duke of Buccleuch.

Scotland may claim your Grace as one of her sons, but we have adopted you as our eldest—as the jewel of our eye. We have paid a high price for the treasure, but it is ours; and your Grace will pardon us if we feel proud of our purchase. And it is this inspiring sense of ownership which induces me, on the part of the grateful tax-payers of London, to offer a suggestion to your Grace. We possess a Royal Family, an Army, and a Navy, to the support of all which we cheerfully contribute; and they in turn favour us with occasional displays, which

gladden our hearts and flatter our vanity. It is something to see the Guards march every morning from one barrack to another; it may be the pleasure of simple minds, but a pleasure it is to the admiring crowd who accompany them. Would it be too much to ask of your Grace's generosity that, once a week say, your Grace should, when illumining Montagu House with your august presence, deign to march thence down Pall Mall in full Highland costume, with a band of bag-pipers, and dunnie-wassals, and pibrochs, and any other complement of Scotch nobility which your Grace may be happy enough to possess. Surely the Beloved of the People will yield thus far to the desires of those that adore him! And if, in addition to this, your Grace, who may fairly be called the Apostle of true Nobility, would give one lecture a month on the principles of honour, generosity, and magnanimity, believe me, your Grace would do more to educate the ignorant masses in one hour, than could be done in a whole year by the humble yet untiring exertions of

Your Grace's devoted slave, admirer, and
tax-payer,
TOMAHAWK.

MAGNA EST VERITAS!

At a not very influential meeting, held the other evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, somebody announced to a good many nobodies, that Mr. Gladstone was known to be on intimate terms with Dr. Pusey, the Pope, and several other august and terrible personages, the whole of them being bound up in a sort of happy family conspiracy for the purpose of establishing the "Supremacy of Rome" in this country. We have not perhaps got hold of the right words, but this was the pith of the matter to which we refer. The idea is not entirely new. Mr. Disraeli has said as much, doubtless, over his wine in a quiet way to his intimates. Unfortunately for the enthusiastic gentlemen who meet and pass resolutions of this stamp, "the thing" does not read well—in short, does not bear the stamp of probability. However, as there are evidently some people who believe that Dr. Pusey who curses Rome in his *Eirenicon*, Mr. Gladstone who belongs to a party that snarls in the consciousness of being severely snubbed by it, and the Pope, who has excommunicated both the one and the other, are all on the best possible terms, we should be sorry to destroy, at least rudely, their pretty visions of brotherly confidence and love. On the contrary, we wish to give them, on the very best authority, the benefit of several rumours that have been current during the past week. Lord Macaulay knew and appreciated the force of analogy when he wished to bring a matter home to his reader, and he wisely foresaw that he might get hold of a fool now and then. But this is an uncalled-for digression. Let us merely add we can vouch for the following

AUTHENTIC INFORMATION.

There is no foundation whatever in the report that Mr. Mill's pamphlet has sold largely—in the butter-shops. On the contrary, the enormous fortune that illustrious statesman has realised by the work in question has enabled him to become one of the largest landed proprietors in Ireland.

Mr. Disraeli has never formally renounced his Jewish privities, and his sympathy with Houndsditch has of late been but badly concealed. We hear that he will recommend Her Majesty to confer a dukedom on Baron Rothschild, and raise Messrs. Moses and Son, Mr. Leone Levi, Mr. Hyams, Messrs. Samuel Brothers to the peerage. The latter will take the title of Barons Sydenham.

The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* has been suspended in Ireland. The news has been received in all parts of the country with universal and sullen disgust.

Mr. Mackonochie was yesterday afternoon received by Mr. Spurgeon into the communion of the Elephant and Castle Tabernacle. Sir George Bowyer, the Bishop of Salisbury, and a well-known continental Jesuit preacher were present, and the touching ceremony, taking all things into consideration, passed off very quietly. The Bishop of Oxford was also there, but in

his private capacity, and, strange to say, did not characterize the proceeding as "a blessed and comforting sight."

An able article has appeared in the *Saturday Review*, avowedly not written for sensational purposes. The author is not a young Oxford man.

A telegraphic despatch has been sent from King William street, City, to Knightsbridge, the transmission of which occupied the extraordinarily short time of two hours and twenty-two minutes. This is the quickest despatch on record, and nearly as quick as the passage of 500 words across the Atlantic, and the time occupied by an omnibus in going double the distance.

Lord Derby's recent illness was, after all, a mere hoax. The noble Lord is well known to be an active member of a celebrated Fenian circle, and the onerous, though honorary, duties suddenly devolving upon him in this capacity necessitated the *ruse* in question. We have this on undeniable authority.

Napoleon did not, as it was supposed, die at St. Helena, but escaped in an English brig in the year '48. He is now an old man, but waiting his opportunity, in concealment, at the Baker street Bazaar.

Garibaldi has taken off his flannel shirt.

The Government have determined upon a straightforward policy.

Mr. Whalley has got a hearing.

And so on. It is useless to add to the above extracts, which, as we have said before, we furnish on "unquestionable authority." As at the present time the Government organs, and especially the energetic little *Globe*, seem able and anxious to swallow anything, we most cheerfully call their attention to the list. They are fond of big gooseberries. Here is a bushel for them.

THE GIRL AND THE PERIOD.

WE have spoken out in behalf of the Girl of the Period because we believe that the horrible thing described by the sour lady connected with the *Saturday Review* is an exception, as yet, to the rule.

But honestly let us look at this "exception," and let us find out to what extent she has pushed herself into existence. There has been a great cry gone up of protestation from English womankind *en masse*; but we doubt very much if this cry would have been called forth twenty years ago. Twenty years ago the misogynist articles might have appeared, and would scarcely have been understood: much of them would have been a dead language for most girls. Is that so now? Undoubtedly not. The cry rises from women who feel that they are on the brink of the precipice, at the bottom of which may be found the odious being whose portrait has been given by the *Saturday Review* as the type of the British maiden. They have been walking, and still are, among the flowers on the edge of the abyss, and the sight of the horror is bringing them to their senses. So the cry goes up, and women say aloud,—we are not this cold-blooded monster, we refuse to be put in the same category with this callous Gorgon; but they know in their hearts they have met with her, and they feel they have been all along lately too familiar with the blight they would avoid.

You laugh at the nonsense, as you call it, talked about the products sold by Rachel for the utter extermination of age and decay; but could these Bohemians, who live upon the damask cheek like worms in the bud, afford to advertise as they do, and that to the tune of hundreds of pounds, if they were not patronized by women, and often perhaps by those who profess the most to ridicule the process? You scorn rouge, and look on painted eyebrows as a sin; but is the gulf wide which separates them from the simple chignon, which professes, like the rest, to be a charm which nature has denied you?

You scoff at poor General Bombastes because he dyes his old

whiskers purple, and you yourself, who have beauty enough and to spare, are trying in your vanity to paint the lily by changing your light curls to what you are pleased to imagine gold, but which smacks of brass much more. Your heart is above deceit of any kind, but Woolstoffhausen, the fashionable habit-maker, can account for most of the figures seen in the Row. Like the columns of a certain evening paper, they would be very flat without the padding. How is it that one sees in the Drive those doubtful barouches and undoubted broughams which twenty years ago just dared to break out on hire on Sundays? How is it that too many girls know well who the proprietors of those traps are—we use the word advisedly—and how is it the young man of the period seems to have no wish to hide this fact; on the contrary, rather glories in his acquaintance with their inmates?

There is now so little to separate us in distance between Paris and London that insensibly the recklessness of the Imperial Court is finding its way over here. The Emperor, everyone knows who thinks, finds it useful to his policy to encourage profligacy, and the stage in France is only a reflex of the state of morals in the capital. Adultery is King on the Boulevards. Ah! that sounds too horrible. But it is true. Take up the first novel you may lay hands on, or the last vaudeville, and you will see for yourself that this is no exaggeration. The ducks and drakes our neighbours make with the conjugal code set the circles widening until they fall with a ripple on our shores and vibrate into the heart of London life. It is only an echo as yet, but if no one shouts the catastrophe may come.

There is no smoke without fire; and though it is too much to say, it is wicked even to cry out that we are blazing, there are sparks smouldering about which have caused the stifling smoke in the *Saturday Review*, and which it should be the duty of every right-thinking English girl to try and put out before the flames become unmanageable.

THE RESERVE FUND.

ON to the ancient evil stock of the Army Purchase system the War Department has grafted the modern but monstrous excrescence of the Reserve Fund.

The Reserve Fund is, and always has been, a mystery to the million. Parliament has long been endeavouring to get some distinct notion of what it is, and to what uses it is applied. A select committee of the House has been appointed to examine the subject. It has already sat for two years, but has not yet been able to agree upon a distinct description or definition of this monstrous *lusus naturalis*, or rather officialis.

The Reserve Fund may be described shortly thus: Whereas it is considered by very many persons who have carefully studied the organisation of our army that there is much evil in the system which allows an officer to buy a commission and sell it again, the Reserve Fund is an institution founded for the purpose of enabling an officer to sell a commission which he *never* bought; in fact, not to recover the money he had laid out, but actually to sell for money an appointment in the public service for which he never gave a penny—in other words, to make a profit out of the sale of his public appointment.

It is quite unnecessary to cite the Acts of Parliament which make it penal to buy or sell any civil office or appointment under the Crown; but let the fact be noted, in order to mark distinctly the difference in every point which distinguishes the civil service from the military, and which adds another item to the claim of the civil power to control the military.

After, in the first place, having congratulated itself that the places in the civil service are not matters of purchase and sale, in the second place let the British public ask the warmest supporters of Purchase in the Army, whether they would venture to propose that their pet system should be extended to civil appointments; and, in the third place, whether the machinery by which the War Department is enabled to intensify all the evils of the Army Purchase system by means of the Reserve Fund should be allowed to continue.

An instance, taken at random, will serve to illustrate the working of the Reserve Fund. Mr. Jonas de Montmorency, having good interest at the Horse Guards, obtained, fifteen years ago, his ensigncy in the 200th Foot for nothing—"without purchase," as it is termed at the War Office, where "by purchase" is considered to be the "regular thing." He served

for six years as ensign, and then, by a death vacancy in the regiment, obtained his lieutenantcy. In four years' time, by an augmentation in the regiment, he got "his company," that is, became a captain without having paid a penny for his commission. But though he has never paid, he can receive; though he has never bought, he can sell. How? By means of the Reserve Fund.

Captain Jonas de Montmorency applies to sell a captain's commission. "Who'll buy, who'll buy?" The Secretary of State for War steps forward with the Reserve Fund in his pocket, and says, "I'll buy: you have served fifteen years, seven of them at the not unpleasant stations of Malta and Canada, so I will give you £1,100 for your commission, £50 a year for each year's service at home, and £100 a year for each year's service abroad."

Captain Jonas, instead of going on with the service and rising to the higher grades of the regiment, with all the experience he has gained as a subaltern, takes his £1,100 and "cuts it,"—that is, abandons his profession at the age of 33, in the prime of life, while the Reserve Fund sells his commission for £1,800 to a raw lieutenant, and still rawer ensign, and so on.

The Reserve Fund intensifies all the evils of the Purchase system in the Army. Its supporters may talk of the advantages the system secures in getting men to the command of their regiments in the prime of life, and of bringing into command men of wealth, who can keep up the prestige of the corps for brilliant hospitality and first-rate bands; but all must admit that it tends to make the great majority of officers disinclined to look upon the army as their profession, and leads them to regard it rather as a position in which to spend a few years pleasantly and in good society. Need any one be surprised, therefore, in the judgment passed on the English officers by their gallant allies in the Crimea, that they had no knowledge of the every-day duties of their profession,—no education as officers.

But to leaven this lump—to give ballast to this lightly-rigged bark, there are admitted into the army, from time to time, young men not of large fortune, who, coming in "without purchase," must look to advancement in their profession by other means than by laying out large sums of money—young men, in short, who must, by diligence and study, fit themselves for army service.

Useful, indeed, is this class of officers in the army; and by the machinery of the Reserve Fund the Government labours constantly in its high administrative wisdom, and labours successfully, to get rid of them as fast as it can, by enabling them to sell, though they never bought, and by inducing them to accept large sums of public money on the sole condition that they should cease to serve the public.

It is thus that the operation of the Reserve Fund intensifies the evils of the Purchase system, taking away all that is left of permanency among the officers of the Line, and rendering them all alike shifting, changing, and unstable—holding their profession in their hands, ready to be turned into money at any time as easily as a Bank of England note—and running unhesitatingly into debt, with the feeling if their "financial relations" do press them they have the value of the commission which they can at once realize. It is an established fact that the condition of three-fourths of the officers of the Line is indebtedness, and it is equally certain that the one great incentive thereto is the knowledge that, let the worst come to the worst, they can always sell their appointment.

Whether the Purchase system in the Army is abolished, or is modified, or is retained unchanged, in any case its monstrous adjunct, the Reserve Fund, must be totally abolished as soon as the report of the Parliamentary committee shall have let in a little light on the subject.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

WHY is Lord Stanley like the Lion on Northumberland House?—Prize: *A Seat in the Cabinet, by the kind permission of Mr. Disraeli.*

THE MOANING OF THE TIED.—The Davenports to empty benches.

A NEW FABLE FOR "HOME" CONSUMPTION.—The Lyon in the ass's skin.

NOTICE.

On Tuesday, the 26th of May, will be published the

"DERBY NUMBER"

of the

T O M A H A W K.



LONDON, MAY 2, 1868.

THE WEEK.

So fearful has been the financial crisis, and so crowded the Court of Bankruptcy, that even the Queen's statue in the Royal Exchange has been whitewashed.

THE continued tightness of money is surely a proper case for the United Kingdom Alliance. Why do they not attempt to check such persistent intemperance?

POOR Dizzy! Last session he lost his tail, and this session he has lost his head. Next he will lose his legs we fear, and then will he lay down his arms? Who can say?

THERE'S no monopoly the sex need fear;
The current of old prejudices swerves,
Since male Mancastrians can hear and cheer
A female Pochin upon man's preserves.

FROM the coarse way in which Mr. Mason Jones bespattered Mr. Bright with flattery at the Tabernacle we should think there was more of the Plasterer than the Mason about him. However, the name as it stands is not inappropriate, for he certainly laid it on with a trowel.

A Premier puffed up with his pride and preaching,
Imagined Truth lived in a muddy well.
So peeping down some hundred feet or so
Saw his own features imaged there below.
"Eureka!" then he cried, and over-reaching,
Turned dizzy in his head and in he fell.

WE have been much touched with the Arcadian simplicity of the Burlington Beadle. We see him continually turning back little boys who are dirty it is true, but possibly honest, and the official benevolently desires to keep their morals untainted by refusing them the sight of sin in silks and satin which flaunts within. By the way, we are glad to see the *Daily Detonator* is going in for the cleansing of the Burlington Stables, we mean the Arcade: the proprietors of that Journal would perhaps judge more consistently if they turned such advertisements as *The Confessional Unveiled* out of their columns, but we can't be perfect.

MOTTO FOR AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.—Cucullus non facit—monetam.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Some of our literary friends tell us and they have the best means of knowing,—bread and but ter not to mention beer.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Ice.—What, to break, often lets a man into hot water.

Ideal.—Concentrated essence of Narcissus—and Hercules.

Idiot.—The philosopher who keeps his wit till he wants it.

Idleness.—A common, very pleasant to stray over, but on which only geese and donkeys live.

Imagination.—The Photographer of the mind.

Impertinence.—A weed cultivated by dowagers and waiting-maids.

Impression.—The Pythoness of woman's oracle.

Impulse.—A creator who has sent many sins into the world.

Inconsistency.—The opal in Psyche's girdle.

Industry.—The privilege of the poor: without that we should have none of those pretty Expositions.

Ink.—The black slave who drops tears enough over the lies he writes to make a second Black sea.

Innocence.—The card left by angels on their visits.

Inspid.—Wanting in taste—e. g., if I praise Blondina's chignon to Brunetta, she naturally finds me inspid.

Interest.—What she takes in any one possessing capital.

Inviolable.—The secret she would not for worlds let any one but you know.

Invitation.—Ground-bait.

Jealousy.—The deformity of imperfect love.

Jel.—The coal who aspires to become a diamond.

Jill.—A short word of the feminine gender. When used in the masculine is generally translated into "Breach of Promise with heavy damages."

Jointure.—The glue used for splicing.

Justice.—What she is always thirsting for, and consequently never has to give away.

Juvenile.—An epithet only applied to those who forget their old age.

Key (latch).—The sceptre of the kingdom of Home.

Kiss.—The electric spark which cooks a pair of souls.

Kneel.—The *ne plus ultra* of devotion.

UNDER THE INDEX.

So the *Grande Duchesse* has been interdicted at Madrid—at least, so say those wonderfully well-informed men the foreign correspondents. No reason, by the way, is assigned for the action of the Spanish Lord Chamberlain, or whoever the particular official may be who discharges the duties of guardian over the *morale* of the Spanish stage. Suffice it to say, so runs the report, Offenbach's latest hit is not to cross the Pyrenees. It requires more than ordinary subtlety to fathom the depths of a Lord Chamberlain's heart, as the condition of our own stage abundantly proves, and so we let motive alone and merely refer to the fact, as a sort of hook on which to hang up a few stray hints of our own. If the *Grande Duchesse* will not pass muster at Madrid, we are sorry for it, and that is all we have to say about that. *Ceteris paribus*, however, there would be a good deal more likelihood in the truth of the following interdicts, for which of course we can vouch.

The following pieces have received official prohibitions at the respective theatres subjoined:—

THEATRE IMPERIAL (Tuileries).—*Macbeth* (ghost scene specially suppressed); *Foul Play* (when dramatised); and *The Hypocrite*.

GRAND THEATRE (Rhine Provinces).—*Ici on parle Français*; *Done on Both Sides*; and *A Comedy of Errors*.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA (Florence).—*Lend me Five Shillings*.

DER KONIGS THEATER (Berlin).—*The Brigand*; *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*.

THEATRE ROYAL (Denmark).—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

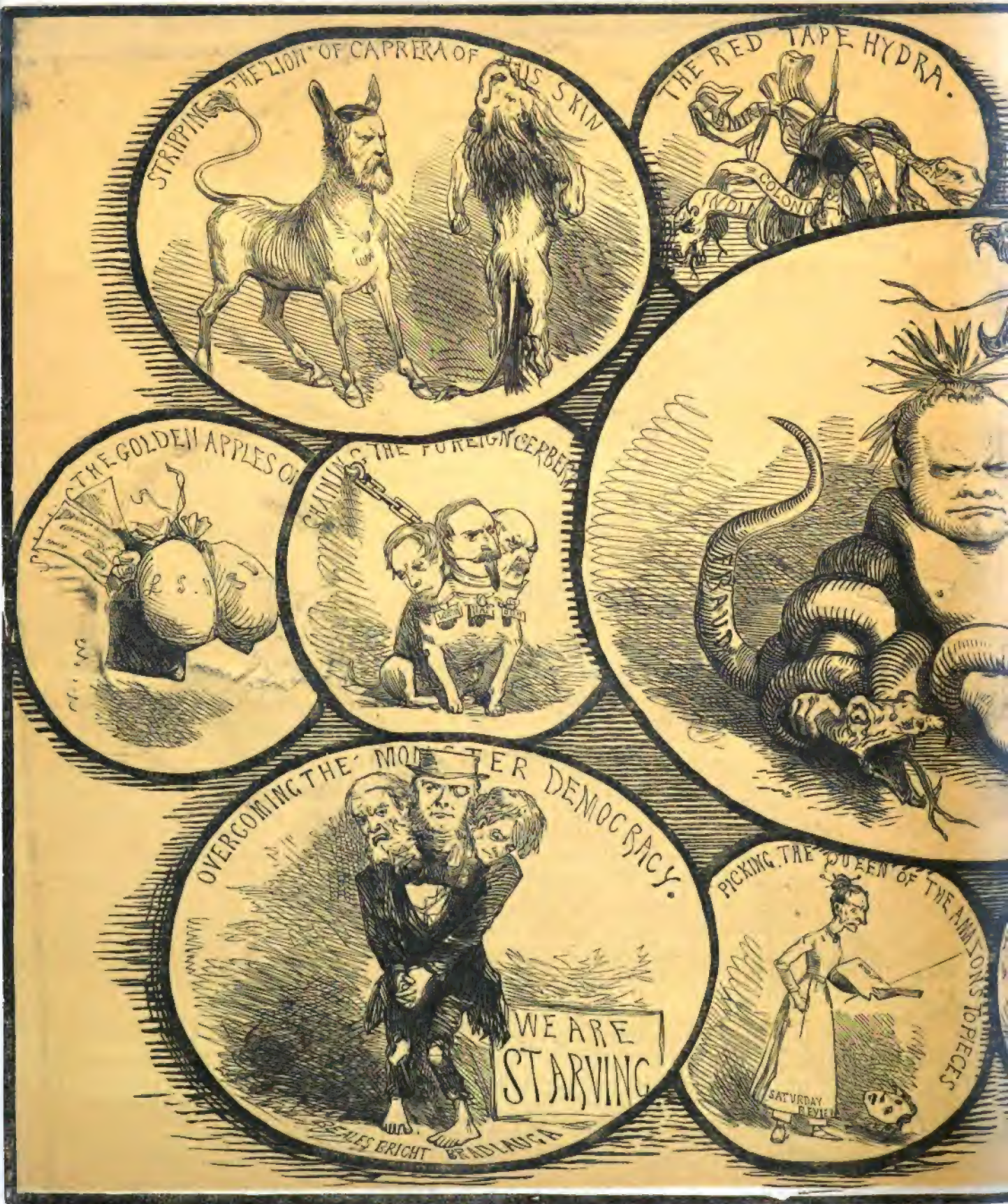
THE IMPERIAL CIRCUS (Constantinople).—*The Liar*; *Box and Cox*; *Nobody's Child*; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

THE IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE (St. Petersburg).—*White-bait at Greenwich*; *The Turkish Bath*.

THE GREAT THEODORE MUSIC HALL (Abyssinia).—*The Devil's in it*; *All's Well that Ends Well*.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.—*No Thoroughfare*; *Playing with Fire*.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



THE MODERN
OR,
"TOMAHAWK'S"



HERCULES!

ANNIVERSARY.

[See "Among the Gods."]

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

AMONG THE GODS.

[See CARTOON.]

THE Gods were at tea, and Hebe presided at the hot-water urn.

Apollo was laughing over the last musical joke by Offenbach; the God of War was consulting Mercury about that disagreeable divorce affair in which he figured so prominently—the great case of Vulcan *v.* Vulcan sometimes called Venus, and Mars,—and Diana was writing a slashing article for the *Saturday Review*. Neptune, gouty and red-nosed, and Bacchus red-nosed and gouty, disdaining the mild beverage of the tea-pot, were drinking “something hot,” called by the last “nectar,” by the first “grog.” Minerva had fallen asleep over a London paper named after the bird of her special devotion—thus furnishing a fresh proof of her supernatural sagacity. Cupid was quarrelling with Hymen, and Juno was consulting Venus about the last fashion in bonnets. The Goddess of Beauty was considered a great authority on matters of this sort—she received all her information direct from her *protégé* Paris. Jupiter was stroking his beard and reckoning up the value of the advertisements in the *Times*.

“Of course no thunderbolts!” complained the Father of Gods and Men in a tone of voice greatly resembling the “buttonless-shirt” complaint of the modern Paterfamilias. “No thunderbolts! On my soul, Vulcan ought to have his head knocked off!”

“It’s not my fault,” said the celestial armourer, sorrowfully. “My men the Cyclops have struck for an increase of wages. I can’t pay them what they ask as the times are very bad just now. Mars, Bacchus, Ceres, and the Three Graces are forming a co-operative store for the supply of everything from tooth-picks to thunderbolts, and with such a lawless hero as Garibaldi in Italy and its neighbourhood, I may expect to see the destruction of my shop down in Etna at any moment.”

“Well, well, cease your complaints,” replied Jupiter impatiently. “After all, I believe my paper thunderbolts are quite as effective as those *you* send me. By-the-bye, Mister Bacchus, what do you mean by trying to imitate me in the *Telegraph*?”

“Didn’t imitate—hic—you,” replied the God of Wine hoarsely. “Ask m’friend Disraeli—he’s a literary—hic—man. Great-fren-o’ mine—hic—Disraeli!”

“Don’t tell a falsehood, sir,” said Jupiter sternly. “Why, I can trace your style in every line of the paper. The Leading articles absolutely reek with the odour of—h’m—nectar! But here, ladies and gentlemen, I want your kind attention for a few minutes. Hebe, my dear, pour me out another cup of tea, and ask Ganymede to fetch me down that green book I left on my writing cloud in the library.”

Both his commands were complied with, and then Jupiter recommenced.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “it is a very long time since we added a mortal to our number. Now I wish to propose the name of an individual worthy of divine honours. To put you out of your suspense, I may tell you at once that I allude to TOMAHAWK, who this day is keeping the first anniversary of his birth.”

There was absolutely a Babel of sounds of disapprobation after this announcement.

“Bring him up here!” cried Venus, “to laugh at my chignon!”

“Carry him to the clouds,” bellowed Mars, “to bother me about double government and the purchase system!”

“Send him aloft,” whined Apollo, “to criticise my drawing!”

“Introduce him to our society,” snapped out Minerva, who had just awoke from a noisy slumber, “so that he may discover that we Gods and Goddesses are nothing more than men and women!”

“Well,” said Jupiter, “you see I lifted Hercules up to heaven, and on my word, TOMAHAWK is an infinitely bigger ‘swell,’ if I may be allowed the expression, than Hercules.”

“Don’t quote Hercules,” objected Juno. “Why, he spends the whole of his time at the Alhambra.”

“Besides,” murmured Venus, “he’s too young for the honour. Mind, he’s not more than a year old.”

“Pooh!” replied Jupiter, “he’s as strong and hearty as a man of thirty.”

“Come,” said Minerva, “what labours has he performed that can be compared for a moment with the immortal dozen of our cousin Hercules?”

“First,” replied Jupiter, “he stripped that donkey Garibaldi of his lion’s skin.”

“So he did,” assented Mars, “and very proper. Plucky too—if the mortals had their way they would worship that Italian Yankee as years ago they used to worship us.”

“Then,” continued Jupiter, “he skotched the Red-tape Hydra in famous style. The War Office hasn’t recovered yet from the effect of his well-aimed blows!”

“Disagreeable fellow,” said Venus, “I’m sure the men in the F. O. and War Office are the most delightful creatures in the world.”

“My darling!” exclaimed Mars.

“My dear!” observed Vulcan.

“Then he tied the feet of that great city speculator, the stag of Capel Court.”

“What did he do that for?” asked Mercury. “Why couldn’t he leave my friends, the thieves, alone?”

“Then he taught that amiable boar, Mr. Cole, to smile, and exposed to public execration Kahn, and his impudent and fraudulent successor.”

“That last service was very praiseworthy,” said Esculapius, raising his eyes from a perusal of the *Lancet*.

“And then he hit the hawks of the Turf, and brought *them* down. And raised his weapon against that *very* Irish bull, Fenianism, and brought *that* down. And attacked the devourers of pauper-flesh—the Mayors and Poor-law Guardians—and brought *them* down. And tore the mask from the face of the *Saturday Review*, and exposed and brought *that* literary fiend down.”

“Very wrong of him,” said Diana. “Did you see his attack upon my Girl of the Period?”

“Why, did *you* write that?” cried Venus indignantly. “Why you great, big, ugly, disagreeable thing!”

“Diana, my dear,” said Minerva, “in spite of your prudery I must say that you are a ‘nice’ woman,—I mean one who has nasty ideas!”

“Then,” continued Jupiter, “he brought down that three-bodied giant, Democracy, with its heads, the three troublesome B’s,—Bright, Beales, and Bradlaugh. Then he brought down the golden apples of success, in spite of the guardianship of that mis-shapen monster, the Metropolitan Press. Lastly, he brought down and chained the Foreign Cerberus, saving his country from the clutches of Napoleon, Bismarck, and the Yankee!”

“Don’t you think,” asked Juno, spitefully, “that as he has pulled down so many things, he might add one more feat to the list of his achievements and pull down *you*?”

“On my word,” said Jupiter, turning pale, “I never thought of that. H’m! After all, perhaps it may be better to leave him where he is. He is a very great reformer on earth, and it would be a pity to render him utterly useless by raising him to the Upper House.”

The Gods smiled at one another, and then Apollo observed, “Well, I like TOMAHAWK for one thing.”

“For what thing?” asked all the Celestials.

“He knows how to play upon his own trumpet!”

After laughing heartily at this merry conceit the more wealthy of the Gods left the sky *en route* for the sixpenny gallery of the Victoria Theatre.

ANOTHER EASTERN QUESTION.

WHEN a Lord Mayor gets on to the Continent, there is no knowing what he may be capable of. Even now he is but imperfectly understood in France. When in Paris, he usually manages to get himself fêted as a near connection to the British Royal Family; and on the last occasion that the chief civic magistrate was in Brussels, he attached himself as a sort of confidential adviser to the King, to whom he clung with persistency until a man-of-war was ordered out expressly to carry him home again. We in England have become accustomed to regard the vagaries of Bumbledom abroad rather in the light of an innocent practical joke on our neighbours; but things begin to look serious when the whole Court of Aldermen pack up their carpet bags and start on their travels with the view of going “Lord Mayoring” too, especially when the Aldermen are not prepared to uphold the character of liberality and hospitality which to the present time, failing any other

distinctive attribute, Lord Mayors on the Continent have always honourably earned.

It appears that Sir Thomas Gabriel and Sir Sidney Waterlow, two excellent citizens, no doubt, have been on a starring tour through Turkey and Egypt, and have, moreover, taken upon them to represent themselves as the special delegates to the East of London in particular and of Great Britain in general. This might be all very well if it went no further, for London might find worse representatives, and the country itself might see nothing to be ashamed of in a brace of worthy City magistrates; but willing and anxious as the travellers have been to uphold the dignity of their self-imposed mission, they have not been equally willing and anxious to pay for it; and their resistance of the pecuniary claims which *do* attach themselves to Royal progresses, although it is unusual to talk about them, have gained for Sir Thomas Gabriel and Sir Sidney Waterlow the reputation of being "shabby."

According to the *Levant Herald*, our representatives have been begging free passages from Constantinople to Alexandria, have sneaked off the steamers without giving the usual gratuities to the stewards (whom we cannot doubt must have been useful), have presented a few shillings for division among fifty or sixty servants who had been told off to attend on them, and have thereby given grave scandal. There is no greater insult that you can offer to your true Turk than to do him out of his backsheesh, and it is an insult he never forgives or forgets. Sir Thomas Gabriel has written to the newspaper to contradict most of the assertions affecting his liberality, but there is no doubt that the civic progress in the East, so far as the moral effect on the population is concerned, has been unsatisfactory in the extreme, for evidently neither Turks nor Egyptians have made anything out of it.

Sir Thomas and Sir Sidney (and Sir James and Sir Peter too) are perfectly free to travel when, where, and how they like, and, moreover, to pay what they think fit; but to assume a position that does not belong to them is ridiculous, and having assumed the position, whether justly or unjustly, to bring discredit on themselves is not only ridiculous, but a good deal worse.

Aldermen, as a class, are always irrepressible, and usually objectionable; but they have not yet earned the character of being illiberal. There is no reason to believe that Sir Robert Carden himself is a stingy man.

GLADSTONE'S POPISH PLOT.

THE following veracious symptoms have been curiously omitted by our Conservative friends among the evidences adduced of Mr. Gladstone's bias towards Ultramontaniam:—

1. As a child, during Gunpowder Plot festivities, he took especial delight in the display of Roman candles.
2. Professing a fondness for poetical literature, he has often openly avowed a preference for Pope.
3. A frequent visitor at the Monday Pope-ular Concerts, he has been heard to *encore* Wilbye Cooper's Papistical declaration, "I'm a Romer."
4. His notorious sympathy with "the elevation of the Masses" bears an insidious construction. Of course its real construction is that Mr. Gladstone sympathises with the elevation of the Mass.
5. He loves to be addressed, especially by his own children, as Papa: a term which, as everybody knows, is, by Italians, applied pre-eminently to Pius IX.
6. His ideal of facial beauty is a Roman nose.
7. As a natural deduction of the foregoing he has a tendency to Roman-eyes.

GOING A LITTLE TOO FAR.—We can stand a good deal from the comic papers, but when one of them goes and publishes a portrait of its editor, mounted on a Lowther Arcade toy-horse, in an old suit of property armour, and calls it the Prince of Wales, we think the time has come when the Liberty of the Press should be kept within proper bounds.

ANSWERS TO "THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK."

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

Why is the Irish Church Establishment like a gridiron?—[The three prizes promised last week have been won by the Emperor Theodore, of Abyssinia, who can have them on application of our Publisher at the TOMAHAWK Office, Tavistock street. For political reasons we suppress the answers for the present.]

OTHER ANSWERS.

IDIOTICUS FELIX.—Because it is supported by a hot—no, it won't hold water for an instant. Because one gets *Dizzy* to think of it.

A SCOTCH MINISTER.—Because it won't work without the help of the "Lard."

MILES PEDESTRIUS LINEÆ.—Because you do a rash act in doing away with the first, but a rasher on the second. P.S.—The subject has been sent for re-consideration to a committee of bishops, ironmongers, and cooks.

BLACKIE.—Because it was barred from the very first. There now, I think that is worthy of the three-pennyworth of postage stamps.

ONE STILL IN THE DARK.—Because it produces nothing but broils. Please to pay the annuity to the Rescue Society—"dum se bene gesserit."

MORDECAI.—Dis really (Disraeli) is being done brown.

CHARCOAL.—Because a gridiron is made by a blacksmith, and the Irish Church Establishment must have been created by a tinker.

ILL-USED CYMRW.—Because the Whigs and Tories have both *placal* their *steak* (stake) upon it.

F. C., LOWESTOFT.—1. Because you can't try to separate it without blackening your fingers. 2. Because it receives a good many chops. 3. Because the good of it is at stake (steak). 4. Because it is rather a fiery and peppery subject. 5. Because when once divided "the fat will be in the fire." 6. (Answer by Gladstone.) Because if we do away with it we shall have no more broils.

JOHN JAMES JENKINS JONES (Plas y Twyddill).—1. Because if you upset it "all the fat will be in the fire." 2. Because it is the only practicable thing between the frying pan and the fire. 3. Because little Russell is poking the embers under it, as he wants a "large stake" and Gladstone wants to be "first chop."

ERICA.—Because the *bone* of contention makes a *broil*.

SIVRUP.—Because it will soon be applied to the "steak."

FIDDLESTICK.—Because it is holy, and "the fat is in the fire" through it.

OLIVER TWIST.—Because each makes a broil, each is hauled over the coals, and each is likely to let all the fat into the fire. Please fork over the stakes.

FUNNIBOI.—Because it is often hauled over the coals.

SOLVING SAMVEL.—They both afford the means of obtaining a broil!

B. S. K.—Because both are exposed to "Bright" fire.

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

NOTICE.—To our merry and right well-beloved Acrostic friends, otherwise known as the Jolly Maniacs; we have an apology to make to you. Last week we published an Acrostic sent to us by Mr. Rassam, who had been occupying his leisure hours at King Theodore's Court by harmless recreations. The verses seemed to us very pretty, so we published them gladly, but in our hurry we forgot to look at the answer, which was in a separate enclosure. After devoting one of our few spare evenings to a futile endeavour to guess the Acrostic, we looked at the answer. Imagine our consternation when we found it was in Abyssinian. Really, Mr. Rassam, it is very naughty of you! We give the answer. We will not insult our talented correspondents by translating it. Of course the reference throughout is to the well-known legend of Quashi-ma-boo's ghost (published in *African Literature*, vol. vii, page 208):—

B Báshálaknósög' G

A Awaúnwákáh H

K Kilöbedòpì I

S Sshishshshub B

H Hhl' L

This is the first and last Abyssinian Acrostic that will be given. When Mr. Rassam returns, won't we ask him to dinner, and show him Ruby's Ghost? Ah!

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 53.]

LONDON, MAY 9, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

VERY LIKELY!

THE praiseworthy determination of Lord Russell to be at the head of every important movement, however prejudicial to his own interests or contrary to his principles, will probably in the Republican future lead to something like this:—

April 2, 1870.—A large meeting was held yesterday in Westminster Hall, for the purpose of supporting the bill introduced into the House of Commons by the Right Hon. John Bright for abolishing the House of Lords. Earl Russell presided.

The Noble Chairman rose amid loud cheers. He said that he was proud and delighted to see so vast a meeting assembled together in support of a measure which he had always advocated. Though belonging himself to an aristocratic house, he had always been a "friend of the people." If he had been anything else, perhaps the world would never have inscribed among its famous men the younger son of the Duke of Bedford. (*Cheers.*) He had always disliked the House of Peers. It was much against his wish that he had ever been made a belted earl; and as for his son, he need hardly say how odious the idea of any title, but that of Nature's nobleman, was to that exemplary young tribune. (*Loud cheers.*) He thought Lord Amberley had ever done his best to bring ridicule and contempt on that order to which he had the misfortune to belong. (*Cheers.*) As for himself, he could never hope to describe in sufficiently strong terms the humiliation which he felt when elevated to the Peerage. He felt it was robbing the Lower House of something more than prestige, or honour, or eloquence. It was like shutting out the light of the sun. (*Hear, hear.*) He could not do anything in the House of Lords but tease Lord Derby, and that was poor sport for such an intellectual giant as himself. (*Cheers.*) Then there was nobody to listen to him in the Upper House when he did think fit to speak, except the Wool-sack and the Reporters, and a drowsy Law-Lord or two. It was throwing pearls before swine. (*Laughter and cheers.*) Then the robes were so ridiculous. Such beauty as his—he spoke with all humility and modesty—was "when unadorned adorned the most." (*Loud cheers.*) The Father of Reform needed no gorgeous livery to add splendour to his appearance. (*Hear, hear.*) After speaking with similar modesty and good sense for about an hour and a half, the noble Earl concluded by proposing the first resolution, "That the House of Peers be abolished."

1872.—Second Month of the Spring, First Year of the Republic.—In the House of Assembly last night the terms of impeachment of John Russell, citizen, late Earl, were read, after which—

CITIZEN BRADLAUGH rose and proposed without further ceremony that Citizen John Russell be ordered for execution. He said the old man was a bloated aristocrat, and had sucked the blood of the people; besides, he was a Bore. They had better get rid of him at once. (*Applause.*)

CITIZEN RUSSELL rose with some emotion to second the proposition. He said he was perfectly ready to vote for his own execution, if it was the wish of the people. He had always held their desires and interests far higher than any petty selfish considerations of life or property. (*Applause.*) He was getting old—(*laughter*)—and perhaps no more glorious end could await him than to cement with his blood the foundation of true

liberty in this country. (*Approbation.*) After all, it was a grand thing to be executed as an aristocrat by the chiefs of that Republic which he had helped to establish on the tomb of the monarchy and the aristocracy. (*Murmurs.*) History would speak well of him. (*Cries of "Cut it short."*) They might would let him die with some ceremony, and that his progress to the all so soon. (*Laughter.*) He should die with harness on his back, like a brave horse that long had dragged the State Coach. (*Applause.*) He had two requests to make: one was that he might be allowed to write a letter to the President of the Republic on the "State of Public Affairs," and to Mr. Deputy Bradlaugh on the subject of "Political Executions;" also, he should wish copies of his last speech to be printed and distributed among the crowd after his execution, and one copy to be printed on vellum and preserved in the archives of the Republic. (*Murmurs.*) He had nearly done. (*Hear, hear.*) It had been his humble aim in life to make himself one of the foremost men of the age, and he had succeeded. He hoped they let him die with some ceremony, and that his progress to the scaffold might be through the principal thoroughfares, and on a platform sufficiently elevated to admit of his resolute features being seen by the ladies. (*Laughter.*) That was all he had to ask; and now, wrapping the mantle of his dignity around his majestic form, he would meet his fate with unflinching courage. (*Applause.*)

The proposition having been carried, Citizen John Russell was removed to the New Millbank by an escort of troops. He was sustained to the last by a noble fearlessness, and a just sense of his own importance.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

THE CURRENT QUESTION.

Why is Mr. Disraeli's policy like Gounod's *Faust*?

[Prize: A Free Ticket of Admission (not transferable) to the Lowther Arcade.]

LAST WEEK'S QUESTION.—THE PRIZE.

We have great pleasure in awarding the prize (a seat in the Cabinet) to R. E. P.

Why is Lord Stanley like the Lion on Northumberland House?

R. E. P.—Because his head points one way, and his tail (the Conservative party) another. Please, I'll take Mr. Hunt's place! [Quite so—take it!—ED. TOM.]

OTHER ANSWERS.

FUNNIBOL.—1. Because he ought to be put down (a roar from a Radical). 2. Because they both keep watch over the *Percies* (*Purses*) exemplified in the "War Secretary's" case by the care he has taken to keep down the expenses of the Abyssinian Expedition. 3. Because, zoologically speaking, he is not an ass.

CYMRO CALL, OR THE "CULTURED CELT."—Because the lion has been on the wall, and Lord Stanley in the Cabinet; neither have seen things "done" on the "SQUARE" (Trafalgar). COCKADOODLED00.—Because the first is a Dizzy Duffer, and the second (to look at) makes a Duffer Dizzy.

BROILER.—Because he can't wag (influence) his tail!

VI-TUPPER-ATION.

It is certainly surprising that, in spite of a "Third Series of Proverbial Philosophy," lately published, Mr. Tupper should have so thoroughly ignored the common proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. His "first" should have been his "last;" and to that he should have stuck, and gone no further. Then he really would have attained a certain reputation—he would have provided the proprietors of every fourth-rate ladies' seminary in the kingdom with an inane and harmless volume, which year after year might safely have been given away as a prize (prizes are never read); and so he would have secured himself, in course of time, a nook in thousands of book-shelves, and a name made conspicuous by the brightness of the binding. But these limits were too narrow for the lofty aspirations of Tupper. He pants for mountain air and scenery—he makes his wings out of three series of "Proverbial Philosophy"—and then assays to scale Parnassus. Of course, he fares no better than other aeronauts; and now we find him struggling in a dense slough, into which his impudence has precipitated him. Like *Captain Wragge*, and with, in a moral sense, an equally "bilious green eye," Tupper has turned Quack-Doctor of Divinity! Tumbling—or, more probably, kicked—down the slopes of Parnassus, he has contented himself with a humbler position "on the Rock," from whence he periodically shoots his Lilliputian arrows, dipped in the irritating venom of Tupperian bigotry, against all who dare to differ from him. But this does not content him, and so we find that Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. have published a new edition of the Doctor's proposed course of spiritual treatment, entitled "Tupper's Protestant Directorium." With the doctrines contained in this *healing* publication we have nothing to do—we express no opinion respecting them; but as to the mode in which our cheap Quack prescribes for the public, we have one or two words to say. Of the "prescriptions" themselves, we will only observe that if they are as deficient in *good taste* as is their author's method of prescribing them, they will unquestionably prove a very nauseating draught to whomsoever may venture to imbibe them. The very first word on the title-page of the "Directorium" is evidently Tupperian—"The Anti-Ritualistic Satire"—just as though no one else ought, could, should, or might dare to publish any other such satire, save the great Proverbial Philosopher. This modest spirit is delightfully sustained—unity of aim and purpose is evident throughout; the synonym of nearly every line might be *self*. In "the original Preface" (why "original?"—no one else could have written it) we are told that "honest indignation produced these verses," and that they were "written off at a heat"—(this must mean that Tupper, the New Light, the Refresher of Nations, the Latter-day Apostle, so far forgot himself as to fly into a passion: for surely he does not mean to accuse himself of the sin of ever having been on a race-course!)—and he has "purposely not been at the trouble to recast them"—(why "trouble" to tell us this? Could a public, gasping for Tupperian nectar, murmur at the cup in which it might be proffered?—especially when we are told the reason)—"thinking that somewhat of original freshness would be sacrificed by so deliberate a process." If these were the words of any ordinary mortal, we should feel justified in paraphrasing them thus:—"I am tormented with a vile temper; in its worst paroxysms I have dashed off various lots of irritable balderdash, which I am heartily ashamed of, but I am so saturated with conceit that I am determined to publish what I have written. I won't attempt to correct it, for if I did, I know I should have to tear it up." But Tupper is extra-ordinary, and as he undertakes to teach and reform mankind he can, of course, know nothing of vanity or spleen; the nearest approach to such human failings is thus humbly and modestly expressed—"My righteous indignation and its very possibly indifferent verses." No, Tupper! You wrong yourself—you never wrote "*possibly indifferent* verses;" they were always, believe us, unmitigatedly vile. But—slightly to alter a sentence of this great author's—"such a theme as the infinite antagonism of English" common-sense "against" Tupperian twaddle "is simply inexhaustible; I only suggest touches;"—that, however, *we* certainly do not—we point to Tupper's satire, and cry most emphatically *noli tangere*; unless, indeed, one has a diseased fancy for wading through pages of spiteful bigotry, such as this pitiful poetaster offers in his "Directorium" to "England's heart and mind." This "heart and mind" Tupper defines as "good pulp within, but with a bitter

rind." We wonder whether we could define the mind of Tupper? Imagine the *Proverbs of Solomon*, Bohn's *Lucretius*, and *Bacon's Essays* thrown into a fungus-teeming swamp; imagine a peculiarly offensive toad-stool springing up over their resting-place; then imagine a gander with an enlarged liver, and decked with peacock's feathers, gobbling down this putrescent growth, and after his meal meeting his death from the kick of a jackass who had strayed from some clerical paddock. Next, believe for a moment in metempsychosis, and imagine the "mind" of this *improbus anser* retrograding into a human form: there you will have the mind of Tupper—very pulpy and very bitter—very religious, forsooth, and very vain—enjoying so sweet an amalgamation of these latter properties, that we can only conceive him on Sundays as praying and preaching his own compositions to himself, before a looking-glass.

THE GOLDEN PIPPINS.

THE *Jeuuesse Dorée* of London is getting up a Club House, its head-quarters in Pall Mall. This Club is to be very exclusive, and the entrance fee is to be one hundred guineas. There must be some exhibition or entertainment in connection with the Club of an extraordinarily attractive nature to make the entrance fee acceptable to members. Perhaps there is a rare or unique library selected for their use. Perhaps they are intending to collect on their walls gems of pictorial art, or costly objects of *bric-à-brac*. Perhaps they are only going to be admitted to the honour of seeing a Prince in his shirt sleeves playing skittles at sovereign points. Anyhow, no candidate is to be elected who cannot satisfactorily answer the following questions:—

Matriculation Examination for such gentlemen as may be proposed for admission into the Club known as "The Golden Pippins."

- 1.—Have you been familiar at any time with any person under the rank of a Baron? and who?
- 2.—Did you ever employ any tailor but Poole? and why?
- 3.—Were you ever tempted to pay your tailor's bill?
- 4.—Have you ever been introduced to Mlle. Schneider? and how is it she is not by this time created a *bond fide* Grand Duchess?
- 5.—Did you ever demean yourself so far as to play pool for half-a-crown points? What sum do you think the minimum?
- 6.—What is the best translation of Paul de Kock?
- 7.—Can you imitate Elise Holt or Finette?
- 8.—To which do you prefer listening: Patti or the Great Vance? Nilsson or Arthur Lloyd?
- 9.—Can you remember any poem superior to "the Chickaleary Cove," unless it is "Walking in the Zoo.?"
- 10.—Which game is the most instructive: skittles or American bowls?

Walk up candidates and be in time! be in time! Only a hundred guineas! not to mention the yearly subscription! Champagne and truffles all day. Where is the Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*?

A FREE PRESS.

APROPOS of the promotion of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Napier, K.C.B., commanding in Abyssinia, to the dignity of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, the *Morning Star* observes: "Theodore is dead, and Sir Robert Napier takes the first steps to high honours over his prostrate body." What is to be said? Why are there no press laws, with fines and imprisonment, or even horsewhips, to meet such cases as these? They manage such things better in France.

A HOME-THRUST.—The failure of the spiritualist's assassination. By the way, could it be the spirits having a rap at Home?

PIPING TIMES.

THERE is to be another "Peace Congress." To a certain class this, no doubt, will be immensely cheering news, but to those who yet can recall the too famous meeting held at Geneva last year in the interests of brotherly love and goodwill, we fear the announcement will come very much in the shape of what is vulgarly called a "*dampier*." Of course it is impossible absolutely to define the moral nature of Peace as imagined by her votaries in 1868; but we are very much afraid she will be much the same kind of lady who was platformed in 1867. True, too, that there were names of a certain weight attached to the Geneva effort, for that terrible old humbug Garibaldi alone was in himself enough to draw a good audience; but what can be said of the promised manifesto that is advertised to take place in the coming September at Bruxelles? With the most perfect respect and amiability we ask, who on earth has ever heard of the *Rev. Henry Richard*? Or, let us go a step further and enquire, *who is Mr. Cooper*? Of course these two gentlemen are excellent people in their way, and probably famous enough in their own particular spheres; but what claim have they to be dragged from a comfortable and respectable obscurity, and hustled on to the theatre of the world to meet the sneer, the hoot, or the encore of millions? Unfortunately for these gentlemen a "Peace" Congress now-a-days suggests something very shocking indeed. Last year the world got well initiated into the mysteries.

"*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*" that was the motto at Geneva; and need it be added that the propositions, such as they were, were put and carried with a tasty relish of that delightful seasoning so essential to the success of large continental public meetings, which foreigners admire under the title of *libre pensée*, but which we less educated Englishmen call unmitigated blasphemy? If it be, then, not too late, we would strongly urge the *Rev. Henry Richard* and *Mr. Cooper* to withdraw from the enterprise, abandon their little meditated Belgian trip, and leave Peace to look after herself. Let them take our word for it, the Millennium will not be ushered in by a public meeting at which two mildly disposed Englishmen play an important part. Nor will a resolution or two passed in 1868, even *without* the broken heads and swallowed teeth of 1867, persuade M. Bismarck or the Emperor of the French to take to muffins and confidence. No good can possibly come of agitations of this class, while the amount of evil they are capable of propagating is measureless. French atheists, cutthroats, Italian adventurers, nobodies, gentlemen with everything to gain and nothing to lose, make but poor company even for British enthusiasts. The rag-tag and bob-tail of the Continent, the scum of Europe will meet the British delegates at Bruxelles; and, this being the case, the wisest thing they can do will be to abandon the whole thing without further consideration. Perhaps a glance at the following list of resolutions, to be proposed at the promised Conference, may assist them materially in arriving at a sensible and satisfactory conclusion on the matter. It is quite unnecessary to add that the movers of the resolutions in question appear to have been guided by a rigid adherence to the principles that found so much favour last year.

CONGRESS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE,

To be held at Bruxelles September, 1868.

N.B.—Doors, if not previously kicked in like one o'clock, to be opened at Three.

To ensure respectability a small fee of two sous, which may be taken out in sticking plaster or medical attendance, will be charged for admission.

NOTICE.—Only 6½ pounds of gunpowder allowed to each delegate. Any quantity above this prescribed amount, which has been carefully fixed by a committee in council, will be charged for by scale. See Tariff.

Children with arms (loaded) must pay the full price.

To prevent confusion and disturbance Lynch law will be administered every quarter of an hour by a band of self-picked volunteers.

RESOLUTIONS.

(1.)

That the great deity of Chance, having created the eternal

destinies of every human being free, equal, and fraternal, it behoves mankind to rise against his too free, unequal, and too little fraternal neighbour, smite the oppressor, and, in the sacred name of peace, deluge the world in blood without further notice.

Proposed by TRIUMVIR SCAVENGERINI; seconded by CITOYEN LEBOSH.

(2.)

That Garibaldi be worshipped, elected Dictator of the Universe, and asked to become Honorary President of the Pothanger Debating Society.

Proposed by A BRITISH WORKING MAN; seconded by A MAN AND A BROTHER.

(3.)

That, seeing the evil condition of mankind notwithstanding that the great day of Armageddon has come off five successive times, this meeting do, with much groaning, resolve that universal peace be now declared, and that notification of the same be sent to the great apostate Lewis Napoleon, Count von Bismarck, and a few other august great ones who shall be selected at a special prayer meeting, to be hereafter held for the purpose.

Proposed by THE REV. MACPRYOR GUSH B.; seconded by A FEW SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

(4.)

That one *grand* knife be set up, and the heads of King, Queen, Emperor, all rascal, be cut off forthwith—at once—now.

Proposed by MONS. PIGOT, Prof. Acad. Par. 1848; seconded by MR. JOHNBRIGHT.*

(5.)

That no money subscribed at this meeting be returned.

Proposed by AN ANONYMOUS ENTHUSIAST; seconded by ANOTHER.

(6.)

That, in the interests of perfect harmony, the minority, after each division on each of the above motions, be hung, and that the majority, under the direction of the president, see that this resolution be carried into effect.

Proposed by A MEXICAN PRESIDENT; seconded by A FEW MORE SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

A "SPIRITED" ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE understand that the following articles (the property of a gentleman retiring to Russia) will shortly be sold by auction:—

Lot 1.

A highly intelligent dinner-table, accustomed to drawing up wills, deeds of gift, &c. A most faithful servant to his present master, to whom he is very strongly attached.

Lot 2.

A well-educated card-table, with patent electric hammer and wire complete. Can spell the most difficult words correctly, and has some knowledge of the rudiments of French. Very rare specimen.

Lot 3.

A cheerful and *rather* humorous hall-table. Accustomed to dancing and playing on the guitar. Can jump over sofas. No objection to old ladies. Fond of fun, and enjoys a *good* practical joke as much as any one.

Lot 4.

A highly connected kitchen-table, whose education has been somewhat neglected. Fond of good society and the aristocracy. Knows the Emperors of Russia and France. Never swears before ladies, and has a *penchant* for diamond rings.

Lot 5.

A poetical toilette-table intimately acquainted with Oliver Cromwell, Titus Oates, and the late Queen Anne. Can draw, play upon the concertina, and pick a pocket without coming within the clutches of the law. No objection to travelling, although accustomed to *home*!

* Supposed to be a forgery.

FELIX INFELIX.

It is not quite a year ago that we gave a little counsel gratis to Monsieur Raphael Felix *à propos* of his intentions to repeat the speculation he had just completed. He then promised to bring over his troupe in '68, and we suggested several alterations which might be practised with judgment and benefit in the French company then introduced to London.

Now M. Felix has just issued a prospectus of his intentions with regard to his lease of St. James's Theatre from May to August, and we are again threatened with the performances of Monsieur Ravel and of Madlle. Deschamps. Both of these artistes are a year older than they were; and at that time, as we did not wish to be impolite, we merely hinted that they were not as young as they might be. But we now ask,—why, when it is quite practicable for Monsieur Felix to engage tolerable actors who leave Paris about May for their provincial tours, and would be received with open arms on this side of the Channel,—why are we to put up with performers who are no longer engaged at any period of the year in Paris, and who are, moreover, by no means fitted for the plays in which M. Felix proposes they shall appear?

We objected last year to Ravel because he appeared in grossly indecent farces like *Le Caporal et la Payse*; and we see *Les Pommes du Voisin* underlined, in which Ravel can find plenty of opportunities to disgust any one except the "Girl of the Period." But if we must have him, let him keep to his *gros rire*, for which he is fitted—no one need go who is not fond of laughing at coarseness,—but in art's name don't let him appear in *La joie fait peur* or *Le Duc Job*. Just fancy Mr Toole performing *Romeo*, or the Great Vance singing Beethoven's *Adelaide*!

Madlle. Deschamps, who seems to stand or fall by Ravel's fortunes, has, like all Frenchwomen, better taste in dressing than is possessed by the fair sex of other countries,—at any rate infinitely more than is shown by our own actresses, some of whom will set aside all correctness of costume rather than miss an opportunity of showing some fancied graces, ignoring the sleeves and high dress of a certain epoch for the pleasure of exposing what was once a fine arm and shoulder; others heaping up silks on satins and yellows on blues, or playing poor governesses in court dresses. Madlle. Deschamps does not sin in any way on the stage either in dress or manners; but we submit that pieces played by Delaporte or Victoria are scarcely those likely to show her to advantage. In fact, we like Madlle. Deschamps when her name is Rose and she comes from the Théâtre Français; but that is not to be.

Now, if Monsieur Felix succeeds in what he pompously announces as "some important engagements now pending," which we hope may mean Schneider and the Grand Ducal Court (but which is just as likely to mean the celebrated comedian Monsieur Cabotin and the equally renowned actress Madlle. Ratenville), we should suggest that until such engagements are made, and some show of talent is held out, the prices at the French Play should be tarified for the benefit of the inhabitants of Soho and Lestair Squarr, so that the exiled *charcutier* may have a box at his command for the pleasure of again indulging in *La Vie de Bohème*, or that the decayed *chevaliers*, whose unwashed faces we know so well, may take a lesson at a reasonable price from *Les Jocrisses de l'Amour*.

It is really a pity that Mr. Albert Wolff, who gave us those amusing articles on London Thieves in the *Figaro* last month, is not here to laugh at the aristocratic audience paying ten shillings and sixpence a stall for what they in Paris might see better acted at the Batignolles for seventy-five centimes, or three-quarters of a franc; and when one remembers that Rachel has trod those boards, and Regnier and Rose-Chéri have been seen there in some of their best creations, one is surprised at Mr. Mitchell lending his support to the speculation. . . . After all, the rising generation sees such execrable acting on the London stage, and knows so little vernacular French, that all we have said will be considered as utterly unfounded and particularly uncalled for. There again we fall into error, for the Drama is really flourishing among us, and every young man or woman speaks French fluently.—*Ecce signum*.

EPITAPH ON THEODORE.—He sleeps at last who never took a Nap-here.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Lace*.—A needle's epigram: all the more valuable for the beauty of its point.
Lady.—An indefinite word used to define any one of the feminine gender.
Lamb.—Much admired as a husband, with plenty of mint sauce.
Landlady.—A person who is often wrongly called a lady, and has no right to what she lands.
Language.—A torrent from woman's tongue; a current from her eyes.
Laugh.—The bell which announces a pretty set of teeth.
Legacy.—The spice which embalms your memory.
Letters (Love).—The tombstones of the past, with the epitaph "Here lies—"
Liberty.—What woman feels inclined to take if refused.
Life-guard.—Two yards or more of Household cloth, much sought after by nursery-maids.
Lion.—The animal of all others she prefers to tame.
Liqueur.—The feminine of cognac.
Lock (of hair).—A cutting which carries a train of thought back to a past junction.
Lordship.—A ship few women would refuse to steer to the United States.
Lottery-ticket.—A marriage certificate.
Love.—The deuce of hearts.
Lover.—A servant who is never asked for a character from his last place.
Luggage.—The gauge of a woman's philosophy.
Luxury.—A mistress in whose lap one forgets the lapse of time and the slaps of conscience.

THE CHARITY MARKET.

At the present moment, though it is difficult to believe such a thing possible, a good round sum of one hundred thousand pounds is idly reposing in the hands of a dozen or so individuals, who are at their wits' end how to dispose of it.

It appears that the committee of the Lancashire Relief Fund have something over this amount still deposited at their bankers', and it is now more than three years since a single application has been made by any of those persons for whom the money was subscribed. Under these circumstances the committee have recently commenced to feel a little uncomfortable under their responsibility, and have even gone so far as indirectly to beg suggestions from the outer world as to the disposal of the heavy balance still resting in their hands. Notwithstanding, however, this open competition, the propositions which have been received have been neither numerous nor practical. The question of getting rid of £100,000, simple as it seems at first sight, on closer acquaintance is a good deal more difficult than most people would imagine. Somebody suggested that the spare money might be divided amongst the hospitals of the country, and the idea was hailed with acclamation, but somebody else argued that these admirable institutions were well supported by their regular subscribers, and that any temporary extraordinary addition to their funds might serve to divert their established incomes into other channels. So on behalf of the hospitals the money has been declined with thanks.

It is now stated that the committee have given up the question as hopeless, and, failing any other plan, have decided upon investing the spare hundred thousand at three per cent. until another cotton famine may occur: for, prosperous as business is at present, it is sanguinely argued by the members of the committee that the lamentable distress which existed some years ago may exist some day again, and then how useful would this money be to form the nucleus of another relief fund!

Surely this is a rather far-sighted policy. It requires a strong glass indeed to peer into the future, and descry a cloud or shadow which would betoken the recurrence of such sad events as are now happily passed and gone; and in the face of such an improbable catastrophe it is scarcely justifiable to allow a large sum of money, subscribed by charitable people for a charitable purpose, to lay idle pending such an unlooked-for

and unlikely state of things. The committee should exercise a little wholesome discretion. Let the money be retained for the present by all means, but for no indefinite period; let it be used for the purpose for which it was subscribed. The weather is warm now, and is daily becoming milder, but the cold nights of November are not far distant, and when the winter sets in £100,000, large as the sum is, will not go very far to meet those urgent appeals on behalf of the poor, the starving, and dying, which come to us as surely and regularly as Christmas itself. It is not only in Lancashire that distress sometimes exists, and ready as Englishmen always are to respond to appeals from all quarters, the time has not yet arrived for the establishment of a Charitable Reserve Fund. This would be well enough if the supply exceeded the demand, but as at present the demand exceeds the supply, plentiful as the latter may be and is, to retain a large sum of money for an indefinite period in the face of so much distress would become a heavy responsibility. It would be better to return the undistributed fund—to declare a dividend to the subscribers, and leave them the option of redispersing of their donations as they think fit.

“THE SWEET LITTLE CHERUB WHO SITS
UP ALOFT.”

Bustle, bustle, little Russell,
Shove your tiny nose in front,
Cry out “I’m the man for muscle,
“I will bear the Battle’s brunt.”

Perched on Gladstone’s brawny shoulder,
Chirrup loudly “A’nt I tall?”
Danger past, you’ll e’en get bolder
And declare you did it all!

England now to lead her stronger
Heads and hearts, not Whigs, expects:
“Elliot’s Entire” no longer
She’ll accept for treble X.

Leave the spouting to your betters,
Beales and Bradlaugh’s noisy batch;
Stick to writing perky letters,
There you’ll never meet your match!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

Magdala, April 16, 1868.

YOU have, of course, had all the news weeks ago, and possibly do not expect any further information from me, but nevertheless I mean to give you something by way of a finish. The Abyssinian difficulty being now quite solved—that is the expression—I start homewards at once. You know I have very nearly taken this step on three distinct occasions. Once, the first time I was stung by the *Sclepta-pedra diabolicalis* (the common tsetse gnat). Again, the morning after a certain dinner with the 133rd to celebrate the arrival of Bracer with 5,000 mules. Lastly, for the third time, when we came in sight of this place, and heard that the late lamented Theodorus meant business. However, my duties as a correspondent were superior to all other considerations. I held on to my post, and here I am about to commit the last of my letters to the last mail for home. Am I reclining amid the smouldering ruins of barbaric splendour? No. Am I, you ask again, hurrying off a few pencil lines in the confusion of action, seated on a drum head? No. I have little or nothing heroic to communicate. I am not even one of the fourteen wounded. No, let me confess it, this Abyssinian expedition has been a very quiet affair after all, and for once, even the penny papers have been “out.” Quite between ourselves (do not publish this) as far as I can make out, the carnage seems to have been quite unnecessary. It does not read prettily, does it, this account of slaughter on one side and a few scratches

on the other? The business was well managed, no doubt, as the issue proves, but one can scarcely call it glorious work. Perhaps you have not yet got all the reports of the attack as I did. Here they are, and see if you like them—on reflection.

April 15.

Magdala is ours. After a desperate resistance on the part of the enemy, and thirty-six hours’ bombardment on ours, the place was carried by assault at half-past four this afternoon, at the point of the bayonet. The Abyssinian losses are roughly estimated at 2,500 wounded and 15,000 killed. We have one man slightly scratched. The troops are in the best spirits. All well.

April 17.

Magdala has surrendered at discretion. Theodore has blown his brains out. The prisoners are in our hands. The resistance offered by the enemy was desperate in the extreme, and our losses are already set down at fifteen wounded. Those of the enemy are considerably greater, nearly 150 to 1. We do not exactly know what to do next.

The two following versions may have more weight with you, as they come from foreign sources. It is only right to add that they are both slightly prejudiced.

From the Correspondent of the “New York Herald.”

April 1.

“Wall, the British cuss has slicked in; O yas—he has. Not before, however, the darned niggers ketched well hold of his tail. Britisher’s loss, 2,000, cut up into apple saas. John B. Theodorus and his platform—wall, call it 500 into smithereens. Gold, 145½; Midling Upland, 23½; Exchange in London, 89½.”

From the Correspondent of the “Gazette de France.”

April 31.

“Hoorah! in Anglische. *Perfide Albion* has one black eye. *Ma foi*, O yes. The *Nègòrés*, armed, *pauvre enfant*, with the *pop-gun*, has beat *les Boulesdougues* and their Sir Armstrong. Glorious! *Vive la France!—mais* to our *mouton*. At two of the clock they charge! They jump, they scream, they leap, they tremble, they push, they cry, they *turn-taille!* Ah! *C’est la guerre!* The *Nègòrés* he watch, he say the dam, and the fight is made. One shock! two shockes! it is finished. The *Nègòrés* with 3 *pop-gun* take the victory from *Lor-Napierre* with 5,000,000 *breesh-loader!* It is a second *Vaterloo*. *Vive la France! Vive le Canal de Suez!!! Vive les Messageries Imperiales!!!! O yes!!!!*”

Such are the reports that reached me after the first announcement of the event, and I dare say they will have come to your ears already. You must, of course, take them for what they are worth, until you get some really reliable information, which I trust will, if it does not realise the French view of the matter, at least show that as little blood was shed under the circumstances as was compatible with the success of the attack. The question which is agitating everybody’s mind at the present hour is what is to come of the British army. Is it to go home, or stay here, or what? Again, on this subject reports are rife in all directions, and it is almost superfluous to add that the French, who are the most jealous of our presence in the Red Sea, are not the most backward in suggesting the probable or possible bents of our future policy. Slopper—you may remember him, my scientific friend—who, by the way, has just turned up among the other prisoners, says that Abyssinia has been already purchased by the Government, and will be at once removed to the South Kensington Museum. This I do not believe, no more does Bracer. He, on the contrary, insists that it has been determined “at Head Quarters” to select all the most unhealthy spots, and erect camps upon them for the purpose of training our troops for service in the Mauritius and Sierra Leone. The American says he can see through our “plant” just as if it was “so much skinned isinglass;” but that is all he says; and when one comes to turn it over, it certainly is vague. As to my French friend, he is the most confident of all. “*Morge-bleu—blanc bec. Sacrrrrr—but* you are jealous of our *Cochin chine—Sacrrrrr*”—and that is all he has to say about it. As far as I am concerned, I hope the whole of the British force, having accomplished its avowed mission thoroughly, will do what I purpose doing at once—my mission is done—I am coming home.

NOTICE.

On Tuesday, the 26th of May, will be published the
"DERBY NUMBER"

of the

T O M A H A W K.

The size of the paper on this occasion only will be increased
to Twenty Pages.



LONDON, MAY 9, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE present rage for inquiring into the religion of our public men seems to be a kind of reaction from our indifference to their morality.

It is said (we believe Mr. Home says so) that the great Spiritualist, whatever that may be, has been attacked in the street. Mr. Home has been pricked in the hand. We thought it could not be *in his conscience*.

THE Dairy Reform Company seems prospering. We are glad of it, and hope that they may succeed in making the milkmen walk their chalks. We are ~~sure~~ that this Society does not include among its meritorious projects any attempt to infuse the milk of human kindness into the cream of Society.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE is evidently a gushing young batchelor, who wishes to ingratiate himself with the fair sex. He really ought to be conveyed in triumph, on a car constructed of chignons and bloom of roses, from one end of the Ladies' Mile to the other. Well, as we have often said, woman owes her power to the injustice with which she is treated. And we are quite ready that she should keep one property at least to herself for her sole use and comfort—her tongue.

MR. CHARLES BUXTON'S effort to purge the debates in the House of Commons of personalities does not seem likely to meet with much success. It strikes us that a good deal of temper and public time is lost over these pot-and-kettle-drums, as we may perhaps be allowed to call them. Why should not the House set aside one night a week on which it might resolve itself into a Committee of Abuse for the purpose of mutual recrimination? Then on all other nights the members should be compelled to confine themselves to measures and not men. If Mr. Mill succeeds in enabling lovely woman to add M.P. to her other charms, some such arrangement will be absolutely necessary, or the discussions in the House will become so *personal* that all public business will be utterly set aside.

CONTRADICTIONS.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES writes to us to say that, though he favours muscular Christianity, he begs to contradict the report that he is a Mussulman; nor does he get up a private prize-fight in his own house every morning as a "relish for breakfast."

MR. LOWE writes to say that he is not an Evangelical Missionary; that he never was eaten by the savages when in Australia; that he never spoke in Exeter Hall in his life; and that he is not the author of the Ebenezer Hymn Book.

MR. WHALLEY is anxious to repudiate the accusation of having been met near the Oratory at Brompton, "clothed and in his right mind." He is not, and never was, an acolyte; nor does he carry a model of the Pope's foot in a glass case round his neck. He does *not* appear at Weston's Music Hall *nightly*; nor is he engaged by Mr. Vance to write his songs for him.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON did not invent the Wheel of Life. The accomplished Baronet most distinctly contradicts the report that he is a Shaker or the original "Dancing Der-vish." He does not appear among the troupe of Japanese Tumblers; nor is he preparing an entertainment in opposition to Mr. Woodin.

LORD JOHN MANNERS begs to state that the report that he is a Mormon is totally unfounded. He never spent two years at the Agapemone; nor was he the real leader of the mob who tore up the railings in Hyde Park. He never followed Garibaldi disguised as a Jack-in-the-Green.

MR. ROEBUCK writes to say that he is not the gentle Gazelle alluded by Byron: that he did not wear female dress up to the age of 21; and that he does not have water-arrowroot every day for supper.

A RAIL AT THE RAILINGS.

WHY should the Board of Works take two years to supply a few hundred yards of iron fencing, which the nearest iron-monger would have sent in in as many weeks? What is to become of London if the most ordinary and necessary repairs cannot be completed under the time in which a private contractor would build half a dozen suspension bridges or construct an underground railway?

It was in the summer of 1866 that Mr. Beales and his friends occupied themselves with the destruction of the railings of Hyde Park, and it is now May, 1868, and the railings have not yet been replaced. Park Lane has been made a little wider certainly, and is now presentable enough; but the hoarding which has for nearly two years defaced the road at Hyde Park corner, still exists, and may stand there, an eyesore unrelieved even by bright-coloured posters (for bill-sticking is prohibited), for any indefinite period.

If the Board of Works take so long to do so little, what may we expect should any catastrophe occur and necessitate prompt and immediate action on the part of that august body? The ornamental water in Regent's Park where the lamentable accident occurred last winter is not yet drained away; and as for the promised improvement of St. James's Palace and the erection of a West-end General Post-office, there are as yet no signs of them even on paper. Perhaps if the members of the Board of Works were to cease quarrelling amongst themselves and would attend to their business, they would give more satisfaction to their employers, the British public. Whatever the Board may have to urge in excuse of the delay in repairing the mischief done by the Reformers of 1866, the delay is positively inexcusable. With so much wanton incapacity and helpless incapability in the directing body, no wonder that London is the most uninteresting, inconvenient, and behind-hand of modern capitals.

TRUE.—The conduct of one of the prisoners since her trial at the Central Criminal Court has fully proved her to be a Fenian. Remembering the verdict, she should change her name from Anne to In Justice.



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"
OR,
THE FRIEND OF THE SPIRITS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE PEEP-SHOW.

AT THE OLD BAILEY.

SCENE.—*The Central Criminal Court during a trial for murder.*

One-eighth carpet, red curtain, and soft seat (forming the bench) to three-fourths school-desk, form, and table (composing the Bar, Press, and public), to one-eighth plain, drapery-less family pew (confining the prisoner). Long windows (half ground glass) reaching from the ceiling towards the floor. Through the windows an extensive view of brick wall and leaden sky. Hats piled up over the doors of the court. Facing the bench a large clock, under the clock the dock, above the dock three bow-shaped galleries. In the centre hot stuffy air bounded on the North by the Prisoner and his attendants, on the South by the Judges and the City Magistrates, on the East by the Jury, and on the West by the Press and the public. A dead silence. Prisoner calm and bare-headed. Public excited and white-wigged, Judge solemn and black-capped. Text of the Judge's remarks to the prisoner—"You shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead!"

A SOLEMN scene, my dear friends, in spite of the coarseness of the scenery.

Sensational? I should think so, but there will be a scene far more sensational than this when the Judge has had his say, and the Prisoner has had his say, and the Press has had its say, and the Chaplain has had his say, and last, and not least, the Public Executioner has had his say!

Believe me, the scene I have placed before you gains all its effect from the terrible tableau that you know will have to follow before the tragedy can become complete. If I had chosen another time I might have shown you the prisoner guarded by some genial-looking, well-dressed gentleman—on the best possible terms with his counsel and his solicitor—on a footing of intimacy with his companions in trouble. I might have shown you the now empty witness-box filled with a red-haired, pale-faced informer, boasting of his commission in the American army, and admitting that his evidence is a mere question of gold. I might have shown you the jury acquitting three of the prisoners and condemning the fourth—the man with the high colour, blue eyes, regular features, and golden-brown hair—not the white-faced fellow in the huge red beard and yellow-crowned head, nor the sullen, beetle-browed, deep furrowed man in the black curly hair, who stood beside him; nor his companion of the coarse vulgar face and grey-streaked beard, but the intelligent artisan who might have done so well and made such a name, had he but kept his hand from the death-dealing powder, had he but turned his fine intellect to other uses than the concoction of murder—murder aimless and foul. I might have shown you the three acquitted prisoners turning their eyes towards heaven, and leaving their companion to his fate without a word of sympathy or encouragement. I might have shown you the genial-looking gentlemen leaving the dock that their places might be taken by stern, powerful gaolers. But no! I prefer to paint this moment, when the Judge is passing the sentence and the Prisoner is listening to his doom.

I will not sentimentalise over the speech of the murderer, effective though it may be. Who can love or sympathise with the words of Cain? I will not lay a stress upon the "learned Counsels" and their doings—the labourer is unworthy of his hire if he earns not honestly his reward. I will merely tell of the audience. Yes, that is the word—*audience*! I see before me men and women who would have hailed with delight the appearance of the Gladiators in the ring, who would have shouted out "*Bravo tauro*," when the time arrived for the infuriated bull to gore the poor blind-folded horse to the very death! I see before me men and women who have come to pry into the face of a dying man—to laugh and feast and be merry as they watch the last feeble struggles for life of a miserable wretch doomed to the scaffold! I see this, and grieve that my pen should be so weak when my indignation is so strong—that with these *harpies* before me I have not the club of a Hercules!

But my scene is set—now let me attempt to describe it.

First for the Bench. Two learned Judges and a sprinkling of Aldermen. The Alderman seated under the theatrical-looking sword has a right to be there. Oh, I know that: so don't let me abuse him. It is the proud right of the wealthy cheesemonger, or the successful butcher, or the prosperous

grocer, or the "long-established" linendraper, or the "highly-respected" tinker, or the "well-known" tailor who becomes possessed of that gorgeous but highly ludicrous robe,—the Alderman's gown, to preside at the Central Criminal Court. Great heavens! how would the Central Criminal Court get on without him? For all that, we don't want more than one "worthy Alderman." You see if we have many of these noble intellectual-looking gentlemen seated beside the Judges on the red cushions, we run the risk of rendering the dignity of the Bench, to mere mortal men, almost insupportable! A nice, stout, honest, red-faced, expressionless shopman garbed in a purple and furred gown, and a pair of ill-fitting trousers, is such a very pretty sight at all times, but especially is it a very pretty sight when the nice, stout, honest, red-faced, expressionless shopman takes his seat at the Central Criminal Court, and makes believe that he is trying a human creature for murder! Oh! these Aldermen, these Aldermen, they are *such* merry wags—they have so much quiet humour! Near the Aldermen you will notice Viscount Crossbones. His lordship has been hard hit lately on the turf, and finds this "kind of thing" rather better fun than Newmarket. He is telling a good story to Captain Scull. You know Captain Scull, of course? Yes, that's the man; the firm supporter and protector of the Drama—and the ballet!

And now let me come to the body of the court.

Let me see, who have we here? First, the white-wigged gentlemen with more time than briefs on their hands. I have nothing to say to them. They have a right to be here and should be here. I don't complain of the medical student who is present at the dissection of a corpse, or the sucking barrister who wears out his gown at a case for murder. Far from it—what *would* the world do without lawyers or doctors? Nor do I complain of the reporters and journalists—what *would* the penny papers do without "scenes in court" and "important evidence, this day?" No. All I wish to say is this: I find Viscount Crossbones and Captain Scull on the Bench, and I find men uncommonly like Captain Scull and Viscount Crossbones (but not so highly connected) in the body of the Court; and I say (with all possible respect to the aristocracy and the army) that had I my way, I would put on my thickest pair of boots and I would kick the Captain and the Viscount off the Bench, and their imitators from the body of the Court. And I say this, knowing perfectly well that "seeing a fellow tried for—what do you call it?—murder is, rather, fun." So much for Viscount Crossbones, and so much for Captain Scull. R. I. P.!

But now I must brush up my hair, and smooth down my collar, and look into the glass to see that I have a sweet smile playing upon my lips, because I'm going to talk about some ladies. *Ladies*, do you hear?—*ladies* listening to a trial for murder! There, I think that will do: so off with my hat, a low bow, and my very best air of politeness.

Oh! the darling sweet things—they are so amusing!

As you see, the dear young ladies in my peep-show they look very charming indeed—don't they? That one in the blue bonnet is extremely nice; and as for the dear creature in the white gauze and the pink rosebuds, why, she is absolutely *ravissante*. Quite so. And just the place for these dear things—a Court of Justice—isn't it? I'm certain, too, had you seen their conduct during the trial, you would have liked the charming creatures even better. Oh yes, it was so pleasant to notice these dear girls as they chatted and smiled to one another, and simpered when the Judge turned towards them, and wiped their lips after lunch, and took *such* an interest in the verdict of the Jury, and looked so pleasantly at the Prisoner when the sentence of death was passed upon him. Wasn't it nice that the verdict of the Jury should have been "guilty?" Oh, it would have been so disappointing had the unhappy wretch left the dock a free man! Why, had such a calamity occurred, there would have been no "emotion in Court," and no "black cap," and no "speech of the Prisoner," and no "sensation!" But don't let me dwell upon it. There is nothing in the world I dislike more than to see a lady disappointed.

In conclusion, let me say that as I looked upon the sweet faces before me, and noted their expression, I fully sympathised with the aspirations of Mr. Mill, and those who support the scheme for giving females the suffrage. Had woman only her rights, I am certain I could have found among those darlings in that Court on that day a score of fair candidates for the post of Common Hangman!

Psha! I weary of my sarcasm.

QUICKSANDS AND QUACK-MIRES.

WE have reason to believe that a pamphlet of an infamous and most insidious character is now in course of circulation through the country—a stream of pestilential vapour issuing from the “Laboratory” of a certain Dr. Robert J. Jordan, who may be consulted daily in a street leading out of Hanover square, W., between eleven and six. We give the man’s name in full, that the house may be known, and avoided, as one would avoid an open sewer. This Robert J. Jordan, M.D., evidently belongs to that family of vile quacks who batten on the fears of the unwary and inexperienced—and who, when once their miserable dupes have adventured themselves within the den, drain them as to mind and body, as to means and energy, by their extortionate threats, with the relentless tenacity of a *devil-fish*. The title of the pamphlet is positively unfit to be given in our columns. It describes a certain “chemical combination” of which this Jordan professes to be the contriver, and which he translates by the expression “The Phosphorised Nervine Tonic.” Now the title, being an Anglicised form of a Greek word, together with the style in which the pamphlet is written, proves that the victims aimed at are amongst the educated *strata* of society; and we therefore have the greater hope that by pointing out this abominable snare we may save some few at any rate from being entrapped. Were this pamphlet publicly exposed for sale (though in that case we believe its very title would ensure its immediate suppression) there would be no necessity for any one to purchase it, and one grievance would be so much the less. But the fact is that this poisonous emanation is enclosed in an envelope and *sent by post* to persons who probably have never come into contact with such moral pitch before, and who have it thus, *volens volens*, thrust down their throats. How far the evil may extend, it is impossible to say. The father may be from home—he may have left instructions with a daughter to open his letters—she opens this—a strange word meets her—the neat and attractive style of printing makes her curious to see what it is all about—she looks out this word in an English dictionary, and though she will not find this very word, she will find several sufficiently akin to it either to make her throw the vile print behind the fire, and wait carefully to see it burn out, or—and is this impossible?—a seed of evil may be sown—a vicious suggestion insinuated—and the unsullied purity of her young mind is *gone*, and that through no seeking of her own, but through the obtrusive filthiness of a shameless quack. Or, what is equally bad, and indeed in its remoter consequences, may prove far more disastrous still, the pamphlet may fall into the hands of the sons—and this is what Dr. Jordan seems to be intending—for the classical title gives a certain weight and authority, and stamps it with a kind of respectability—especially as the style of writing, except here and there, is slimily refined, and even rhapsodical. We should like to quote a sentence, but cannot; the *hoof* is too perceptible throughout. It is indeed just what the vomit of a loathsome reptile would be, who had lost its way in Holywell street, and in getting home again had crawled over one of the Rev. Ormiston’s sermons, a page (one of the worst) of the *Confessional Unmasked*, a Medical Dictionary, and a Complimentary Order for Dr. Kahn’s plague-pit; and had secreted certain properties from each—such a gallimaufry of theological and scientific jargon, profanity, and filth!

The question is, how can these nuisances be stopped? Not so very long ago, a publication similar to this was in a similar way obtruded broadcast through the country, quiet village parsonages being especially selected as fields for the sowing of these seeds of vice. If we can detect the man who sends us threatening letters we have a remedy. Is there none against the scoundrels who, under the garb of science, dare to assault our moral sense in this disgraceful fashion—who dare to *persecute* us by invading the sanctity of private and domestic life with these grossest suggestions—and who, by professing to be able to remove the thorns from the path of vice, encourage and engender it in its most repulsive forms?

Yes, there is, and must be a remedy. Would any magistrate venture to convict some score of indignant fathers, who with this pamphlet in one hand, and a horsewhip in the other, might choose to accept Dr. Jordan’s insinuating invitation, and consult him some day, or better still “daily,” from eleven to six—and who might refuse to leave the doctor’s “laboratory” until they had forced him to swallow several 11s. bottles of his

precious “Nervine Tonic,” and had each given him a handsome fee in the form of a *liberal horsewhipping* as a *bonne bouche* afterwards. Some protection at all events is required against such unprincipled shamelessness as that we have been denouncing. If our proposed remedy does not generally commend itself, we earnestly hope that some one will at once suggest a better.

THE ABYSSINIAN ACROSTIC.

WE really are quite pained at the tone of certain letters which we have received from some of our—as we fondly thought them—jolly maniacs. We did hope for less asperity at their hands. One naughty “person” is really quite spiteful, and threatens not to take in the TOMAHAWK any more, and to persuade as many of her friends as she can to follow her example. This is very unkind to her friends. If she wants to punish herself for not knowing Abyssinian, let her; but it is a shame to drag her friends with her in her course of self-mortification. We appeal to our dear and valued correspondents, who have been silent: Is it our fault if people don’t know Abyssinian? No doubt our victorious army will, on their return in triumph, drag with them many captives, who will be happy to give lessons in Abyssinian for 2s. 6d. the hour; at any rate, they will be sure to bring plenty of Abyssinian dictionaries. We think our correspondents might have better employed their time in trying to find an answer in English, if they weren’t content with Mr. Rassam’s Abyssinian, instead of calling us naughty names. We really don’t think we are right to encourage them in their unreasonable complaints; but after all, we bear no malice, and beg to offer them the choice of the two following solutions. Of course, every one has heard of the steam man.

(When young.)	B Beales	S Snub	B (Take it.)
(Postman’s knock.)	R Rat-tat	T Tozer	R (A dog’s name.)
(Cool.)	I Ice	E Eli	I (The Arab Chief.)
(Mr. Reade’s play.)	D Dora	A Aminadab	D (Another dog, a good one this time.)
(Coffin.)	E Elm	M Mule	E (Of course.)

Is not that generous. Why, it’s as good as another Acrostic. However, we swore to take a mean advantage even of our friends, so we give this week a nice, appropriate, and easy Acrostic for our naughty ‘tittle popsy-wopsies.

THOSE who, when they can’t find my first,
Into my second fly,
Ought to be sent to bed at once,
And whipped till they do cry.

1. A little word, yet not a noun,
Which ne-ver goes to Rome,
But like a man who loves his wife,
Is al-ways found at home.
2. A stream that flows oh! far a-way;
But if you ask your pap,
He will, if you are ve-ry good,
Find it in the big map.
3. If you do know a nice good boy
Who has this nice short name,
Show him this verse, and you will see
Him blush to find it fame.
4. A bad, cross sort of wick-ed fly,
That does us dare to sting;
If he stings you, mind not to swear,
But say, “You bad big thing!”
5. A girl of whom you all have read—
Now was not she a dear?
When you do see the sun go down,
Then think that she is near.
6. If you do what you know is wrong,
And say it was not you;
The rod which all good chil-dren love
Will make you do this too.

Now then if you cannot guess this, I shall say that you are not wise. Good night. It is time for bed, Nurse. Say good night Pa-pa and good night Mam-ma, and be good, and do not cry.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 54.]

LONDON, MAY 16, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

OUT OF THE COMMONS.

THE following interesting debate took place in the Imperial Parliament the other night, but was by some accident only imperfectly reported. As long as the Representatives of the People show such temper and judgment, and rigidly confine themselves to matters of such great national importance, we may well be proud of our House of Commons. We have headed our report

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

MR. DISRAELI rose in a full House to explain the result of the late division on which the Government sustained such a decided defeat. He began by glancing at the circumstances which first led to the foundation of the Jewish monarchy, and so, gliding into an essay on Assyrian Institutions, he came naturally to the subject of Magna Charta, and the origin of Parliamentary government. This led, of course, to a spirited panegyric of Conservative statesmanship and of himself, and insensibly, by a gentle decline, he descended to the main subject of his discourse. He had gone down to the Queen, and Her Majesty had most graciously deigned to receive him. The interview took place in the great drawing-room. Her Majesty stood with the right foot a little in advance of the left, her right hand by her side, her left resting on the chair in which she sat. She said—"Mr. Disraeli, you have come here." "Your Majesty, I have," was my reply. "What do you want?" graciously inquired Her Majesty. "To stay in office," was my prompt but respectful answer; "but," I added, "if your Majesty wishes it I will resign. However, I advise your Majesty to dissolve Parliament." "Then," said Her Majesty, "I will give you my answer to-morrow morning." Her Majesty did give me her answer to-morrow morning. Her gracious Majesty was pleased to advise a dissolution. I think she wore a black dress trimmed with white. "Dissolve," said Her Majesty, "when and where you like." Our course, therefore, is plain. If we dissolve now we shall dissolve now, but we may dissolve after, and as Her Majesty suggested, we can dissolve either then or now, or in fact afterwards. (The Right Hon. Gentleman resumed his seat amidst much cheering.)

MR. GLADSTONE rose at once and said: I want to know what the Right Honourable Gentleman means. I am in a fever of patriotism, I have a paroxysm of conscientiousness on me. I want to do something. It does drive me so wild not to be where I ought to be—in office. It appears to me that the Right Honourable Gentleman has attacked the prerogative of this House, and sheltered himself behind the sacred form of the Sovereign. (*Cheers.*) Did or did not Her Majesty say that she would rather send for me? That's what I want to know. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. LOWE said this was one of the most solemn occasions which he ever remembered. The constitution was threatened. (*Cheers.*) If the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite stayed in office after he (Mr. Lowe) had told him that he ought to go out, the greatness of England was evidently a thing of the past. (*Cheers.*) He (Mr. Lowe) had been debarred long enough from his favourite pursuit of bullying parsons and schoolmasters; he wanted rehabilitation. (*Hear, hear.*) The question he wished to ask the Right Honourable Gentleman at the head of the Government was, when he did mean to go? and if Her Majesty did not actually tell him that he had better take himself off at once? (*Cheers.*)

MR. HORSMAN said: "As my mission in this House is to say impertinent things, and make myself generally disagreeable, I should be neglecting my duty if I remained silent now. I consider that Dizzy—I mean the Right Honourable Gentleman—is a nasty sneaking adventurer, who has less principle than I have, but who has been much more successful. (*Cheers.*) I should like to ask him what he thinks of himself." (*Hear, hear.*) In the present state of the Liberal party there was some chance of the Right Honourable Edward Horsman getting a place, but if the Radicals were allowed to consolidate themselves there was not. What he wanted to know was, did not Her Majesty say, "If you dissolve you do so at your own peril, and I won't sign any more State papers?" (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. AYRTON said he should like to know why the Sovereign's name had been introduced at all—she had nothing to do with the Government. What right had she to wear a black dress if he (Mr. Ayrton) did not like it? He could not understand from the Right Honourable Gentleman's confused rigmarole whether the Queen was sitting or standing during the interview. (*Laughter.*) He wanted to say something that would make him look to his constituents like somebody of importance, so he would first ask for a simple answer to his question. (*Hear, hear.*)

AN HON. MEMBER remarked that his election cost him £5,000, and he hoped, if the Ministry did dissolve, that they would pay his expenses. (*Laughter.*)

MR. DISRAELI said that he was very sorry if there had been any misunderstanding. (*Hear, hear.*) He had introduced the name of the Sovereign because he could not help it. If he had been a little diffuse in describing the details of the interview, it was his way. (*Hear, hear.*) He would try and explain it quite clearly now. What took place was this: He advised Her Majesty to dissolve Parliament and to appeal to the country, but at the same time tendered the resignation of himself and colleagues. That was one of his jokes. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to say that she could not accept their resignation, but that she would dissolve Parliament as soon as possible. "I then advised Her Majesty that the dissolution should be deferred till the autumn, in order to avoid two elections in one year. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to give her consent. As the matter now stands, it is not our intention to dissolve if we can stay in without it; but we have a right to dissolve, and shall exercise that right when and how we like; and we do not intend to resign simply to please Honourable Gentlemen opposite. I think that there is no difference between this statement and the one which I first made."

MR. BOUVERIE said that it was worse than ever now. He was self-constituted "censor morum" in the House, and he would not stand it. Did the Government mean to dissolve, and if so when? (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. WHALLEY rose amidst jeers and laughter. He was not going to say much—(*cheers*)—but he thought that Cardinal Wiseman—(*cries of "Try Manning"*)—was dictating to the House of Commons; and if the Government did not dissolve at once, while there was a chance of any constituency returning him, he should propose a vote of want of confidence, and the Right Honourable Gentleman (Mr. Gladstone) could second it. (*Laughter.*)

After two evenings had been devoted to this edifying species of bear-baiting, the Honourable House of Commons condescended to attend to the public business for a few minutes.

CANARDS AUX OLIVES.

By the hour these lines fall under the public eye the much-looked-for Orleans speech will have been telegraphed to every important town in Europe. It will no longer be a matter of conjecture whether the French Emperor intends to take the amiable hint, twice given him by the *Times*, and disband the imperial army *en masse*, or on the other hand inaugurate a European massacre for the purpose of testing new weapons and revivifying old prejudices. We shall not therefore give the speech here, but merely point out that it will be really too bad of the Emperor to neglect the very happy signs of the times that are bursting forth on all sides of him. The fear perhaps that he might mean to repeat the famous policy of 1864 may have had no little to do with their sudden appearance. However, be this as it may, facts are facts, and at a time when excessive armaments are wearing out the sinews and draining the resources of every European Power, it ought to be a matter of congratulation to find so notorious an offender as Prussia in the very van of a salutary reform. Yes, Prussia has actually promised to let 10,000 men go home for a little while, and has even hinted that in August next she may possibly give a holiday to a few more. When it is borne in mind that the North German Confederation can at a pinch put 1,600,500 men into the field, the truly magnificent nature of this promised reduction of 10,000 may be rightly estimated. It absolutely reduces the effective strength of Prussia to nearly 1,590,500 men! Can generous, open-hearted good intention go beyond this? If it does not mean peace—what on earth does? Such sort of questions surely the Emperor Napoleon will have asked himself privately before his performance at Orleans comes off, and having asked himself such questions, there can be little doubt about his replies. France cannot, in the face of such generosity, help herself. She must disarm at once. If she hesitate, perhaps a glance at the following pacific European programme may force her to immediate action. The peace fever set up at Berlin, it will be seen, has spread itself into every state.

AUSTRIA.

The conversion of the old-fashioned rifles into breech-loaders will, during the heat of the summer months, be proceeded with at a rate that ought to satisfy Europe of the pacific intentions of the Vienna Cabinet. The Emperor will not quarrel with the Pope, as was originally supposed; while as to the talk of a Franco-Austrian interference in the affairs of *Crete*, nothing could have been wider of the truth. It is well known that the matter was a mere *canard* from first to last, and that Baron Beust, who is exceedingly fond of a joke, palmed the above off upon the foreign ambassadors, *before twelve o'clock*, on the 1st of April last. Hence the misconception.

ITALY.

As a proof of her devotion to the cause of peace, Italy will, as usual, maintain her accustomed position on the verge of bankruptcy. She could count only on 980,000 men if wanted in an emergency. If other Powers would be but kind enough to disarm, she could get rid of her troops immediately—by not paying them. This would be most agreeable to her other arrangements. She does not wish to wipe out *Lissa* or *Custoza*. Oh, dear no!

TURKEY

Will cut off all communication with the Western Powers.

RUSSIA

Of course means nothing by her concentration of 40,000 cavalry along the line of the *Pruth*. As to the army of 300,000 men, stated by certain Paris journals to be at the back of them, she desires to say she knows nothing whatever. As to the cavalry, perhaps the horses are thirsty. She means peace—peace at any price—is strictly honourable in her intentions, and takes this opportunity of insisting once more on her intense respect, admiration, and love for Turkey.

GREECE

Has changed its Ministry only nine times in the last seven days! Such a quiet state of things is unprecedented, and it would like to know what more could be expected of it. It

repudiates utterly the prevailing idea that it is a nasty, shabby, beggarly, dishonest, noisy state, and takes this opportunity of giving a public denial to the unfounded rumours of its meddling in *Crete* under false colours. Is very peaceably disposed.

DENMARK

Will reduce its immense standing army at once by the suppression of several drummers. It assures the world that it does *not* mean to declare war simultaneously with Prussia, Russia, and Austria, and that those states need not therefore tremble. Is fond of fire eating, but more fond of humble pie. Means very peaceably—if no one will attend to it. Booh-ooh! booh-ooh-ooh!

ENGLAND

Cannot do more than she has done to prove her inoffensive character. Is not her fleet left in the hands of the Admiralty? And her army—who will dare to deny that the cartridges just supplied for the new rifle are both dangerous and useless? These are her guarantees for peace. Yes, she means to quit Abyssinia; that is, when — — — —.

If such a condition of things fails to satisfy the French Emperor, what will? Europe certainly never looked more peaceful in her life—not even in 1815!

THE OPERA SEASON.

THE English take their good fortune a great deal too much as a matter of course. No wonder that they have gained the character of being discontented and ungrateful—discontented with what they do not like, and ungrateful for what they do.

People who live in London and care for music (they are a numerous body) are very much too apt to underrate the general excellence of the two great lyric establishments; and if half a dozen bran new operas are not produced in the course of the season, they are ever ready to grumble at and abuse the managers for want of enterprise. Those who are dissatisfied with Covent Garden and Her Majesty's (or rather, alas! Drury Lane) should travel abroad; and when they have gained experience of the manner in which foreign Opera-houses are conducted, they may return to appreciate more generously what they get at home. It was not long ago that *I Puritani* was brought out at the Italiens, in Paris, as the great feature of the year; while the two novelties of the season were, respectively, *Il Trovatore* and *Don Giovanni*, which were given between them about fifty or sixty times. As for Madlle. Patti, when she sings anywhere out of England, she is supposed to be (what, by the way, she truly is) a host, or rather hostess, in herself, and all else, band, chorus, and singers, are made matters of sixth-rate importance. But in London this is not the case, and Madlle. Patti shines as one of the many stars, a bright particular star no doubt, of the Covent Garden Company. Another fact may be recorded with regard to the Opera in England which is more than creditable. Although it is yet early in the season, if the operas which have been given in London during the past month had been produced in Paris in the course of the whole year, the Parisians would have noted 1868 as an episode in the history of the Lyric Drama. We English people have no cause to grumble or complain. Our Opera-houses may not be up to the standard of excellence which we expect and require, but at the same time it is as well to remember that our Opera-houses are second to none in the world. The scheme for amalgamating the companies of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's which was projected early in the year has happily fallen to the ground. No operatic reform, if reform was contemplated, is needed so far as England is concerned. It is fortunate that in spite of the machinations of capitalists, or rather promoters, from the City, the existing arrangement has been allowed to rest on its former basis; and that while Mr. Mapleson, whose existence was at one time threatened, has been able to retain his identity, Mr. Gye is still Mr. Gye, and not *Mr. Gye, limited*, as it was proposed he should be. Both gentlemen are valuable public servants, and their retirement or removal from the field of their long and successful exertions in the cause of Opera would have been an almost national misfortune.

LORD CAMPBELL'S FARCE.

WHAT cant—what utter hypocrisy it is to talk of Lord Campbell's Act and its valuable utility, and to permit that act to be openly set at defiance!

We have continually referred to the sale of a brutal publication which has been condemned by law as unfit for sale in the provinces, and yet, forsooth, the same obscenity is still finding its way into the hands, perhaps, of the young—at any rate, of the unwary—by its public sale in the streets of London.

Now, it struck us on passing through Trafalgar square that if, as our indignation prompted us, any one were to attack that disreputable old blackguard in the grey beard who carries the boards which announce the secrets of the Devil under the veil of *The Confessional Unmasked*—if any one, we repeat, were to seize that nasty creature who knows well what he is selling, and were to pummel him soundly, and kick his ware into the gutter, or sink it in the fountains, and duck the agent afterwards, policemen would come rushing up from all sides, and specials from Scotland yard close by, an assault would be proved, and great would be the official sympathy for the unfortunate old reprobate. The harm done would be *nil*; some cessation would be temporarily caused in the sale of a noxious print, and the hoary sinner who makes his pound a week by inoculating vice might fall ill for a few days and be led by reflection to earn his bread in a more honest fashion. On the other hand, the police, and those who have the power to give orders for the suppression of unblushing villany (and we attack these as careless and regardless of public morals), allow, in the light of day, and in letters which runners, even from Bow street, may read, this crying scandal to go up and down with impunity in the most public thoroughfare in the metropolis—in a thoroughfare where, more particularly now, during the Exhibition, a stoppage is created by the attraction of the pictures in the National Gallery, and where every one who stops is solicited by the immoral grey-beard above-mentioned to buy his Dead Sea fruit.

At the risk of being called a bore by thoughtless people, who may thank Heaven they know nothing about the contents of the book, and who may imagine it is not our province to assume the lictor's *fascies*, we submit that what we take up is the scourge of public opinion—the weapon used by any strong hand to protect his fellow-creature from a mad dog or a ravenous hyena.

Whether the work in question reproduces or falsifies any monkish missal we are unable to state; but one thing is certain, such a pestilent publication should no more be possibly saleable than it should be possible for a doctor to take a bad case of small-pox into an infant school on pretext of proving the efficacy of vaccination.

Nor do we believe for one moment that those who publish and sell this filth do so for any other reason than the intention of making money: but you may say, who would buy it? Who, indeed? And yet day after day the hawkers are to be seen disposing of copies *or they would not be there*; and day after day goes by and no one interferes, though the seed of vice spreads like that water-plant which creeps over miles in a few seasons. Not a policeman is sent to lay hands on them. But how could the police be spared? They have so much to do in taking up infant beggars, or embryo burglars, not to mention the dire necessity of driving a wretched orange-girl or two off the very pavement this unwholesome curse is allowed to infect with his presence.

Who has the influence to stop this? or whose is the duty shirked? My Lord of Shaftesbury, you champion of Protestantism, you who are so prone to assist men who compass sea and earth to make a dubious black proselyte, cannot you do something to dam up this black sink of iniquity? Do you ever think that prevention is better than cure? We know you do by the way you assist the ragged schools.

Then in Heaven's name exert yourself to crush out this plague-spot which has too long sullied the shadow of the Protestant banner: in the name of common morality put your heel on this vermin which skulks round the stones of the Church, but which has nothing in common with them or with her, and in mere defence of religion, if for no other reason, exterminate the festering imposture from the land.

For the serious there is nothing so telling as statistics; and statistics no doubt have their uses. Look here, then, you gen-

tlemen who subscribe hundreds of pounds in order that the Reverend Slowfoot may eventually persuade Ram-chowder Jamjalaps that he must renounce Vishnu for a place under Government! Look here! *The Confessional Unmasked* has been selling for nearly a year in the streets, without counting the small dens where it is to be met with in the company of intoxicating prints and romances of criminal adventure. There have been two men at least with boards as agents for the same six days in the week. Calculating their assistance only for six months, this makes twenty-six weeks of six days each, or one hundred and fifty-six days of sale. Supposing that each porter earns three shillings a day, which they must at least receive owing to the nature of the publication and attendant risk, nine hundred and thirty-six shillings have been spent by some person or persons in pushing the sale of the publication; and if the print is sold at a shilling, the sale of a thousand copies will bring but a poor remuneration for the outlay. We need not enter into the question of how or to what extent the speculation pays: if a thousand copies have been sold in six months, how many foul deeds and unmentionable ideas have been suggested and engendered in the minds of the thousand buyers? and how many proselytes have been made to Satan in the name of creed? A thousand copies! To think of it makes a callous man shudder! What must be the effect on Exeter Hall this month of May? But it is said Exeter Hall has encouraged this sale. We don't believe it. Exeter Hall may hold rabid bigots—may listen to weak enthusiasts; but men who profess to have a mission on earth to help souls to salvation will not tie such a millstone round the necks of the innocent as is this corrupt and wilful bestiality. "*Take it away; it stinks in the air.*"

WEST-END GRIEVANCES.

THE newspapers have lately been full of complaints of the manners and customs of the hirelings of Bumbledom. The British householder is ever too ready to leap to his own conclusion without the preliminary stages of argument and facts. In this particular instance he is, as he generally is, entirely in the wrong. Parochial officials are a much wronged class of people, and the abuse which has been heaped on their long-suffering shoulders they do not deserve. If the dustman's cart is not forthcoming when it is required, it is not necessarily the fault of the dustman, although the dustman may at first sight appear to the indignant householder to be the most erratic and at the same time the most capricious of men. It is not necessarily the fault of the turncock, if the supply of water is insufficient and irregular. Nor does it follow as a matter of course that the driver of the water-cart is solely to blame if the roads happen to be dusty. It is a popular fallacy to blame the servants when, in point of fact, they carry out the orders and instructions of their several masters.

In the case of the parochial officials it is fortunately not difficult to remove the erroneous impressions concerning them which have forcibly laid hold of the public imagination. What ignorant people often fancied to be personal to themselves, they will on perusal of the following regulations at once perceive to be general to the million; and there can be no doubt that the householder who has hitherto looked on the policeman, the turncock, and the tax collector as the most terrible and remorseless of his enemies, will in future regard them in their proper characters, as officials holding highly responsible offices, and carrying out their instructions with zeal, integrity, and impartiality. TOMAHAWK is ever ready to lend the helping hand to the oppressed, and on behalf of the beadles, policemen, dustmen, and other dignitaries of the West-end parishes, he boldly challenges any householder to bring forward a single instance in which the following regulations have not been strictly adhered to:—

Rules to be observed and strictly enforced by the officers in the employment of the Parish of ———, Middlesex:—

1. ELECTION OF GUARDIANS OF THE POOR.—A voting paper shall be left at the residence of every person entitled to a vote. Any householder refusing to vote for the election of eighteen out of the twenty candidates whose names appear on the printed list shall be visited

by two policemen, who will request the return of the voting paper. Should this document be mislaid the policemen will repeat their visits twice a week until the paper is restored, and no assurance that it has been lost will be accepted. The policemen are strictly admonished to perform their office with a grave appreciation of its high importance, and on no account to offer a reply to the enquiries of the neighbours as to the nature of their business with the occupier of the house.

2. **WATERING THE ROADS.**—Water-carts shall ply in the streets immediately after rain, or in fine weather the last thing at night, in order that the roads may become dry by the morning. This rule does not however apply to crossings, which are to be kept thoroughly saturated at all hours of the day.
3. **COLLECTION OF POOR-RATES.**—The collector shall call before eight a.m., and insist on a personal interview with the master of the house. Should he be asked to take a seat in the dining-room he is not bound to wipe his boots.
4. **REMOVAL OF DUST.**—The dust-cart shall visit each house for the purpose of removing dry rubbish, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, or Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of every ninth week. The dustman is enjoined to refuse all applications to attend, except at the above stated times, and a period of at least two months must be allowed to elapse between each series of three consecutive visits. No dust carts shall be allowed in the streets before one p.m., or later than seven p.m.
5. **THE WATER RATE.**—The collector shall make it his business to ascertain when the householder leaves town on a visit to the Continent or sea-side, and shall call the day following his departure for payment of the rate. If the money is not forthcoming on the spot, he shall threaten to cut off the water supply. Should the householder have taken the precaution to pay the rate in advance before leaving London, the servants will probably be ignorant of the fact, and therefore, as a rule, the collector may adopt the same course of proceeding.
6. **NIGHT DUTY OF THE POLICE.**—Policemen employed on night duty shall on no account interfere in a dispute with a cabman, either sober or otherwise, regarding the fare, should the party be composed entirely of ladies; but if there happens to be a gentleman present, the policeman, on being appealed to, may express an opinion that it is over three miles from Hyde Park corner to Brompton square. The constables are also specially directed to ascertain the houses in which dogs are kept, and by means of their bull's-eye, or by trying the street door, to ascertain by their bark if they are watchful and on the alert. Should the master of the house open an up-stairs window to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, the constable should observe, "It's only the police," and he may add, "Wet night, Sir," or "Cold night, Sir," as the case may be. This regulation should be carried out not earlier than 1.30, or later than 4 a.m.
7. **THE FIRE ENGINE.**—The Head Quarters of the Brigade shall on no account be made known to the parishioners. All applications for fire-engines or fire-escapes must be made in writing, and addressed to the Clerk to the Guardians, who attends at the Vestry on every alternate Tuesday for the purpose of considering the same.

IVORSE AND IVORSE.

WHY are entries for Hunters' Stakes like Maclise and Landseer?

Because they are Hack admissions!!

A STRANGE STORE-Y.—That told by the author of *Co-operation Exposed*.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GUARD.

SOME of our contemporaries have commented in no measured terms upon the inefficiency of the Subs attached to Her Majesty's Regiment of Coldstream Guards. It appears that one of these unlucky young fellows has recently been "plucked" in a pass examination, the necessary forerunner of his promotion to a Company. We are not surprised in the least, as the questions put to the gentleman in question were, we have the best reasons for believing, not only intensely absurd, but utterly useless. An occasional correspondent in the Guards (who comes to us stealthily by night and gives us copy in the smoking-room when he thinks that no one is looking) has sent us the following examination paper, which he assures us is all the test that a man ambitious of changing the badge on his collar should have to undergo before taking his step. We publish it for what it is worth.

GUNNERY.

1. What do you think of the new place at Fulham, and how were you handicapped at the last pigeon match? How many birds did you kill?
2. Which are you best at, cannons or hazards? In making a cannon, ought you ever to pocket your adversary's ball? If so, when?
3. Give the names of a few fellows you consider "great guns."

MORALITY.

1. Who was Poole—where does he get his cigars from, and did he give a certain Royal Personage a good lunch on the Boat-race day?
2. Who is the best fellow for seeing to a fellow's hair—Douglas, Marsh, Truefit, or Southcomb?
3. What's the best place for flowers—and what flowers ought you to wear in the morning, the afternoon, and the evening?
4. Who builds the best trousers; waistcoats, and coats? Draw your notion of a well-shaped hat.
5. What is your favourite colour in gloves, scarfs, silk socks, and borders of pocket handkerchiefs?
6. What are your ideas upon boots? Do you wear shoes in the evening?

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

1. How much does your fellow cost you a year?
2. Which do you prefer, a stall or a seat in the omnibus box? Give reasons for your preference?
3. Tell us all about your traps and horses?
4. What do you think about St. Ronan for the Derby?—any chance?
5. Do you know any fellow who will discount a fellow's paper (with one good name and one rather "shaky" name) at anything less than sixty per cent? (N. B. Candidates are earnestly implored to answer this question.)
6. What's your theory about "outside betting"? Give a short biography of the cracks (billiard and whist) belonging to the Arlington and the Portland?
7. Have you any scheme for breaking the Bank at Homburg?

GENERAL.

1. How do you like dining at the Bank?
2. What clubs do you go in for?
3. Tell us all about your people.
4. Give your notions about woman.
5. Know anything about amateur theatricals? Who is the best fellow to go to, Symonds or Nathan?
6. Ever knew a fellow who hadn't his trousers made by Samuel or Moses?
7. Do you like Princes?
8. Ever met Arthur Lloyd at Wales's, if so, what do you think of him?
9. Ever read anything?
10. Believe in religion at all? If so, why?

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Mad.*—Sometimes too wise, sometimes otherwise.
Majority.—The stage on life's road where one first becomes sensible of the going of youth and the coming of age.
Man.—A monster created after the beasts and before woman—possessing the good qualities of neither.
Mansion.—A house raised to the peerage.
Marriage.—A union for lovers; a prison for the indifferent.
Marry.—To get oneself transported for life with hard labour.
Mars.—The God of war—Mars more than he makes.
Masculine.—A line young ladies should never adopt.
Mask.—What we all wear to hide our feelings.
Master.—Woman when she does not strive to be mistress.
Memory.—The otto of life's roses.
Mercy.—The draught after the pills of justice.
Milk (London).—Water coloured by human kindness.
Mind.—A jewel box—the jewels vary in value.
Miss.—Counts if she is pretty; a decided hit if she is rich.
Mistletoe.—A tell-tale who lets out what is done under the rose.
Money.—The friend man labours to bring in by the door for woman to throw out of the window.
More.—What the horse-leech's daughter (note the gender) always wanted.
Mother-in-law.—Apparent injustice.
Muff.—A thing to keep her hands warm and her heart cold.
Music.—The echo of angels' sighs or fairies' laughter.
Myth.—Classical truths.

DECORATIVE ART.

INSTEAD of troubling itself to write a series of articles on the degeneracy of woman, the *Saturday Review* should have promoted the following advertisement to the dignity of a leader; and, instead of charging for its insertion, should have handsomely remunerated Messrs. — and — for producing the most concise and convincing proof of the accuracy of the views our contemporary was so desirous of inculcating:—

LITTLE SECRETS.—MOUCHES pour bal. Eaux Noire, Brune et Châtain, dyes the Hair any shade in one minute. Kohl, for the Eyelids. Blanc de Perle, pate et liquide. Rouge de Lubin, does not wash off. Eau de Violette, pour la bouche. Powder Bloom, pour blonde et brunette. Persian Antimony and Egyptian Henna. Bleu pour les veines. Rouge of Eight Shades. Sympathetic Blush, poudre pour polir les Ongles. Pistachio Nut Toilet Powder. Florimel of Palm. Opoponax Oil. All these, and many other little secrets, at

f — & —, 2 — —, W. ~~THE~~

If the insertion of such an advertisement *pays*, the sooner our "lower forms" are taught the prophecies of *Juvenal* instead of the platitudes of *Nepos*, the better—i.e., if the object of education is to train for real life, what a boundless field of work is now opened to the proprietors of every school that ventures, in these days of telegraphic progression, to call itself *finishing*! Instead of the "Use of the Globes" we must have the "Use of *Egyptian Henna* practically taught;" instead of "Painting and Drawing," "Lessons in the Application of *Kohl* and *Rouge of Eight Shades*," by distinguished Professors," &c., &c. The most disgusting item of the whole is undoubtedly the "bleu pour les veines." Is it possible that there can be a demand for such a cosmetic as this—that reminds one of nothing but dissecting-rooms, disease, graveyards, and putrefaction! Can there be men so horribly morbid as actually to admire an elaborate display of venous tracery! *Venus*! suggestive rather of harpies, ghoules, and vein-knotted witches of a *Walburgis Night*! One would as soon admire a glazed anatomical specimen with every artery and nerve accurately defined. And perhaps the happy possessors of the "many other little secrets" would tell us that we are coming to this, and bid us not be surprised to find at any time the *Queen* giving something of this sort in its "Upper Ten Thousand" columns:—

"We were charmed to see the advance made in the originality

and freshness of costume since Lady A——'s fancy ball of last season. The heavy decorations of the *costumier* pleasingly threaten to become recollections of the past, and Nature now seeks her embellishments at sylph-like hands, fragrant with the perfumes of the East. Amongst the many that deserve special notice, Lady B——'s *toilette*, as a *Houri*, was peculiarly chaste. — and —'s *Rouge of Eighty-eight Shades* was never more successfully applied. The effect, too, of their *Sympathetic Blush* was *ravissante* beyond description; indeed, we momentarily expected the Prophet to descend from Paradise and snatch away this choice *pièce* from our profane gaze. As supper-time drew on, and Mahomet did not appear, we never felt more convinced that he must have been a myth. But we must not forget another very interesting *maquillage artistique*. The Hon. Mrs. C. is, we are told, indebted to the same eminent *artistes* for much of the success of her striking costume, as *L'amour d'Hippocrate*. Mrs. C. was attired in folds of gauze, representing a glass case; and with such effect had their celebrated *Bleu pour les veines* (*improved*) and their new *Cramoisis verdâtre pour les muscles* been laid on, that the charming idea was thoroughly realised, and we could imagine we saw the enraptured sage gazing in ecstasy on so skilfully prepared a "subject."

Well, *nous verrons*. And perhaps in 1869 we may be able to say (*Pall Mall volente*), *vidimus tantum*!

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

THE CURRENT QUESTION.

WHY is Mr. Buckstone in the "*Hero of Romance*" like Mr. Millais' paint-brush?

[*First Prize, Twopence; Second Prize, a Ticket for Mr. Sidney Smith's Pianoforte Recital; Third Prize, Prince Christian's "Popularity."*]

LAST WEEK'S QUESTION.

Why is Mr. Disraeli's policy like Gounod's *Faust*?

OTHER ANSWERS.

WILLIAM WILLOUGHBY WALKER.—Because the Devil comes to Faust, and the policy goes to the Devil.

A PA-R-TICULAR PERSON.—Because neither is worth much, unless supported by a Patti (party).

C. K. DOODLEDOO (Sheffield).—1. Because a deep plot is connected with each of them. 2. Because each of the plotters' names begin with a D. 3. Because (to give an effect) they both require *Blue-fire*. Give the ticket to our staunch member—Tear'em.

JOHN BINGE (10 Lowther Arcade).—Because they are neither original. Having already a free admission to the Lowther Arcade, I leave it at your disposal.

EBENEZER JERRYBELCUS.—Because it is full of splendid shakes and variations, but sounds better to classical, rather than Liberal ears.

CANCER.—Because it's all "on the side of the angels."

BUMBLE PUPPY.—Because it's like to mar Lowe's (Marlow's).

LITERARY.

"HER MAJESTY has intimated to Mr. Angus Macpherson her Royal pleasure that he shall translate Her Majesty's Book into Gaelic." We are intimate with a superb flunkey at Buckingham Palace, a buxom chamber-maid at Windsor Castle, a lodge-keeper at Balmoral, and a dairy-maid at Osborne. We are, therefore, in a position to add that the translation of Her Majesty's Book into the following languages has been entrusted to the following competent hands:—

Into Chinese, by Mr. Canton, the dentist.

Into French, by the Paris Correspondent of the *Telegraph*.

Into Hindoo, by the East India Tea Company.

Into Abyssinian, by Sir Robert Napier.

We believe we are correct in stating that competent writers are required to translate Her Majesty's Book into every language, both dead and living—including the deaf and dumb language.

NOTICE.

On Tuesday, the 26th of May, will be published the
"DERBY NUMBER"

of the

T O M A H A W K.

The size of the paper on this occasion only will be increased
to Twenty Pages.



LONDON, MAY 16, 1868.

THE WEEK.

"CONVOCATION," it is announced, "will meet on the 19th inst., but merely *pro forma*." This promise, "not to open its mouth," is the wisest thing it has given birth to for some considerable time.

THE Court of Arches has decided in favour of candles. The Ritual Commissioners have taken precisely the opposite view. In homely language, the candles have set them all literally *at sixes—and sevens*.

WE are requested to contradict the report which has arisen owing to the unfortunate failure of justice in the late State prosecutions, that the law officers of the Crown have taken the Fenian oath. They only took their fees, and did nothing else.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON informs us that every shot from a 9-inch gun costs 85 shillings, and every shot from a 12-inch gun 152 shillings. We now see the full force of the expression, "standing the shot." One could soon fire away the Bank of England at this rate.

THE present House of Commons seems determined to furnish, in the short time left to it before dissolution, the best argument in favour of a Reform Bill. The unseemly scenes which took place on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday nights make one doubt whether it would not be cheaper in the end, as far as the nation is concerned, to pay the leaders of the Opposition the same salaries as the Cabinet Ministers receive, in which case the Treasury Bench might lose some of the curious qualities attributed to it by General Peel.

WE are happy to say that we have discovered a mad wag in the ranks of the Royal Family in the person of that highly distinguished hero, Prince Christian. At the Academy dinner this gentleman actually returned thanks to the English nation for the "hearty welcome" he had received at their hands! He also expressed his intention of drawing closer the ties that

bind him to our native land. If he means by this that he wants a Generalship in the British Army, we fear that the "hearty welcome" to which he alluded with such exquisite drollery will have to be repeated. Hissing a German Prince is awfully rude; but what *can* one do?

THE following notice has been posted up in the House of Commons:—"Whereas, owing to the highly-inflamed state of party feeling at the present time, and to the heated condition of the imagination and tempers of Honourable Members of the House, a riot and violence is apprehended within the precincts of this House; all loyal subjects of Her Majesty the Queen, such as the messengers, door-keepers, clerks, and independent Members of this House are invited to take the oath as Special Constables before the Magistrates in the Sessions Court of Westminster, for that purpose assembled, in order to protect the liberties of this realm and the peace of Her Majesty the Queen. Vivat Regina."

FOUR-AND-TWENTY years ago, a not very illustrious member of the House of Commons delivered himself as follows on the subject of Free Trade:—"For my part, if we are to have it, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the Hon. Member for Stockport rather than by one who, though skilful in parliamentary manœuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party. For myself, I care not what may be the result. Dissolve, if you please, the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people, who, I believe, mistrust you. For me there remains at least the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy." There were *clairvoyants* in 1844. Was Mr. Disraeli taking a look at the memorable period of parliamentary history, 1867-1868?

A STRUGGLE!

or,

PLACE, NOT PATRIOTISM.

(See CARTOON.)

THROTTLE him, Gladstone! Tear him to pieces, Disraeli! Use every dirty subterfuge in your power, Gladstone, to pull your rival from his lofty place! Throw over your principles, most accomplished of place-seeking turncoats; down with them, and, unencumbered, put forth your hands against your enemy! Scoff at your friends and seek to conciliate your foes; down on your knees, my sweetly patriotic statesman, and grovel in the dust. That's right! remember it is only by creeping through mud that you will crawl to the Treasury Bench—"through dirt to dignities," let that be your motto, oh noblest of Britons, oh most generous of Englishmen!

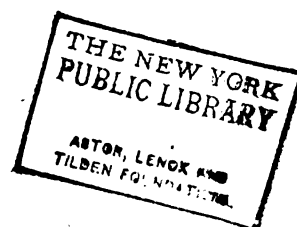
You, too, very illustrious author of a score of novels and a million excuses, fight hard; yes, my best beloved, fight until all is lost. Twist, and turn, and wriggle, and dodge like a newly-landed eel, laugh religion out of countenance, and dispose of the stern and sorrowful cry for justice wrung from the very heart of a grief-frantic nation with a grin and a sneer. Hold on, my friend, through insult and ignominy; hold on until the game is lost; and when the game is lost, refuse to hand over the stakes!

TOMAHAWK salutes ye, noblest of patriots, greatest of statesmen. Fight, dear ones, until you have decided the momentous question—the universally important problem that has to do with place. Fight, I repeat, until you are satisfied which of the two is to stand on the bank of power, which of the two is to sink beneath the waters of oblivion; and when this is settled perhaps you may turn your attention to that very small matter—the government of Her Majesty's dominions!



A STRUGGLE!
PLACE, NOT ^{OR,} PATRIOTISM.

[S Sketch.]



POOR HUMBUGS!

MY FRIEND—IN THE ARMY.

My friend!

The sigh is over, and now for the jingling of the cap and bells. I have called myself ere this "one gone to the bad," but is that a reason why I should moan and moon for ever? Because I can't laugh so heartily as of yore; because I can't joke without bitterness, or be merry without recklessness, is that a reason why I should be for ever tolling the bell over the grave of my dead hopes? Because I find the crowd, oh! so lonely, and the voices of children, recalling my own lost childhood, oh! so sad—is that a reason why I should bore all my friends with my misery? We all know the picture of the Circus Clown and his dying child. One side the canvas tomfoolery and motley, Joe Miller and broad grins; the other side bitter tears washing away disfiguring paint, bursting sobs, and trembling hands. Mr. Merryman is not so funny as he was five minutes ago—not so funny as he will be five minutes hence, when he is once more called away from that little child's couch in order that he may joke and tumble, and grin and caper to the delight of an audience already awaiting his appearance with gleeful impatience. Oh, but this picture is so old, and so theatrical, isn't it? Quite so: more's the pity that it is so true! Well, then, let me imitate the Circus Clown. Here's my child—all that remains to me—a few faded letters, and a few withered flowers. There, that little box will do nicely for the couch. Let me lay my poor darling in the soft resting-place—let me just wipe my eyes, and—

"Eh! what's all this? Mr. Merryman, the Signora Pollini Hopkini has just concluded her spirited performance on the bare-backed steed. The audience are clamouring for the appearance of the Far-famed, Never-to-be-equalled Shakesperian, Equestrian, Fond-of-beerian Jester. So look sharp, my boy; just touch up the white lead and see to the rouge, put on your cap straight and jingle your bells; down on your hands and up straight into the air with your feet. That's right. Now for a loud laugh and a big jump, and in you go to the circle. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the Far-famed, Never-to-be-equalled Shakesperian, Equestrian, Fond-of-beerian Jester. Make your bow, Mr. Merryman, if you want to escape from the thong of my whip."

So, now that I am before the public, I will ask my respected proprietor what he wishes me for to go, for to bring, for to fetch, for to carry?

"Well, sir, I see you have placed at the head of this paper an announcement that makes me believe that you purport telling us something about your friend in the army. Am I correct in my supposition?"

"Quite, sir!"

"Then, sir, the sooner you begin your story the better. Take your time, sir, but mind, I can permit no tricks; so be warned, sir, and don't attempt to impose upon me."

"I won't, sir."

Imagine to yourself a tall young man, with sharp black eyes, and a warm-hearted, generous manner. That's my friend in the army.

Imagine to yourself a warm clasp of the hand to his friends, as nearly as warm a clasp of the hand to his foes, with words upon words bubbling from his mouth—the offspring of a dear, ingenious, fearless mind—and a loud and sometimes (poor old boy) silly laugh. That's my friend in the army.

Imagine a dear generous youth taking the deepest interest in his friends' affairs, a kindly notice of his foes' concerns, with many a word of unsought-for advice to his relations, with many an unwelcome hint of (possibly) well-meant policy to those who hate him. And there again you have my friend in the army.

Dear, good, noble boy! just the fellow to make a friend of, just the man to select for an adviser!

I was very intimate with my dear friend, and used to tell him the secrets of my inmost heart. Poor boy! how I must have bored him! I can imagine nothing more stale and unprofitable than the weak mouthings of incipient manhood. But, dear fellow, he never minded my gushing confessions. No, by the hour would I go over all my plans and schemes. I was very young then, and quite an architect in the manufacture of castles and palaces. Oh, my buildings were beautiful! Such

drawing-rooms, and libraries, and conservatories, and green trees, and blue skies, and singing birds, and merry voices! But I made one mistake (like most young architects)—I neglected to find a suitable spot for laying my foundations. I rejected the rock as too hard, and the sand as too soft, and soared away from the earth and fixed upon a beautiful golden-coloured cloud. Upon the broad bosom of the cloud I built my castles and palaces—idiot that I was I forgot that the cloud was but rain, and that with such a foundation my hopes must necessarily some day be drenched in cold water. My good friend never stopped me, but even helped me to fill in some of the details. That flagstaff wanted a banner: wouldn't the basin of that crystal fountain look prettier were it stocked with gold fish? And thus I went babbling on in my stupid way, and thus he listened to me with kindly sympathy. Oh, how sweet is friendship!

Once, and once only, did he jar upon my feelings. He asked me one day "has she any money?" I was surprised, and frothed over with sentiment about love in a cottage, and true affection being worth all the gems in a monarch's diadem, or some such rubbish equally nonsensical.

"But, my dear boy," he persisted, "has she any money?"

Yes, she had a few hundreds; but what had *that* to do with it? Didn't I tell him that if I could stake my life and soul—

"Yes, my dear boy," he said, "of course, of course. I'm glad she has a little money though. What *would* life be without money?"

What would life be without money? What a question! Had they money in Paradise?—did the angels pay for their wings?—were the golden harps of the saints a mere matter of £ s. d.? I was indignant, outraged, at the notion. Money—filthy lucre—who would be so base as to think of money?

The question I put to my friend was answered very practically—not by him, but by somebody's father.

Not long after this little conversation, a plan of my grandest palace and noblest castle fell into the hands of one who decidedly disapproved of the design. The critic in question thought some of the details rather pretty, but (as I might have calculated) objected strongly to my foundations. The cloud was pretty—especially in the sun-light; but after all, it *was* a cloud, and bricks and mortar would not stand long when they were only supported on vapour. Unhappily for me, the critic was obliged to be conciliated; without his aid my labour in castle-building would have been in vain. So my pride went into my pocket, and I asked which did he prefer, rock or sand?

Neither.

Well, then, what were his wishes on the subject? He would tell me. I was not to look for rock or sand, or stone or cement; I was to stick to leather. If I ever wished to see my gorgeous design realised, I must choose for my foundation a banker's pass-book.

Well, it must be so, I agreed—with a smile. But I must agree to more. That I might give all my attention to the discovery of this leather, I must promise not to look upon my design again until I was ready prepared with my foundation. Well, it must be so, I agreed—with a sigh.

I set down to work. I sought high and low, worked morning and night. Never weary, ever hopeful. I knew there was leather on the earth, and I determined to find it. I struggled on and on and on, sometimes very near my prize, sometimes far from it. Never weary, ever hopeful: for weariness disappeared before hope, and hope knew no weariness. Months passed and years passed, and at last the leather pass-book was in my hands.

I was beside myself with joy: now I might once more take a peep at my design! To crown all, my friend (I had lost sight of him lately) turned up at the very moment of my success. He was walking with a young lady. When they drew near to me, the discovery of the young lady's features doubled my joy—those features formed part of my design.

My friend turned red, stammered, drew the girl's hand through his arm, and said hoarsely, "You know that I am married!"

The banker's book is lying carelessly before me as I write, for my design is torn to shreds!

My friend!

"Ho! ho! Mr. Merryman, this won't do! Here is the Never-

to-be-equalled Shakesperian, Equestrian, Fond-of-beerian Jester becoming maudling. Here, sir, cut a caper!"

Well, then, for a good joke.

I once knew a poor wretch who was idiot enough to believe that purity and faithfulness existed in woman, and friendship and generosity existed in man.

Ha! ha! I was that poor wretch, and now you can guess why (although wearing a fool's cap) I cannot jingle my bells!

SWIMMING ON BLADDERS.

AS our friend the Bishop of Oxford has lately been splashing about a good deal in hot water, we are really sorry to have to help him to another dip. However, he will insist on being magnificent—will, in fact, *talk*; and as this is his bent, we must be excused if we listen. A little Tory sheet, which shall be nameless, in alluding the other day to the manner in which the announcement of the attack on the life of the Duke of Edinburgh was received in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, spoke in very praiseworthy terms of the Reverend Prelate's spontaneous performance on the occasion in question. He called upon—we forget whom—either the Government or the little meeting in which he was at the moment taking a part, "not to bribe traitorous assassins by yielding up our endowments." To give this Christian and manly outburst its true force, it should be noted that the little assembly at which it was uttered, had been got together to pass some resolution or other condemning any parliamentary action likely to open the University prizes to the youth of England independently of their particular religious bias. The opportunity was therefore (in the Bishop's eyes) too good to be lost, and so, with that utter confusion of consequences for which he has become so famous, he dragged the supposed Fenian assassin into the debate, and thereby made some substantial though dirty capital out of him. To go a step further, and read the second meaning of the good Bishop's words, their "happiness," for they have been styled "happy," comes out even in better form still. Every Irishman who is not prepared to bolster up the wretched anomaly now getting known as "The Church of England in Ireland," is, if not directly, at least by implication, a murderous assassin who would put a bullet into the Duke of Edinburgh, or any other member of the Royal family, without remorse or scruple, whenever he could get a chance. If this is not the only reasonable construction to put upon the good Bishop's words, we should like very much to hear from his own lips what is. No man in his senses supposes that the act of simple justice now in contemplation towards the Irish people is a cowardly concession to the infamous set who move and strike in the dark. The Bishop of Oxford knows, no man better, that this sort of thing is a mixture of American rowdiness and continental radicalism, but not a plant of Irish growth. In the face, therefore, of the hearty welcome given to the Prince of Wales in Dublin, such clap-trap as this cannot be too severely censured. It is the worst kind of that illogical but specious *bunkum* that has of late degraded nearly every English platform, and been heard a good deal too frequently in a certain assembly that is supposed to consist in some measure of honest and reasonable men. But the thing becomes worse by reason of its incongruity. Nonsense—a much harsher term would be nearer the mark—is bad enough from a boorish country squire, but it becomes a good deal more odious when associated with the appurtenances of a respectable religion, and mouthed out with all the unction of the godly and courtly peer. The Bishop of Oxford got well out of his depth on his own famous "beach" the other day. The sooner he learns not only on that familiar strand, but on a more open sea, to strike out like a man, and cease to play the "little wanton boy," the better will it be for himself in particular and the community in general, who have a right to look to him for something more respectable than a series of feats of ugly *legerdemain*.

THEATRICAL.—Let the Queen's look to its laurels. *Oliver Twist* is being performed at the Pavilion, Whitechapel, and at the Marylebone Theatre. So rapid is the spread of elegant taste among the people!

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

Bound hand and foot by the ties of my First,
For my Second they rage with a furious thirst;
To the voice of Honour no ear they lend,
Nor care what the means so they gain their end.
When gained, is one rag of principle left?
E'en of that by my Second they'll soon be bereft.
Now stripped of all that the Man should hold dear,
The Minister's hailed by my First's loud cheer;
The honour that courtesy gives him by right,
Unblushing he drags through the dirt every night.
And these be your statesmen! we leave them the name,
And feel what alone they never can feel—Shame.

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

A At T
N Nile E
S Sam M
W Wasp P
E Eve E
R Roar R

THE good boys and girls who answered our last week's Acrostic rightly are Sisypheus, Far above Rubies, G. T. R. (Camberwell), Cockadoodledoo, Joe, Singlewell, Yllas Mattock, Blow-up (you funny boy!), Mouldy Clerk, Ruby's Ghost, Tory (naughty boy!), E. L. L. A. Cornubia, Baker's Bills, E. L. Orton, The Infant Skunk, Topsy Wopsy, Charles J., John M. (Hammersmith), The Malden Greyhound, High Church, Homo, J. R. Robinson, The Maitland Park Puppy, Little Billee, jun., John Jeremiah, The Whistling Oyster, John Eames, Wembley, F. J., Alfred Stafford (Gateshead), M. R., L. O. C. O., Two Muffs, Vile Young Maniac, A. C., H. O., K. I. M., Hayes, Messent, Lottie, Paul Jones, Gibbons, Minnigrey, Bertie Thornhill, M. O. Standish, Paradoxical Maniac, Nemo, Kensingtonia, Marcellus, Andronicus, Charley Head, Lozenge, M. A. D., Moderate, Not a Naughty Boy, Sister Mary, Jumping Moses, Chivalric Arthur, W. Speke, Mr. Lyonnaise, Thomas Selby, B. D., Alfred Meredith, Nilssonian Furore, Happy-Go-Lucky, L. S., M. E., O. K. E., The Wandering Dawg, A., Jolly Nose, Rip van Winkle, L. E. M. O. N., Wyld, Charles Wildey, Seyah Nhnj Derf, J. Loesina, Now I Win, Q. E. D., James Appleton, Agnes Jones, John Gohead, Seringapatam, The Wild Irishman, L'Étoile.

Very nearly but not quite right—Hermit Crab, and Rotten Row.

Scrooge, with characteristic economy, only gives about one-sixth of the answer.

One word my dear children, that naughty Printer made us swear last week! It should have been—We scorn (not we *swore*) to take a mean revenge, &c.

THE PARADOX OF THE PERIOD.

WHO would suppose that gratuitous education can be elicited from the scabious treatment of a paramorphous angle, and yet such in this nineteenth century is the ignorance of the abnormal classes that few, if any, will be able to approximate a solution of this paradox.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 55.]

LONDON, MAY 23, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

In Memoriam.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

(BORN, 1778. DIED, 1868.)

"DIED in his sleep!" Thus gently passed away
The boldest, fiercest spirit of his day;
Thus glided into death the man whose life
Had been one long and unremitting Strife.
Old age might dim the eye, might chain the arm,
That Strife for him could never lose its charm;
Still yearned his restless spirit for the Fight,
Still hated Wrong, still faithful clung to Right;
Still burned his bosom with indignant fire
To see Man 'gainst his fellow-man conspire.
Where'er Injustice raised its cursed head,
He longed to strike the hideous monster dead.
Though all too feeble he to deal the blow,
Before his voice still quailed the dastard foe;
Still shrunk by instinct from his honest gaze
The greedy wretch who sacred trust betrays,
And meanly turns to his own selfish ends
The dole of helpless Poverty's true friends.

He never grew too old himself to feel
For those, whose hearts Despair had seemed to steel,—
Who, looking ever on Want's weazened face,
Ne'er dreamed of smiling Plenty's blooming grace;
In sullen silence heard their children cry
For bread—in sullen silence saw them die;
Their minds, by brutal Ignorance possessed,
Their greatest foes as greatest friends they blessed,
Till Education oped their hoodwinked eyes,
Bade them from Destitution's slough arise,
Within their bosoms lit Hope's heavenly flame,
And made them Men in something more than name.

What man to Freedom nobler service gave,
Than he who swept away the name of Slave,
Who purged our country of that foul disgrace
Which marred the noblest boast of Britain's race,—
That, free ourselves, no man, whose'er he be,
Steps on our shores, but he at once is free?

Honest he was in thought, in word, in deed;
Untutored in our modern catiff's creed,
The Wrong he saw he scorned to christen Right,
Because expedient in some trickster's sight.
No specious robe could e'er from him conceal
Oppression's cruel claws and cloven heel;
Ne'er dazzled by the splendour of success,
Fearing to curse, he meanly stooped to bless;
His noble nature spurned the paltry lie,
And dared e'en sceptred Vice itself defy.
From him no tyrant's purple e'er could hide
The stains of blood which loud for vengeance cried;
He called not brazen Conscience iron Will—
The Assassin crowned was the Assassin still!
Fain would we not recall that shameful scene,

When England's wronged and persecuted Queen,
To glut the malice of her ruffian spouse
(Sure such a sight might the most callous rouse!),
Was tried for that unpardonable crime
Which she in him had pardoned many a time.
Yet Brougham's noblest work were left untold
If History's page we scrupled to unfold,
And once more feel our inmost nature thrill
With that perfection of the lawyer's skill—
That gem of eloquence, whose noblest part
Was the untutored utterance of the heart.
Well might that Thing, which those may praise who can,
That king, in name alone a gentleman,
Whom e'en his toadies scarcely dared commend;
True to no mistress, false to every friend—
The only decent action of whose life
Was when he kindly put away his wife—
Well might this puppet of the Tailor's art
Feel pangs of rage within its padded heart;
Well might it quail before that lofty Scorn
Which e'en it knew of honest loathing born.

No need to tell his various merits o'er,
While his defects with sorrow we deplore.
The many blots we gladly dare to own,
One of his virtues would for all atone.

O youth of England, sprung from noble sires,
Whom pride of Race or love of Fame inspires,
Who seek to write your names on History's page,
And set some mark upon the fleeting age,
O learn the lesson taught by Brougham's life,
Waste not your strength in Party's narrow strife!
Look far and wide—but not with half-closed eyes—
Search for abuses e'en before they rise,
Before, by selfish meanness nursed and fed,
They dare in daylight raise their Hydra head;
Strike, and at once. Heed not the whining cry,
"Spare us, and we'll reform all by and by."
Procrastination is the coward's art:
He thinks by gaining time he may gain heart.
Dally with evil, soon familiar grown
You'll hug the foul abortion for your own.
Be just, but keen; thy mercy keep for men,
But slay the monster and destroy his den;
No more let Evil stalk in gay disguise,
And flaunt itself as Good before men's eyes;
Do what is right, nor heed the ribald jest,
Thy judge, thy Conscience sits within thy breast;
Her fiat sanctioned by the Judge above,
Thou'lt need no noisy faction's hired love;
All hearts shall own as o'er thy tomb they bend,
"Here lies a man who was Mankind's true friend."

RELIGIOUS HOLYWELL STREET.

THOSE who have any regard for public decency and morals will rejoice that *The Confessional Unmasked* has at last been condemned by the highest judicial authority as coming under Lord Campbell's Act. But the sty of filth from which that publication issued has not yet been thoroughly cleansed. Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Brockman is still allowed to carry on a trade from which the comparatively honest spicy-booksellers of Holywell street are debarred. That prurient hypocrite and his colleagues still carry on a flourishing business in pamphlets hawked about the streets, which for scurrility, indecency, and filthy calumny can hardly be matched, even by the most recondite publications of former years. We are not the least astonished that Lieut.-Col. H. J. Brockman should write the *Letter to the Women of England on the Confessional*, and having written it, should have the holy courage to publish it, but we should be astonished if we could find one decent woman who would read it through of her own free will. This is the way in which the author speaks of his own work:—

"In presenting a second edition of his *Letter to the public* the author desires to express his gratitude to the Lord for the large amount of success with which, in the brief space of twelve months, He has been pleased to bless its circulation." Then follow a number of testimonials, such as quack doctors are in the habit of appending to their quasi-scientific productions. We have serious doubts whether we ought not to be prosecuted for reproducing the above piece of slimy blasphemy. One must be literally saturated with buttered toast at a "Protestant Electoral Union" tea-party, before one can read such stuff without being sick.

Into the contents of this "Letter" we cannot enter; "Selections from Voltaire's *Pucelle*, the worst portions of Boccaccio, and the vilest brochures of profligate infidels, edited by Mawworm and Stiggins," would be the only title that could fairly express the ingenious pruriency and nauseous hypocrisy with which it is filled. If one could imagine a troupe of degraded apes singing hymns over their revolting gambols, one might picture the audience to which such writing would prove really attractive. Not being intimate with Lieut.-Col. H. J. Brockman, we cannot rise to the height of religious enthusiasm which can appreciate with true sanctimonious gusto the extracts with which he lards his letter to the Women of England. But any one having a wife or sisters must feel strongly inclined to resent the astounding insolence of such a fellow addressing the women of England as his "sisters." If Lieut.-Col. H. J. Brockman thinks our remarks unjustifiable, we are perfectly prepared to defend our language in any way which does not necessitate a lengthened personal interview with that distinguished officer and—Protestant.

We would ask seriously if there are no means by which the sale of these infamous pamphlets can be stopped? Who can read the *Marvellous Escape of Sister Lucy*, &c., announced as having reached its fifth edition, without feeling that decency and morality are being shamefully violated by the circulation of such disgusting balderdash? But when one considers that such publications are sold in the name of religion, who, that understands religion in any other sense than that of a foul-mouthed bigotry, but must feel most bitter shame at such a profanation of the word? However much we may disapprove of "Auricular Confession," or the "Conventual System," we can only be the more anxious that such scandalous publications should not, for one moment, be supposed to enjoy the sanction of any true Protestant. If the Roman Catholic religion is to be expelled from England, it will not be by the publishing of wholesale accusations of murder, profligacy, and every sort of crime against the priests of that religion. The indecent abuse of unscrupulous fanatics will never blind the eyes of any sensible person to the fact that the Roman Catholics, as a body, are Christians in the highest sense of the word.

Our space would not permit us, even if our inclination prompted us, to discuss the rambling statements upon which these disgusting libels are based; we can only urge most strongly on all who value morality, truth, or the Christian religion in any form or shape, to do their utmost to suppress these filthy publications, which, we fear, are, with unrelenting perseverance, forced upon many persons daily, and the perusal of which can only insult and distress any one whose sense of purity and modesty is not thoroughly destroyed.

We shall be most happy to aid by all means which lie in our power, any attempt to form a counter-organisation for the suppression of these disgusting pamphlets and for the punishment, if possible, of the knaves and the fools who help to circulate them.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Nag, to.—The question by torture.

Nature.—A goddess whose footsteps we pretend to worship, and use every art to deface.

Navy.—The complement of the Sea-sons.

Neat.—The spirit of order.

Neck, or nothing.—The most fashionable costume for evening wear.

Nerves.—An Æolian harp on which the slightest breeze produces plaintive sounds.

Nobility.—A patent worth a hundred inventions.

Nursery.—A nest the parent birds are seldom seen near.

Nymph.—A fabled maiden who lived in cold water, and by the help of the Gods was seldom out of hot.

Oats, wild.—Seed productive of chaff and bad bred.

Object.—Any one to whom she has an objection.

Occasion.—The by-path which leads just as often over the cliff as into the main road.

Opera.—The Ladies' Show-Room.

Oyster.—A Chablis-treated bivalve.

Padding.—Stuff and nonsense.

Page.—The preface to a future edition of Butler.

Paint, for the face.—Contraband colours hoisted by a privateer.

Pair.—The fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

STEPS TO THE GALLOWS.

PUBLIC attention has now been drawn, and none too soon, to the disastrous encouragement afforded to vice and crime by the scandalous publications that may be soberly said only to exist and thrive on what is diabolical in our nature. We refer to such papers as the *Illustrated Police Record* and the *Illustrated Police News*. If the world were to turn over a new leaf for one week, such papers would come to an end, and could only be resuscitated by the first renewed cry of "Murder," or by a sufficiency of outrages, the representation of which might afford subjects for some half-dozen hideously suggestive cartoons. The letter-press of these papers is mainly composed of a collection of all the incidents of crime and horror that have befouled humanity during the previous week,—an industrious scraping of every moral sewer and gutter that must secure them an immense circulation, if Mephistopheles be able to minister to the literary tastes of his subjects,—the only doubt being whether the perusal of such a mass of revolting details would not prove too great a solace to the inhabitants of the nether world. One unpromising view of the case is this—that whilst the *Police News* has reached upwards of two hundred numbers, of the *Police Record* there have been published only about half-a-dozen, proving that the demand for this class of literature is even now on the increase; whilst, moreover, there is a decidedly lower tone of character about the more recent publication.

The evil such papers do is incalculable—it cannot be exaggerated; the wood-cuts almost deifying crime—holding out to the culprit the hope of a magnificent prominence, at which his less daring brethren stand gazing in wonder, afraid as yet to qualify themselves for the coveted position—to be the centre of a cluster of horrors that might be engraved as a fitting signet for the finger of the very Prince of Evil. Then comes the letter-press. Here are a few titles from one of the pages of a recent number:—"Holidays for the People" (a sort of Radical

black-draught to make the toothsome lollipops that follow additionally relishing; here are some of them)—“*Suicide through Want of Employment*”—“*Extraordinary Suicide through Loss of a Wife*”—“*Strange Murder*”—“*Charge of Cruelty against a Mistress*”—“*Murder in Deansgate, Manchester*”—“*Attempted Murder and Suicide*”—“*The Murder at Sydenham*”—“*An Infuriated Son*,” this repulsive catalogue being immediately followed by “*Half Hours with the Comic Papers*!” Then after this refreshment the reader is hurried back to the real work of life; but not too suddenly. The first dish set before him is of the Tapioca type—merely a “*Robbery by an ex-Policeman*.” This insipid mess, however, is soon despatched, and something more tickling to the palate is presented in a case of “*Suicide by a Commercial Traveller*.” But we need quote no more to show the character of the paper, merely contenting ourselves with saying that it closes with a set of advertisements, many of which are of the most vile description, though it is fair to say that in this respect the *Police News* wins easily.

We repeat, therefore, that the evil these papers are calculated to do cannot be exaggerated. They may not be *all* bad; but the amount of harmless matter bears so insignificant a proportion to its poisonous surroundings, both of wood-cut, letter-press, and advertisement, that it does not deserve to be mentioned. There can, then, be no question but that these papers, and every other like them, *ought to be suppressed*. The spirit, if not the letter, of Lord Campbell’s Act certainly applies to publications such as these. It is a farce to direct the power of legislation exclusively against the *incentives* to a breach of one part of the moral law, and only to take cognisance of *actual breaches* of the rest. Are the wood-cuts of the *Police Record* one iota less immoral, in the strict sense of the word, than many a happily suppressed *chef-d’œuvre* of the Royal Academy of Holywell street? Is the greater part of its letter-press less demoralising, less brutalizing, than many of the works of the Holywell street Library? Are many of its advertisements less pernicious? Are they not, indeed, infinitely more pernicious to the prurient and diseased mind than the odious wares, prints, and books which they recommend, inasmuch as the imagination is invariably hurried on by suggestions, whilst the reality is often found to disappoint? If it be true that “familiarity breeds contempt,” we may expect to see terrible crops of crime springing up in fruitful succession from the seed thus prodigally sown. To have the moral sense drenched every week with this inebriating draught of poison is to become gradually deadened to the power of every human instinct, and to know nothing but the instincts of a wild beast. The sight of so much blood first horrifies, then fascinates, then excites a morbid thirst—a thirst which the next petty quarrel is made an opportunity for slaking. Then comes the sensational paragraph; and then, if sufficiently atrocious—(and upon this point the aspirant for a place in the portrait gallery of the *Police Record* must be particularly careful)—the post of honour, it may be, in the centre of the page!

How many of the crimes with which the columns of the press are every day so thickly studded are attributable to influences such as these, it is of course impossible to *assert*. But it is by no means difficult to *conjecture*. And if the proprietors of these publications would only recognise the connection between the seed they are scattering and the harvest the community is reaping, we strongly suspect that even the monstrous greed of gain that can evoke such agencies as these, would awake to a sense of its moral cannibalism, and die of shame and surfeit.

OSSIFIED ASSES.

TRAVELLERS who are detained for an hour or so at Oxford are often surprised at the excessive inanity and imbecility of facial expression in the average University-man. Their surprise is uncalled for. Not very long ago, the attempt was made to utilise the skeletons of cats, the handles of tooth-brushes, &c., by extracting therefrom a gelatinous condiment, which it was hoped might prove nutritious. An unhappy batch of prisoners was selected for the experiment—the result was intense physical deterioration. What failed to support the convict-body can scarcely be expected to do much for the University-mind; and what intellectual strength can be looked for from men who feed almost entirely on old *Bohn’s*?

PAUL BEDFORD’S BENEFIT.

THERE is nothing more agreeable than to see working men and women giving up their time and the emoluments appertaining thereto to succour a comrade.

Paul Bedford, who has helped us so often to laugh at Wright in the old Adelphi, is retiring, after a hard life, from the stage, and took his benefit at the Queen’s Theatre on Saturday afternoon. We hope it was a bumper—the bigger the better.

But we should much like to know whether the attraction is much increased by the medley of acts and odds and ends which serve to introduce the volunteer aid to the charity: for we presume the aid is volunteered in every case.

If it is more likely to fill the house by a programme of dramatic slices than by a couple of good plays, with all the parts well filled, such a bill of the play as the following would crowd the theatre to suffocation:—

MR. ROBERT ROMER’S FAREWELL OF THE STAGE

(Heaven forbid that such a misfortune should be realised).

Under the distinguished patronage of &c., &c., &c.

Othello.

Mr. CRESWICK will deliver the speech to the Reverend Signiors.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Mr. JAMES will sing “The Galloping Snob.”

Little Bo-Peeb

Will be recited by Miss NEILSON.

Box and Cox.

Mr. BUCKSTONE will toss up his two-headed halfpenny.

Romeo and Juliet.

Mr. CLARKE will cross the stage as Peter.

Hamlet.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE will read the part of the Second Gravedigger.

After which a performance by the

EARLY VILLAGE COCK.

School for Scandal.

The Screen will be knocked down by Miss HERBERT and picked up again by Mr. FARREN.

Black-eyed Susan.

Mr. BURNAND has kindly consented to read the Prologue.

Game of Speculation.

Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS will work his fingers with an invisible string.

Macbeth.

Miss GLYN will give the daggers to Mr. COMPTON.

King Lear.

Miss PAUNCEFORT will gather samphire half-way down.

True to the Corps.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH will give his breakdown.

Play.

Miss MARIE WILTON will swallow two acidulated drops offered by Mr. H. MONTAGUE.

Hero of Romance.

Mr. SOTHERN will open his sketch-book and throw it out of the tower window.

Hit and Miss.

Miss FURTADO will say Roo-too-too-it.

To conclude, if time will allow, with

The Bedroom Scene from No Thoroughfare.

Mr. FECHTER will look into five beds, open six boxes, and play with eight knives during the performance.

After which Mr. ROBERT ROMER will bless the audience convulsively.

MILITARY REFORM.

If military reform is to be carried out effectively, it must be so by the only way in which any effective reforms are ever carried out—from without. The military element will never, can never, reform the military machine; and it becomes therefore of imperative importance that the Office, viz., that of the War Minister, which stands by the Constitution between the "Faithful Commons" and the Army, should be in the first place in close and full accord with the House, and in the second place directed by the civil element.

Much remains to be done before either of these requisites is obtained.

In the first place, as regards the close and full connexion between the House of Commons and the War Office. The amalgamation of the various Offices, which up to 1856 shared among them the military administration, and represented that administration in the House of Commons by some four or five responsible Ministers, reduced the military representation on the Ministerial Bench to one person in each House. The Secretary of State for War in one House, and the Under-Secretary in the other, took the places, and bore upon their overburdened shoulders the functions, of the Secretary and Under-Secretary for the Colonies, the Secretary-at-War, the Master-General of the Ordnance, and the Secretary of the Treasury. Six, sometimes seven, voices were thus reduced to two.

Whether the individuals representing the military department in Parliament of late years have had the weight and influence that their predecessors formerly possessed need not now be considered. It is enough to observe that, while our forces and their cost have increased largely, their representation in Parliament has been reduced two-thirds.

A practical remedy suggests itself at once without burdening the public purse with the creation of any new highly paid office, a course too often and too readily adopted now-a-days to meet the demands for military reforms when they can no longer be resisted. The remedy is this:—In the House of Lords, where so few military questions ever arise, and where there are so many experienced military men ready to solve them, the Leader of the House might be charged with the duty of answering on behalf of the Government all military questions put by noble lords; while in the House of Commons the very heavy duties of moving and carrying the Army Estimates, and of answering the incessant questions raised on army matters by the "Popular Branch" of the Legislature, should be shared between the Secretary of State for War and the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, both of whom should with this object be members of the Lower House.

The plea now constantly and unavoidably urged by the over-taxed Minister for War in the Lower House, that he really cannot answer such minute points, that he really cannot be responsible for such multifarious details, need then no longer be accepted. Under the present system personal responsibility becomes impossible, and all real responsibility is thus frittered away. With two Ministerial Officers in constant contact with the House of Commons, a very much fuller and closer relation might fairly and would actually be established.

The second point to be secured is that the War Department shall be really and effectually directed by the Civil rather than by the Military element.

A few words must suffice on this subject at present; but they should, therefore, be all the more distinct and unmistakable.

Any attempt on the part of the present Ministry to increase, in the re-organisation of the War Office now daily expected with reference to the long-suspended vote on Army Administration—any attempt to increase the military influence at Pall Mall will meet with such determined opposition, if not in this expiring Parliament, yet certainly in its immediate successor, that the short-sighted authors of such increased military ascendancy will have reason sorely to repent of their having availed themselves of the temporary weakness of the civil government to reap a triumph that will certainly be worse to them ultimately than a defeat.

The present organisation of the War Office includes three Under-Secretaries and one Assistant Under-Secretary. The three Under-Secretaries are at this moment all of them military officers—two Generals and a Colonel—the subordinates of the Commander-in-Chief, whom they are appointed

to control. The senior civilian under the Minister is the Assistant Under-Secretary of State. It is to the position, the power, the independent functions of this Officer that the House of Commons and the public look and must look for the keeping alive, even in its feeble and attenuated flame, of the light of Civil Control; and the Secretary of State will make a grievous error, and one that must soon rebound with a disagreeable re-action, if he allows the new organisation to lower in a single point the position and power of this last refuge of the civil element.

"If they won't give us the Bishoprics," exclaim the "Three Clerks" in a well-known work of fiction, "they might at least leave us the Deaneries." "If they fill up the whole three Under-Secretary-ships with soldiers, at least let the senior civilian, the Assistant Under-Secretary, have some power for good!"

It is not in the remotest degree intended to impute to the three distinguished Officers now monopolising the posts of Under-Secretaries any dishonourable or unworthy conduct in the discharge of their high duties; but human nature is human nature, and the control of a subordinate over his commander is naturally not of the highest efficiency. John Bull, in all matters of courtesy and social intercourse, acts fully on the principle of honour among honourable men; but in matters of business, he is apt to ask for good security—substantial guarantees; and in the conduct of public affairs he is entitled to expect that military functions shall be performed by military men, and civil functions by civilians.

THE ACADEMY MIDNIGHT MEETING.

THE solitary policeman who was condemned to watch for crime round the basins in Trafalgar square during the hours of night—the occasional reveller on his return from late tippling in the Temple, or from a ball in Belgravia—the casual who had spirits enough left in him to make the observation—the night cabman on the prowl—each and all were very much astonished at observing during the small hours following the night of the Royal Academy dinner that lights were still to be seen through the windows of the noble pile whose pepper-box disorder of architecture graces the finest site in the world.

The Academicians had long left the banquet; the walls no longer echoed to their laudatory remarks on themselves and their patrons; and astonished indeed would the two princes, the three bishops, the four deputy-lieutenants, and the officers of the Academy who had just feasted have been if they could have beheld the scene which followed.

As usual, the servants had left everything to be cleared away till the next morning, and the table was still sighing—it had been groaning—under the weight of a sumptuous dessert; the wax lights were still good for another three hours, and the chairs were again filled.

This was the marvel. Mr. Home, perhaps, can account for it, but so it was. The head of the table was occupied by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in Hussar uniform, who, however, did not look as much alive as he had done when dining with the Academicians; at his right H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who, however, found it impossible to get off his horse, and certainly had a look of the theatrical scrap order which he had not worn a few hours before.

A great many fashionables were present, but few of them had been well treated, and presented a careless appearance, which reminded one little of nature, and did not attract by art.

We may mention one noble lady in blue velvet, with her two daughters, invited by Mr. Sant, R.A., who were very charming; also three Miss Millais, who, though scarcely bearing inspection, gave great pleasure at a little distance.

There were several foreigners present, who appealed to the sympathies of most of those ladies and gentlemen present, and were accorded the best places at table, not only by courtesy, but for merit. Some Antwerp gentlemen who came with letters from Baron Leys were much stared at. They were, no doubt, truthful-looking burghers, but so ugly and so unprepossessing that few people would care to invite them to their drawing-rooms.

The conversation was very animated and general among those who were sitting, though many more were standing round, either from absence of chairs or physical incapability of sitting down.

This is all nonsense, of course. TOMAHAWK begs the speaker's pardon, but it is not nonsense, for he happened to have been made aware of the meeting, and to have taken the necessary steps to be present, which steps consisted in:—First step. Informing the Royal Academy that he wished for a place at their banquet. Second step. Receiving so many invitations from different R.A.'s that he was fain to invest in an embroidered shirt equal to the occasion. Third step. Resisting as much as possible the effects of drinking wine with every member present, not to mention other superior beings, about whom it is convenient only to hint at the honour done him. Fourth step. Refusing totally the Champagne, which somehow had a smack of megilp, which gave an unpleasantly local colouring to the beverage. Fifth step. Watching his opportunity to disappear with an honourable Academ—no, we won't divulge that—beneath the table. Sixth and last step. To reappear, as lively as usual, at the festive board as soon as the first lot had departed and the second had been installed.

The fact was that the frames on the walls were empty, or at least most of them were.

There were some wooden figures, who, of course, could not leave their posts, and indeed would have been very cumbersome could they have done so. We have not time here to give a list of those whose dummy proportions prevented their taking a lively part in the *fête*. A large number of old-fashioned figures crowding a staircase, reminding one more of a toy-shop full of dolls than anything else, were so wedged in that they were obliged to remain where they were, and indeed they would have found it most irksome had any one requested them to look alive.

It was a sad thing to remark how many of the offspring of artists writing R.A. after their names remained nailed to their canvases like scarecrows on a barn-door. One or two must act most wholesomely on the brains of young painters; and if it makes some, in the bitterness of their spirits, hope they may never become Academicians, to others it may be a warning to see such signs of weakness (if not of taverns) as a Life's History by—well, by one who ought to be ashamed of himself if he is not of his painting, and it is on the eye-line.

When an artist sees pictures like this, with its grossly commonplace figures badly drawn, badly painted, and badly imagined, sitting before a background representing a moonlight scene, reminding one of a penny theatre's happiest effort at scene-painting, or when he looks at the canvases sent in by Mr. Thorburn and Mr. A. Cooper; when he hears that Mr. Sandys' *Medea* has been refused (Mr. Sandys, with all his eccentricities, having more talent in his little finger than the three artists referred to have possessed or ever will possess)—that artist feels his heart sink within him at the contemptible show of those we are proud to call Academicians, and he thanks foreigners who send even their second-rate works among us to raise up a spirit of emulation and envy in the coming generations.

But, thank Apollo! the associates are at the head of the coming generation; and let us hope for a better time. But to return to our little *fête*. Just opposite us were two charming creatures who seemed to suffer slightly from colds in their heads. One was Ariadne, who told us over a glass of white wine that she preferred Bacchus much to Artemis, and that she only went to sleep to deceive Mr. Leighton, as the rock fitted her exactly and was so comfortable. Her sister was called Actæa, and was a lovely girl: she had covered herself up in saffron-coloured merino, but she informed us that she scorned generally the conventional trammels of dress, and passed most of her time in bathing or looking at the porpoises.

At our side was an extremely pretty woman in an old dress, who told us her name was Stella; but we were completely taken aback when we found out she owed her presence there to Mr. Millais. We must say she shows that Mr. Millais has repented of the sins of his youth, and is settling down to something like Nature.

Not far below us was a group of monks who were pitching in to the good things before them. Three of them, of foreign origin, were complaining how they had been doomed to live on one mackerel for a long period; while a fourth, of jolly proportions, was telling a funny story about a mouse who had been eating the crumbs from his table.

We were rather disturbed by a tremendous clatter of old iron of all sorts, and we discovered Duncan and his guards

trying to leave their old curiosity shop for the table; but they had become so cramped by Mr. Macclise's cruelty that they were fain to stay as they were.

After this, we were attracted by the scent of azaleas which pervaded the room, and we observed a classical apparition floating about with an enormous azalea-bush. We offered her a seat, but she refused gracefully, admitting that she was not solid enough for that. Of course we saw through her, but admired her all the more very much. We intended to have mentioned all the guests, but the wax lights went out about this period; and all we remember is that the Academy porter came in and found us under the table. Half-a-crown was the only other step necessary, and this is all we can recall about the matter. We believe the frames are filled again by this time: a shilling will set your mind easy on that head.

SNOS AND SNOBS.

As there still appears to be some doubt in the public mind as to whether, in cases of promotion, the interests of the Service should, under any circumstances, be considered before those of a purely private and personal character, the following circular has been issued by the authorities with a view to setting the question entirely at rest, and preventing the occurrence of useless and disagreeable cavil on any future occasion. The document, it will be seen, takes the form of a few questions which all candidates will be expected to answer, to the best of their abilities, in full.

1. Give your name, pedigree, family seat, and furnish any other information calculated to show that you belong to a good set.
2. State to the best of your knowledge, whether within the last three generations any connection of yours has been
 - (a.) A barrister;
 - (b.) Hard working clergyman,
 - (c.) Connected with literature or art,
 - (d.) Pot-boy,
 - (e.) M.D.,
 and if so, mention some very notably extenuating circumstances.
3. Give the best names on your Mamma's list, and draw a map of Belgrave square.
4. Have you ever, except for a bet,—
 - (a.) Dined with a stockbroker?
 - (b.) Carried a parcel?
 - (c.) Called on any one in Harley street?
 - (d.) Earned £5, by any effort of your own?
 - (e.) Swept a chimney?
 - (f.) Lunched with the Lord Mayor?
5. It is to be supposed that you look at the *Standard*, *Bell's Life*, and *Court Circular*, and skim over a page or two of a new novel now and then. Have you ever, that you remember, done anything more than this to educate yourself? If you have, again mention, in full, extenuating circumstances.
6. Give your views, if you have any, about the Purchase System, and write an essay, if you know what that is, on any of the following subjects:—"The Row," "Breakdowns," "Unlimited Loo," "Cigars," "The Ballet," "Shirt fronts," "The Set of the Trowser over the Boot," and "Pomade Hongroise."

A SERMON ON THE STRAND.

The Strand Burlesque is a very amusing one, and the company is a very clever one, and no doubt they love each other rather more than brothers and sisters, but that is no reason why they should ostentatiously parade their friendliness and joke together when they ought to be attending to their parts. We should like to know who is responsible for the introduction of one of the worst figures of the *Can-can*, which Miss Lydia Thompson dances with as little scruple as grace. This actress would do well to wear more dress and less hair. Granted that Lord Darnley would go about with hair down to his waist, we could grant that his garments would come down to his knees. There is plenty of real humour both in the piece and in the acting, without having recourse to vulgarity or indecency.

NOTICE.

On Tuesday next, the 26th of May, will be published the
"DERBY NUMBER"

of the

T O M A H A W K.

The size of the paper, on this occasion only, will be increased
to Twenty Pages.



LONDON, MAY 23, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. D. D. HOME writes with great spirit in scorn of the great Faraday's proposed tests, for he feels perfectly sure that he will not be disturbed in his jugglery by rappings from the departed professor.

SOME people have expressed a fear that the honourable members of the House of Commons, in the honest warmth of discussion, would get to blows. They did worse on Thursday night last, they got to *Knock*.

THE model of the statue designed for the Prince Consort Memorial in Hyde Park has been tried and condemned; in fact, as is often the case, the shrine is too grand for the image. There may be an unconscious moral in this circumstance: perhaps all along we have been trying to place the man, as we have tried to place the statue, on too high a pedestal.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON appears to think that the duties of a Secretary of State for War consist, like those of a croupier, mainly in scraping up other people's money and shuffling. The universality of the Right Honourable Gentleman's genius is well known; but certainly he will be able to rest his fame on the ground of his having reached the greatest proficiency in the art of prevarication ever attained by any official. If it were possible to bring disgrace upon the department which he represents, he would have achieved that distinction; but that is even beyond the power of Sir John Pakington.

THERE is a report that Butler, the hero of New Orleans, is to come over to this country as the United States Minister. We suppose that it is impossible to refuse official recognition to this—polished gentleman, and that it will be convenient for our Foreign Minister to ignore the antecedents of this "Bayard" of the great American Civil War. However, even in this age of apathy and sycophancy, we do trust that nothing but the barest official courtesy will be extended to a creature whose name is so notorious, that we would be glad if our memory could escape the pollution of recording it. This is no case of

a man holding opinions repulsive to the majority of the English nation: it is a question of deeds; and to accord to General Butler the same reception as to Mr. Adams, let us say, would be to lose sight of all the respect due to manliness, truth, and honour.

PLAYING AT PARLIAMENT.

IT is painful to notice the gravity with which certain of our contemporaries quote the questions and divisions of the *Oxford* and *Cambridge Union Debating Societies*. They will tell us the subjects for discussion, and the numbers for and against, with as serious an air, and in as pompously worded a paragraph, as if they were writing of something that might, in a most remote and infinitesimal degree, affect the current of political events. Can the authors of such paragraphs be aware what these *Union Societies* really are? Can they know who speak, and who listen at the debates? It would have been as reasonable to have attached a prophetic virtue to the "mewlings and pukings" of the infant Gladstone or the infant Whalley, when disappointed of the pap-boat, as to attach the merest grain of weight to the hobbledehoy bombast and balderdash of a parcel of nineteen-year urchins, just let loose from Dr. Birchemwell's Academy. Of course, we do not say but that amongst the ingenious crew there may be an *embryo* Spurgeon, or a sprouting Bright; but surely, that can be no reason for monopolising useful space in recording the results of a three hours' *talkee-talkie*, which cannot by any possibility influence anybody or anything, more than if a child were to drop a pebble into the Pacific.

A FUND OF AMUSEMENT.

WE understand that in consequence of the great success of the last Literary Fund Dinner another festival will be held shortly, at which the following will be included among the principal toasts:—

The Poetry of the Passions.—Proposed by LORD AMBERLEY; acknowledged by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER.

Sacred Poetry.—Proposed by LORD HOUGHTON; acknowledged by Mr. ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

The Literature of Science.—Proposed by MR. WHALLEY; acknowledged by SERJEANT GASELEE.

Romantic Literature.—Proposed by MR. BRADSHAW; acknowledged by the EDITOR OF THE *London Gazette*.

The Beauty of Truth.—Proposed by SIR J. PAKINGTON; seconded by the POOR-LAW BOARD (*en masse*).

Ideal Aspirations.—Proposed by MR. HADFIELD; seconded by AN ALDERMAN.

Woman! lovely Woman!—Proposed by EARL RUSSELL; acknowledged by LORD WESTBURY.

The Blessings of Orthodoxy.—Proposed by BISHOP COLENSO; acknowledged by MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

THE CURRENT QUESTION.

WHO will win the "Derby?" (*Give reasons for your answers.*)

LAST WEEK'S QUESTION.

Why is Mr. Buckstone in the *Hero of Romance* like Mr. Millais' paint-brush?

Because he is a great success.

(*No one found this out.*)

ANOTHER ANSWER.

FOX.—Because he is supported by a stick. (*Mr. Sothern may have our Correspondent's real name and address on application at our office.*)

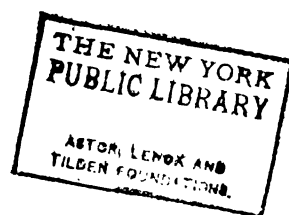
THE TOMAHAWK, MAY 23, 1868.



RESPIRE—NOT PARDON!

OR,

THE EXECUTION OF THE IRISH CHURCH.



POOR HUMBUGS.

MY IDOL—THE "MAN ABOUT TOWN."

A BETTING BOOK!

Yes, here is his handwriting—I see the double set of figures divided by the single row of names. Ah, I remember some of these horses. "Sultan's Dream" was a very great find—it meant bread and butter, or rather champagne, "little suppers," and *pâté de fois gras* for weeks—months. "Robin Hood," too, re-horsed the brougham, and paid some of those little matters at the Arlington. "Blushing Maid" was certainly a "cropper," but not a very bad one; but I own I don't like the look of this entry just a little lower down, where the notes come to an abrupt conclusion. "Peeping Tompkins" may have meant anything to some people, but to my idol the horse brought disgrace and ruin. No, not disgrace. I will tell you by and by how the brute (well loaded with ruin) never carried to the winning-post a grain of disgrace. I recollect that the creature was a chestnut; in spite of this, "the jockey on the white horse" did not disdain to guide him. *Post equitem sedet atra cura!* Substitute *mors* for *cura*, and then perhaps you may catch my meaning! But here let me close this betting book, and now for a few words about my idol—an idol not of gold, silver, or clay, but an idol of pure brass!

Tall, bearded, and well dressed. Reckless, a *blazé* air, lavender gloves, and neat boots. Big hat, small cigar, horn cane, and eye-glass. In fact, my patron looked as if he had walked out of one of Leech's "swell" caricatures; rather "loud" for a gentleman, but still a gentleman in the popular acceptance of the word. He was a fine-looking fellow, and a dashing fellow, and I admired him as only youth can worship the strong, the brave, and the beautiful. It struck me that it was a noble thing to disdain to pay one's tailor, a fearless thing to scoff at one's Creator, a witty thing to deride woman's purity and man's faithfulness. Believing this, how then, could I fail to worship this man, one who cursed his creditors, defied his God, and laughed the Ten Commandments out of countenance? Believe me, there was something sublime about his utter recklessness.

False? Oh yes! why, he would have laughed heartily if I had ever thought him true. It was his pride that he *was* false—he hated to be out of the fashion—and believed the world to be a monstrous universal lie. Believing this, he would not have been true to save his father's life; more, not even to preserve his own whiskers! And this was the man I selected for a friend—no, not for a friend; my idol had no *friends*—for a patron.

I must own he took a great deal of trouble with me.

Under his tuition I progressed most wonderfully. I learned that the world we lived in was a pleasant place to the wealthy and wily; that it abounded with pit-snares and brambles; that the pit-snares were called Jew money-lenders and the brambles sheriff's officers; that the one great pleasure, business, and mission of life was play; that this great pleasure, business, and mission was divided into three classes—play on the Turf, play in the Club, and play in the City; that play on the Turf meant trickery and lying, hobnobbing with blackguards and blacklegs, with men of two kinds of blood—blood that had gushed from the gutter to roll among gold, and blood that had coursed through noble veins to fall lower and lower until it mingled with the mud; that play in the Club meant long nights of excitement and brandy, weary work, and aching brain; that play in the City meant theft and treachery, the stealing of widows' mites, the robbery of their children's all. Then I learnt that "happiness" meant a good book on the Derby; "love," a cottage in St. John's wood; "honour," the meeting of the Monday account at Tattersall's. I found that there was only a Present, that there never had been a Past, that there never would be a Future!

So I admired this man, and helped him to make the Devil's road wider—as if 'twere not wide enough already without our frantic aid!

My patron was a man of regular habits. He woke at eleven: paper and coffee. Tubbing, dressing, and breakfast at two o'clock. Drive to club number one—whist. Seven—dinner at club number two—billiards and coffee. Ten—whist, and brandy and soda. Eleven—whist, and brandy and soda. Twelve—whist, and soda and brandy. One—*écarté*. Two—*écarté*. Three—"humbug" and coffee. Four—"humbug" and more

coffee. Six—still at cards—*écarté* again, and more "humbug." Seven—account given into the steward, Hansom, sun-light, early milkman, rumpled white tie, latch key, long face, heavy heart, and bed! To-day the counterpart of yesterday, to-morrow the counterpart of to-day!

One afternoon, however, my patron failed to keep up his reputation—four struck in the morning room, and yet the club knew him not. This was most strange, as it was an "off day" on the Turf, and the "members" were in town lounging at the various "exchanges," laying long odds, or taking short prices. Five struck, and six struck, and then the following letter was put into my hands by one of the club waiters:—

— Buildings, Chancery Lane.

MY DEAR BOY,

For Heaven's sake, look me up. That confounded scoundrel, my carriage-maker, has put me in here for a "pony." If I don't get out to-night, I shall be covered with "detainers" by to-morrow morning.

Yours ever,

JACK.

So my patron was in trouble at last. If I had followed the dictates of my reason, and regarded the precepts of the man I had chosen for my model, I first should have sent no answer to his note; secondly, should coolly have ordered my dinner in the coffee room; and, thirdly, should have banished his very existence from my thoughts. This done, if I never saw him again, a shrug of the shoulders; if I *did* see him again, a plausible excuse, with a "you know old fellow," tacked on the end of it just to disarm his displeasure. But for once in my life, I blew his precepts to the winds, followed the dictates of my own heart, chartered a Hansom, and made the very best of my way to Chancery lane.

A house in a sort of court-yard got at through gates and an archway. A building looking like a lodging-house that had gone melancholy mad, and had been put into a strait-waist-coat of iron bars—a door, a knocker, and a bell handle. I rang the bell and struck the knocker, and then I waited until I heard the sound of a creaking lock, the fall of a heavy step, and the tones of a gruff voice asking me "who I wanted?" I answered to my questioner's satisfaction, and then was allowed to enter. A passage leading to a staircase—but such a staircase!—a perfect cage of iron bars—creaking steps and faded carpet, a landing, an open door, and the interior of a room. Such a room! A tottering sofa, a stringless piano, a table covered with an inky cloth, a few old chairs, some tawdry sporting prints, some faded curtains, two yellow blinds, two dirty windows, and a score of iron bars. On one of the chairs, with his face between his hands, sat my patron. He received me somehow or other in quite a different manner to his usual style. Do you know, I think he too had blown his precepts to the winds.

"On my soul, old fellow," said he, taking my hand, "this is really kind of you. I was afraid you would think it too great a bore to come to see a poor beggar like me. Sit down and make yourself comfortable—if such a thing is possible in such a cursed hole as this."

We chatted the matter over, and what with the aid of Jews, bill-stamps, and "shifty per shent," managed to see a road once more to fortune. My patron was liberated and became a "regular" man again—at the Club, in the City, on the Race Course.

But not for long.

The next time I saw him 'twas in a sick room. The poor fellow was lying ill and weak on a sofa. He was quite down this time.

"Great heavens!" he complained to me, "what can I do? How the deuce am I to make both ends meet tied to this cursed place? They won't let me go to my club, and how on earth am I to live? The doctor (confound him!) tells me I ought to go abroad. Ha! ha! My creditors would allow that—wouldn't they? Well, it must end sooner or later. I *must* meet that cursed bill, I *must* settle at the club, I *must* pay those brutal ring-men!"

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, excitedly. "On my soul, old boy, you've behaved better than might have been expected from my example. Take my advice, old fellow, cut this kind of thing. Look up there. Do you see that picture hanging over my bed?—do you see that nice, amiable, gentle little child looking up into its mother's face? That's what *I was*, and this"—and then came a heavy, impious, fearful oath—"is what *I am*! Ill and dying,

and swearing, because, forsooth, I'm not strong enough to gamble and play once more!"

I tried to soothe him.

"No good, old boy," he cried. "Hang it all, I've lived like a gentleman, and if the worst comes to the worst, I know how to die like one!"

He *did* die like one, if dying like a gentleman means a dram-drinking bailiff in the parlour, a hard-hearted woman in the boudoir, and the body of a self-murdered man lying stark dead, cold and uncared-for, on the bed of a darkened room!

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

THE historical fever that set in not long ago at the Châtelet shows no signs of abatement; on the contrary, bolder than ever, the management has abandoned the half mythical period of seventy years back, and made a decisive dash at immediate facts. The next novelty is "Theodore of Abyssinia," and the events connected with the recent British Expedition are to be freely handled for the purpose of furnishing the groundwork of the plot. It need scarcely be said that the very most has been made of these materials, from a French point of view, as the following sketch of the argument will show:—

THEODORUS OF ABYSSINIA.

Theodorus, a young Frenchman of humble birth, but lofty aspirations, having been forced to quit his native country in consequence of some disagreeable proceedings commenced against him under the Small Debts' Act, finds himself, after three years wandering in the desert, a stranger within the walls of Magdala, the capital of Abyssinia. Here the Ethiopian Queen, Semiramis, falls madly in love with him, and at a grand festival in honour of the Indian goddess, Shêva, at which he, disguised with a pot of Day and Martin's blacking and a pink domino, has managed to be present, marries him. This act, which is regarded by the assembled guests as an outrage against the Assyrian laws, provokes an immediate conspiracy of the nobles, who are about to plunge their daggers into the hearts of the happy pair, when Theodorus swears by the god, Akis, that he is a descendant of Methuselah, and that as such he will open to France, by means of the Suez Canal, the treasures of the East. This tableau closes the second act. Act III. opens in the dungeon of the British captives, and discovers three Englishmen, who are named respectively, Rosbif, Mister Squarr, and O'Sydenham, loaded with chains, and singing *Rule Britannia*. Noticed, at the celebration of some mysteries in honour of Confucius, giving away pale ale gratis to the population, they excite suspicion, are seized by order of Theodore, and their true mission is discovered. Upon them are found documents which show that an English noblermain, Duc Cambridgge, enamoured of the Queen Semiramis from a photograph he has bought in a shop in *Peekadilli*, has sent them out as spies, to compare the picture with the original, and in the event of the comparison proving satisfactory, authorised them to offer her his hand together with the English Crown. Frenzied with jealousy at this discovery, and foreseeing the probable success of their mission, Theodore plunges his dagger into the heart of Semiramis, and swearing by the flag of the *Messageries Impériales* to avenge Waterloo, forbids the horn-peep, under pain of death, to be danced in Central Africa. This closes Act III. The next act takes place in England, the great feature being a representation of *Le jardin de la Reine au palais de Cremorne, sur les beaux rivages de Chel-sea*. Here Duc Cambridgge meets Sir Disraeli, Sir Bright, Sir Beales, and several other members of the Cabinet, at a public masquerade, and, after a grand banquet of *plum-pud-ding* and *toast-water*, declares the secret of his love, and decides on the Abyssinian Expedition. Act V. opens on the day of the attack, showing the British army, 500,000 strong, encamped before Magdala. Lor Napier, who studiously keeps his features concealed by a black mask, gives the word to advance. His staff, who wear red-tailed coats, little cocked hats, have hooked noses, prominent teeth and long yellow whiskers, and carry a *boule douge* under each arm, refuse to do so. The Commander-in-Chief, astonished at their hesitation, appeals to the troops, but they reply by the national custom of giving him *the dam*. Theodore then appears with his small force, upon which the whole British army sur-

renders without striking a blow. Lor Napier, seeing the day is lost, tears off his mask, and discovers himself to be the Duc Cambridgge in disguise; upon which Theodore, maddened at beholding his rival face to face, declares that France has accomplished her sacred mission and together with his devoted band, stabs himself. The British, regaining courage, then storm Magdala, the angel of the Suez Canal Company appearing in the clouds holding the sword of vengeance in one hand and a share list in the other.

If this does not satisfy the Parisian craving for *grand spectacle*, we shall be happy to hear what will.

HONOURABLE MEMBERSHIP.

ENGLISHMEN are, very much against their will it may be, forced now and then to look very ugly things boldly in the face. Scandals may be smothered for a long time, but they will out—and in to the light of day, at last. Perhaps therefore what has just now become a very patent scandal indeed, has been quietly known to exist, and respectably ignored in the hope that the particular light of a particular day had not shone, and did not mean to shine for a good round period yet. However, respectability, mealy-mouthed and immaculate as it ever is among Englishmen, has had a rude shock. To put it plainly, any reasoning man who has followed closely the late course adopted by the responsible Ministry of this country must feel that a more humiliating and contemptible spectacle could scarcely be afforded by any body of men similarly placed in similar circumstances. "The first legislative assembly in the world," that is the toast of the British House of Commons. A body we know where Ministers ought to be like picked gems among a hundred others,—where reason and integrity should march hand and hand, and base thoughts of self-interest should perish before the eternal interests of the country at large. What can the gentlemen, as a body, who represent the Commons of England say when questioned as to their appreciation of these axioms? What do, not A. B. and C. say, but what is the opinion of the welded motley mass? What sort of principles spring from the fusion of the varying elements that go to make up the third estate? What comes of this farrago? Gentlemen with handles to their names, and without; heads full of brains, and pockets full of money; statesmen, fools, bigots, men with one idea, and men with none; attorneys, baronets, tradesmen, soldiers; bewigged pompous nobodies, that is, in an intellectual arena such as this ought to be; untidy genius, genius too that knows how to dress, inanity brushed and pomaded; mouths that never should open, mouths that never do; intense respectability, intense snobbiism; epigrams, exordiums, Latin grammar; pushing, buzzing, jeering, clamouring;—take it all in, and say what comes of it, or rather what has come of it within the last few weeks? What has happened when one party has insinuated that its opponent is prostituting the welfare of the country to fill its own pockets? What has happened when unblushingly the charge has been received and flung back on those that made it? *Laughter*—plenty of it too. Amiable, jolly tittering! This is what follows upon accusations amounting if not to treason, at least to fraud! *Laughter*, indeed—a set of boys at a school debating society would behave with greater decorum and higher spirit. But this is not to be expected of "the first legislative assembly in the world." So old is this ugly joke that the press seem to consider it almost conventional, and therefore scarcely noticeable. All we can say is, the thing is an outrage, and having said this we have done with it.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ENIGMA.

PARTY—PLACE.

The last line should have read,—

"And feel what alone they can never feel, shame."

THE correct answer has been sent by Cornubia.

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 56.]

LONDON, MAY 30, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

BAL-MORALIZING.

THE departure of Her Majesty for Balmoral at so opportune a time, when the presence of the Sovereign in or near her capital is particularly desirable, has excited little surprise, but a great deal of comment. We write ourselves uninfluenced by any remarks in the other journals; our opinions on this point being well known, and having been frequently expressed in clear, straightforward, and, we hope, respectful language.

Notwithstanding the encouragement given by semi-authoritative paragraphs in the leading papers last year, the hope that the Queen had at last regained sufficient strength to perform the essential duties of her position is evidently doomed once more to disappointment. Her Majesty has this season been present for a short time at one drawing-room, has held one Court, has received two or three deputations, and has appeared in public on one occasion—namely, when she laid the first stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital. Her Majesty was received on that occasion in the most hearty way by her subjects, and all rejoiced to see how well the Queen looked, and what an agreeable contrast her hearty countenance presented to the pale thin face of that gentle Princess who has so long nobly borne the fatigues, and gracefully fulfilled the duties, of a vicarious Queen. But it is too painfully evident that in this case appearances were deceptive, for Her Majesty was unable to make the slight exertion involved in reading an address of a few lines; and so overcome was she by the terrible strain of a residence for nearly four days in the capital, that, notwithstanding the fact that there was a crisis in the state of public affairs such as has rarely been witnessed—notwithstanding that either a hasty dissolution of Parliament, or the resignation of the Ministers before an angry opposition scarcely prepared itself to form a Government, appeared imminent—Her Majesty was obliged to banish herself to a remote portion of her dominions, whence even correspondence by means of the telegraph is rather a leisurely process.

That Her Majesty should have been compelled to take such a step at such a time is, we think, quite sufficient evidence of the deplorable state of health, both physical and mental, in which our unhappy Queen now is. To any one so afflicted, the cares and responsibilities of her position must be inexpressibly harassing, and instinctively, at the very first sight of impending difficulty and anxiety, the mind and body both crave for that rest and quiet so essential to their condition. We confess that it is with extreme reluctance that we have finally felt compelled to arrive at the conclusion that Her Majesty has no longer the power, however earnest be her desire or strong her determination, to endure the strain inseparable from the high office which she enjoys, and which she has in former years so ably filled. If three weeks is the longest period which the Sovereign is able to spend in the Imperial capital during each year, if all the functions which the Head of the Realm should discharge have to be vicariously discharged by the Heir Apparent and his Consort, it is evidently for the true interest and well-being of the Queen, as well as of the nation, that a regular Regency Bill should be passed as soon as possible. Six years is a long probation, and if, that probation having been passed, the energies of the Queen are still so overwhelmed by her great sorrow as to affect materially the discharge of her important duties, it is surely far more considerate towards both the Sovereign and the woman that she

should be relieved from the distressing weight which the unavoidable neglect of such duties must occasion to her sensitive and conscientious nature. At present Her Majesty cannot but feel the deepest regret that, through her own infirmities, so much inconvenience and loss of time should be inflicted on her Ministers in carrying on any communication with her during this very urgent crisis. She cannot but resent acutely the faintest hint of a suspicion that her absence is owing to any want of courage or self-denial. One who has always made it her boast that she never allowed her pleasures to interfere with her duties, must lose half the benefit of retirement and relaxation from the haunting idea that the true interests of her people are suffering owing to her enforced withdrawal from public life.

There is nothing unconstitutional, certainly nothing prejudicial to the country, in the establishment of a Regency. The Prince of Wales, whatever his faults, has ever shown himself most zealous and courteous in the performance of all the duties necessitated by his anomalous position; he has never attached himself to any political party, and is as free as any human being can be of political ambition or prejudices. He at present abstains, with a delicacy which does him credit, from courting in any marked manner the society of prominent statesmen; but there is no doubt that, with the benefit of his Royal Mother's advice, and guided by his own good sense, he would never encourage any factious opposition to the deliberately expressed wishes of the nation. He has travelled much, and has divested himself of those insular prejudices which characterise some Englishmen, while on all material points his sympathies are with all that is good in the British temperament. He is certainly not a petty German despot either by nature, or by education. His filial affection is undoubted; his promotion to the Regency could occasion no private or public jealousy; in fact, it is difficult to conceive any Prince who could be so unobjectionable a candidate for such a difficult position.

The consequences of the present abnormal life led by the Sovereign will become more serious every year. There are many urgent reforms to which the new Parliament will be sure to address itself with persistent energy; the nation will not submit to the time of Parliament being wasted as it has been during the last few sessions. The state of parties is such as promises anything but stability to whatever Government may be in power for the next year or so. The condition of trade in the West-end of London is most serious. People may laugh at the idea of West-end tradesmen having any grievances, but the extravagant increase in house rent, rates, and local taxation is such that prices are quite high enough without the additional inconvenience of a shock to general credit. West-end tradesmen are very liberal in their support of charities; they are great and steady customers of our wholesale manufacturers; they are extensive and indulgent employers of labour, and it is ridiculous to sneer at them as the mere mercenary ministers to the extravagance of Society. Allowing for other disturbing causes, there is no doubt that the funereal condition of the Court has affected trade very seriously, and it is highly desirous to put an end to the present state of things as soon as possible.

We are perfectly prepared for an outburst of affected indignation and virulent abuse from those degraded sycophants who think that loyalty consists in meaningless adulation, and who flatter the faults of Royalty till they have exaggerated them into vices—who are utterly incapable of conceiving that affection which, founded on respect, is as jealous of the honour of the

object of its devotion as of its own. We are prepared for the howl of furious execration from those who are the sole objects of their own patriotism, and whose desire it is to see the Crown reduced to the utmost insignificance and such a precedent established as may pave the way for its entire abolition. These may extravagantly laud the woman at the expense of the Sovereign. We think Victoria can appreciate their devotion for what it is worth; for our own part we are sure that the course which we advise is the happiest way of escape from a threatening cloud of unhappiness which grows larger every day.

Released from the ties of ceremonial duties, relieved of a source of continual disappointment and vexation, and purged at once from all suspicions, however ungenerous, our beloved Queen will be able to enjoy an honourable retirement, cheered by the undimmed affection of her subjects—a peace, let us trust, undisturbed by any private or public trouble. She will be able to revel in the congenial solitudes of Osborne or Balmoral without any reproach, and to devote her leisure time to any pursuits which her inclination may select, and, encouraged by her previous success, to give to her country a history of her life as Queen as well as wife, which may add one of the most valuable treasures to the store-house of History.

CUM GRANO.

THE set of ruffians, cut-throats, bankrupts, and savages who have assumed the *nom de plume* of the "Republic of Mexico" have not of late forced themselves much upon public notice. However, they are once more apparently beginning to show signs of life of a certain sort, for a week or two ago they were knocking at the door of the Foreign Office in the hopes of getting an acknowledgment; and only the other day they managed to monopolise a whole trans-Atlantic telegram to themselves. The despatch in question informed Europe that the Congress of the Republic of Mexico had abolished the punishment of death. Notwithstanding the fact that this is the same body that recently declared the "execution" of Maximilian "illegal," we are obliged to regard its judgments from a very unamiable point of view. A set of drunken coal-heavers passing a resolution condemnatory of beer-drinking and swearing would have greater claims upon our serious attention. In short, the announcement that "capital punishment" is extinct in Mexico reads like a good joke, and if we are forced to take it seriously, we can only do so on the supposition that a wise legislature has come to the conclusion that if the law is to claim the life of every murderer in Mexico, there will very soon be an end of the republic altogether. This sounds illiberal, but it is nothing of the kind. As some portion of Italy, and nearly the whole of Greece, may be regarded as the sink of Europe, so Mexico, in an aggravated degree, discharges the same dirty function on the American Continent. It is, in a word, the worst place for a respectable man to set up house on the face of the globe, civilised or the contrary. Such news from such a place suggests a good deal in the shape of analogy, and those who have been good enough to take it in confidently and cheerfully, had better prepare themselves for one or more of the following announcements with the least possible delay:

Archdeacon Sinclair has written something in the manly, terse, and convincing style of Swift and Johnson, every copy of which has been bought up by the working classes.

Turkish 3 per Cents. are at par.

Mr. Disraeli has refused to eat his own words, and has joined the Conservative party.

Prussia has ensured the peace of Europe by disbanding another 10,000 men. As a further guarantee for his pacific intentions, Count Bismarck has had the military chemists severely reprimanded, their specimens of solidified nitro-glycerine taken away from them, and all their apparatus put into the fire.

Park lane was safely traversed three times yesterday. A brewer's dray, four-wheeled cab, and watering cart, successively crossed from Piccadilly to the Marble arch without breaking their horses' legs.

A controversial meeting, for the glory of God and the spread of true Christianity, has been held in the north of England, at which only fifteen people received gun-shot wounds, twenty-nine serious injuries, and thirty-five were carried to the hospital. As the Riot Act was read only five times, the disturbance lasted only three days, the destruction of property was limited to only 215 Irish houses, and lastly, as only 200 special constables were sworn in, and 300 military summoned from a distance, this may be regarded as one of the most orderly and edifying things of the kind that have occurred in the locality for some time past.

A London statue has just been put up which the best critics have pronounced to be not "boisterously comic," but merely "quietly funny." It is like somebody.

The Court will not leave town till the beginning of August.

A debate has occurred in the House of Commons, the course of which was interrupted by no personal attack, oath, scuffle, stand-up fight, song, bet, charge of dishonesty, or unconstitutional manoeuvre. The matter under discussion was merely the Herring (Newfoundland) Fisheries Bill, but the occurrence is unprecedented.

The Ritual Commissioners have not all gone mad.

The hero and heroine of the new novel in *Once a Week* will not pass their honeymoon in Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Bouicault's undiscovered island in the South Pacific.

Thanks to the precautions taken by the Government, there will not be any serious rioting in the country in the course of the present year.

A PEOPLES PARADISE.

MR. LABOUCHERE, one of the Members for Middlesex, has at length raised the question in the House of Commons if cabs are to be admitted within the gates of Hyde Park. The Honourable Member, in urging his case, pointed out, amidst some fifty other excellent arguments, that London was the only city in the world where the chief promenade was exclusively devoted to the service of the upper ten thousand; and that while in Paris, all classes of society have free access to the Bois de Boulogne in any kind of *voiture* their fancy or resources may suggest, in London a large body of the tax-paying British people are, by the exclusion of their national vehicle—the four-wheeler—debarred from the enjoyment of healthful recreation in a public Park, for the maintenance of which they are called upon to provide. With so much force has Mr. Labouchere argued his cause, that already the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have felt themselves bound to take the matter into their serious consideration; and with a view to rendering Hyde Park in future an agreeable resort for all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, the following regulations have been framed, which will come into action as soon as an additional thousand constables have been added to the Metropolitan Police Force to superintend their observance.

Regulations to be observed in the admission of vehicles into Hyde Park, and rules for rendering the Park a convenient resort for all classes of the public.

- 1.—Cabs, either with or without occupants, may enter the Park at all the gates. Cab stands will be formed at each extremity of Rotten Row, but cabs may ply for hire in the principal thoroughfares at the option of their drivers.
- 2.—The Kensington omnibuses will henceforward enter at Queen's gate, and the Brompton line will enter at Albert gate, all omnibuses leaving the Park at Hyde Park Corner.
- 3.—Heavy waggons conveying coal, stone, or merchandise, which can only proceed at a slow pace, may pass through the Park, but must take their place in a rank which will be formed in all the drives next the railings. Light vehicles butchers' carts, &c., will only be allowed within the gates provided they travel at a speed of not less than twelve miles an hour.

- 4.—During the season, the games of cricket, foot-ball, hockey, croquet, Aunt Sally, &c., may be played on available spots.
- 5.—Bands of music may perform in the Park between the hours of ten a.m., and midnight, at the discretion of their conductors, but no two bands may perform within twenty yards of one another. This rule does not apply to barrel organs, which may play at any time or on any spot without let or hindrance. Parties of negro melodists, performing dogs, and Punch's shows will, however, be subject to the same restriction as the bands.
- 6.—As it is contemplated that under these new arrangements, Hyde Park will be fully occupied by the public, all volunteer musters and drills are prohibited.

The British people, or even Mr. Labouchere himself, cannot fail to be satisfied with the ready admission of their rights by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. There is every reason to believe that the new regulations will effect a reform which has long been much needed. Under the present circumstances, it is continually a cause of just complaint that for a stated period of the year Hyde Park is daily blocked and rendered impassable by the carriages of the aristocracy. It may fairly be hoped that the new system will have the effect of removing to some more remote locality these obstacles to the public convenience.

THE DRAMA AND ITS REGENERATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

DEAR SIR,—As I have got nothing particular to do now, not having more than four original novels to read and four original dramas to write, and as the public don't seem to be taking quite as much notice of me as they ought, I have determined to write a few letters to the papers about myself—a subject which the more you know, the more you must admire.

A most fearful lot of nonsense is talked about the decay of the drama, and the miserable remuneration given to dramatic authors now-a-days, and about reviving the old plays. The idea of any manager wanting to revive rubbishy old plays, when he can get a piece of mine! As I said with such capital good taste in my letter to the chairman of some public dinner the other day—I'd just as soon see my stupid old grandmother dug out of her grave, and propped up at the tea table, as see the pieces of that fellow Shakespeare and his lot revived. It's all humbug—I ought to know what humbug is, and I tell you it's nothing more than arrant humbug. The drama never was in such a flourishing condition, and dramatic authors never were so well paid as now, thanks to my exertions. Certainly, when I began to write, the British Drama was in a very bad way, but I soon picked it up, I soon infused life and vigour into that which for 300 years a pack of penny-scraping fools had been trying to debilitate and destroy.

First look at *London Assurance*; there's a comedy? Why, the other day the Prince of Wales expressed a wish to see some really fine old comedy revived and acted by a strong caste. What piece was fixed upon? After rummaging amongst the rubbish of the two last centuries from Ben Jonson down to Sheridan, they could not find anything to come up to *London Assurance*. That's the old comedy they're going to revive, and I'll bet you the receipts from one of my dramas, Sir, that if you live long enough you'll see *How She Loves Him*, which was wasted on a pack of mealy-mouthed idiots, will be revived with such success as shall pour showers of gold into the laps of my children and grandchildren. Then take the *Colleen Bawn*. Did any play of Shakespeare's ever run for 500 nights consecutively? Look at the *Octoroon*, *The Long Strike*, *Flying Scud*. If you can point out to me any author living or dead who has written such a galaxy of successful dramas as this, why I'll bring out all his works regardless of expense, and pocket all the profits. And all these dramas are original, not adaptations from the French, or old plays dressed up again in modern language. No, if there is an original author living, it is myself. True, these miserable envious reptiles who are always ready to malign and revile a successful author, have dared to insinuate that I have taken all my plots and nearly all my dialogue from other authors; but I can afford to despise such vermin. It certainly has sometimes happened that no sooner have I produced a successful drama, than some impudent fellow produces a novel founded on my play, and pretends it was written long

ago, and that I took my play from it. A fellow who took the ridiculous name of Griffin did that with *The Colleen Bawn*, or rather some enterprising publishers did it for him, and absolutely brought out some cheap novel, the characters, plot, and dialogue all stolen from my drama, and advertised it as the original of the *Colleen Bawn*. I don't suppose there is any man who has suffered so much as I have from the malignant misrepresentations of petty nibbling vermin, fellows who dish up four acts of rubbish from one of those sensational romances which adorn the vulgar cheap periodicals, and sell it to an East-end manager for a few paltry pounds. These are the creatures who degrade the British Drama, and then cry out about its decay and the hardships of dramatic authors.

I know this very well, Sir, and I give you my word for it. A successful drama is worth at least £45,000 to £70,000 to its author if he know how to manage it. I have made about a million and-a-half by my pieces; and when I have got enough to buy up all the theatres in Great Britain, Ireland, and America, I intend to do so, and to bring out nothing but my own pieces; by that means I calculate that I shall do more to educate the masses than all the schools and colleges that ever were established. I understand theatrical managers; I know that they have no education; that they act any rubbish with a good name to it, and that they won't hear of a play, however good, by a new man—or at least, won't give him anything for it if it's ever such a success. I practise on their ignorance, and on their cowardice, and that's how I make my money. As for the public, they'll swallow nearly anything with plenty of puff paste round it. If you say a goose is a swan, and stick to it long enough, the public will believe you; and they would not listen to any one, however talented, who undertook to prove that it was nothing but a goose. I am very much mistaken, if, before I die, I don't make the British public acknowledge that I am the greatest actor, poet, and dramatist that their country has ever produced.

There's no humbug, and no mean jealousy about me; I have done more than any actor or dramatic author that ever lived to raise the character of the stage as a profession. I am the cleverest and most successful man of my age, not excluding even Mr. Disraeli. I have no prejudices; and in proof thereof, if any modern author will bring me a drama, I'll put it into shape and bring it out in my name, and he shall have a fair share of the profits. Or, if the public wishes it, I don't mind undertaking to edit some of Shakespeare's, or Jonson's, or Sheridan's pieces. I think they have got something in them, but they want re-modelling—a few sensation headers, or a galvanic battery, or a live donkey introduced here or there would wake them up considerably. I shan't ask more than £25,000 for editing any piece, provided my name is put in big enough letters in the bills. I think that I have proved my generosity as well as my genius by this letter, and so I shall conclude with the assertion that this really is the Golden Age of the British Drama, and not the brazen age, as some would have us think.

You need not thank me for honouring you with this letter; you are quite welcome to it. If you like to give me another advertisement gratis, why, you shall hear from me again.

Yours, &c.,

D—N B—CIC—T.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

LAST WEEK'S QUESTION.

WHO will win the Derby?

Lady Elizabeth. Because her name is never mentioned without a bet.

The correct answer will be given at Epsom on Wednesday afternoon. For further particulars apply at the TOMAHAWK Tent.

Incorrect (presumably) answers have been received from Timothy Tadpole, Billy Pattison, and The Riddler.

NEXT WEEK.

Why is Mr. Disraeli like Rotten Row?

First Prize.—*A Seat in Parliament. Apply to Mr. Rearden.*

Second Prize.—*43d.*

Third Prize.—*Mr. Mill's "conscientious" persecution of Ex-Governor Eyre.*

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, MAY 30, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SERGEANT ARMSTRONG appears to think that he is a big gun, whereas, he is only a small bore.

It is reported that Mr. Swinburne has written a poem of considerable length for *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is to be hoped that it does not possess equal breadth.

So the Jamaica Committee have at last succeeded in getting Mr. Eyre committed for trial. We admire their perseverance, and cannot help wondering whether if it were employed against those who are directly responsible for the sufferings and death of many white wretches, called paupers, it might not meet with equal success. The great skill with which these disinterested defenders of the Jamaica negro have tried to prove that black is white, should be a guarantee for their benevolence being a less colourable pretext than it is at present.

THE *Daily News*, which justly has a high reputation as a most excellently conducted journal, though with extreme radical sympathies, contained on Monday last, an article which we may characterize as gratuitously dishonest. Considering that Her Majesty has made a practice for the last three years, of leaving for Scotland in the middle of the season, and without any regard to the state of public affairs, it is a considerable stretch of party malice to attribute to Mr. Disraeli's manoeuvres what the writer must know he was as guiltless of advising, as he was as powerless to prevent. It would be just as fair to charge the Liberal party with causing the Queen's illness, because they happened to be in office when it commenced.

THE House of Commons only gets more uproarious every day, spite of all the warnings that have been addressed to it. Honourable Members seem to vie with one another in trying to bring disgrace upon the body to which they belong. They ought to be treated like rebellious schoolboys, and have some of their holidays stopped. If they go on as they have the last week, we may expect to see the opposition and the independent supporters of the Government playing "No child of mine" with Mr. Disraeli; while Mr. Bright and Mr. John Hardy are fighting at even weights for £10 a-side and a box of cigars. Or perhaps some day the Premier will find Mr. Gladstone sitting in his place, and if he offer to regain it will be met with the polite observation "Bunk you brute, or I'll punch your head." It's a pity that some system of icing the House can not be invented which would cool the tempers of the members. Certainly, this Session will be known, *par exemple*, as the Political dog-days.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Parliament, House of*.—A Tea-room with a debating-club attached.
- Party, Evening, Tea, or otherwise*.—Means of establishing a tariff of your neighbours' toilettes.
- Passion*.—The boiler, of which common sense is the safety-valve.
- Peacock*.—The bird to whom Juno gave a train and a chignon.
- Pearl*.—The oyster small-pox, not catching for such women as poverty may vaccinate.
- Peerage*.—The marryer's compass.
- Pertness*.—The wit of the ignorant.
- Periwig*.—The chignon's great ancestors.
- Pet*.—A testimony to Homœopathy. Once a woman is in a Pet, it takes a great deal of Petting to cure her.
- Pew*.—The pit the Pharisee falls into on the Sabbath.
- Petticoat*.—The flag of Female Suffrage.
- Philosophy*.—In woman resembles that of the Irish Lamb—the more you wish her to take one road the more she persists in going the other.
- Pimple*.—The bud of the blossom grown on a rum shrub.
- Plain*.—A woman's pretensions to beauty are plain in the eyes of a rival.
- Pleasure*.—What she gives herself any pains to procure.
- Poetry*.—Prose's holiday.
- Politics*.—What woman really understands and therefore is prevented from taking a share in.
- Pomatum*.—The oil used for woman's locks when inclined to turn rusty.
- Port*.—A wine our boys tell us is only crummy when crusty.

THE TIP OF THE TOMAHAWK.

The Derby! the Derby! Now tell us who will win?
The Horse who first comes in.
 But what will be the Horse's name, the rest among?
'Twill be—on every tongue.
 Come, cease your funning—let us have a prophecy.
A Tip from us? And why?

Why not? we've singled out before
 The foremost on the war-path; while a score
 Of coming shadows we have pointed out
 To ware events which fate has brought about.
 So now, into the future of the week
 We peer with certainty, and thus we speak :—
 They are off! no they're not! yes they are! Look alive!
 We repeat they are not! *The false starts will be FIVE!*
 At last! there they go. *Nineteen* horses together,
 All as fresh as new paint and light as a feather—
 What's that horse to the front? Can this really be true?
 Rosicrucian the running makes, Blue Gown, for you.
 Round the corner they come like bees in a swarm,
 But of six creeping up you may make out the form;
 The Lady, The Earl, with Blue Gown and Green Sleeve,
 St. Ronan and Rosycross, you will perceive:
 The pace is tremendous! St. Ronan falls back!
 The stride of The Earl is observed to grow slack!
 Here they are! well together! Jocks make their appeal
 To the whip with the hand, to the spur with the heel!
 Thunder past! It is over. The numbers you'll see
 Are BLUE GOWN, THE LADY, GREEN SLEEVE, 1, 2, 3.

(Signed)

TOMAHAWK.

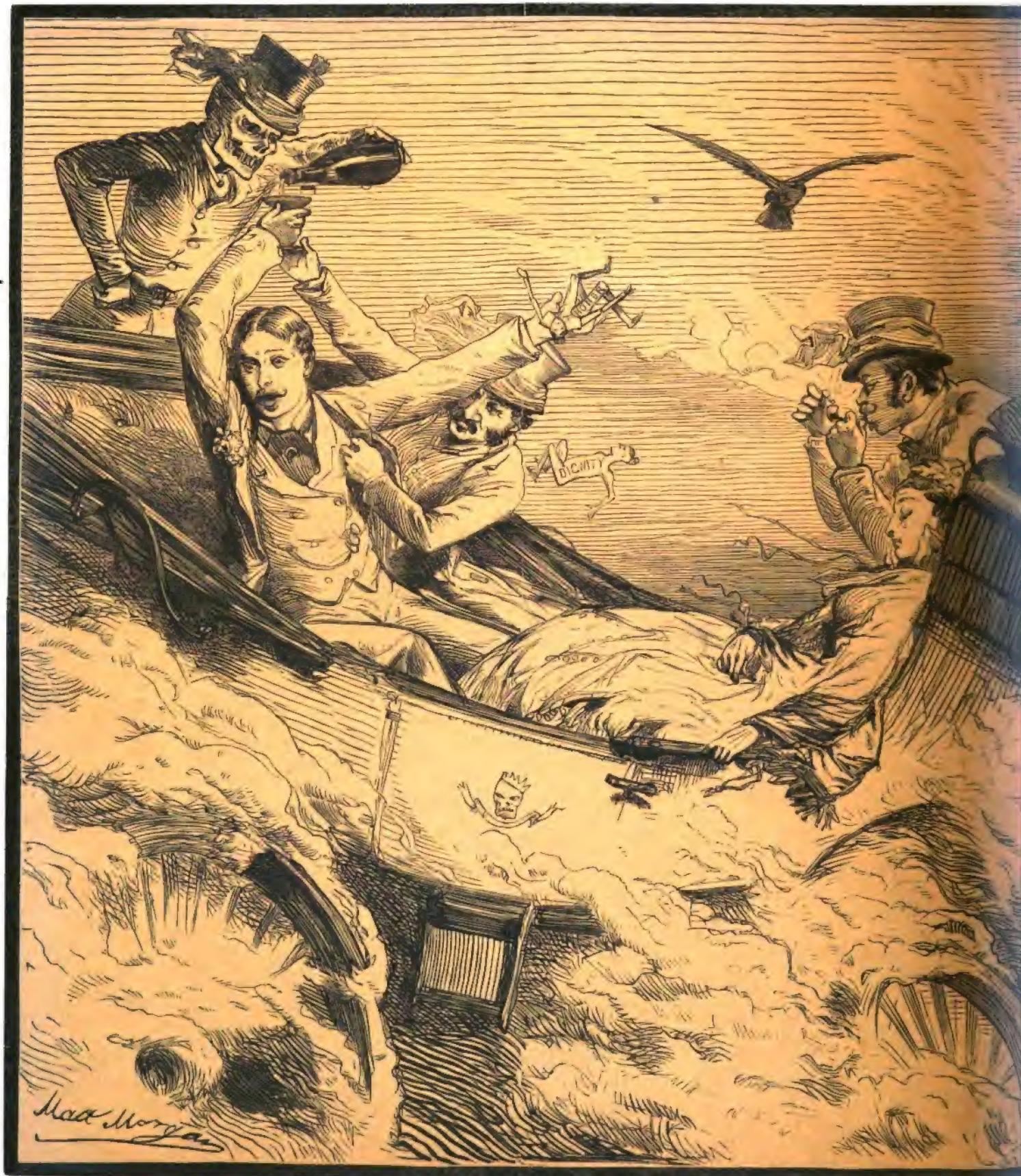
May, 1868.

THE NEW (BUT EXPLODED) POLITICAL WEAPON.—The New (Serjeant) Armstrong Gun.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE: A DAILY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG LADIES.—The *Magasin de Modes*.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



HOME FROM



THE DERBY!

[See "*Pluto's Holiday*,"—Page 223.]

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

PLAYING AT BRICKS.

ONE of the sensations, if we are not mistaken, of last year's "dull season" was the Barry-Pugin controversy. The two juniors contended on behalf of their respective fathers for the questionable honour of having originated that most ineffective and very rotten piece of magnificence which, by courtesy, is allowed to pass muster as the Palace of Westminster. As the two gentlemen in question, to say nothing of their friends, have quite exhausted the subject, it is unnecessary to attempt its reanimation now. Who really got the best of the argument we do not know, but we call upon the son of the architect to acknowledge one of the unpleasant responsibilities of his success, and tell us why his father did not build the nation who employed him a proper House of Commons. It is a simple fact, that notwithstanding the outlay of millions, the patching, plastering, chipping, and scraping of years, the whole thing is a dead—a disgraceful failure after all.

The decision of the committee appointed to enquire into the capabilities of the stifling morocco-leather Noah's Ark in which the third estate is at present crammed, is known. A new house has been unanimously decided upon. At last then we suppose something will be constructed, where every member can have a seat, and where every speech, not that this is an overwhelming recommendation, can be heard. The country will be merely mulcted five or six hundred thousand pounds, and the matter will be, it is to be hoped, settled. That is the Utopian view of the matter.

Another, not quite so cheerful, suggests itself to those who measure the future by the experience of the past, and that pictures another failure. The great despicable English love of a job will be too much for the occasion. Somebody will want to fill his own or somebody else's pockets out of the nation's money, and the wrong man will be set to work—that is the melancholy though very common-sense view of the matter. Of course the bull-headed prejudice of Honourable Members will insist on a repetition of the worst form of debating room, the oblong, and reject the only reasonable shape, the semicircular, because it is "continental nonsense, Sir." That is a safe prediction. Some scope there will be for ingenuity as regards detail, and it is more especially with this that we are at present concerned, inasmuch as several plans are already said to be on the *tapis*. The following have reached us from a most reliable source, and we therefore publish them without comment, at the same time strongly advising the lucky gentleman in *posse* who secures this prospective job to take a quiet hint where he can. Let him but do this and England may yet boast of a house to hold her Commons that looks unlike a triumph in ginger-bread, and absolutely answers its purpose into the bargain:—

DESIGN 231.—MOTTO, *Tempora mutantur nos et, &c.*

An Ecclesiastical Gothic chamber, with chair for Prime Minister (fixture). To hold about 269 Members. Terrace outside for the amusement of an Opposition. Conjuring apparatus fitted to Ministerial benches, to enable them to change sides suddenly in a crisis. Decorations various. A stock to be kept on hand to suit the prevailing taste for the time being.

By MR. DISRAELI.

DESIGN 1,004.—MOTTO, *Knox et præterea nihil.*

Capacious room, with ring (permanent) in centre. Galleries for lookers on. Rules of the P. R. to be emblazoned in modern English on the panels. Prevailing colour, orange and mud.

By COL. KNOX.

DESIGN 00001.—MOTTO, *Pax vobiscum.*

A magnificent Protestant Gothic hall (like Exeter Hall, in the Strand), capable of containing—anything but itself. Decorations, four immense historical frescoes, representing—

- (1.) *The actual blowing up of the House of Commons by Guy Fawkes in 1605, showing the slaughter that occurred one minute after the match was lighted.*
- (2.) *A Popish priest stealing a halfpenny when no one is looking.*
- (3.) *Mr. Mackonochie, dressed as the Pope, trying to set fire to an Evangelical, whom he had asked to dinner.*

- (4.) *The Angel of Truth, in her robe of true blue, blowing her own trumpet, and scattering scented copies of "The Confessional Unmasked" broadcast to the unsuspecting youths and maidens of England.*

By MR. WHALLEY, M.P.

DESIGN 168.—MOTTO, *You're another.*

An elegantly-arranged bear garden.

By A MEMBER WHO TOOK AN ACTIVE PART IN A RECENT DEBATE.

DESIGN 6 and 7.—MOTTO, *Sua si bona nōrint!*

A gigantic circular-shaped building in the form of a well, constructed of philosopher's stones. Various cells and retired nooks affording retreats for the meditation and reflection of thinking Members. Decoration, papering of unsold pamphlets.

By MR. MILL.

But we need not continue the list at present. The above will serve to show what an opportunity the architect has before him, if he be only equal to it. But soberly let us advise the gentleman, whoever he may be, to see that *his* house is large enough for the Members.

Absentees have had their day, and it is more than probable that the new constituencies will express their convictions on that point with tolerable force.

UNSEEN ILLUMINATIONS.

THE illuminations on last Saturday night in honour of Her Majesty's birthday were as brilliant and general as they always have been. The great bulk of the most attractive designs have already been described and chronicled in the columns of our daily contemporaries, but, strange to say, the lists that have appeared in the newspapers have been, in many marked instances, most incomplete. As several of the most important designs and transparencies have been allowed to pass without a word of notice, we hasten to supply the omissions:—

Buckingham Palace.—The words "To Let" surmounted by a crown and branches of laurels.

11 Carlton Terrace.—(The residence of Mr. Gladstone.) The motto "Divide et Impera."

The War Office, Pall Mall.—The Crown and other marks of army rank, with the motto "For Purchase."

1 Grosvenor Gate.—(The residence of Mr. Disraeli.) The Star of the Order of the Garter over the letters "Sir Benjamin, K.G."

Baron Rothschild's Mansion in Piccadilly.—A lamp in the hall and a flame surmounting a wax candle in a room on the third floor.

St. James's Hall.—A magnificent jewelled transparency with the motto "Every Evening at Eight." This was one of the most brilliant illuminations in the metropolis.

THE FUN OF THE DERBY.

EGGS have risen in price: flour is at a premium. The "fast young man" of the present day whose mind and brain usually yield themselves on this day to the eloquence of slang and the delight of practical joking, is, we suppose, just now engaged in taxing his ingenuity in the art and practice of hitting his neighbour's eye with an egg, or besmothering his face with flour. Blackguardism in light coats and green hat-bands, occupying seats on four-in-hands and omnibuses, is a prominent feature at the Derby—as prominent as the favourite on the course or the favourite (of the *demi-monde*) off the course. We hope, if common sense do not check the vulgar exuberance commonly known as "the fun of the Derby," that the police with its staves will knock in a few of the empty heads which usually run mad on this occasion. Posterity will doubtless regard these young men who go to the Derby as the "Flour of England."

TO THE RACE OF MAN.—"The Ups and Downs of Epsom" is the title of a tale of harrowing sensation, which will not be published to the world on the day after the Derby. Thousands of copies, however, will be printed for private circulation only.

THE TURF.—A SATIRE.

PART I.

TIME was when Gambling was by law allowed,
To White's and Brookes' flocked the noble crowd ;
When patriots and ministers of state,
Fresh from the party strife and fierce debate,
In Faro's wild excitement slaked their fire,
Or o'er the dice's turn forgot their ire ;
When all the wits and heroes of the age
Scorned not at cards their talents to engage,
And as they dropped their thousands on the board,
Were no less liberal of their mind's bright hoard.
Bon-mots and guineas sparkled side by side,
Winners and losers in good humour vied :
Chance reigned supreme, unchecked by crafty skill ;
They won, they lost, but kept their honour still.

But now, thank Heaven ! Gambling is put down—
Of gold and silver hells we've purged the town ;
Crockford's survives only in old men's tales—
E'en lotteries have given way to sales.
The Thimble-rigger dares not show his head,
And, save in Politics, his art is dead.
This virtuous age abhors the name of Play,
In honest work consumes the busy day ;
Its pious ears the mere word Gambling shocks ;
For now we only *speculate* in Stocks.

'Tis true the Arlington and Rag exist,
But, then, the game is scientific whist—
Nothing like whist to fill the vacant mind
(And empty pockets too, you'll sometimes find).
'But, Tattersall's ?' Oh, that's an honest club,
Where the patricians 'gainst plebians rub ;
Where every prejudice of race or caste
Is thrown amongst the lumber of the past ;
Where dukes can grasp the hand that's brown'd—with toil,
Nor fear their fingers or their gloves to soil
(It might be rather difficult, 'tis true,
To say which hand's the cleaner of the two).
'They gamble there !'

"Oh, nothing of the sort.
"They bet, I grant, but that's all manly sport—
"We must, you know, improve our horses' breed,
"Sustain the British name for pluck and speed ;
"Shall the Law lay its sacrilegious hand
"On sacred institutions of the Land ?
"The Turf is one of England's proudest boasts,
"Its home has ever been on our free coasts,
"Whence far and wide It missionaries sends
"To preach Its gospel to our foreign friends ;
"Where'er an Englishman has set his foot
"Racing (and gin) have firmly taken root,
"An English jockey's honoured near and far,
"It is our sports have made us what we are !"

Doubtless 'tis true—the Turf's a noble thing,
Fast wed to Honour by a golden Ring ;
'Tis a brave deed with unimpassioned face
To lose your thousands on a single Race ;
What nobler use for money can we find,
Than to enrich these men of subtle mind,
Whom their own industry has served to raise
From out the gutter (surely no mean praise),
And made them friends and equals e'en of peers ?
Why heed the disappointed loser's jeers,
That betting men are only licensed thieves,
(Really such malice honest natures grieves),
What if sometimes to cunning they resort,
To 'plants' and 'dodges,'—all is fair in sport :
The *gentlemen* can deem it no disgrace
Who follow them, but at a slower pace,
Who patient study every *clever* trick,
And teach their consciences at nought to stick ;
Who practice, to ensure their noble end,

Some fancy fraud upon their bosom friend ;
Lie till they e'en forget to feign a blush
And only Wine their manly cheek can flush ;
Advise their brother to back Chanticleer,
Although they've paid the groom to make him queer ;
Slander some favourite down to outside price,
Then clap the money on him in a trice ;
Corrupt with bribes those wretched puny boys
Snatched from their nurse to make the Devil toys ;
Who not content to cheat their own vile race
E'en honest brutes try vainly to disgrace,
And so at last to full perfection grown,
With biggest blackguards more than hold their own !

Let other tongues the paltry cant repeat,
That on the Turf Honour holds firm her seat !
A few there are, we gladly own, who still
Hold honest folly 'bove dishonest skill ;
Who, though the world would gladly pass it by,
Still scorn to tolerate the whitest lie :
Their hearts ne'er knew deception's slightest taint,
They worship Truth as Man's best patron Saint.
Their bright example naught, alas ! prevails,
Approved by Fortune's smile, Fraud still prevails.
E'en if the owner be an honest man,
The trusted trainer aids the scoundrel's plan ;
Or, if the trainer's true, some stable lad,
Familiar from a babe with all that's bad,
Flushed with champagne and generously fee'd,
The courage finds to do the dirty deed.

What chance remains for Honesty ?—
"But stay,
"They're rogues ; yet own that when they lose they pay."

Pay ? Yes, but how ? With money meanly gained,
What care they how the needful sum's attained ?
The honest tradesman begs from day to day
His due ;—they'll see him damned before they pay ?
"What, leave my debts of honour, just to fill
"This cheating tailor's all-devouring till ?
"A man who sticks on cent. per cent. at least
"On every article, the greedy beast !"
The Ring are right no credit e'er to give ;
How could they trust each other, and still live ?
No ! better steal their wives' and children's bread ;
Better the living cheat, and rob the dead ;
Ay ! better far Honour's last rag to sell
Strip bare the home those dear ones loved so well ;
Better e'en forge a doting father's name—
Than as defaulter know the rogue's sole shame !

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

THE following is an instance of the ingenious way in which, whilst the commands of royalty are obeyed, the claims of *propriety* are not sacrificed. A contemporary states that

It is said that at one of the recent Drawing Rooms Her Majesty desired the Lord Chamberlain to inform one of the ladies present that she was requested not to appear again in so low a dress.

This must have been a terrible order to the fair and modest delinquent. With what rage and disappointment must she have consulted with her dressmaker how the cruel and ridiculous "request" could be evaded. But there was little need for dismay. A delightful *arrivée pensée* suggests itself. What is taken away in one part, must be given in another. There is an easy way of getting out of the difficulty—you shall not be decent, my dear Madame against your wish, you walk backwards from Her Majesty—*Eh bien*—you shall be content with your new dress. And so the same paragraph tells us

It seems the fashion with French dressmakers now to scoop out the back of low dresses in a most unseemly manner.

Perhaps, though this may not come to Her Majesty's eyes, it may to her ears, and if so, may lead to a compulsory reform in the present crab-like movements at the Drawing Room.

PLUTO'S HOLIDAY.

[See CARTOON.]

"CHECK," said Pluto, moving a bishop on the diabolical board.

"Oh, hang it all," replied Faust with a yawn; "why on earth do you make so many moves with your bishops?"

"Because they are my *protégés*. They look so innocent, and yet can be delightfully mischievous. But come—move—I called check."

"Well, then, there—what do you say to that?" said Faust, taking His Imperial Majesty's bishop with another piece.

"What do I say? Why, I say it's cheating! What am I to do now—without the Irish Church? Oh, I shan't play any more." And Pluto kicked the board over and frowned terribly.

"That's right," said Faust jeeringly, "lose your temper. However, you don't hurt me: in this sultry weather chess is a little too much even in Hades."

"It's the only game we allow down here. But to return, Doctor, I wish you would prescribe for me—I feel terribly seedy."

"Well, my dear fellow—you know what I've always said. You never were so well as when you were on earth—there you used to sing all over the place—why don't you go back again? Get out your portmanteau, have that copper-plate of yours, with 'Signor Mephistophiles' engraved on it, sent to the printer's, fill your card case, have your hair cut, and order Charon's boat to be ready by ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I say though, won't I look strange in this moustache and imperial?"

"Not a bit of it. You have set the fashion at the Tuileries—the Emperor Napoleon wears just such a moustache and just such an imperial."

"Hang that man!" said Pluto angrily; "he copies me in every particular!"

"The sincerest flattery, my dear boy."

"Yes, it's all very well to say that, but until that fellow ascended the French throne wickedness used to be my *spécialité*."

"Poor Dev——!" said Faust sympathisingly.

"Stop that: we don't allow the luxury of using bad language down here. Not only that," continued Pluto querulously, "Earth has grown too sharp for me—I infinitely prefer Hades."

"From the way you talk one would think that you find no difference between this miserable spot and Elysium!"

"That's all you know about it; there is the greatest possible difference."

"Well, then, what is the difference?" asked Faust.

"Why, you stupid fellow, don't you know that *there are no marriages in heaven*?"

"Ah! to be sure. There's something in that."

"That reminds me," said Pluto, "that if I leave this place I don't know to whom I ought to entrust it—temporary government."

"Proserpine," hinted Faust.

"The Fates forbid!" exclaimed Pluto, horror-stricken. "Hades governed by a woman! I don't pretend to be over-scrupulous—and you know how I hate mankind—but, on my word, that would be a *little* too hard upon humanity!"

"Well, then, what do you say to a Divine? There's——"

"Stop," interrupted the King. "I say, Doctor, why shouldn't you take my place? You have been here a long time, and know all my ways. Come, now, what do you say to wearing my crown for a couple of days?"

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, to think of me, but really I scarcely know what to do, and——"

"Oh, nonsense—no excuses, Doctor. Now, look here. If any one arrives while I am away, you know what to do with them. Traitors can help to roll Ixion's wheel. Slanderers may take a bath with Tantalus. Regicides may be set to read the works of Martin Farquhar Tupper—not too much though, or you will kill the wretched creatures."

"How about parricides?"

"Oh, treat them with much greater severity—the greatest possible severity!"

"What shall I do with them?"

Pluto pondered a minute, and then said slowly—

"Parricides deserve no pity. Appoint them to junior clerkships in the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office!"

Faust turned pale and shuddered; he was about to intercede, when Pluto stopped him sternly,—

"Slave," roared the King, "obey my commands! I repeat, parricides deserve no pity, and shall receive no pity! Mind, the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, and nothing else! Disobey my injunction at your peril!"

Faust sank to the ground in an agony of grief. Pluto threw the crown to him, and walked away.

An hour later and His Majesty (dressed in the highest fashion) was steaming o'er the Styx in Charon's craft, *en route* for the Modern Babylon.

"How are you, Charon?"

"Not werry well, yer Majesty. I've been a-bothered a good bit in my mind lately—terribly a-bothered."

"About what?"

"Well, about that ere Co-operative Movement. 'Ow is a poor man to live when the gentry sets up an opposition to him? That's what I should like to know!"

"But how does the Co-operative Movement affect you?"

"Why, yer Majesty, in the olden times a gentleman used quietly to pop off the 'ooks in bed, but now-a-days the gentry 'ave made Muscular Christianity their Co-operative Movement. They breaks 'emself to pieces out a-steepchasing, blows 'emself to pieces out a-shooting, and dashes 'emself to pieces out a-h'Alpine climbing. I give you my word, I've scarcely 'ad any work to do these last three years. 'Owsomever, its an ill wind that blows nobody no good, and my old friend Bones, the deaf and dumb gentleman with the scythe and the hour glass, 'im as brings my passengers to me, 'e's 'ad enough to do! But when 'e *does* bring 'em to me there ain't nothing left of 'em to ferry over! But 'ere you are, yer Majesty—'ere's the shore: when will yer want to return?"

"After the Derby!"

"Ah!" said Charon, watching the retreating figure of his master as he pocketed the *obolus* that Pluto had given him before walking away. "The Derby wouldn't be much without you, my friend!"

The Derby day!

Such a gathering! Pluto (now calling himself Mephistopheles) stood still and 'grinned at the groups as they passed him. First came a carriage and pair; it carried a powdered coachman and flunkey, and a couple of passengers. The first passenger's bonnet contained a skull, into which had been let some false teeth, and upon which had been placed some corpse's hair. This skull grinned and jabbered at the skull under the green veil-wreathed hat belonging to the other passenger. The second skull exhibited the seeds of decay and death, for all that it grinned famously and was extremely attentive to the female skull. A host of other skulls passed by gibbering and snapping their jaws together in a most amusing manner, and Pluto laughed as he thought—"I wonder what these people would say if they could only see their skulls as I see them—without the flesh!" And the carriages passed by in a cloud of dust and the murmurs of merry voices, crushing sand, and silvery laughter.

Getting bored of watching the skulls (they were so *very* like one another), Pluto moved away and approached a group of men consisting of a thimble-rigger and a crowd of greenhorns. Pluto went up to the thimble-rigger and was about to offer him some advice in an undertone, when the fellow stopped him roughly with—"Teach your grandmother to suck eggs; I can get on very well without you."

So Pluto, thoroughly snubbed and shamefaced, slunk away to another part of the Downs. He soon heard some very discordant sounds—sounds which had they not been called a hymn would certainly have passed for a comic song. A great vulgar man, in a dirty white necktie, was shouting out the words of the melody at the top of his voice. Pluto caught the man's eye, and beckoned him to come to him. Thus summoned, the reverend gentleman closed the hymn abruptly, and approached the spot upon which Pluto had taken his stand, with a very obsequious bow.

"How do, Mr. Leatherlegs," said His Majesty carelessly.

"By-the-bye, I've got a bone to pick with you!"

"Indeed, sire! I'm sure I've been most zealous in your service."

"Precisely what I complain of," said Pluto; "you've been far *too* zealous. You know my accommodation is small: then

why do you send me such heaps of people? My wife Proserpine doesn't know what to do with them."

"Dear, dear," replied the street preacher regretfully, "I'm very sorry to hear this. Why, I've got a whole congregation on the way to Charon's boat. How shall I stop them?"

"By giving up ribaldry and blasphemy," said Pluto, turning upon his heel.

Leaving the crestfallen street preacher to ponder over his parting words, His Majesty made his way among the carriages. As he walked along the flash of a diamond necklace attracted his attention.

"Ah," said Pluto to himself, "I am certain I've seen that necklace somewhere or other—years ago. By Jove! Why, I gave it to my friend the Doctor's young woman. Yes, those are the Faust diamonds!"

Pluto was right—seated in the carriage before him was Marguerite!

He took off his hat politely, and approached her. Gretchen stared at him through a double eyeglass, and at last exclaimed—

"I know your face very well, but upon my word I can't recollect your name for the moment."

"My name is Mephistopheles, Madam, at your service."

"Oh yes, to be sure, a great friend of a man I knew in my first season:—wasn't it a Doctor Somebody?"

"Doctor Faust."

"Faust! yes, that was the name. I behaved rather badly to him, didn't I?—but you know one can't marry Doctors, you know."

"On the contrary, Madam, you had reason to complain of him!"

"Oh, did he jilt me? Ah, I dare say. I've had so many *affaires de cœur* in my time, that it's simply impossible to remember details!"

"Quite so," said Pluto; "but pardon me,—I thought you intended taking up an aerial abode?"

"Oh, you're alluding to that absurd voyage made in the arms of some strange creatures in tinsel and wings—creatures called angels, or ballet girls, or something of that sort?"

Pluto made a bow.

"Ah," continued Marguerite, fanning herself, "it was the most absurd mistake in the world! I had an old admirer of the name of Goethe, who had an exaggerated idea of my goodness. This absurd fellow absolutely gave orders that I should be carried up to the sky! However, when I felt it getting cold, and that the stupid things in wings and tinsel had forgotten my jewels, I soon ordered them to carry me down again! So they had their trouble for nothing."

Pluto laughed long and heartily, and when he had recovered himself said: "My dear Madam, you know we are *very* old friends. Is it impertinent to ask you how you have managed to keep your splendid beauty unimpaired for so many centuries?"

"That's my secret," replied Marguerite, with a smile. "However, I may tell you that I never think, and that a magician called Gounod has endowed me with a fresh lease of youth and loveliness!"

"You've never been to Madame Rachel?"

"To be made 'beautiful for ever?' No, you would have seen me at your place long ere this had I been guilty of such terrible folly!"

The sun is setting on the Derby day, and Pluto is dressed in masquerade. Now that his children are insensible, is it not their father who should take them into safe custody?

So the King of Hades had doffed his morning clothes, that he might appear in the livery of his children. It is *his* time to serve now; it will be *their* time to serve hereafter! As he assumed the clothes, he felt a cold and nipping air. He turned round, and beheld one of his trustiest servants already in the world's livery.

"Ah," said Pluto, "I shall want your aid presently—jump up—however crowded the coach may be there will be plenty of room for *you*!"

And so the strange carriage started—with Mephistopheles on the box, with Death in the rumble!

The seats were soon occupied. On the back cushion cowered a youth, whose life might have been one series of glories, one grand effort in the cause of his country's good, but who had lost all in losing honour and self-respect. Beside him sat a greedy Jew, with a face that bore a strong family likeness to

the weird driver on the box, picking his patron's pocket of his ill-earned gains. Opposite him, a vulgar upstart, dressed as a gentleman, with the manner of a coalheaver, the sensuous lips of a negro, and the heart of a cur! Next to him, a poor woman, with eyes closed and thoughts far away, weary of her life, and unconscious of her dreadful destination!

And there sat these four—types of the class from which they sprang. Youth in his cap and bells, with folly stamped on his forehead and vice written in his heart, reckless and mad with drink, throwing away life, and hope, and honour, as if they were worthless baubles, useless toys! Then the accursed usurer, his hand grasping the gold which would drag him down to perdition! Then the beast-man in his gaudy clothes and untamed brutality, in his coarse wickedness and vulgar vice! Lastly, the woman with her tear-soiled cheeks and sad memories—long lost to the path of virtue, and fast drifting to the shores of Hell!

And thus they go rattling along the road, with Mephistopheles for a guide, and Death, cold, solemn, and silent as their only comforter!

Home from the Derby! Read the legend on the sign post—home!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A medley of women and horses and men,
Of black legs and white hands, of paupers and peers,
Of fools from their palaces, rogues from their den,
Of blessings and curses, of groans and of cheers,
Of wild exultation and wilder despair,—
A Babel of cries, a Sahara of dust,
The Vagabond's mansion, the Devil's pet fair—
A thing which you mayn't want to see, but you must.
In my first some experience you're certain to gain,
In my second you mayn't get so much for your pain;
But in both, just for once, you had better invest,
You'll but win at the worst, or lose at the best.

1.

On every shape and shade of this,
Here at my ease my eyes I feast;
Men strive of it to make the most,
While women strive to make the least.

2.

If Man's ideas of this in drink
Are thus unlimited, I trow
That some who now have lost their heads
Will find them broken in a row.

3.

The pride of this I thought was dead,
In horses now I see remain;
They of all noble creatures here
Surely need least the whip and rein.

4.

An echo of this pleasant voice
Falls quite refreshing on my ear;
These strangers from the Emerald Isle
Are in their native country here.

5.

Hush! here they come—yes, there's the bell;
Come, clear the course—what is that yell?
Some welsher studying Lynch law;
No, 'tis the—what a loud guffaw!

NURSERIES OF LEARNING.—Probably so called, because the first thing University men do is to lay in a stock of *cribs*.

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 57.]

LONDON, JUNE 6, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE NEW INQUISITION.

SOME people, more sanguine than wise, ventured to hope that the Jamaica Committee had at last been shamed into justice, and had abandoned their paltry persecution of Mr. Eyre. But such persons knew very little of the nature of your true negrophilist, if they thought that he was capable of forgiving any man who had dared to interfere with the gentle, childlike negro when pursuing the harmless amusement of murdering and mutilating white men. Had Mr. Eyre blundered and hesitated, had he humoured the rebellious negroes, cringed to their demands, pampered their appetites, wept over their grievances, and finally, in an ecstasy of philanthropy and a transport of benevolence, sat idly looking on whilst the men were being massacred and the women outraged whom it was his solemn duty to protect, he would have been received by Exeter Hall with showers of applause and testimonials, and Mr. Mill, Mr. Bright, Mr. Peter Taylor, Mr. Charles Buxton, and Co. would have blessed him as a man and a brother, and loaded him with caresses and subscriptions. Mr. Eyre has fortunately escaped such infamy; but he will have to pay dear for it, and these dilettante amateurs of insurrection and massacre will at any rate have succeeded in rendering it nearly impossible for any governor in future to save the lives of those placed under his care during the horrors of a rebellion, if the rebels are fortunate enough to wear the sacred form of niggers.

As there are many weak-minded persons who may be deceived by the impudent assumption of philanthropy by this band of bigots and bullies, we will (having indulged in the luxury of calling them by their real names) examine the excuses put forward by the Jamaica Committee and their sympathisers.

This is not the place to enter into a detailed recapitulation of the evidence given before the Jamaica Commission. We shall assume what was distinctly proved, that there was a rebellion of the blacks, that several of the colonists were killed, and that the rebellion was rapidly and completely suppressed at the cost of comparatively few lives. We shall admit that some of the trials were very irregularly conducted, that the language and demeanour of some of the officers were extremely unbecoming, and that civil liberty was for a time completely overridden by military law. For much of this irregularity Mr. Eyre was in no way to blame, and though he was more prompt than cautious, more firm than gentle, he did his duty as few men in such a difficult position have ever done it, and he acted throughout with the most pure conscientiousness, and without a trace of that deliberate tyranny and cruelty which the Jamaica Committee would attribute to him. And finally, we maintain that the Commission issued by order of the Imperial Parliament was a thoroughly just and impartial tribunal; that all the facts were most carefully sifted; that blame was apportioned where it was due; and that those who would attempt to contravene the decisions of that tribunal, to condemn those whom it acquitted, to blame those whom it praised, to impute malice and cruelty and blood-thirstiness to those whom it distinctly absolved of the slightest shadow of such crimes,—that those men are the real enemies of justice, the real friends of oppression, the real violators of the law, and degraders of humanity.

The professed object of these lovers of blacks is to see if a man in the position which Mr. Eyre occupied, cannot be brought to trial for acts committed under his jurisdiction, whe-

ther by the military, naval, or civil authorities; and at the same time to obtain justice for their injured clients. Now we maintain that Mr. Eyre was virtually brought to trial before the Jamaica Royal Commission, and that he was honourably acquitted; if he deserves to be tried as a criminal, then the Commissioners deserve to be impeached for gross neglect of their duty; and the Government, and the whole Parliament, are equally culpable for having refused to institute a State prosecution. Surely, one of the greatest safeguards of liberty consists in the law that a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence—Mr. Eyre has been tried three times—for unless the prosecutors can maintain the truth of the accusations which they have only hitherto ventured to insinuate privately, and have disowned publicly,—the accusations of having taken a shameful advantage of his position to wreak a private vengeance against a political enemy, and of having authorised acts of deliberate and wanton cruelty; if they admit, as now they hypocritically profess to admit, that Mr. Eyre acted throughout with perfect good faith, and that his errors were errors of judgment, then we maintain that, whatever be the indictment, he is being practically tried for the third time for the same offence. Is this the conduct of disinterested lovers of justice? What can shake the authority of law more utterly than the belief that, after a solemn enquiry by delegates of the highest authority in the State, their deliberate decision, based on the most ample evidence in the case, is to be not only questioned, but set at defiance by a knot of crotchety agitators, who are to be allowed to harass by every device that the law admits of or attorneys can hit on, to persecute with the most relentless animosity, and to put to an enormous cost, the public servant whom the State has already acquitted of any crime or misdemeanour? Is not the benevolent animosity of these philanthropists content with the punishment that has already been inflicted upon one whom the unanimous voice of those whom he saved from the horrors of a murderous insurrection has greeted with grateful acclamations, one whose whole life has shown that he was as incapable of cruelty as of cowardice?

What benefit can these implacable angels of mercy hope to confer on their negro clients? Having failed to hang General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, how can the imprisonment of Mr. Eyre help these injured creatures? Why are not the enormous sums now being wasted in persistent and profitless litigation employed in procuring for the negroes happy homes and good education? If Messrs. Bright, Taylor, Mill, & Co. have such an inexhaustible love for the negro race, why do they not try and teach them self-reliance, perseverance, industry, integrity, and, above all, respect for the truth? Surely this is a much nobler course, and more likely to elevate the character and enhance the happiness of the poor blacks, than the flattering their vanity, encouraging their laziness, and munificently rewarding their mendacity. We never yet failed to raise our voice against cruelty inflicted on any of God's creatures, human or brute; we sincerely deplore the loss of life during the Jamaica insurrection and the Abyssinian war alike; but we solemnly believe that more enduring misery, more real cruelty has been inflicted on the negro race by their professed friends than even by the most heartless slaveowner. Never till a negro is taught to be a man, will mankind own him as a brother.

There is nothing more repulsive to the philanthropist than the eccentric and fastidious benevolence of these negrophilists.

Men and women of our own nation and blood die, inch by inch, the cruellest deaths under our very noses, the victims of organised cruelty and neglect, and these holy men stand on the elevation of their own self-righteousness sniffing the air for some negro grievance. Let a black man in some distant continent receive a flogging for his laziness, and they are up in arms at once; let scores of helpless women and children be maimed and mutilated by some hellish political assassins close to their very doors, and their resignation is divine: they move not hand, nor tongue, nor pen—no, we wrong them; they do move all, but in defence of the assassins, in palliation of their crime. They are as keen to find a flaw in the indictment against *them*, as they are to discover any legal trick by which they can bring ex-Governor Eyre to a felon's gaol.

What is the honour which these men gain? What praise, what fame rewards them for their untiring energy in the good cause? Why, this—and they are welcome to it—that if at any future time, in some of our distant colonies, the flames of revolution are kindled by reckless agitators, and half-tamed savage natives forget the few lessons of civilisation that they have learned at the first taste of blood; when strong-hearted men, whose crime is that they are of our own race and colour, tremble before the horrors of massacre—when delicate women fight with inspired strength in defence of their children's lives, and of their own honour, against the demons of lust and blood-thirstiness—then, when those in power look back to the history of Mr. Eyre and remember how he was rewarded, and the arm of might is paralysed by hesitation, the sword of justice blunted by cold and calculating caution; when coward inertness is blindly mistaken for mercy, and dastardly inactivity is hailed as noble gentleness,—then shall the blood shed cry loud for vengeance on those who, under the plea of justice, and the mask of philanthropy, sapped the strength of power and defaced the majesty of the law by the shameless persecution of him who had once dared by firmness and presence of mind to save those under his charge from the like horrors. Such is the glory which the Jamaica Committee, and those who aid them, may expect to inherit from posterity.

MILITARY REFORM.

THERE seems only too much reason to fear that the "Authorities" at Pall Mall have come to a final decision in the matter of the organisation of the War Department, which in effect crushes, *for the time*, the whole civil check over military expenditure, which has existed in the British constitution from the first institution of a standing army.

The extravagant demands of the new Controller-in-Chief that his arrangements, his estimates, his expenditure should not be checked or questioned by any financial co-ordinate authority have been most unwisely, most fatally, acceded to by the Government; and the whole financial functions of the nominally responsible Minister have been abdicated by him in favour of an irresponsible, subordinate officer,—subordinate at least in name, but in reality paramount in authority, and not responsible to any one.

The gradual decadence of the financial control over the army may be traced in a very few sentences; and parallel with such decay of control may be very clearly seen, in figures that cannot deceive, and that cannot be explained away by any other cause, the enormous increase of the annual army expenditure.

Before the amalgamation of the various army offices under a Minister of War, the Secretary at War was the financial officer who, preparing the army estimates, and moving and explaining them in the House of Commons, was personally responsible to the House and to the country for due economy and correct expenditure in army matters. This was an actual, real responsibility; and constantly lowered estimates were the actual and natural result.

When the amalgamation took place, and function after function was heaped upon the new Minister, the special duties of financial control—the internal portion of the old Secretary at War's financial duties—were vested in an Under Secretary of State for War. His position on an equal platform with the Military Under Secretary gave him, of course, a counterbalancing power against the natural tendency of the military official to spend excessive sums on military services. The two officers stood equally near to the Minister: from the one he heard the military and professional arguments for this or that

proposed service—from the other he heard the financial objections or modifications that could be urged in the interest of economy.

Here was some glimmering of organisation, check, and counterpoise.

The civil Under Secretary died in 1862. "*Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi!*" a true saying under many circumstances, but not when there are two *Rois* side by side. Then the living *Roi* is apt to discover that he does not require any successor to the other *Roi*, any rival or counterpoise. And so it came to pass, when Sir Benjamin Hawes, the Civil Under Secretary, died in 1862, the then Minister of War was told by the Military Under Secretary that he would really be very economical, that by increasing his salary from £1,500 to £2,000 a year he would feel all the responsibility of saving money in everything else, and that no successor to Sir Benjamin Hawes need be appointed, but that his financial duties might be allotted to an Assistant Under Secretary.

In an evil hour the Minister of War consented to this arrangement. Instantly the whole balance of power was gone! The civil element was degraded a step—the military element was left in sole possession of the field.

The new financial officer strove "with all his might and main" to make his financial control effective and real, but in vain; all his talents, which are admitted even by military men, were crippled for want of position. He was the inferior, and could only be heard *through* his superior; and, of course, all his efforts at economy were counteracted; all his endeavours to serve the public faithfully were attributed to "bad temper," "disagreeable interference," and so on, and thus the financial light was dimmed and concealed, and could only make itself visible in occasional cases, when the military proceedings became "really too bad."

Broken, degraded, inferior in position, now for the *coup de grâce* in the true military style! Nor was it long before it was deemed by the military powers that the time was come when an effort might be made for a final destruction of the civil financial check altogether; and this has been done. The Controller-in-Chief has been appointed to absorb all the heads of the executive and supply branches—the heads of the Store Branch, the Barrack Branch, the Contract Branch, the Commissariat Branch, the Purveyor's Branch—to absorb them and, of course, to take the place and position thus rendered vacant? No, not so; that would have left some slight counterpoise from the yet existing, though decayed functions of civil finance. Therefore the military officer who has been substituted for these different heads has been put into a position far higher than they held—he has been put into a position second only to the Minister himself; he has been put on to the same platform with the Military Under Secretary. And now, British Public, behold your counterpoise! See the two weights of equal amount! Surely they must balance beautifully! But what is this? They are both in the same scale—both pulling the same way, both general officers! and against the double strain, financial control and the interests of the unhappy tax-payer "kick the beam."

But what of that? Who cares for the Tax-payer? Are not things now made pleasant in Pall Mall? Do not the two Kings now agree in every point? Does not the military "sword" fraternise most amicably with the military "supplies?" and will not all "friction" now be at an end? And as for the Purse-bearer, who cares for him? There! Order him to bring us another million. He must do it! He is our insubordinate; and if he growls or appeals to the Minister, we are two to one against him, and can soon twist him down!

Such is an accurate and exact picture of the state of affairs now existing in Pall Mall. The new Controller-in-Chief has made it a *sine quâ non* of his giving his services to the public, that his plans, his estimates, his expenditure shall not be subject to any financial check of any officer of the same or even of the next inferior rank. "They may be looked at by a still smaller subordinate—the Accountant-General—but they shall not be even canvassed by the Assistant Under Secretary. He is the representative of the old Secretary at War, the last remaining shadow of the civil check; therefore he shall not throw that blighting shadow on our new arrangements. He has hitherto done his duty to the public strictly and fearlessly; therefore he has been disagreeable, and I will have nothing to say to him. I won't be controlled. Am I not a Controller?"

And to this the Secretary of State for War and the powerful permanent "administrative" Government under which we have the happiness now to be, have consented.

PICKING UP YOUR SPIRITS.

SCENE.—*The Athenæum, Sloane street.*

The Master-Spirit sits alone in his sanctum. Derision in his home! All around may be seen the traces of despair, passionatedespair—Tables are upset, disclosing many little peculiarities to the unpractised eye (which happily is not present); papers cover the floor; while a helpless-looking galvanic battery is lying in one corner paralysed.

THE MASTER-SPIRIT:—

Was it for this I grovelled week by week?
For this I kissed the beldame's wrinkled cheek?
Have I been licking, like a household cur,
The foot that now would like to use the spur,
Or kick me to perdition?—Not a rap!
And all must go these cursèd costs to pay!
My new spring-table, bought but yesterday;
My battery too,—*quorum magna pars*,
That trough containing twenty Leyden jars;
My faithful tambourine; the jewelled hand
Of gutta-percha at the Czar's command;
The plaintive concertina, which has been
So much admired by a King and Queen;
My indian-rubber double which, inflated,
Floats to the ceiling, as has been related;—
All these my little treasures I must leave
(Myself it's no use trying to deceive):
There's no help now—what's that? The Post?

(*Knock. A Familiar resembling a charwoman enters and delivers letters.*)

The Post.

Courage! Dan Home will not give up the ghost!
Nor yield the spirits (*reads letters*), nor an inch of ground!
My noble subjects swear to rally round.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR MR. HOME,—What a noble martyr you are! and to think there are wicked unimaginative people about who profess to think you mercenary—you who don't even accept contributions to the Athenæum—you who can only be persuaded to take a matchless brilliant or two as a *souvenir*—you who would scorn to replace them with Paris imitations, or indeed to profit in any way by the credulity of your fellow-creatures. Ah! I sympathise with you indeed Mr. Home, and when I think of the elevated position you can take at will when amongst us, when I remember the sudden rise you took in our estimation at our last *séance*, I feel that you are the only being now on earth fit to wear the mantle of the prophets. My dear Mr. Home, I have just received a lovely satin-wood table from one of the Leeds exhibitors, come and inaugurate its arrival with a spirit-baptism. It is in a high state of *polish*. Perhaps Kosciusko will condescend.—Ever yours,

S. C. HALL.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR HOME,—Beautiful, indeed, is the idea of one's mundane body "*lifting to eternal summer*" as yours does: but there is a sad reality, my friend, in the verdict of the judge and the craving of the ravenous Lyons. The Ideal is not in the law, the Real is not in spiritualism; and when the dweller on the threshold of the Sloane Athenæum shall feel weary of the shallow scepticism of the nineteenth century, let him come and write "*The Last of the Seers*" under the hospitable roof of Friendship and Appreciation.

E. L. BULWER LYTTON.

LETTER III.

OH! SIR,—You have been ignobly treated, and by a woman too! you who are honesty—self-sacrificing honesty—itself. But if a purblind old woman has not known the unutterable bliss, the distinguished honour of your confidence, there are others who have sympathies with the unseen world who would give all they possess to inspire you with the sentiment of friendship. I, who write to you, have long corresponded with the spirits of Confucius, John Bunyan, and Joan of Arc, but gratifying as their communications are and must be to a sensitive mind, there is a craving for further mysteries in this bosom: a craving which you can assuage. I have heard that Lady Ada Vivid and Mrs. Simon Stylites meet on Wednesdays

at your Oratory of horoscopes. I have never seen Lady Ada, and I hear she is a medium of no common type. Oh! Sir, let me join you at these meetings and be blessed. If you should find a cheque for fifty in this envelope, believe me, I know nothing whatever of it, so it would be useless to return it to your obedient believer and zealous follower,

ANNA MARIA SWALLOWTAIL.

LETTER IV.

SIR,—Finding my bottle trick is getting dried up, and the Japanese butterfly being palpable to everybody, I propose to enter into partnership for the exploitation of your little lot—make it a limited company of twenty shares—I and my eighteen daughters to take nineteen of them, and leave the other one to you.—Yours, &c.,

PROFESSOR ANDERSON,
Wizard of the North.

LETTER V.

DANIEL,—These cursèd Britishers are too spry. We air about to make tracks. Air yew along with us? The next Cunard and Hail Columbia!

IRA. Q. DAVENPORT.

THE MASTER-SPIRIT (*sneering*)—

I must, indeed, have fallen low, if thus
The jugglers treat me like a common cuss;
My last card's not yet played! I know my worth
While gaping fools are to be found on earth.

The Master arranges his tables, repairs his battery, and tells his Familiar to let his dear friends know he is at Home.

COURT BUMBLEDOM.

WHO is it that loosens and draws the purse strings of Royalty? It is impossible to believe that the Queen herself can have any knowledge of the vagaries of charity that are perpetrated in her name.

Not long ago, a paragraph appeared in the newspapers (like many other paragraphs that have appeared before and will appear again), stating that a poor woman in —shire had presented her husband with three sons or daughters, at a birth. It is usual in such cases for the newspapers to inform us that "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to direct that three pounds should be forwarded to Mrs. —, who, it is believed, is progressing favourably." On the last occasion that so highly interesting an incident was chronicled by the press, the Queen's gift was reduced from the time-honoured three pounds (the ordinary fee in such cases) to two pounds only, because, we read, "one of the children had since died." Surely, if there is any meaning in the Queen's bounty, if it is anything more than an aimless and wanton caprice of Royalty, the fact of a dead child lying in the house should not be accepted as a sound and proper reason for withholding a portion of a charitable donation. Her Majesty personally is too well understood and appreciated by her people to be considered for a moment capable of giving her sanction to such a proceeding; indeed, it is only a few days back that a story crept into publicity that the Queen had sent £10 to two Cornish girls who had written to her for money to complete their outfits to enable them to emigrate to Australia—an appeal which might well have been intercepted by some responsible officer of the household, and by him might reasonably have been refused. But, in this instance, the letter of the Cornish girls found its way into the Queen's own hands, and at once their request was granted. Such a story as this proves to the public, what they have long believed, that Her Majesty possesses the most liberal and generous ideas regarding the manner in which deserving appeals for her aid and assistance should be met. It is a pity, therefore, that the blundering folly of Sir Somebody This, or General That, should cast a reflection on the Queen's charity.

An incident like that of withholding a guinea of the usual donation in cases of "three at a birth," because Death had done his work full early, does not in the least degree show that Her Majesty is wanting in consideration for the misfortunes of her subjects, but only proves that she has around her certain men, in offices of responsibility, who have neither discretion, common sense, nor common kindness.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE
of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JUNE 6, 1868.

THE WEEK.

ITALY requires our ascent to cross the frontiers since the fell (Fell) system has been applied so successfully to the Mont Cenis Pass.

MR. BOUVERIE has applied for leave to change his name and adopt that of *Bouleverserie* in its stead—English translation, Mr. Turnover.

A GENERAL in the days of Hannibal would have received a mural crown for the taking of Magdala. Surely England might find a coronet for Sir Robert. We can well afford half-a-crown for such a "Bob."

WE are requested to contradict the report that the eleven of Australian Aborigines, being one day full of pastime and prodigality, roasted one of their number, by name Twopenny, and instead of grace, uttered, in chorus, the sublime sentiment "Tuck in your Twopenny!"

A NUMBER of Colonial Bishoprics are vacant. No Church of England priests can be found to accept them. Surely here is a fine chance for the spoliated Irish Clergy; they must be yearning for work—let a competitive examination be at once established among them for the vacant Bishoprics. They ought to vote us an address of thanks for this suggestion.

THE DERBY.

BY OUR OWN OMNISCIENT.

ONCE more has the Caucasian Olympiad run its fevered course; once more has the violet-robed Artemis of Surrey veiled her stag-like eyes before the glory of the Cappadocian Atalanta.

Sesostris gasping on her Lemnian architrave, or Miltiades sobbing out despair on Irconium's gilded peristyle knew no greater pangs than the Arbaces of yesterday, the Timoleon of to-morrow! Just as Aphrodite, waking from the arms of her nurse Oceanus, lulled her infant convulsions at the sound of the Cyprian colocynth, so does Londina, the nymph with creamy "chignon" and zephyrine odoriferous laminous ecstasies of *crêpe blonde* soothe the adust membrane of her epiglottis with the Halicarnassian effervescence of the vintage of Minternum. But if we pass Themistocles lolling on his cushioned chariot the Phidian outline of his Thessalian brow, shall we pause to wipe away the lachrymose distillation of memory as she recalls the Leucadian wails of Harmodius and Aristogeiton? No! once more we stand clothed in the imagnate robe of Pallas of

the glancing eye, where the Marmorean columns of Lacedemon's lonely lamp gleam fitfully between the jaws of Charybdis, on the "*saxa irrefragibile rupem*" of Dodonas's lurid Onomasticon. Here Hellas, drooping low, bowed before the glories of Tarentine Telemachus; here Eleutheris, hand in hand with Aldeboran (far gleaming star of Iphicles' forsaken bride), nursed on the bosom of Menander, the Arcadian ambition of Aristides; Alexander strangled the Gargentine Gurgyle as he quaffed the Seleucian cratera, and the precepts of Solon the sage, while Socrates, with Platonic platitudes, tossed down the "*venenum vas nefasque*" draught of Heliconian henbane. But we are overpowered by the gigantic associations of the past, and forget the claims of the present; forget how Hippus—"Cratinus Aristophanes que lacerte"—entice reluctant music from the *cornua* of "coy consenting" Cornopeans. Not less did Ossian, or even Apollodorus, yielding to the advice of Apollonius (of Perga) when with the agile Arbogastes, aided by Arcesilaus and Archytas, agitate the Archaic alarms of Argyropylus! Boadicea, "Queen of Pain," and Bocaccio, Beroallos's "blessed babe," with Berzelius and Bethlehem-gabor in fact, Blue Gown won the Derby of 1868.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—We have been obliged to terminate the article rather abruptly, as our Correspondent's fund of allusions and associations is so inexhaustible that it took him five pages and-a-half to get half way through the alphabet. We dare say we shall be able to use the rest of this article some time between this and 1898—a little at a time].

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Position*.—Nine points of woman's law.
Posterity.—A grandson who blushes for the ignorance of his ancestor who slaved to such little effect.
Powder.—What woman loads herself with to make a ball go off well.
Press.—The genie of the lamp that burns the midnight oil.
Pretty.—Comparative beauty: neither positive nor superlative.
Proverbs.—Logic in lozenges.
Purse.—A net out of which the gold fishes are always slipping.
Quack.—A duck of a doctor!
Quarter.—What no man gets from a better-half.
Queen.—Woman raised to the nth. Enthroned she can reach no higher power.
Question.—A pump-handle.
Quotation.—A line borrowed to hang a subject on.
Rag.—What all silks and satins must come to. N.B. No compliment to the Army and Navy.
Rattle.—Useful to stop children's tears and the gaps at dinner parties.
Reason.—A goddess only recognised during the temporary insanity of the Revolution.
Red.—A primary colour, but of secondary consideration to woman when not of uniform tint.
Reflection.—That for which glasses were invented. Woman really could not do it for herself.

THE DERBY TIP!

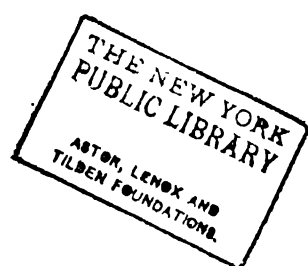
GLORIOUS SUCCESS!!

MAGNIFICENT TRIUMPH!!!

SPLENDID PROPHECY!!!!

ALL THE SPORTING PROPHETS DISTANCED!!!!

TOMAHAWK gave Blue Gown as the Winner of the Derby, and Blue Gown won the Derby to TOMAHAWK's intense astonishment.



THE TOMAHAWK, JUNE 6, 1868.





SETTLING DAY!

[A SEQUEL TO "HOME FROM THE DERBY"]

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE PEEP-SHOW.

UNDER THE SCAFFOLD!

SCENE.—*Dawn—The tower of a church, the wall of a prison, and a crowd of heads dimly visible in the faint light of early morning. A hoarse murmur, strengthened occasionally by a shout of drunken laughter.*

BEFORE I invite you, ladies and gentlemen, to apply your eyes to the holes in my Peep-show, I wish to make an explanation. The scenes I frequently have had the honour of presenting to your notice have had, until now, some reference to living abuses. I am happy to say that the original of the picture set on the mimic boards of my establishment at the present moment, is a thing of the past. However, I have elected to paint the *tableau* in question as "an example of good manners." Public executions no longer exist, but the crowds that used to attend them are still living in our very midst. As there are breathing among us those who believe that the crime of murder will increase tenfold with the abolition of Jack Ketch's official appearance outside the "Debtor's Door" at Newgate, it may not be altogether wrong to attempt to depict the faces of the hangman's pupils. However, as I do not wish to shock my lady patronesses, I beg to inform them I have judiciously omitted the introduction of the gallows. Ladies, you may examine my scene with the closest scrutiny, and you will find nothing but the faces of living men and women. And now let me say a word for myself. Heaven knows that the ordeal was most painful—that the study of the model from which I have been able to paint my picture was indeed a trial—that my whole nature revolted at the notion of seeing a fellow-sinner launched into Eternity—that my heart was full to breaking as the hour approached for the final scene of the tragedy. Remember that the medical student *must* attend at the *post-mortem* examination, that the gravedigger *must* shovel the earth on to the lid of the coffin; remember this and believe me when I declare that only a strong sense of duty could have led me to the doors of Newgate on such a day at such an hour. Shame! a thousand times shame! upon those who attend such scenes for cruel excitement, for savage "sensations." But surely the journalist and the author deserve praise rather than censure for their self-sacrifice? In conclusion, let me say that the accounts in the papers of the execution, with but one exception, were utterly absurd. The *Times* report must have been indited by some one writing from the dictates of his "inner consciousness," and the descriptions furnished by nearly all the penny papers were equally false. As far as I have seen, the only trustworthy statement appeared in the pages of the *Express*. So much for explanation; and now to my task.

A crowd. Caps, hats, and bonnets. Shawls, coats, and rags. A great many paper caps; a great many silken hats, but a very few bonnets. A great many coats—many good, a few quite new, a few well-worn, and a few (not many) rags. A shako here and a sailor's hat there, and plenty of helmets. Corderoy trousers, and good cloth trousers. A few bare feet and thousands of boots. Umbrellas, canes, and bludgeons. So much for the dress of the crowd.

And now I will divide my picture into classes. First I will take the pure criminal class—that which is said to patronise the gallows nearly exclusively, but which, in matter of fact, was but sparingly represented the other day—was decidedly in the minority. Then I will take the largest class—the mechanics and workmen, the labourers and small tradesmen. Last, I will deal with the "swells"—the dissipated government clerks and fast young attorneys, the whiskerless subalterns seeing the first of "life," and the wig-wearing fogies watching the last of it!

Come then, let us look at the roughs! Great heavens! did you ever see such a sight? Look at that creature over there covered with rags, and reeking with the fumes of stale tobacco and bad gin. Look at the hideous leer on his pock-marked face—look at his hair-cropped, bullet-shaped head, and his thick-set neck! Look at his face when he is out of temper and you will shudder—glance at his face when he smiles, and the shudder will be increased tenfold—horrible in his rage and loathsome in his mirth the creature is a very libel on humanity! And see by the morning light the half-erased rouge on the cheeks of the creature's companion. See the crushed bonnet and the ragged shawl, the dishevelled hair, and the bloated features. Worthy mate of so worthy a master! Surely, these are the hangman's pupils, these are they who will use the knife and raise the

death-dealing bludgeon! Quite so. And what are they saying? Why, they are discussing the probability of the doomed man dying "game." Will they be impressed by witnessing the performance of the last dread sentence of the law? Not a bit of it—on the contrary, they have come to the conclusion that a "bloak" can die but once. If you don't believe me go up to them and listen to them. Yes, there they stand laughing a little, and romping a little, and swearing a great deal. There they stand the pupils of the hangman, listening to the sermon of Jack Ketch. And what do they learn? Why, this "That a bloak *must* 'op 'off the 'ooks one of these 'ere days, and vy shouldn't 'e 'op 'off the 'ooks on a nice summer's morning like this 'ere before such a 'ighly respectable kumpance?—Eh Bill?" This is what I heard said with a wink over and over again. *These* creatures impressed with the dignity of the law! The idea is *too* absurd! However, they take a great deal of pleasure in the performance they have come to witness, and will be intensely disgusted, not to say rebellious, if their man is saved from the rope of the gallows by the arrival of a pardon or a reprieve! Why dog-torturing and cat-killing (and they might go farther and fare worse in search of a little innocent fun) is nothing to the excitement of a real execution!

Surely you have seen enough of them; and now let us take the largest class—(class number two) the labourers and mechanics. Intelligent people these—men who, from their conversation, have evidently been "constant subscribers" to the Penny Press for years—perhaps "from the first." Listen to them and hear what *they* say. "Look 'e Bob, waiting here is rather slow work, aint it? Better, though, coming here than stewing in the room. I 'ope they will be punctual, though, for I've got to be back by ten past eight. I say, won't the '*Daily Detonator*' come out strong about this 'ere 'demoralizing scene!' Oh I do love that 'ere paper dearly!" And the man actually laughs! Mentor mocked by Telemachus, the Idol jeered at by the High priest of his devotion! Could you conceive such a possibility? And now you may ask me what brings these people here? I believe, honestly, pure idleness and the full-flavoured denunciations of the Cheap Press. As a quack advertises his disgusting wares under the cloak of philanthropy, so does the unscrupulous leader-writer make use of morality as a peg upon which to hang pictures, at once unhealthy, false, and sensational. Of a verity, the penny papers have much to answer for!

And now for the last class—the dawdling, slangily-dressed snobs—the men in the Government Offices, the fast attorneys and the "bad form" Guards. What can one say sufficiently strong of such creatures? There is some excuse for the uneducated God-forsaken rough,—the poor wretch has been reared in the gutter and nursed in the prison—there is some excuse for *him*. Some excuse is there, too, for the mechanic—the man for whom refinement has done nothing, and a vicious press only too much. But for these snobs (who would be disgusted, by the bye, if you hinted at their snobbishness), what excuse *can* be found for them? Did their training at Eton lead them to this, or their residence at the University? Shame upon them; their very conduct proves them to be unworthy of the title they have assumed so lightly, that holiest of titles—*gentleman*. Would Colonel Newcome, brave, chivalrous, noble Newcome have attended an execution? Is the sight one to delight a Christian—the heart of an honest man? Shame! a thousand times, shame!

And now you have seen my poor painting. In the scene set before you, you have discovered nothing sensational? Well, I never expected that you would. An execution is *not* sensational: it consists of a dull vigil and a dreary tragedy—it is not half so exciting as a third-rate melodrama. But it is bad and worthless as an example; and this being the case, I thank God most earnestly and from the bottom of my heart that it is never to be repeated.

MOTTOES FOR SPORTSMEN.

MR. C—PL—IN.—Leave (St. Ronan's) well alone!

M—RQ—S OF H—ST—NGS.—"No scandal about Elizabeth."

SIR J—H H—V.—More Blue* than Green.†

* Gown?

† Sleeve?

A LEAP BEFORE A FALL.

WILL nothing happen to turn Mr. Sothern away from his fatal determination to assume romantic characters? Will no kind friend show him his real value on the stage as a lover, and our real loss at his refusal to continue eccentric comedy? Will no gentleman of education and dramatic talent appear on the stage as *facile princeps* in the tender line, and by sheer cause of envy make Mr. Sothern return to the creation of types rather than sentiment?

His *Dundreary*, before the actor had been spoiled by the incense which made him dizzy, was a *chef d'œuvre* for Londoners who knew the type and appreciated the imitation; but his sentiment does not exist—there—simply does not exist.

In Mr. Sothern's assumptions in the *Favourite of Fortune* and the *Hero of Romance*, we do not hesitate to maintain that he never shows a spark of sentiment, nor does he seem to know or feel the passion which he proclaims. In the *Favourite of Fortune* he was absolutely rude to the woman he was supposed to love, cramming his hat on his head long before he left the room in one scene where there was a lively discussion as to his merits.

In the *Hero of Romance* there is less feeling exhibited than in the *Favourite*, and any serious spectator must feel that the lover is far too cold and common-place ever to risk his life by the fatal leap without having seen to the security of the ivy beforehand.

But we are not going to criticise these pieces, nor discuss the propriety of interpolating gymnastic performances in comedies; but we sincerely hope, for the credit of our stage, that it is not true that Doctor Westland Marston is about to "adapt" *Les Filles de Marbre* for this actor.

There was an adaptation once performed at the Adelphi Theatre, when Madame Celeste was there, called *The Marble Heart*, which would most certainly have been damned had it not been for the graceful performance of Mr. Leigh Murray as Raphael. We have had no one since Leigh Murray who had the power of making the heart of his audience vibrate to his emotions, and the polished ease of a gentleman in all his movements. Those who have seen *Two Loves and a Life* and *The Marble Heart* played by him will acknowledge that it was difficult to criticise where so much was excellent, and impossible to find a substitute from the actors now on the boards of the metropolis.

It would be invidious for us to mention any names among such as might be selected for the parts, for in all cases we should bring forward more than one reason why the performance would be unsatisfactory.

We have no doubt that if *Les Filles de Marbre* appears, the principal attraction will be the group of statues illuminated by the lime light from above, in the middle of a fair model of an atrium by Mr. O'Connor. Mr. Sothern will wear four or five elegant velvet studious jackets, beside the tunic and sandals in the prologue, and will probably look about as much like an artist as he does like *Othello*. At any rate, if he does not get up the necessary business better than he does in *The Hero of Romance*, where he sketches out of doors without once looking at Nature before him, he will not appear in his element.

Of course the piece may be adapted to such a point of English view that the original idea, as in *The Marble Heart*, becomes unintelligible, and with care all sentiment may be "adapted" out of the whole play; but unless Mr. Sothern introduces real suicide or the butterfly trick, we don't see how the piece is to succeed.

As we feel sure that the Lord Chamberlain will not allow the original plot to come bare-faced on to the boards, and as the play loses all its force without, we shall state what the moral is deduced from the original drama.

The Marble Heart, to which Mr. Charles Selby puts his name as author, which means in this case "bald translator," could not be comprehended, for the simple reason that the heroines were supposed to be *dames honnêtes*, which was a proposition simply absurd.

The drama of *Les Filles de Marbre* begins with a scene in Phidias's atelier in Athens. Phidias is in love with his own creations, being statues of three celebrated *hetaira*—Aspasia, Lais, and Phryne. A rich citizen of Athens is about to purchase them when Phidias repents of his agreement, and conjures the loved images to remain with him, the author of their

beauty. Gorgias, on the other hand, offers them gold and jewels, upon which the statues open their eyes, and turn their heads in response to the rich buyer, after which the critic Diogenes exclaims: "Marble maidens, marble maidens, woe to him who gives his heart to you!"

In the play which follows, all the characters of the prologue appear in modern guise: Phidias becomes Raphael; Diogenes, Desgènaïs; and *ainsi de suite*,—while the statues are imbued with flesh and blood, and answer to the names of Marco, Clementine, &c. Were these women, as represented in the translation, *coquettes*, there would be no moral to point, and the satire would be blunted.

But the whole point of the story comes out of the fact that the young artist falls, unfortunately, in serious love with a woman who has sold everything she can sell—honour, virtue, and reputation, if she ever had either—to any man who offered sufficient compensation in gold or gold's worth.

There is a charming innocent girl ready to take him with all his faults—and love him too; but his infatuation keeps him flitting round and round the flame which has burnt so many, and at last he falls a victim, and dies insane, the cause of his foolish passion going off with the rich fool who allows himself to be plucked alive.

The moral is that gold makes love kick the beam, and that pure love is not to be found among impure women.

Now, just imagine the piece as it will be probably when adapted! Mr. Buckstone as the philosopher Diogenes, who permeates the whole drama with his satire and his sermons; Miss Robertson accepting a part which either has no meaning, or requires the experience of a Doche to reproduce without humiliation; and Mr. Sothern winding up a dreary parody of emotional scenes with a fit of insanity, which will remind one, without fail, of the three-cornered cow and the "other fellah" to a certainty.

If dramas are to draw simply by the introduction of one telling tableau, or one daring feat, in the name of common sense let us have that tableau or that feat without the *ennui* of bad acting and stilted phraseology!

Put in the bills honestly—"Between such and such pieces the Leap from the Tower of Elfin!" "After the farce, the *tableau vivant* of The Three Graces." "N.B. Mr. Sothern will light the lime-light with his finger!" And so on. We shall be saved a vast deal of trash, and Mr. Sothern will have his success undashed with the absinthe of the critical press.

We cannot see a man jumping headlong into danger without trying, at least, to save him. He may not accept our hand held out for that purpose, but he will not have us to accuse if he comes to grief; and Mr. Sothern must not be astonished, if he persists in making love with an organ arranged for eccentric comedy, that his finances should fluctuate and his great *prestige* disappear.

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

D Dress S
E Enow W
R Race E
B Brogue E
Y Yelp P

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Bravo Ned, Annie (Tooting), Your Loving Flute, John Jones, Lappell, L. S., Systematic Acrostic Solver, The Crowndale Spaniel, Pygmalion, Charles Forrester, John Go-head, Dizzy, Printer's Devil, Stage Struck Hero, One who has lost in a Derby Sweep, Lady Coventry, Camden Town Tadpole, Rikey R—e, Attwood, M. Edwards, E. Davis, Woffendale (Exeter Hall), Lozenge, M. D., Dick Wilkie, The Hampstead Steed, Charles Thornhill, Henry Wyld (Southampton), Vox Populi, An Irish Churchman, Porcupine, Up a Tree, Sangster, Peter W., Sairey Gamp, Charles Stewardson (Epping Forest), The Malden Road Greyhound, Charles Meldrum, George Easy, Annie (Southend), and Rory O'More.

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 58.]

LONDON, JUNE 13, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

A SENTIMENTAL grievance. That is the stock phrase with which it is fashionable to sneer down the question of disestablishing the Church of England in Ireland. A stale subject, some one says. Stale? Yes, one might well expect that the whole thing had been publicly blown to atoms by this time, but we live in the light of a glorious constitution, and just now, moreover, happen to be blessed with a wonderfully honest and conscientious Government. The sentimental grievance has, therefore, occupied the attention of Parliament for a considerable time without any practical result,—occupied it to the intense edification of lookers on, if to the neglect of other imperial duties,—occupied it till British hearts have swelled proudly beneath British coats, and flushes of excusable British pride have crept over British cheeks at the glorious spectacle before British eyes. Just let us think of it. "A fine party struggle, Sir, with intellect arrayed against intellect, and swingeing divisions one after the other! And the Ministry! Ha, ha! Gladstone is no match for old Dizzy, I can tell you. Dizzy will beat him by some dodge or other yet, and *doesn't* mean backing out of his place, whatever else he means. A fine struggle, Sir, a fine struggle, and shows what British institutions mean." Excusable pride all this, of course: for when it is a question of Gladstone turning out old Dizzy, or old Dizzy proving one too many for Gladstone, who cares that the eyes of the world are watching keenly to see whether self-righteous England really means to dispose of the greatest enormity in Europe, and do justice to 5,000,000 of her much-tried and persecuted children? The thing really sickens one as one dwells upon it, for who is there who will deny that this, save in a few notable instances, is the tone that is taken by the mass of Englishmen on this, perhaps the most momentous question that has ever come before the House of Commons. So much for the immoral lethargy, the negative and paltry earnestness of the country at large. But that sinks into comparative insignificance when compared with its fruit, the intense pig-headedness and illogical bigotry of the "influential minority," who are petitioning, and praying, and croaking at the tail of the "Government." These people, if their logic were only equal to their prejudice, would set up a torture chamber at the Castle, make hearing the mass penal, and force, with the aid of rack, hot pincers, or not less brutal money fine, the Thirty-nine Articles down every Popish throat in Ireland. That is the proper conclusion drawn from their own premises, though they are probably, like most ignorant and selfish people, quite unconscious of the *ultima ratio* before them. Of course, to enter into the Irish Church question here would be superfluous and absurd. The matter is, as far as its broad and obvious principles are concerned, now thoroughly ventilated, and reasoning men can only stare when they reflect that this is the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, and that justice has not yet been done. Still nonsense is talked, a good deal of it too, by what one may call the amiable advocates of abolition. They admit the injustice of paying a hierarchy out of a people's pockets to teach them something to which they refuse to listen, but add that, as far as the feeling of humiliation alleged to be felt at the predominance of an alien creed is concerned, the grievance, such as it is, is sentimental; in short, that it does not exist at all. Now, this is the absolute

reverse of the truth. Ask any Irish Roman Catholic, and he will tell you that so intolerable does he feel this "sentimental" grievance, that though he abhors agitation, revolution, and bloodshed, he would welcome anything—even, if his Church would allow it, Fenianism itself,—could it only rid his country of the burthen, the shame, and the humiliation of being garrisoned by a Protestant Church Establishment.

To him it will be, to the end of the chapter, the badge of a foreign supremacy, and as long as it is linked to the State will be by him hated with all the vigour of galled religious rancour. The Hindoo is better off than the Roman Catholic Irishman, and the Irish Protestant knows it, assumes upon it, and looks down upon the immense majority of his fellow-countrymen as an Indian Civil Servant does upon the millions he is sent to rule. A couple of facts may illustrate this state of things with tolerable force. It is within the memory of men still living, that a little child cried out after a yeoman who was lounging down one of the principal streets of Dublin. What the poor urchin said did not transpire, but it touched the dignity of the armed representative of the "ascendant" race, and he took up his carbine and shot the little offender dead on the spot. The yeoman was tried by an "ascendant" jury, and acquitted.

That is fact number one. Fact number two is less dramatic and dashing, but equally significant. The other day, a certain public appointment, that had usually been, as a matter of course, bestowed upon one of the *ascendancy* party, was given to a Roman Catholic. Notwithstanding the fact that the position was one to which every mark of public courtesy was due, and that therefore, by an unvarying precedent, all the local gentry regarded it as an obligation to call upon the official in question, not one thought it requisite to fulfil it in the instance referred to. This particular case is a sample of some hundreds of others of greater or lesser notoriety; and though lacking the murderous brutality of fifty years ago, can, in its own particular line of utter vulgarity and offensive snobbism, do quite as much mischief socially among a people who are generous, sensitive, and proud. It is this sort of tone, well-informed and unprejudiced Irishmen insist upon it, that has resulted solely from the self-conscious superiority and boundless assumption of those who look down upon Ireland from the bulwarks of the existing Established State Church. Slight and insult meet the native Irishman at every turn, whether in the country hall or by the road side; and it is little to be wondered at that the whole nation to a man is willing to turn to any one who will promise it freedom from an insufferable thralldom such as this.

Sermons are dry things, and the trumpet of warning is not an agreeable instrument to play upon; but as a dangerously influential minority of the English people do not seem to take in what is at stake in the present crisis, it is everybody's duty to preach and blow when and where they can. Lord Macaulay predicted the advent of a very ugly day for this country in connection with this same Irish question. Whether he was a true prophet the future will show. Certain it is, however, that an unprincipled Government, whose greed of place is a source alternately of irritation and amusement to their opponents, and a patent scandal before the whole world, is not likely to cope with a question on the equitable solution of which the future safety of the empire depends.

"MONEY TABLES."—Those used by Mr. Home, the Spiritualist.

THE NEXT WAR.

THE success of the Chassepot and Snider rifles at Mentana and Magdala must ultimately revolutionise the existing system of warfare. Instead of sensational accounts of hard-fought battles, we may expect to see the newspapers giving currency to mere sums in arithmetic. The next despatch received at the War Office will probably run to the following effect :

British Camp before Paris,
20th June, 187—, Noon.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward, for your Royal Highness's information, the enclosed correspondence which has recently taken place between His Majesty the ex-Emperor of the French and myself.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your Royal Highness's most humble, obedient servant,
COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of
H.M.'s Army encamped before Paris.

To H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief,
the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., &c.

1.

British Camp before Paris,
18th June, 187—, Noon.

SIRE,—I beg to inform your Majesty that the British Army have arrived in perfect safety before Paris. I have the honour to command

INFANTRY.

	Men.
4 Regiments of Guards . . . (6,000 men strong)	18,000
32 " of the Line . . . (8,000 " ")	256,000
190 " of Militia and Volunteers (4,000 " ")	760,000
	1,034,000

CAVALRY.

46 Regiments of Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars . . . (2,000 men strong)	92,000
4 Regiments of Mounted Police . . . (8,000 " ")	32,000
	124,000

The whole of the Infantry are armed with the Patent Robertson Revolver Hand-Cannon, delivering 240 shells per second. The Cavalry wear suits of the Electric Bomb-proof Cuirass (Limited), and are supplied with 30,000,000 tons of the Patent Portable Thunderbolts (as advertised).

Awaiting an immediate reply,

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your Majesty's most humble, obedient servant,
COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Britannic
Majesty's Army encamped before Paris.

To H.I.M. the ex-Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

2.

Palace of the Tuileries, Paris,
18th June, 187—, 3 p.m.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR,—As my army (consisting of 124,000,000 Infantry and 24,000,000 Cavalry) have been unable to obtain any weapon more formidable than the common Polytechnic Steam Gun (yielding one bullet and a half per second), I am forced to own myself defeated. What terms do you propose?

Accept, Right Reverend Sir, the assurance, &c.,
NAPOLEON, Emperor.

To the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Natal, Commander-in-Chief
of the British Army encamped before Paris.

3.

British Camp before Paris,
19th June, 187—, 10 a.m.

SIRE,—I undertake to withdraw the British Army from before Paris on the following conditions :—

1. That your Majesty retires (after giving twenty-four evening "monster levees" and four Saturday afternoon "monster levees" at the Egyptian Hall, in aid of the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts) to Heligoland for life.

2. That your Majesty relinquish (for self and descendants) all claim to the throne of France.

3. That your Majesty pay into the hands of the Chancellor of the

Exchequer (within three days) the sum of £112,600,000 to defray the expenses incurred by the British Army in their expedition to France.

4. That your Majesty's son, the Prince Imperial, accepts a junior clerkship in the Savings Bank Department of the Post-Office.

Awaiting an immediate reply,

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your Majesty's most obedient, humble servant,
COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Britannic
Majesty's Army encamped before Paris.

To H.I.M. the ex-Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

4.

Palace of the Tuileries, Paris,
19th June, 187—, Noon.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR,—I agree to the first, second, and third conditions, if you will allow me to pay one-third of the sum specified (£112,600,000) by you as the necessary compensation for the expenses of the British Expedition, in pictures from the Louvre.

As to the fourth condition, I must beg you to reconsider it. In spite of the knowledge that a rupture between us would be the signal for the certain slaughter of all my supporters, I would rather defy you to the death than counsel any gentleman in whom I am interested (much less my own son) to accept an appointment in the English Post Office.

In the name of humanity—in the person of a father, and not of a ruler—I beg you to spare my son the crushing misery you would strive to force upon him!

Accept, Right Reverend Sir, the assurance, &c.,
NAPOLEON, Emperor.

To the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Natal, Commander-in-Chief
of the British Army encamped before Paris.

5.

British Camp before Paris,
19th June, 187—, 6 p.m.

SIRE,—After careful consideration, and from feelings of humanity, I consent to alter the fourth condition. Instead of being forced to accept the appointment specified, the Prince Imperial may undergo ten years' imprisonment at Portland, with hard labour. This degradation will sufficiently meet the exigencies of the case.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your Majesty's most humble, obedient servant,
COLENSO,

Bishop of Natal, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Britannic
Majesty's Army encamped before Paris.

To H.I.M. the ex-Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

6.

Palace of the Tuileries, Paris,
19th June, 187—, 7 p.m.

MY DEAR COLENSO,—A million thanks for your kindness. I have informed my army of my determination to surrender. Although sorry at losing me, they quite agree with me that it would have been folly to have fought the battle out. I will look you up to-morrow with my traps. By-the-bye, couldn't I go into the provinces with the "monster levees?" If so, I should be delighted—for your benefit, understand, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,
NAPOLEON, ex-Emperor.

P.S.—Eugénie sends you her most grateful thanks for the kind feeling you have shown towards our boy. Ten years will soon pass away, but the other —! *Mon dieu!* the very idea makes me shudder!

DAMPING TO THE ARDOUR.

ETONIANS had better move their Fourth of June to some other time, when the weather is likely to be a little more to be relied on. As it is, the Montem is an annual failure, as for years past the weather at Eton on Prize Day has been wretched. On the last occasion, although Wednesday and Friday were magnificent days, steady rain set in at noon on the day, the intermediate Thursday, and it poured till near upon midnight. It seems a strange fatality that the smart uniforms of the boats' crews should be each year saturated and destroyed by the inclemency of the weather. It almost seems as if the very elements thought the procession of boats, manned as they are by school-boys, in admirals' cocked hats and gold-laced coats, a little too ridiculous and absurd, and are attempting to abolish the custom by the administration of a little wholesome cold water. If this is their object, they have a fair chance of success.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Reform.—Beauty's Conservatism.*Religion.*—A great temptation if we only had time to give to it.*Repentance.*—A death-bed review, or sham fight with conscience.*Reproach.*—A traitor's shots during an armistice.*Republic.*—A nation of kings.*Reputation.*—The ermine, once spotted, leaves a sad tale behind.*Respect.*—A vanishing point of modern etiquette.*Rib.*—Eve's limited liability in the firm of Adam and Co.*Riches.*—The golden cars which Phaeton finds so difficult to drive.*Ridicule.*—The ogre who keeps so many good actions in prison.*Ring.*—The padlock to a pair of handcuffs.*Ripple.*—The dimple on Neptune's face.*Ritualist.*—A Romish Autolycus.

A QUESTION OF VERY EXISTENCE.

TWO of the morning newspapers, for the want of some more interesting topic to disagree upon, have been wrangling over the cost of living in England at the present day as compared with the prices of food and necessities ten or fifteen years ago. The *Times* commenced the discussion by asserting that, while our wants have been *vastly* multiplied, the cost of satisfying them has been *vastly* increased; that house rent has gone up fifty per cent.; that servants' wages have risen in a like proportion; that most articles of costume are very much dearer; and that hardly any commodities have fallen in price except those which have been affected by the operation of Free Trade. Upon this, the *Daily Telegraph* immediately followed upon the other side, by characterising every one of the statements made by the "leading journal" as transparently false, and, in an article of something over two columns in length, arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that, with the exception of fish, fresh butter, butcher's meat, and cigars, everything that we spend money upon, from a coach and four to a stick of sealing wax, is considerably cheaper than it used to be.

It appears strange that there can be any room for discussion and disagreement on a question in which facts can so easily speak for themselves, and on which most people must have formed their own personal opinion, not to be altered or shaken by any amount of disquisitions on the law of demand and supply, or theoretical essays on the increased or diminished price of money. It would have been far more to the point had the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* put their heads together and tried to arrive at some estimate of what it may be expected the cost of living will be ten or fifteen years hence—at the same time giving the public some hints and suggestions for checking the exorbitant demands of the retail tradesmen to whom the British householder is certainly indebted for any increase in the prices of necessities which may have taken place since the last Exhibition time. Although it may be interesting to a small class who have never been obliged to take note of their expenditure, to know how much more or how much less the large class of the public who are compelled to consider such trifles are now paying for certain goods compared with what they used to pay for them once upon a time, a discussion of such a nature can lead to no practical result, and can do no good to any one unless it be carried further than a mere disputed statement of facts.

The object of the discussion should be to let us know what we may expect to have to pay in time to come. As neither the *Times* nor the *Daily Telegraph* have thought it worth while to enter upon this phase of the question, we have taken the task upon ourselves; and, with a view to arriving at some definite conclusion as to the cost of living a few years hence, have, with the assistance of a dozen or so accountants, a select committee of the Statistical Society, and a ready reckoner,

obtained the following results, showing the probable cost of some of the necessities of life in ten years' time.

TARIFF FOR 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Butcher's meat, per lb.	0	3	6
Milk, per quart	0	2	0
Fresh butter, per lb.	0	5	0
Chickens, a couple	1	1	0
Potatoes, per lb.	0	1	6
Truffles, per cwt.	0	0	9
Fish—salmon, soles, and turbot, per oz.	0	15	6
Wine—sherry, port, and claret, per doz.	0	1	0
Ale, per quart	0	6	6
Cigars, per lb. :—			
Foreign manufacture	5	5	0
British do.	0	2	0
Chignons, per yard	2	0	0
Newspapers, per dozen	0	0	1
Books by weight, per lb.	0	0	2
Sitting at church, per annum :—			
Under a popular preacher	8	0	0
Under an "Hon. and Rev." incum-			
bent	10	10	0
An opera-box, per night	21	0	0
Cab fares, per mile	0	0	1½
House rent, from £10 to	5,000	0	0

The prices of Muffins, Jewellery, Precious Stones, Dogs, and Coffins will remain unaltered.

WORKED BY WIRES.

MR. REARDEN, his extremely ill-worded motion, his rapid collapse, and his burst of apology will not probably be heard of again, but before the "stir" to which he for a moment gave rise passes to limbo, it is only fair to call attention to the source from whence his unhappy inspirations evidently sprang. We are very much afraid it was the Balmoral leader in the *Times*. That, in its turn too, may possibly be forgotten as rapidly, for the "fifth estate of the realm" is a marvellous hand at eating its own words; yet it did give expression to a certain sort of floating grumble, and having done this is worth a little comment. Of course the *Times* was sufficiently diplomatic to level at Mr. Disraeli its earnest remonstrance, but a not over-particular portion of public dropped the diplomatic view of the matter and read the article in a very different spirit. What lasting effect it had in high or low quarters we are not in a position to state, but it has had one good result. It has set ingenious people at work to discover new methods of carrying on government by machinery. Some one has suggested this :—

1. The House of Commons, not being large enough to accommodate members, to be destroyed, but no new one built as in future.
 - a. The Premier will take up a permanent residence upon the Treasury bench, which will be painted green, removed to Hughenden Manor, and fixed under a tree in the park.
 - b. He will there enter into consultation by post (enclosing a stamp) with the other members of the Cabinet.
 - c. And refuse to attend to anonymous communications from the country at large.
- 2.—The members of the House of Commons will reside in or about the counties or boroughs which they represent, and
 - a. Communicate their views to one another by telegraph.
 - b. Send their speeches, which they can make either to a few and select constituents, their families, or a row of cabbages, up to the *Times* for publication.
 - c. And carefully specify the points where they think it likely they may be interrupted by loud cheers, cries of "Divide," and other "chaff."

N.B. As a rule, they may insert the word *laughter* at every full stop.
- 4.—These regulations will not apply to Mr. Whalley, with whom some special arrangement will be made.
- 5.—As the Ministry will never go out, there will never be any

necessity for a division, though one can be occasionally taken in fun, for the double purpose of furnishing material for leading articles, and edifying the country.

- 6.—As it is calculated that the carrying out of the above programme may possibly lessen the *prestige* of the British Parliament, by depriving it of those opportunities it has hitherto enjoyed of displaying its special peculiarities, it has been determined that

- a. Members shall meet once a year for the purpose of enjoying a bear fight.
- b. The Government and Opposition shall make their customary charges against each other of dishonesty and national pocket-picking.
- c. And that one personal division, at least, be taken, for the purpose of assuring the world at large that a British Member of Parliament prefers his party to his country, and himself to both.

WANTED—A FEW FIG-LEAVES.

PATERFAMILIAS may grow fig-trees to sit under, but he will, ere many seasons are over, discover that he has chosen the wrong plant for an umbrella, as his female relatives will be soon stripping off the leaves in order to adorn their denuded persons.

Mothers and daughters may revile, the *Saturday Review* may even prove satisfactorily their abhorrence of paint and falsehood, but there are very few of them who do not countenance the low dress of the period. "The dress of the period too low!" screams Miss Venetia Callepidge. "How ridiculous!" "Cant!" "Prudery!" "Nasty jealousy!" chorus the would-be fashionable scribblers. And yet the climax of indecency is, we hope, nearly reached when Her Majesty's own sentiments of modesty are affronted to such a degree that she is forced to give her Lord Chamberlain orders to reprove one among many of the ladies presented at the last drawing-room as an example for future occasions. Yes, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, Her Majesty returns, after many years of sad retirement, to take her share in the receptions of the Court—that Court which once was renowned for its morals and good taste—and Her Majesty is gratified by finding that, by withdrawing the presence of the Royal example of domestic virtues, vanity and immodesty have taken the bit in their mouths and are running away with self-respect and good breeding.

A lady of rank, whose name we conceal with greater care than she does her nakedness, appears at Court in these days of low dresses in such a garment that Royalty feels necessitated to rebuke its wearer. What must that dress have been? thinks the seasoned Londoner who was not present at the drawing-room. There is Lady Flabbyson, whose shoulder-blades appear midway above her *corsage*, and in whose back you may count some ten vertebrae when she is not even stooping. There is the Hon. Mrs. Molespeckle, who boils over as to her flesh in the most disreputable way, and would be much more presentable if she had a fig-leaf attached to her necklace instead of a locket. Then there is Miss Callepidge herself, whose dress one's hand fidgets to pull up above her elbows; and young Lady Mary Barebones, whom no ensign can look at without blushing; so that speculation turns red at the idea of what the Court beheld and the Queen rebuked.

And this brings us to consider the subject of dress—a subject which has always proved all-engrossing to the female mind, but which has perhaps never occupied so much of woman's time, or been such a consistent drain on man's pocket, as at the present day. Here is woman clamouring for suffrage and a recognition of intellectual rights, while she is all the while sacrificing hecatombs to the false gods Vanity and Selfishness, Envy and Pride. It may be all very good for trade, though even tradesmen find the disease rampant in their wives and daughters; but that might be an argument for the admirers of Lais and Phryne, who waste more money now-a-days than ever in luxury and extravagance, and who find plenty of tradespeople ready to support their character for a share in the profits of their sale.

Modesty really seems to be a thing out of fashion. That is just it: the fashion. If it is the fashion, woman will do anything, as a rule. As we heard a lady remark to another, "My dear, dresses are going lower and lower—where will they stop?"

"I can't say, love," was the rejoinder, "but I for one have made up my mind to follow the fashion." So we head our article, "Wanted—a Few Fig-leaves," for that is what we are coming to. But *ne pas confondre*. My dear sir, your wife's fig-leaf, or your daughter's sporrán, will cost just as much as a dress does now. They will be made of the richest materials and trimmed with the most expensive *garnitures*, while chains and jewellery will demand a larger consumption than ever. No, it is not economy that prompts to this untoward display of what seldom can be called female charms, as few women are perfect in form and feature, and the most charming are usually the most modest—it is vanity.

Every woman believes she is a Venus, more or less; nothing but a positive hump will satisfy a woman that she has one shoulder higher than another, while crutches are necessary to prove that she has a tendency to malformation in the leg. The short dresses which are worn by most women now out of doors prove this axiom, for nothing can be less becoming to thick ankles; and yet what eccentric pedestals are exposed to view in the park, or wherever we may meet a well-dressed crowd, by this fashion of short petticoats.

For the last forty years, with the single exception of an absurd breaking out of crinoline, which only influenced the existing fashion by its size, there has been little or no positive change in dress; but the female costume of the present epoch, dating from the beginning of sixty-seven, is as distinct in its type as that of Louis XV. or Charles II., and has the weaknesses of both those periods. There is as much false hair displayed as ever appeared under powder, and as little of the bust covered as Rowley could have desired in his loosest days.

Falseness in externals predicates a state of rottenness within. The military buck of eighty who dyes his remnant of a moustache and wears a wig, not for warmth but to deceive, is attempting to offer spurious goods for sale. The woman who puts false hair on her head, who, in fact, wears a wig, and who wishes every one to suppose it is her own, is just as ridiculous as the general of eighty, and has not the excuse of second childhood to fall back upon. But there is one thing they don't seem to see, that no men are deceived by purchased charms. A woman must indeed be clever who can pass a made chignon off for a real one, or who can appear in broad daylight, or even at night, in Madame Rachel's colours without detection.

In the evening *corsage* the bare reality is too conspicuous for any surreptitious aid which can prove deceptive, and, though it is difficult to make an ugly foot pass for a Cinderella, there is sufficient evidence of the attempt and its consequent suffering in the advertisements of corn-cutters which now appear in the papers.

Paris can boast, with a good deal of reason, of its pretty feet, and certainly the Parisian foot is far neater as it appears in its stocking and boot than the English, but in no city in the world are so many pedicures to be found as in Lutetia. The high heel throws the toes forward, and corns follow as a natural effect; but we may hope, as our clever friend Cham suggests in a late number of *Le Charivari*, to see false feet attached to the hem of the short skirts in front as an additional grace to those ladies who are denied elegant extremities.

It is productive of some amusement to speculate on the probable eccentricities which fashion may reserve for future years. The petticoats are creeping up and swelling over at the hips; the shoulders are returning to the days of Marie Antoinette, and will probably be fitted with muslin wings before next season is over; the chignon has arrived at the crown, and will, ere long, be gathered into a graceful horn over the forehead; the mantilla is taking the place of the bonnet, which indeed only exists as a flower on a tuft of *tulle*. Even the shape of parasols has changed, not to hint that the sun casts his rays otherwise than of old, but simply to prove, by taking the old Egyptian form, that there is nothing new under the sun. What will the next change be?

Whatever the change may be, let us hope it will be quieter and more inclined to modesty and good taste. Her Majesty's presence among the flowers of her Court would be of the greatest service in bringing about such a *dénouement*, for it would be impossible for a young princess to take the same notice of glaring *inconvenances* that our Queen's maturity and position admit. And one now sees how much of the simplicity of a nation's dress and manners may be due to the domestic example set by the highest lady in the land.

ON THE BOOKS.

NOT so long since a contemporary, in whose pages undeniably well written and interesting articles are by no means few and far between, devoted a column and a half to the subject of "Successful Books." The bent of the article in question may be gathered from its opening lines, here subjoined:—

"Ingenuous people usually believe a brace of propositions about books: first, that no book succeeds without possessing a good deal of merit of some sort or other; and second, that no book of real merit in any order fails in the long run to command success. Each of these notions in the sense in which they are usually accepted, is about as untrue as the other."

That the above is absolutely true, no one who has the slightest acquaintance with the ins and outs of modern literature will attempt to gainsay. The truth however is of a negative character, and not of a stamp therefore likely to be of much assistance to the crowd of aspiring young authors, who daily witness success achieved before their very eyes, and yet are at a loss to discover the secret by which it is so continually and rapidly attained. In a purely philanthropic spirit then we are happy to come to their aid, by directing their attention to the following rules, which we assure them will prove infallible in the irrelative spheres. They have been compiled with considerable care, and if religiously adhered to must lead to "success."

HOW TO BECOME A RISING YOUNG POET.

Study Pindar, lounge about Holywell street, then fire away.

HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL SENSATION NOVEL.

Produce it in a serial, and take care to have a well-written and highly interesting first number. After this, pad in with improbabilities, monstrosities, rubbish, bad construction, wretched diction, and let it be carefully illustrated with comic cuts. Call it—what you like, but say it is written by two well-known men—say Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

Lunch off iced pumpkins, and never take tea without a couple of Marquises, who talk state secrets.

HOW TO BECOME A SECOND SHAKESPEARE.

Take your tragedies—no—on second thoughts, you had better give it up. Bury your work, and leave it to the judgment of a couple of centuries.

HOW TO BECOME A GREAT MORALIST.

Dip your pen freely into decent ink, and then spin out snob-bish, semi-religious, but, above all, highly respectable twaddle, whenever any one gives you a chance. If this will not go down, sign it A. K. H. B.

HOW TO BECOME A GREAT PHILOSOPHER.

Take, of Solomon's wisdom One grain.
Of Self One ton.
Dilute the mixture with 5,000 gallons of tepid toast and water, and serve out in pap spoons. Call this mixture "Idioms for Idiots, or, Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy."

HOW TO WRITE A GOOD, NEW, AND ORIGINAL COMEDY.
Translate it.

HOW TO PRODUCE A REALLY NEW AND ORIGINAL COMEDY.

Take a theatre—and do it (and yourself at the same time!).

HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL *Times* LEADER.

Let the tail contradict the head, and the middle refuse to join either party.

HOW TO BECOME A GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL PROPHET.

Seize hold of the Book of Revelations (never mind what you do with it); frighten old women; and go through seven editions. If this does not do, be highly respectable, and hang about the back stairs of third-class noblemen.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL LITERARY MAN.

If your name is either Thomas, Henry, or Obadiah Brown,

be sure you call yourself either Tom, Harry, or Ob Brown. Be peculiar in appearance; wear a big moustache, or a big beard, or long hair, or something out of the way. Happy are you if Nature has given you a big nose or long legs—anything peculiar, in short, so that some one may say to somebody, "You see that fellow with the peculiar nose; that is Ob Brown." Be sure, too, that you wash. That is again the fashion among modern *literati*. Talk of the place you get your chop and penny paper as your "club," and allude to your friends as "Fred" This and "Joe" That, taking care to throw in the name of a superior class hack now and then. Cultivate brass, and the tag-rag and bob-tail of the publisher's trade, and do not mind begging for a job. Let your food be simple. Feed on humble pie. This course will possibly lead you up the ladder of success, which, when you have mounted comfortably into the temple of competency, if not of fame, you can kick into the face of the various friends to whom you have hitherto had to cringe. As to your brains—never mind them—take them out in brass.

ANOTHER ABYSSINIAN DIFFICULTY.

ENGLISHMEN are usually backward almost to a fault in incurring responsibility, and have thereby earned themselves a reputation abroad as the most unsympathetic and selfish nation in Europe. It is therefore the more surprising that the Government should have taken upon itself the office of guardian to the youthful son of the late unfortunate Theodore. Whatever the prospects of the heir-apparent to the throne of Abyssinia may be in his own country, short of being murdered, they cannot be very much inferior to what is in store for His Highness if he be handed over to the tender paternal care of the English nation. It may be all very natural, just at present when we are full of compassion for his friendless and forlorn condition, to agree with accord that the child should be sent to Bombay to be educated and reared in the family of a Church of England clergyman; but when the son of an Emperor arrives at man's estate, it will become a very awkward question how he is to be disposed of.

It is very doubtful if a dozen years hence, when the story of Theodore and the Abyssinian captives is only remembered as the period of an additional 2d. on the income tax, which we shall probably then declare the circumstances of the case did not justify,—it is doubtful if we shall be at all disposed to grant to Theodore's heir such an allowance as will enable him to live as "becomes a king;" or, still further, that we shall be willing to make a provision for his children and their children for an indefinite period. The case of Duleep Singh was altogether different: we took a country from the Maharajah, which formed a valuable and important addition to the Indian Empire. We have received no such advantage from the Abyssinian campaign. All we now have to do with Theodore's country is to hurry out of it as fast as we can, never, we hope, to return; and all we carry with us, which may be considered as any part of the estate of the late monarch, is his crown and mantle, and a few thousand shields. The crown and mantle have already been disposed of, having been offered to, and accepted by Her Majesty. The shields, when converted into money, cannot be expected to realise anything beyond the price of old iron, even if that, so there can be no justification in time to come for making a grant to the Royal Family of Abyssinia, on the plea that we have ever had our money's worth out of their country. The Government mean to be kind, no doubt, but it may be well to consider that when the period arrives for "doing something" for the young Abyssinian Prince, it is not likely that the English people will miss a chance of being just and ungenerous at the same time. It therefore, becomes a question if we should not be doing a greater kindness to Theodore's son to leave him to the care of what friends he may possess in his own country, rather than educate him to be ignored, degraded, half-starved perhaps, in ours.

HOW TO REVENGE YOURSELF UPON A MAN WHO HAS MURDERED YOUR MOTHER, ROBBERED YOUR CHILDREN OF THEIR LAST FARTHING, POISONED YOUR BROTHER, DESTROYED YOUR COUNTRY, BURNT YOUR HOUSE AND MARRIED YOUR WIDOW!—Make him attend a representation of *Foul Play* at the Holborn!

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE
of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JUNE 13, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. HOME has, we understand, sent in a most urgent appeal to the Court of Chancery, that it is very cruel to charge him with his own costs; for, owing to his state of health and to the unaccountable reserve of the spirits, he really has not got a rap with which to pay them!

SOME of the Clergy are determined to show that it shall not be their fault if the Establishment of the Church of England is not done away with. The Rev. J. D. Massingham, LL.D., incumbent of St. Paul's, Warrington, compares Mr. Gladstone with the Todmorden murderer, not disadvantageously to the latter, and then says that "hanging is too good for such a man." And people are expected to accept this man's interpretation of Christianity! We will not pronounce the Rev. Mr. Massingham too good for hanging, for he is certainly not too good to be *suspended*, and that promptly!

TOWNSHEND'S REFORMATION.

"THE Marquis Townshend has rebuilt the nave of East Raynham Church, Norfolk, at a cost of £4,000."—*Daily Paper*.

The Marquis of Townshend, 'twould seem, is inclined
By lights less eccentric his actions to rule.
Well, better by far, as his lordship shall find,
Is working the nave than playing the fool.

THE *Daily News* is a very clever paper; and when it informs us that "honest payment of the national indebtedness" is one of the principles of the Republican party in America, considering the intimate connection which exists between the American Radicals and the *Daily News*, we suppose we ought to give the statement credit. Otherwise, it is rather difficult to believe that the party which has created greenbacks, and would pay English holders of American securities in that valuable commodity; and which would prevent the conquered States from paying those debts contracted when they were a *de facto* Government, whether they wish to or not, is so very sound upon the subject of honest payment of the national indebtedness. But then American notions of honesty always did puzzle us: they are so much in advance of the age.

BLACK AND WHITE.

When Jamaica's grim niggers were ripe for revolt,
And to murder the Whites had concocted a plan;
'Tis a pity that Eyre, from the Isle didn't "bolt,"
And leave them to finish the work they'd began.

The leash to be named would have lauded him then
As much as they slander and worry him now;
At least, if they would not, they're false spoken men,
And don't know the meaning of what they avow.

For what is their language—"whene'er an outbreak
"Of Blacks against Whites is blood-thirsty shown,
"If one life of the former their Governor take
"He shall do it at peril of losing his own.

"If sedition be preached by a clergyman's tongue,
"Let him talk till excitement and fury it breed;
"And if any should say he deserved to be hung
"Stop the mouth that would counsel the murderer's deed."

Yes—such are your doctrines Mill, Buxton, and Bright!
Though your words may not such, in their utterance, be
'Tis strange you should want them thus dragged into light,
Or need any helping their folly to see.

Till you do you had better make off to some land,
Whence wiser and juster you'll learn to come back;
And admit, what you don't seem to quite understand,
That the White man is human as well as the Black.

Just one little hint—as your funds are so large,
That subscriptions to prosecute you can afford;
Look out for the care of some criminal charge,
That by a grand jury will *not* be ignored.

FROM THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

"THE Man of the Hour—the very Prince of the Asteroids, courses
"through the dark black destiny of the infinities like one mad
"drunk with the blue blood of the purple robes of Ephesus!
"This is no age for butter fingers—this is no time for puny
"mouthings at garbled historiettes; the nineteenth century
"teems with noble aspirations after the Fine Old Port of the
"Heavens. The Mighty Mother has taken the bit between her
"teeth, and with eyes hard set, hoofs heavy with pearls and
"the Spoil of the Ages, rushes wildly, white hot and boiling
"over with a passionate *lava* towards the Great Goal of the
"Terrible! Hereafter! A man must have something in him,
"or he falls crushed to the ground before the advance of a
"thousand feet, a million planets, an innumerable host of
"blazing suns and wine-spilling systems of moonbeams! This
"is no exaggeration, and although differing with the Sensation
"Premier in some points, we hail him Disraeli the Demi-god,
"proudly and boldly—the Caucasian Mystery explained as the
"Man of the Day! Let him go on and prosper, like a knight
"of old—like some Dinan Du Guescelin armed *cap-à-pie* with
"Front of Brass, and Grandeur in his Rear!"

CRUEL SPORTS OF THE FAR WEST.

FRANCE.—Author hunting!
RUSSIA.—Woman beating!!
ITALY.—Church robbing!!!
SPAIN.—Bull fighting!!!!
ENGLAND.—Eyre baiting!!!!

SOMETHING very SMART FOR THE WAGS!—A *Seaside Annual* is talked about! We imagine that the forthcoming work will be scarcely popular among the juveniles. The best known "Annual" at the seaside is the "*Guide to the Mysteries of the Ocean*,"—in other words, the miserable hag who teaches the young idea not to shoot, but how to submit to a ducking!

THE TOMAHAWK, JUNE 13, 1868.

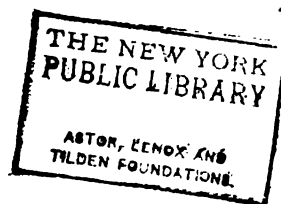


"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!"

OR,

WHAT IT MUST NEVER COME TO.

DEDICATED TO MR



NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!

(FROM A VERY SPECIOUS CORRESPONDENT.)

EVERY one who reads the papers, that is to say every one who can read, must have been often depressed by the terrible lack of news at certain portions of the year. When Emperors and nations obstinately refuse to go to war, and therefore we are cruelly debarred from all chance of receiving as a relish for breakfast those pleasingly exciting telegrams headed "GREAT BATTLE! DEFEAT OF THE —!! 175,000 KILLED AND WOUNDED!!!"—when Imperial Parliament is not sitting, and the Honourable Members of the House of Commons cannot submit to us that ever-varying but never-fatiguing puzzle, "What is Parliamentary language?"—when we can no longer beguile the sweet hour of mid-day leisure by counting the number of opprobrious names which have been applied to the Prime Minister of this glorious country in one night by an assembly of its choicest gentlemen,—when no charitable and benevolent individual, in a humble and conscientious endeavour to do what he can towards providing some food for the excitement-craving stomachs of his fellow-creatures, commits a "*Horrible Murder!*" or bears upon his shoulders the whole burden of an "*Awful Tragedy!*" or, if his genius is not capable of these high flights, is content to fill some spare corner with such a trifling contribution as a "*Shocking Suicide!*"—in fact, when our leading newspaper is reduced to treating us to such bread and scrape as four columns of Historicus' researches in Encyclopædias and Blue Books, or half a sheet of S. G. O.'s amiable twaddle, or twenty-three letters on the price of pork-chops in some retired village in Cornwall; when that genteel two-penny nightcap (the *Pall Mall Gazette*) is compelled to send a special commissioner disguised in beer, and suffering from a temporary paroxysm of morality, to the Cider Cellars; and the low "penny paper," in despair at seeing the cheaper forms of copy gobbled up by its betters, has to despatch a successful novelist with a limited knowledge of English, and an unlimited capacity for salary, to do the Continent, and retail his hotel bill, at five pounds each item, for the benefit of their wholly-sold readers,—in short, when things are dull, and there's positively "no news," there is no one, however patient, who does not turn with pardonable irritation from the disappointing sheet, and exclaim on the stupidity of the journal he or she happens to be reading.

Sitting in the calm retirement of my own arm-chair on Whit-Monday, "engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing to the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core"—I allude to the pipe of bird's-eye to which poverty has reduced me—having in vain tried to get my penny-worth out of the *Times* (lent to read for two hours) engaged in guessing where the Paris correspondent of that excellent paper could live, rejecting the somewhat fantastic idea that he lay buried under the statue in Leicester square, and communicated his funeral gossip by means of Mr. Home's rapparees, I gave it up; and then lapsing into vague musing, suddenly, by a flash of inspiration, the idea lighted on my brain, "Why should not I puff away poverty as I now puff away the cloud of smoke, and become at once a benefactor of myself and my species?" I will—my mind is big with its purpose! I will deliver myself of my grand invention. I will supply the gaping mouths of the hungry public with the stimulating diet on which they thrive half the year, and lacking which they starve the other half; I will provide a never-ceasing torrent of sensation, on which the giddy mind shall be whirled from January to December every year without any shallow or calm water intervening! But I must first, like many other aspirants for fame and money before me, get my Company.

How will this look at the head of the prospectus?—

THE
GRAND UNITED
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND COMPANY,
(Limited),

FOR
SUPPLYING INTELLIGENCE

TO
DESTITUTE JOURNALS AND NEWSPAPERS.

That is innocent and inventive enough. Now for the means by which I intend to work our end.

By getting up *canards*, and contradicting them next day!

Oh no! That would not pay; the public would soon get tired of that: besides, any fool could do that. The *Globe* has done it—often. No! my idea is to get a company of jolly fellows together and go about the country committing sensational crimes—in the slack season, of course. The newspaper that subscribed most should have the news of the crime telegraphed to its office first of all—before it was committed if necessary, and the others in their proper turn, with variations (extra charge for very novel incidents). One crime would last a week at least on this principle, with details properly filled out, and one paper would be made to contradict another so decidedly that the public mind might be kept on the stretch (in the case of a very horrible murder) for nearly a fortnight. For instance, three of the Company's servants, let us say, would go down to some quiet village in Wales. One confederate would remain at the nearest telegraph station, to send off the news at the time agreed on. The *Times*, let us suppose, has paid on Saturday £500 for the refusal of the next sensation produced by the Company. On Monday morning, just in time for its first edition, arrives this telegram:—

"MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT PENRRHYMMOM!"

"Late on Sunday evening a shepherd, returning home across the hills, discovered on the summit of Penrrhymmom the bodies of two gentlemen who had evidently been barbarously murdered. Their heads had been hacked off, and were placed each on the other's walking-stick, a ghastly grin lighting up their blood-stained features. A blue parasol and a packet of sandwiches were found at a short distance."

Then, in time for the second edition, would arrive a despatch, with this additional information:—

"THE HORRIBLE MURDER AT PENRRHYMMOM!"

"The two heads have been recognised as belonging to two gentlemen who left Glyddyddym for Penrrhymmom on Sunday morning, accompanied by a lady with a blue parasol. It is not known yet whose the bodies are."

The other papers would receive accounts slightly varied: of course, each could copy from the other, but the one that got it first would have the best chance of increasing its sale.

Some stupid persons, devoid of imagination, may ask how I intend to avoid the interference of the police. I answer, that is my business. I do not mean to say that the Company could be carried on without some loss of life; but then, what an admirable opportunity for would-be criminals or suicides!—the latter could either be passive or active, as of course information could be supplied to or withheld from the police at the Company's pleasure. It is against all precedent that the police should discover anything of their own unaided efforts, and no reward could tempt any member of the Company to peach, as he would get much more by keeping his own counsel.

Then, what a nucleus for all conspiracies would such a Company furnish! All those tiresome knots of timid assassins who bungle over their work, or do it with such nervous recklessness as to involve much unnecessary loss of life, would have their energies concentrated, their excesses tempered, and their impulsiveness organised, by being under the control of such an admirable Company, and they would have the melancholy satisfaction, if they failed in their high political aims, that they had at least ministered to the delight and edification of their fellow-creatures. In fact, as the highest office of Government is to employ vice in the service of virtue, I think I am not presumptuous in hoping that Parliament might vote a sum of money for the support of such an excellent Company, formed on such enlightened and liberal principles, with the sole object of procuring the benefit of the public at the cost of their own individual prejudices, and perhaps comforts. The scattered gems of invention and ingenuity which adorn the annals of crime, and which are but dimly recognisable in the imperfectly developed designs of the individual, would be burnished up by the united talent of such a Company as I propose, till they were really worthy to take their place in the crown of those martyrs who have suffered for the benefits which they sought to confer on an obstinately ungrateful society. But my enthusiasm carries me away; I feel already as if I were chairman, with a salary of £5,000 a year, besides my profits from shares. I feel as if there were no longer such a thing as a dull paper—as if the despairing cry of "No News" could never again chill the heart of the lonely bachelor, as he sits over his cup of tea and *Times*. Whatever be the fate of other monarchs, the Reign of Sensation is established for ever!

A MATTER OF COURSE.

"THE Alexandra Park Races," whatever they may be, are advertised to take place "on Tuesday, June 30th, and Wednesday, July 1st, under the Newmarket Rules." The Duke of Newcastle, followed by the Marquis of Hastings, heads the published list of stewards. Mr. J. F. Clark is to be "Judge," Mr. J. F. Verrall, "The Mulberries," Denmark Hill, S., is to be "Clerk of the Course and Handicapper," and the admission is to be only one shilling.

There is nothing very interesting in all this. The inventive genius who hit on the idea of a sort of turf company and the confident shareholders excepted, no one has probably thought much about these "Alexandra Races" promised for Tuesday, June 30th, and Wednesday, July 1st.

They, however, possess one remarkable feature. They are to be highly respectable races. Dogs are to be hung rather than they should assist at the vulgar bit of comic business that degrades the ordinary race-course. Nor is this all. People of a doubtful character are to be excluded at the doors, and not even the payment of a shilling is to gain them admittance. In a word, the whole thing is to be extremely select. How all this will answer remains to be seen, for there is an impression somehow got abroad that a respectable race is an impossibility. Companies do certainly sometimes manage things adroitly, and so perhaps a wholesale condemnation of a moral race-course scheme may be premature. The other day we were promised all sorts of wonders in the air at Sydenham, and so there is no reason why we should not look out for a few castles in the same region at Muswell Hill. How the proprietors intend to carry out their threat of excluding "any person they think proper" is at present a mystery as far as the public are concerned, and if they themselves should not have thought of any simple and effective method of putting it into execution, we beg to refer them to the inevitable examination system. A few well-selected questions handed to each candidate for admission might be readily answered, and the right of entrance granted or refused on a perusal of the result. What do they think of the following?

QUESTIONS FOR MORAL TURF CANDIDATES.

- 1.—Have you ever gambled at home with a few friends, or passed an evening at a "hell"?
- 2.—If so, show that putting a thousand pounds on a horse coming in first, and ten pounds on a card turning up trumps, are two very distinct and different things.
- 3.—Why is the first called "supporting a great national institution," and why is the second called "gambling"?
- 4.—Write out the history of the Derby of 1868, and say whether you have ever heard of anything like it in the annals of gaming. What do you mean by running "dark," and do you think it a pretty and modest performance?
- 5.—Of course you know that Baden Baden is a terribly bad place. Do you think English noblemen and gentlemen would tolerate any approach to such an abomination over here for a moment?
- 6.—A. is heir to a great estate, but an ardent supporter of "the only true method of keeping up a good breed of horses." He cuts down his timber, does away with his entail, and gets £180,000 to the bad, through devotion to the national reputation for horse-flesh. Show, if you can, that the game is quite worth the candle.
- 7.—A private gambling house of fifty years ago was open to a select few, and ruined a limited number of devotees. Another great national institution, of more modern growth, carries on its operations under amiable names in the plain light of day before the whole world, is flattered by a jockeys' column in the Press, and not only ruins its influential supporters, but exercises a baneful influence upon every grade of society from the highest to the lowest. Show again, if you can, what a despicable, vicious, and illegal thing was the former, and what a noble, virtuous, and lawful institution is the latter.
- 8.—Imagine the Derby run for honour alone. Do you think dukes, marquises, fine gentlemen, butcher boys, snobs, blacklegs, costermongers, and earls would all hurry-scurry off to Epsom, if they did not feel that ruin, loss, wealth, despair, success, shame, penury, and possibly death, were the real stakes to be run for on the great Derby day?

Having answered these questions to the entire satisfaction of the proprietors (the Marquis of Hastings might undertake the duties of Examiner), the candidate can pay his shilling and enter into the midst of the pure joys and innocent excitement of the Alexandra Races, "proper."

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

AN abyss and Inigher will make up the name
Of a country whose king all a warrior proclaim.

2.

SUPPOSE to my eldest of sons I should say,
Your pillows and feather beds all send away,
That hard you may lie, what word would suffice
To convey to his ear what I wished in a trice?
By way of a hint then, before I have done,
'Tis three monosyllables rolled into one.

3.

A BIRD and fish, connected with an isle,
Make up a beast at which few care to smile.

4.

A BISHOP who, in Southey's lines,
By rats is eaten on the Rhine.
A measure from which cabmen sip
The beer which wets their thirsty lip.
An animal that is defined
By words of different tongues combined
Two words, you've seen it in your house,
In Latin runs and Latin mouse.
Together put, these things compose,
The ugliest beast that nature shows.

5.

MY first at their breakfast most folks like a bit,
My second means much the same thing as permit;
My whole is a character a poet expressed
In a tragedy many consider his best.

6.

MY first people do when they let their tongues loose,
And instead of remonstrance indulge in abuse.
My second's a track, and my whole is proclaimed,
When my first and my second are properly named.

7.

MY first's a god who dwelt on earth,
In shady wood and sylvan bower;
My second, taken from the word
In which the Romans named the hour;
My third, who into nurseries dips,
Will oft hear cried from children's lips;
My whole's a beauteous work of art,
That shows the world in every part.

8.

MY first's combined of good and evil,
An angel half and half a devil—
The word I mean one creature names,
But to include another claims;
Half of a christian mane's my second,
Whose number cannot well be reckoned;
My whole's a drama, strange and wild,
By famous British bard compiled.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Wayside Thoughts. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Nimmo.
Moral Causation. By P. P. Alexander, M.A. Nimmo.
Last Leaves. By Alexander Smith. Nimmo.
The Spanish Gypsy. By George Eliot. Blackwood.
The English Revolution. By John Baker Hopkins. W. Freeman.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 59.]

LONDON, JUNE 20, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

MY VERY DEAR ANGELS,

The question of your rights, political and social, has been much before the public lately, and your characteristics as a sex have been elaborately discussed; your virtues, and your—failings, have been ruthlessly analysed: the former have been somewhat irreverently questioned, and the latter somewhat acrimoniously portrayed. Your cause, for which TOMAHAWK has the most hearty sympathy, has, like most causes, been prejudiced more by the extravagances of injudicious friends than by the excesses of malignant enemies; but most of all, if you will allow me to say so, by the follies of some of yourselves. I am not one of those who think that the very unequal justice, with which your sex is treated by the Law and by Society, will be set straight by giving you the fatal right of taking part in affairs for which, physically, mentally, and morally, you are totally unfit. The influence which some of you have been doing your best to destroy is still very powerful; but I think that it would lose entirely its noblest and purest attributes, were you to be enticed into mixing yourself in political strife, which you could only do at the cost of those delicate sensibilities, and impulsive emotions, which are inseparable from the better part of your nature; and to the infinite injury of that gentleness, that patient endurance, and that thoughtful love which make Home a word of such sweet associations, that the very utterance of it is a rest to the weary spirit and a balm to the wounded heart. Nor is it from a selfish point of view, or from any greedy and jealous ambition as a man, that I say this; but from the deep conviction that the purest and most enduring of your pleasures are derived from that very dependence which the so-called advocates of Women's Rights would attempt to destroy. Your power lies in your want of the external attributes of power, and it is from your weakness that our strength derives its vigour; it is in your apparent submission that your real authority consists—your seeming slavery is the charter of your real freedom.

But the political position of Woman is a matter of very slight importance; it is in private, not in public, life that her influence is most needed; it is there alone that it can ever have power, a power which is fearfully great for good or for evil.

Now I would ask you all, both high and low, both fashionable and would-be fashionable, to try and concentrate your attention for a short time on one point; to consider calmly, carefully, and earnestly, this question: Are you, or are you not, losing your influence for good over men? If you are, whose is the fault? How much of the blame belongs entirely to yourselves, how much to the growth of habits of action and thought amongst men, which you can, to a certain extent, control? Admitting that there is a spirit of petulant irreverence spreading in this country, which spurns all restraint, insults all authority, and defies all objects of reverence; which refuses to see in woman anything but a plaything for passion, or a minister to selfishness; which offers hecatombs to self-conceit, under the pretence of worshipping Intellect; which burns the generous feelings of the heart on the altar of a narrow mind, and thinks the triumph of Reason can only be gained by the degradation of Affection; granting the existence of a more numerous and quite as contemptible body of men, whose God is Frivolity, whose only study is their own faces, their only literature cards of invitation; who, if they met with such a thing in themselves as a

serious thought, would feel something of the same consternation that a wet Newfoundland dog would occasion in a ball-room; granting that the existence of these two species affords a great temptation to you, who are essentially imitative creatures, either to ape a sort of flimsy materialism, a tittering scepticism, and a pert irreverence for anything good and noble; or to indulge yourself to the utmost in the most insatiable vanity, the most idiotic pleasure-seeking, and to fritter away time, energy, affection in the most ignorant and degrading self-indulgence; still, I cannot but feel a bitter grief and shame that you should yield to the temptation; that forgetting your glorious power to elevate him, you should aid Man in his efforts to degrade himself.

I do not wish to join in the contemptible cry against all womankind which those have raised who seek her only in the lowest capacity. But I do say that you allow to the most worthless of your sex the greatest prominence and influence; that you, who are tender and loving and pure, you for whom the words sister, daughter, wife, and mother have not lost their meaning, are far too timid in asserting yourselves; that you are accomplices in the organised hypocrisy which is the substitute for virtue in Society, and that you do not recognise that the service of virtue really implies, not harshness and severity to the sinner, but to the sin; that, above all, it is your duty to fight against everything that is evil and calls itself good. Here is the real danger of the present age. It is the monstrous supremacy of Pretence. False hair, false colour, false teeth, false figures, are but the forerunners of false modesty, and false hearts. The deceit with which you are outwardly clothed will soon work its way inward. You cannot go on accepting shams for realities without injuring your sense of truth. From shutting your eyes to the fact that those curls of Lady A's are false, it is a short step to blinding yourself to the fact that her virtue is equally a pretence. If you allow Fashion to excuse the one, you will allow her rank to screen the other; and while you turn with a virtuous sneer from your house-maid who has "gone wrong," you gladly accept the hospitality of the lady whose wealth and position have healed her wounded reputation. Now, this is surely most wrong; it is a wilful sacrifice of right to self-interest; if you hold out your hand to one, do not keep it back from the other; it is harder to repent in the bare poverty of a garret, than in the luxurious comfort of a drawing-room. It is more to the elder among you that I speak this; the younger follow your example; I know what you will say,—that you will point to many persons who are not received by Society, because they have transgressed too openly. But while I would entreat you not to repeat or listen to the mere whispers of Scandal, I would earnestly urge upon you the immense injury which you do to Virtue by shunning Vice, *not because it has violated the laws of God*, but because it has broken the rules of Society.

The question of dress may seem a very slight one, and out of the province of man's censure; but as you dress to please us as much as yourselves, we may surely have a word to say on the matter. Were I to see a determined and organised opposition against any one fashion because it was indecent; if I could ever find that you, who rule Society, had had the courage to rebel against those who command your obedience, but surely cannot command your respect, I should have hope that this evil was one the end of which would soon be visible; but, as it is, when the most grossly suggestive forms of dress are adopted without remonstrance, when there even is no blush left to temper the

bareness of the exposure, and when I know that these fashions are adopted at the dictation of women who are rapidly losing even the affectation of virtue, I cannot help exclaiming that never, at any point of her history, was my native country subjected to such disgraceful slavery by a foreign nation; and that I would rather see the soldiers of France plundering this capital in the full flush of victory, than I would see, as I do now, the milliners of France stripping our sisters, our wives, and our mothers of their womanly modesty, and no flush of shame upon their cheeks to show the sense of their own degradation.

I propose at a future time to pursue this subject further, and to show how this slavery to Fashion—this all-absorbing love of dress permeates the whole of Society; and what a fruitful source it is of terrible and gigantic evils among the lower classes, which the fashionable among you deplore, while you are doing all in your power to encourage it.

I remain your dutiful, because unflattering, servant,
TOMAHAWK.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Romance.—A picture which only looks like reality according to the frame (of mind) you see it in.

Romps.—Miss-behaviour.

Scent.—The fox's lead off for the pack to follow suit.

Scorn.—The shot from a bursting gun.

Season.—The time of the year for opening the marriage market.

Sense.—The four-leaved shamrock.

Sermon.—Clerical chloroform.

Shoulders.—That part of the body beginning at the nape of the neck and ending—well! above the knees.

Siren.—A singer who would drown the voices of her rivals.

Slang.—Language's brass currency.

Sofa.—A piece of furniture for which woman has a decided inclination.

Song.—An offering or an insult to Apollo.

Sorrow.—A cloud which makes the past look brighter, but which the future soon forgets.

Squint.—A dischord in the organ of vision.

Stage.—"All the world" and his wife especially.

Stupid.—Any one professing to translate woman's words.

Style.—A bad style is not easily got over in the field of fashion.

SAUCE FOR GEESE.

WITH the excellent example of Mr. T. W. Robertson before us, and the recent transplantation of "No Thoroughfare" to Paris staring us in the face, we might well hope that the British drama had chanced upon better days. Not that the constructive genius of Mr. T. W. Robertson has reached its zenith in "Play," or that the late Adelphi hit is in every way admirable. Things much better can be and, doubtless, will be done. Still it is a source of real satisfaction to us to be able to boast of original work of home manufacture, and to witness some sort of protest against the wretched system of hacking, diluting, straining, glozing, stifling, and unbackboning popularly known as "adapting from the French." The theme is old and the axiom is unquestioned, yet authors, or rather adapters, are slow to take the hint. Even now there are rumours to the effect that several novelties of this class are in active preparation, and it is to be presumed that the next theatrical season will usher in the usual quantum of French husbands suffering from too much moral feeling, French wives slightly the worse for too little, and French young men of three-and-twenty equal to the sophistries of the situation, and eloquent on the subject of "passion." Of course these moral cut-throats of society will neither say nor do anything absolutely shocking to the pure sensibilities of a British audience. They will develop into maudlin bores, or else get on to the verge of, or half over, the precipice at the close of

Act II, taking good care to pull up, explain, and never even think of being naughty any more in the twenty-five minutes allotted to them in Act III.

This is but namby-pamby work at best, and if it does no positive harm is as little likely to give a healthy tone to the British drama as it is to encourage the efforts of British genius. French plays are French plays, and no amount of management, save in rare and notable instances, will render them anything else. The *morale* that pervades them is almost invariably abominable to English standards, and, as has been said above, where the abomination has been softened down there goes the whole pith of the thing, the force, the dash, the vigour—in a word, all that gives the play any claim to translation. That authors and managers will ever be deterred from sustaining this deplorable condition of things by any argument whatever, no reasonable man can possibly expect. "Adaptations from the French" will continue to flourish to the end of the chapter. Analogy sometimes will galvanise the dullest intellects into a momentary twitch, be it only muscular; yet it is something even to produce the twitch. Would they kindly, therefore, give a moment's attention to the following list of "adaptations from the English" now in course of preparation, with a view to their success before Parisian audiences. Little liberties have, of course, been taken with the originals with a view to enlarging the *morale* to the dimensions proper to the modern French stage, but the process has been one rather of amplification and spicing, than of the inevitable three-parts-watering in favour on this side of the Channel. It is something to realise what "adapting" means: perhaps the few subjoined instances may throw a little light upon the matter:—

JACK SHEPPARD.

No alteration of any moment beyond an apotheosis representing the Final Judgment.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo to have been formerly attached to the Nurse. Juliet to be all the time secretly married to Friar Lawrence.

BOX AND COX.

Both to be carrying on an intrigue with Mrs. Bouncer.

MACBETH.

Macbeth to be jealous of Banquo's attention to his wife, having discovered him hanging about a blasted heath in the neighbourhood of the castle. Macduff to be the hero of a *mariage à trois*, and alter his famous speech to suit the circumstances of the case. The fight to be left out, and Macbeth nobly blow out his own brains, having previously given Lady Macbeth to Duncan, and acknowledged with much regret that the wounded soldier is his son.

HAMLET.

A good deal of colouring to be thrown into the "play" and last act, and a *cancan* introduced to enliven the terrace scene.

THE RIVALS.

The part of Mrs. Malaprop to be entirely re-written from a *Palais Royal* point of view. Two husbands and a *jeune amant* to be thrown in to heighten the interest in the part of Lydia Languish, and a representation of the *Bal d'Opéra* discovering Captain Absolute, Sir Antony, and all the other male characters assisting at the orgie.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Susan to be successively married to and divorced from Captain Crosstree and the four admirals (Mr. Burnand's). William to be attached to the four other wives of the four latter, and his passion to be returned. Susan eventually to run away with Neptune, and so on. It will be evident from the above that works do gain—or lose—something in "adaptation" to suit the tastes of neighbours. However, with such examples of what *can* be done in a contrary direction, no dramatic author need despair. Let him, as a rule, but cut out the husband, a couple of lovers, the wife, the hero, and the moral—and his "original" comedy will pass muster at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and add another prop to the support of that magnificent institution the British National Drama!

OUR READER.*

WHO Mr. John Baker Hopkins is we have not the pleasure of knowing. It appears he has written two other works, one on the American War, and one on the Christian Religion, in which he has kindly set people right on these subjects. The work before us has an aggravatingly portentous and authoritative look. It seems to say: "My good friends, these times are very important, there is a crisis; a Revolution is going on which you know nothing about. England is trembling on the very verge of ruin. Would you save your country? Then listen to John Baker Hopkins."

John Baker Hopkins does not write as an individual; he writes as an institution, a corporate body—it is always "We." At first we thought that he was a retired star of the Reform League, or the Demosthenes of some Debating Society, writing from the sacred shrine of Genius, his back parlour. It appeared to us at first that John Baker Hopkins had not made up his mind as to what language he intended to write in. At the top of page 2 we come to the following most astonishing sentence:—"We study the events of bygone ages, and comprehend their whyfor." The last word quite staggered us: is it Welsh for "cause," or "origin," or what language is it? "We can even peer into the to-come." Here the ridiculous affectation of the style made us suspect that we were reading the book of some harmless lunatic,—who had lost his senses through an overdose of German beer-ravings and Bulwer's transcendental novels. It is only fair to say that the promise of the first one or two pages is not fulfilled, and that the book really contains a moderate and well-considered review of the political situation in England, with much sound good sense and an occasional ray of statesmanship, written for the most part in a very clear and pure style. Mr. Hopkins does not appear to us to have quite grasped the real question of the day; he seems to us to ignore too much the crying necessity for Social Reform to keep pace with Political Reform: nor does he notice the most mischievous effect of the unreasoning Conservatism of the English people, of which he gives many striking instances, namely, the ascendancy which Red Tape has gained, and the apathetic acquiescence of the bulk of the people in the tyranny of the most narrow-minded creatures whom Providence has succeeded in creating—the permanent staff of our Civil Service.

The evils which are wrought by those miserable parasites, who prey upon the public purse in the guise of officials, presenting as they do a sullen, persistent, and cunning resistance to all measures for the real benefit of the people, incapable as they are of any noble or disinterested motives, or of any intelligent energy, appear to be quite overlooked by Mr. Hopkins. No revolution can ever command the gratitude of posterity, which does not destroy root and branch the present system of official government in England.

Mr. Hopkins seems unfortunately afflicted with a blind veneration for the House of Brunswick. He praises the Queen for that very interference with the despatches of her Ministers which has caused the gravest anxiety to most thinking and upright statesmen. While agreeing with Mr. Hopkins as to the immense value of the Crown's influence on social morality, we cannot see how that influence can make itself felt from the distant retirement in which the Sovereign has dwelt for the last seven years. The force of a good example, the power of a pure life is seriously diminished in its transmission by telegraph wires.

The plan of John Baker Hopkins for the reform of the House of Lords, and House of Commons, is a sensible and simple one. It is very refreshing to find any one advocating the cause of Liberalism without indulging in those perky and frisky blasphemies which remind one of a donkey flinging up his heels in the air at the statue of the Sphinx. The dust and dirt that he spatters disturb the dignified repose of the statue as much as the fribbling insolence of these philosophers shakes the foundations of the religion which they affect to despise, because they cannot comprehend it. Mr. Hopkins writes of Christianity in a liberal but reverent spirit, and seems to appreciate the great debt which Mankind owes to its Founder.

Finally, we commend Mr. Hopkins's book to all those whom the signs of the times make to tremble. Conservatives will find

comfort in the calm and able exposition of the true meaning of Revolution, which robs that boggy of many of its horrors; while rampant Radicals may learn a useful lesson in the art of moderation. Finally, we most emphatically endorse the strictures on County Courts, those very wasps'-nests of petty oppression.

WOLF-CRYING.

AFTER a long drought, thirsty men look eagerly for a few drops of rain. Somewhat on the same principle, after a season of profound peace, sensation-mongers strain their eyes for political squalls. In this particular line—it is only fair to admit it—no class have their powers of vision in such perfect trim as that very credulous and very spasmodic body of men whom we half-reverence, half-distrust, and call "Our Own Special Foreign Correspondents." Europe is, as every one knows, at the present moment in this self-same state of profound peace, and were it not for the pretty little stories the papers tell us about 1,200,000 men here, and 1,500,000 there, to say nothing of condensed nitro-glycerine, and wonderful improvements in repeating rifles, we might really suppose the Millennium had set in in good earnest altogether.

Under such a very spiritless condition of things, of course, all due allowance must be made for foreign correspondents, and a certain generous latitude granted them; but still, we must expect them, to a certain extent, to keep within bounds. It was natural, perhaps, that the Russian success in Central Asia should give rise to several articles on the immediate fall of the British Empire in India, and that Marshal Niel's manifesto should provoke a flood of surmises as to the actual date fixed for the great march upon Berlin. But here fancy should draw up. For instance, we might be spared such unnecessary shocks as the following:—

"Three weeks ago General Duroc, who commands at Strasbourg, in rather demonstrative fashion, rode over the bridge uniting the French to the German bank of the Rhine. Surrounded by the officers of his staff, he galloped over those planks, &c., &c., &c., and was so over-anxious to reach German soil that in his hurry he very nearly rode over the first Baden sentinel he met. Then, stationing himself with his companions in front of the small *tête de pont* that defends the bridge, he discussed the strength of the fort in such a manner as to attract the attention and wound the feelings of the passers-by."

The whole proceeding reads so exactly like an episode in some famous battle-piece produced in the good old days of Astley's, that, were it not vouched for as authentic by a *Times* Correspondent, we should be rather inclined to dismiss it as desperate "padding."

The general and staff discussing the strength of a place out loud before the passers-by, after a preliminary gallop over planks, so strongly reminds one of the battle of the Alma in the Westminster Bridge road, that one naturally looks further down in the letter for something about the comic Irishman and a duet with the Correspondent himself. However, there is the fact put forward seriously as a sort of indication of the critical relations between the Cabinets of Paris and Berlin! Can the martial spirit go further?

We should not have, perhaps, taken the trouble to allude to this trifle, did it not serve as an average specimen of a species of literature which is fast becoming a great nuisance. The twaddle, written by the column too, and forced upon our notice in the best part of every daily newspaper as foreign correspondence is, in many instances, if not a disgrace to the British Press, at least a severe satire on the British public. The habitual readers of the wretched scandal and small talk to which we refer must be a gallant band, if judged from an intellectual point of view.

A lounging, ignorant, empty-headed, unthinking, lazy lot at best, and it is a scandal that the Press will insist on pandering to them. It may be remembered that shortly after the birth of the little Prince Albert Victor somebody gave him a toy, upon which the Court newsman announced to the whole British nation that "His Royal Highness seemed much interested and delighted." Could not this gentleman tell us what he thinks of the gallop of General Duroc? He is evidently the man to handle great subjects with subtlety. Here is a fine chance for him.

* *The English Revolution.* John Baker Hopkins. (William Freeman, 102 Fleet street, 1868.)

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JUNE 20, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE *Daily News* has reduced its price from threepence to a penny. The descent is too rapid—it should have come down to its real value, “twopence-halfpenny.”

WE understand that Mr. Robertson Gladstone is preparing a new version of *Paradise Lost*, of which Mr. Disraeli is the hero, and of *Paradise Regained*, of which his sainted, if not martyred, brother is the hero.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, the proprietor and editor of the new French paper *La Lanterne*, seems difficult to please. Like another lantern-bearer of school-day memory, it takes him a very long time to discover a *really* honest man!

WE believe that there is no truth in the report that a certain noble Marquis is about to erect, in the land of the Welshman, a *château d'Espagne*, part of which is to be in the Elizabethan order of architecture, and part in the Ely-Norman!

FRENCH journalists have done much to preserve the principles of honour by their enthusiastic support of duelling. To call an old gentleman who happens to be stout, “a fat old hog,” is the last discovery they have made in the refinements of courtesy. We certainly are sadly behind France in elegance of manner.

THE new Parliament will be a very lively assembly indeed, if we are to credit the announcement of the *Star*, that it will number among its members Mr. Andrew Halliday, the much-dreaded author of several tragedy-burlesques! This gloomy gentleman, if he really wishes to get in, should stand for Highgate—Cemetery!

POOR M. Bismarck! Some of the French semi-official prints which follow the Imperial policy of degrading everything that should command respect and honour, unable to frighten M. Bismarck with their bluster, are pelting him with dirty alumies, and accusing him of being on the verge of *delirium*

tremens. It appears that these writers know only one source of courage or inspiration—the bottle.

OUR innocuous old friend *Punch*, whose garrulous egotism sometimes does succeed in making one smile, talks, with that spry affectation of waggish juvenility which so well becomes him, of “the bâton of Field-Marshal Costa.” The joke is rather above the usual *Mark*, and suggests another pleasing little jest (which our old friend is free to repeat as his own) about the real Commander-in-Chief being Field-Marshal Cost. “Ah! I see it,” says the intelligent taxpayer, “and feel it too.”

THE Duke of Cambridge was good enough to take the chair at the Annual Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, and probably the members of the Newspaper Press Fund were grateful for H.R.H.’s civility. Lord Houghton, on the occasion in question, said something to the effect that Englishmen might well be proud that “the head of the army of this country meets the Press of this country on equal terms.” What on earth did his literary lordship mean? The Duke and the Press do not meet on equal terms, and if they did there would be nothing to be proud of in the fact. To come to the point, the Commander-in-Chief knows a good deal about pipe-clay and all that sort of thing, and the Press—but stop! Modesty for ourselves and our brethren closes our mouth about our own and their merits!

MEDAL AND MUDDLE.

THERE is to be a medal for Abyssinia. Those engaged in the expedition have done their work well, and deserve the reward. It is to be hoped though that the authorities will, by a supreme effort of their united intellects, devise some more slightly badge than the attenuated imitation of a bad half-crown which has been *de rigueur* for the last few centuries. The substitution of some light design, either in silver or some less expensive metal, would be far more acceptable. The only persons who value the medal for its intrinsic worth are the pawn-brokers.

PRINCELY PLEASANTRY.

I.—THE COMICAL CONCEIT ABOUT LORD HOUGHTON.

It will be remembered that at the Royal Academy dinner, Prince Christian was quaintly facetious about the hearty welcome he had received at the hands of the British people. His speech was unquestionably the best of the evening—it was brimful of sly wit and dry humour. As it is pleasing to discover merit in high latitudes we shall now and then recount the “good things” accredited by rumour to His Royal Highness. To commence then, it is whispered that a certain Royal Personage observed at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner, “Hallo, I wonder what brings Houghton among these snobs!” “I shrewdly guess,” the royal wag is reported to have dryly responded to this amiable exclamation, “his Lordship is here because he is such a Houghton Houghton” (*Out-and-out-un?*)

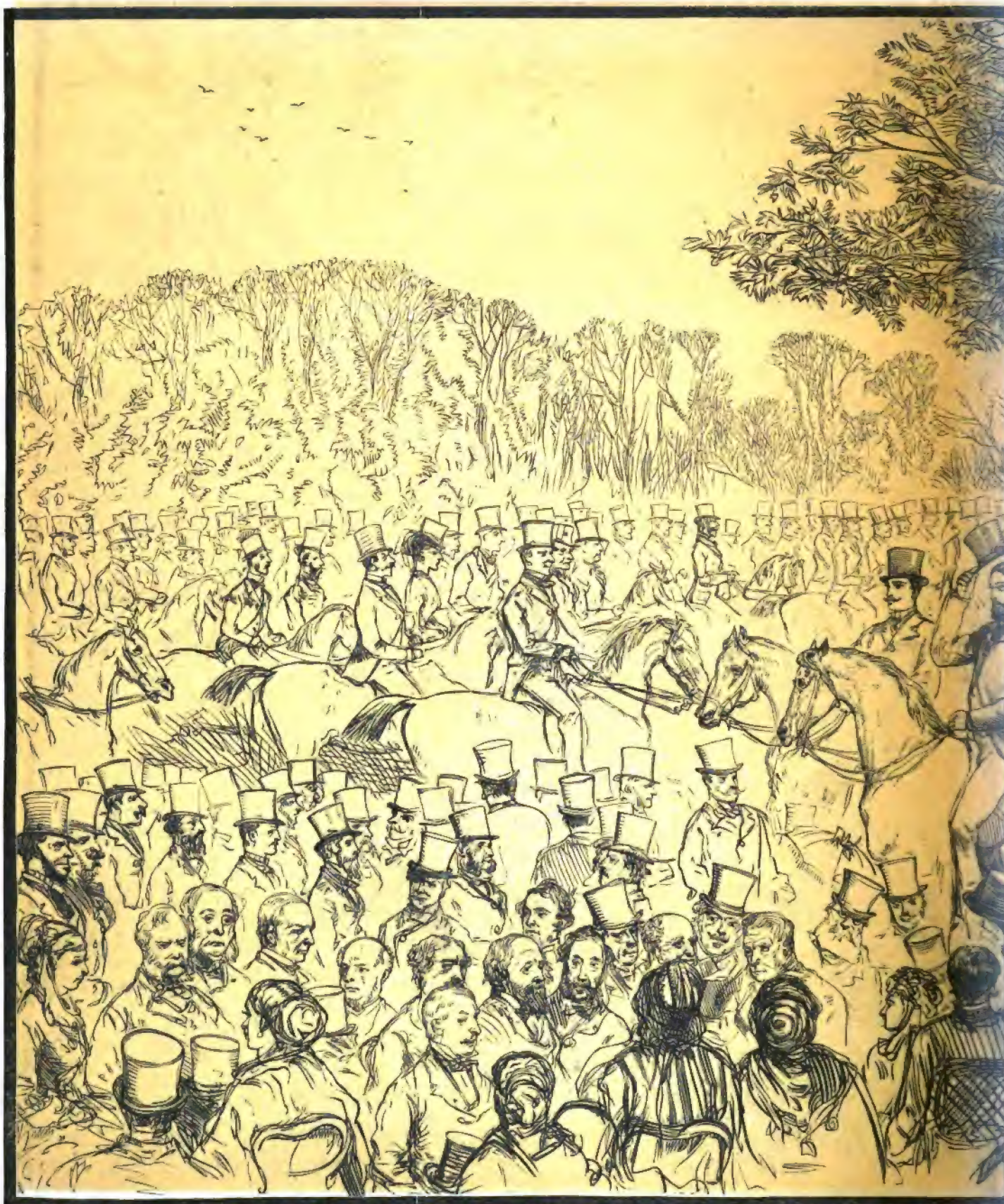
VIVE LA FRANCE!

WELCOME to M. Rochefort’s *Lanterne*. It is a light of wit, whose flame is the most stinging satire: much needed now in France. We are afraid that the official extinguisher is even now preparing for it. To be guilty of a very old joke, we fear that in spite of his name, the French Government will not find Rochefort “quite the cheese.”

“SOAP FOR THE UNWASHED.”—The Review at Windsor!

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION



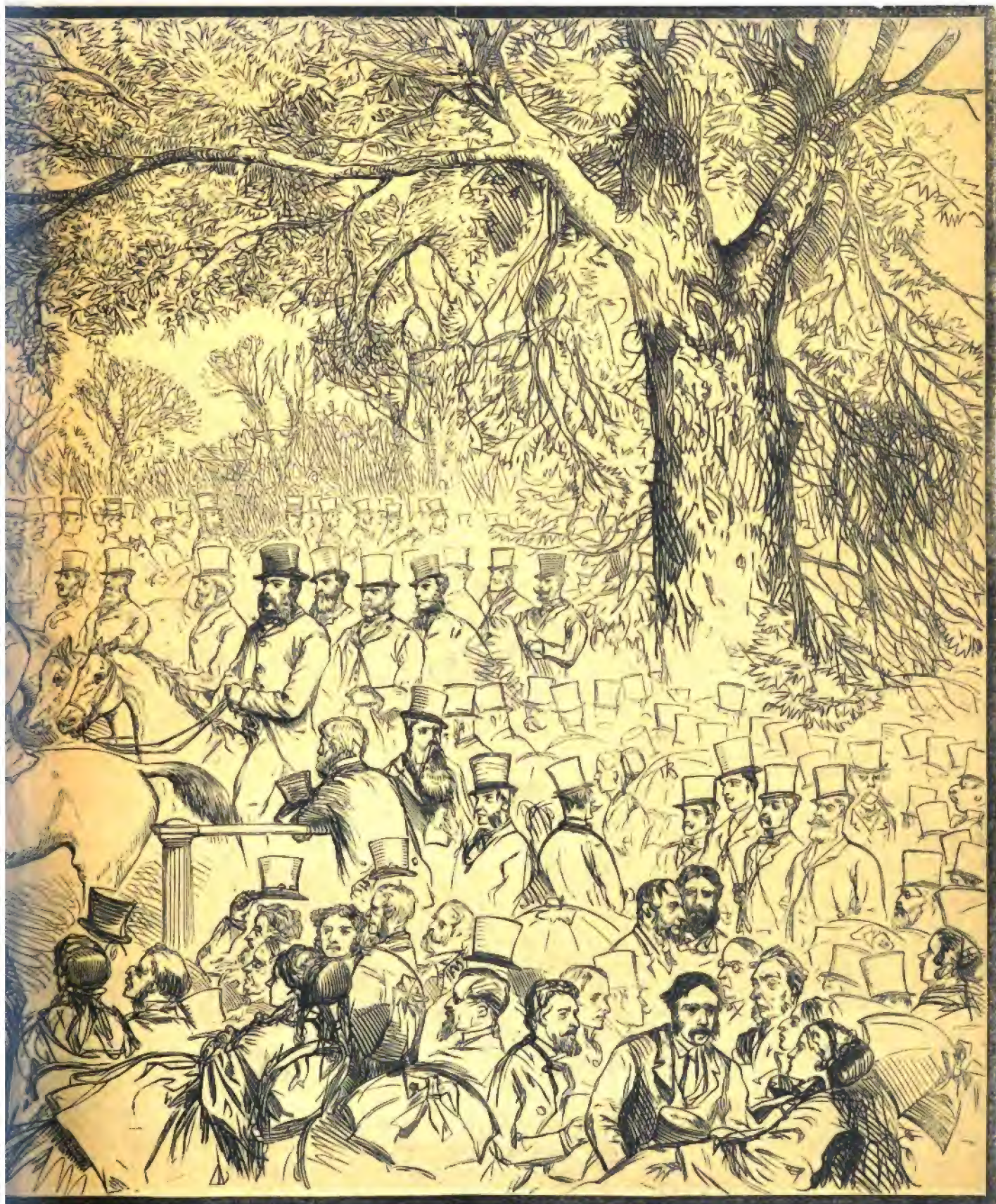
ROUTE

Prince of Wales
Duke of Cambridge
Prince Teck
Archbishop of Dublin
Bishop of Ely
Bishop of Exeter
Bishop of London
Bishop of Oxford

Bishop of Peterborough
Lord Westbury
Sergeant Ballantyne
Duke of Richmond
Duke of Argyle
Duke of Devonshire
Earl of Shaftesbury
Earl of Derby

Earl of Westmoreland
Earl of Hastings
Marquis of Donegall
Sir S. Northcote
Lord Stanley
Lord J. Manners
Lord Elcho
Lord Bury

Colonel De Burgh
Colonel Du Plat
Colonel McDonald
Colonel Lindsay
Colonel Delancy
Colonel McMurdo
W. E. Gladstone
Gathorne Hardy



N R O W.

George Cruikshank
Tom Hughes
A. Roebuck
B. Hope
Samuel Lowe
J. S. Mill
Professor Fawcett
Dr. Winslow

Lord Lytton Bulwer
Charles Dickens
Alfred Tennyson
Wilkie Collins
Dion Boucicault
E. Yates
Arthur a'Beckett
F. Marshall

Hain Friswell
E. Leighton
Arthur Sullivan
J. Wilkins
Professor Kingsley
Sir F. Grant, P.R.A.
Sir E. Landseer
Matt Morgan

G. F. Hudson
Santley
Sims Reeves
Mario
J. B. Buckstone
J. L. Toole
A. Wigan
E. A. Sothern

See Sketch

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

TOMAHAWK'S REVIEW.

(SEE THE CARTOON.)

ROTTEN ROW! Two words which conjure up a host of memories. Fashion and paint, folly and heartlessness. Humbug, cant, and hypocrisy. Rotten Row, abode of all that is insincere and lying—of wicked indolence, of lazy vice. Land where men are indeed puppets, and women really dolls!

But see, TOMAHAWK must be in the fashion: so he washes off his war-paint (used only by squaws in society) and turns his weapon into a peace-pipe. As he is about to mix among ladies he must give up one of the uses of his hatchet that he may puff the tobacco—the incense offered to the shrine of Beauty by the lords of gentle blood. Fit emblem of the existence of the upper ten, proper crest of their virtues! All life is vanity—vanity and smoke! Respect for womankind is dead: so fill the accustomed ears of your fair ones with the talk of fast men, and make them inhale through their paint-burdened lips a cloud of tap-room tobacco! We do not live in an age of chivalry—our mothers lie mouldering in their graves, and we can feel no respect for our sisters! Puff away then, and talk away then: Beauty will not blush at anything we say; and as for smoke, why, who are “ladies’ cigarettes” made for if it is not for Beauty and those who imitate her? Smoke, then, and talk, then: virtue’s “slow,” so “go in” for vice—“go in and win” the applause of “ladies” and the grins of fools!

Fools, ah, such fools! Look in their faces, and see if you can say where the monkey ends and the man begins. Look at their receding foreheads and their ineane expressions; listen to their nauseous twaddle and their meaningless laughter. Call these wretched creatures men! Hairdressers’ blocks if you will, or even tailors’ dummies, but men—the idea is too preposterous! Giles Noggins the Clod-hopper is a brute, but he is a strong brute; Arthur Fitzwaddle the Guardsman is a brute too, but he is a weak, effeminate brute. Is Fitzwaddle to be preferred to Giles Noggins? Equals in intelligence, the Guardsman is at a great disadvantage when it comes to a question of the mere animal. And if you don’t regard Fitzwaddle as an animal, and a vicious, unintelligent animal, what else can you do with him? Remember that he has a soul, and think what a weak, white-livered thing that soul must be. Oh no, be civil, and merely regard him as an animal—let him take rank before the rats and after the dogs! Do this, and you will see that he will soon find his level.

But come, TOMAHAWK has taken his seat, and is grinning inanely. He wishes to escape attention, so he tries to look like an idiot that he may pass muster among that crowd of idiots—that he may be taken by the fools for a fool, for a satyr by those who air their smoking-room stories before ladies, children, and men old enough to be their grandfathers. He sits there with listless stare and expressionless face, while he watches the carriages as they pass before him in a jerking procession which moves at the rate of nearly two and a half hours a mile.

First comes Lady Kew and her daughter the heiress. And will that young girl live to become like her mother? Will the golden hair change to a wig, the smooth chin learn to wear a beard? Will that listless expression grow into that wicked air of discontent? Will that slightly *blasé* angel change gradually into a form bearing a strong family likeness to the Fury who sits beside her? Only too likely!

The carriage passes and is succeeded by a cab. Who have we here? A fat Jew absolutely reeking with seventy per cent. All the moustaches in Christendom will not hide thy nose, scoundrel! The smallest boy for a page in London will not alter the fact that thou art a grinding, vulgar-minded, crawling usurer, thrice-cursed Hebrew! Begone brute, back over the pavement of Good Intentions to thine only home! Folly and vice are bad enough without thy plague-stricken presence!

The rest of the scene? The same! Rotten Row is naught without its monotony. “Over and over again—ever the same.” The words furnish a photograph—dismal but true!

TOMAHAWK watches the scene until boredom sets in with such severity that he gradually sinks into the land of Sleep. What does he dream? Why this. He sees before him the flower of the country’s genius—learned lawyers and clever politicians; authors and artists; philanthropists and divines; preachers from the pulpit, preachers from the study, preachers from the easel, and preachers from the stage. He sees before

him in the place of those *blasé* beings who have so haunted his waking hours, real poets and great novelists—men with minds, and hearts, and souls, men who have done much for England and more for the world—Doctors and Deans, Professors and Bishops. He sees before him the genius of Britannia, the intellect of the English people. Here they are, and their names rise to his lips by the hundred; here they are, fighting a good fight and striving gallantly to gain a glorious, if hard-earned victory. All hail to this army of knight errants performing their vows in the Land of Shams, in the Home of Hypocrisy. All hail to them a thousand times! And he admires their *very* beautiful faces, and smiles in his sleep, and recognises among them many of his brothers, many of those who have helped him to wield the hatchet. He smiles until he laughs, for gradually the faces in the picture, in spite of their *extreme* beauty, assume the appearance of a night-mare, and he laughs until he wakes—with a start.

Once more the real. Moving carriages, *blasé* faces, and expressionless features! Still the dreary round of inanity, with no beginning and without an end. Insidious Society takes its airing, and as TOMAHAWK stalks away he thinks, “How comes it that with all our teachers, wise men, and grey-beards, we poor English people are so stupid, so *very, very* stupid? How comes it that our aristocracy—they of the blue blood and the many acres—are so uneducated and unrefined? How is it that our young men are puppies and our maidens dolls? How is it that vulgarity has become the vogue and infidelity the fashion? How is it that we are no better than our neighbours?”

TOMAHAWK’S complaint was an old one—one dating back to the Deluge. But the Teacher must preach, especially when he remembers that our wives are worse than their mothers—that our children are worse than our wives. We are going down hill, Ladies and Gentlemen, so its high time that some one should cry “Woho!”

CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “TOMAHAWK.”

SIR,—I see that a poor man who keeps a public house where betting went on, commissions were executed, betting lists were exhibited, and many other praiseworthy attempts were made to supply the poor frequenters of the place with an imitation of the club houses of their betters, has been fined £100 by a magistrate for violating the law.

I am a magistrate myself, a large landowner, and the head of a noble family; I return half the member of a borough and the whole of one of the members for the county; I am an hereditary legislator in fact, and in such a position that my example is looked up to by thousands of my poor and humble neighbours, and my influence for good or evil is very great. I am also a regular frequenter of Tattersall’s, and I need hardly express my sincere grief at finding that I have been continually breaking the law, and can continue to do so as long as I like, with impunity. I do not think it advisable to interfere with the legitimate and national amusements of the Upper Classes. I think the Turf one of the bulwarks of our national liberties, and I feel sure that the state coach would break down altogether if we were not to keep up the breed of horses by the aid of such excellent institutions as horse racing, steeple-chasing, the betting ring, and Tattersall’s. Still, I am quite sensible of the danger of allowing the impression to get about that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich, and that the shop-boy who borrows from his master’s till, or sells his wife and children’s bread in order to meet his debts of honour, is to be punished by law, whilst the nobleman who plunders his brothers and sisters, sells the very roof over his family’s head, and lays waste the property that has been the pride of generations of his ancestors with the same honest purpose, should not be punished at all. I feel sure that my example will be followed by all the noblemen and gentlemen who frequent Tattersall’s, according to their means; and therefore it is under no affectation of concealment or modesty that I announce my intention of devoting £10,000 from the £50,000 which I have won on the last meeting as a sort of conscience-money, in lieu of the fines which I have incurred by involuntarily breaking the laws of the country. I place these sums at the free disposal of the chief police magistrate of London, to be divided among ten of our principal hospitals, on the sole condition that St. George’s Hospital, which benefited so much from the unbounded liberality of the members of Old Tattersall’s, who never passed its money-box without contributing from their

hard-won wealth to the comforts of its inmates, shall be one of the recipients chosen.

I hope now that you, sir, will agree with me that we racing noblemen do not misspend our money as much as the ignorant vulgar imagine.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

[We have suppressed our noble correspondent's name from motives of delicacy.—*Ed. TOM.*]

OUT OF TUNE.

THE ways of the world are not always so very wicked. The upper classes of society find it now and then just as pleasant to be good as to be bad; and this being the case, Charity takes her turn with crinoline, false hair, or the Sunday Zoo, as a fashion of the day. A few years ago, amateur theatrical performances in aid of benevolent objects were the rage, and ladies and gentlemen of high social position consented to exhibit themselves (exhibitions, indeed!) to the British public for stated admission fees. By degrees, however, more from lack of audiences than from lack of performers, amateur theatricals have gone out, and the few noble enthusiasts who still cling to the boards have long since dropped the mantle of charity in which they first arrayed themselves, and have descended to mere benefit stars, ready to appear gratuitously for any actor or actress weak enough to accept the generous offer of their services. The mantle thus discarded has not, however, been suffered to lie idle: though the amateur actors have cast it aside, the amateur musicians have snatched it up, and amateur concerts now hold the place that, five years ago, amateur theatricals used to.

As a matter of course, ladies and gentlemen prove themselves far better players and singers than they did actors and actresses; and it is not, therefore, surprising that the musical enthusiasts are a far less dangerous class of lunatics than their theatrical brethren were wont to be. One prevailing symptom, however, is in both cases the same, viz., the passion to appear in print; and it is by no means unusual at the present season of the year to read announcements in the papers of the same nature as the following, which we quote from the advertising columns of the *Times* :—

A MATEUR CONCERT; for the benefit of the House of Charity, Soho square, at St. George's Hall, Langham place, Thursday, June 18th, at 4 p.m. The following ladies and gentlemen have consented to sing: Lord Kilcoursie, Mrs. Nassau Senior, Miss Alderson, and Miss Connor, Messrs. Brennan, Swain, and Wade, with solo on the pianoforte by Mdlle. Berton. Tickets, price 10s. 6d., to be obtained, &c.

Under ordinary circumstances, it would be an invidious distinction to point out a particular concert as calling for special comment. These entertainments are all very much like each other, and they have lately become of such frequent recurrence that the names and capabilities of most of the singers are very nearly as well known to the public as those of the professional artists. It is no secret that Mr. Wade possesses a light tenor voice of agreeable quality, which he uses with some taste and more confidence; or that Mr. Swain is gifted with an organ of both power and sweetness. Mr. Brennan, too, is making a reputation for himself; while the three ladies whose names are advertised are charming drawing-room singers. The amateurs we have mentioned are all tolerably well known as musicians of no mean abilities, and so far the concert for the benefit of the Soho House of Charity promises well; but who is Lord Kilcoursie? A nobleman he must be, of course, but one, if his Lordship will forgive us for saying so, of whom we have never before heard. We admit, however, that this looks like unpardonable ignorance on our part; for Lord Kilcoursie holds such a prominent position in the list of the singers (taking precedence, it will be observed, even of the ladies) that we cannot doubt that his Lordship must be possessed of talents far superior to those of the people with whom he condescends to associate himself. Is he a great musical star, whose light has hitherto been hidden under a bushel, and who, like Mario, requires a line all to himself when his name is mentioned in the same paragraph with luminaries of lesser magnitude? Surely, this must be the case, to say the least. Indeed, Signor

Mario is content to give way to the ladies, and invariably allows them to take precedence in programmes in which his name appears; while Lord Kilcoursie can brook no such degradation. What may not the public expect? Why is not the admission fee ten pounds rather than ten shillings?

But to be serious. Hitherto though perhaps a little folly, a good deal of conceit, and a measure of inefficiency may be numbered amongst the causes and effects of amateur concerts, this is the first appearance of Tuft-worship in connection with these entertainments.

If ladies and gentlemen choose to follow the fashion of the hour, and as would-be musicians force their names before the public in newspaper advertisements, if not for their own sakes personally, at all events for the sake of the class of society they represent, let them in future avoid writing themselves down the arrant flunkies which, in the present instance, they appear, owing to the sickening misplacement of Lord Kilcoursie's name in the announcement we have quoted.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

I.

A MONOSYLLABLE preceding
The mention of a Spanish knight;
An oil that's not prescribed for feeding,
But often helps the doctor's might;
A town the two together form,
Where twice a year all classes swarm,
And high and low reluctant smother
To make their utmost of each other.

2.

A WARRIOR and knight who was famous in Spain,
And a French author's hero my first will explain;
My second's a place only fit for a beast,
My third at most *files* makes a part of the feast;
My whole is a place which has world-famous grown
For a structure which stands in its beauty alone.

3.

MY first's a product of the earth,
And very useful in its way;
Though spoken of as if the worth
Were small indeed that in it lay;
In hedge and heath abounds my second,
My whole's a fruit delicious reckoned.

4.

MY first is the sign of the vocative case;
My second a thinly inhabited place
On the banks of the Red Sea, which some years ago
Made France look on us with the eye of a foe;
Both Latin and English, my whole is a word
And a place where the sweetest of music is heard.

5.

MY first was for the traveller made,
Reverse of shallow is my second;
My third supplies the printer's trade,
My fourth a stupid brain is reckoned;
My whole has oft been battled for
By mighty men in peace and war,
And caused us oft their names to bless
For the great treasure we possess.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Abyssinia. 2. Billiard. 3. Crocodile. 4. Hippopotamus.
5. Hamlet. 6. Railway. 7. Panorama. 8. Manfred.
ANSWERS have been received from Anti-Teapot, Ruby's Ghost, Pudsey Joe and Co., G. J. R. (Camberwell), Cornubia, and Crowndale Spaniel.

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 60.]

LONDON, JUNE 27, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

SOMETHING LIKE PHILOSOPHY.

EXCEPTING of course that stereotyped and thrilling telegram from America, which daily announces the condition of "Fifties" and "Middling Upland," no bit of news furnished by Mr. Reuter during the present month can attempt to cope with the following on the score of interest:—

Paris, June 11.

"The Emperor Napoleon has already sent his assent to the proposal of Russia tending to prohibit the use of explosive missiles by armies in time of war."

Everybody, it is to be presumed, has read the terms of the proposal to which the above assent is a reply, but possibly very few people indeed have inspected the private comments to which it has given rise.

On a question so momentous as this, affecting as it does all international interests, it is only right that our readers should be well informed. It is therefore with much pleasure we publish the original document itself, together with the various "notes" affixed by the several European Powers to whom it has been transmitted for approval. It need scarcely be added that many of them are of a purely non-diplomatic and confidential character.

IN THE NAME OF PEACE.

To all whom it may concern, the Czar of all the Russias, &c., &c., &c.

We having heard, on very excellent authority, that the Prussian military chemists have discovered some preparation of nitro-glycerine which is said to be ten times as explosive as gunpowder, and as we, though going a-head in our own Slavonic way, cannot do anything of the same kind, hereby, fearing for our own safety in a war with Count Bismarck, call upon all civilised Christian and peace-loving communities to condemn, as dastardly, cowardly, unfair, and really too bad, the use of something in war said to be ten times as explosive as gunpowder, of which at present we are unable to obtain, on loan, even half a pound for purposes of purely scientific experiment!

St. Petersburg, June, 1868.

Private Correspondence occurring before the publication of the above Manifesto.

(1.)

St. Petersburg, May, 1868.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—Send the prescription, and make your own terms. What do you say to a little fun with France?

Yours cordially,

ALEXANDER.

(2.)

Berlin, May, 1868.

MY DEAR ALEXANDER,—Can't. Must work it first.

Yours intimately,

BISMARCK.

NOTES AFFIXED ON SAME BEING SENT ROUND FOR APPROVAL.

Yes—? on the whole, yes. We are doing what we can here to perfect the useful preparation to which you refer; but it is somewhat difficult to handle. True, we have a nice thing out in revolving repeating guns; yet Niel tells me this nitro-glycerine is wonderful. No harm can be done by assenting to your

Christian proposition, and if we *should* happen to chance on the explosive substance, why then, of course, there may be ideas and destinies that in their inscrutable logic override even the oaths of Emperors.

N.B.—Bismarck ought to furnish Europe with the recipe as a guarantee of good faith—or if he likes, send it to me, and I will burn it.

Tuileries, June 10, 1868.

The Spanish Government regards the manifesto with perfect indifference. The use or disuse of nitro-glycerine as an agent in time of war is not likely to affect the exalted position of Spain or interfere with her present vast influence on the politics of Europe. As regards its explosive character, which is said to be ten times that of gunpowder, Spain has no reason to be jealous, as she has long been in possession of a combustible force of her own in no way inferior, namely, that of her own Ministries.

Madrid, June 11, 1868.

The young King of Greece agrees cordially with Russia, but thinks he might have a little bit sent him to add to the collection in his "Youth's Chemical Cabinet," as he has been a very good boy lately. Wants to know if, in case of the general assent of Europe being obtained, he may not have a ton or two to throw at the Turks, who are a very dishonest set indeed, and do not understand Greek international law.

Athens, June 12, 1868.

The King of Sweden never heard of it in his life. Will sign anything.

Stockholm, June 12, 1868.

The King of Denmark wishes to open negotiations with a view to a matrimonial alliance between his own family and that of the inventor. Is partial to explosions, and congratulates himself on having fired up Europe more than once. Will sign, however, because it will irritate Prussia.

Copenhagen, June 13, 1868.

The King of Italy is against signing, as the expenses of war may be diminished thereby. Italy, to be really great, must spend a great deal more than she can possibly afford, and wipe out her creditors' accounts by the sword alone. Intends to order a million tons immediately of somebody who does not want ready-money payment.

Florence, June 13, 1868.

The Emperor of Austria wishes the Prussian military chemists, together with the inventor of the needle-gun, at the bottom of the Red Sea. Will sign with pleasure, Austria having completely worn herself out with anxiety, consequent on taking charge of explosive materials. Does not, however, think nitro-glycerine can be worse than Venetia.

Vienna, June 14, 1868.

Turkey *does* wish they would let it go to sleep. Wants to know whether some one will not send the King of Greece back to his nursery at Copenhagen? Is sick of that boy. Cannot write, but has no objection to making its mark.

Constantinople, June 12, 1868.

Her Majesty's Government, recognising no international law but that which tells in their own favour, refuse to negotiate. They, however, promise, that if the country gets hold of nitroglycerine, they will do their best to spoil the invention by jobbery. As to new-fangled novelties, they beg to say England is a great naval power, rules the seas, and has 150 wooden ships in commission. They will sign nothing.

London, June 15, 1868.

KING STORK IN PALL MALL.

THE commanding position that has been obtained for the new system of Military Control by the determined attitude assumed by the new Controller-in-Chief may well be welcomed by the advocates of military autocracy as the first victory won in the approaching conflict which is to end the "dual government" of the army, by the defeat and subjugation of one party or the other, either the military being placed under the civil government as supreme, or else preserving its military "self-control" by military agents under the merely nominal cloak of civil officers.

Some persons may consider this first victory as a mere affair of outposts; but to those who have more closely considered the matter, it is not so. It is an undoubted step in advance by the whole military line. The civil financial control of the "War Office," already unduly weakened, has now been completely abolished. The new system of Military Control has brought a new military officer into full power, and he an officer of such brilliant talents, with such prestige of unbroken success in all his undertakings, that the advocates of Civil Control may well tremble to see the van led by a soldier of such ability, and so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his order. Nothing could be more masterly than the energy with which Sir Henry Storks has carried his great point of military supremacy. True, he has had but a very small champion to meet; well might he rejoice that neither a Herbert, nor a Lewis, nor a Panmure led the civil army against him. But be that as it may, he has conquered all that there was to oppose him, and remains master of the position, waving in the face of a dispirited House of Commons the banner with the strong device, "Power without Responsibility."

The Duke of Wellington said when asked to define Martial Law, that it was the will of the General in command. A precisely similar definition will explain Military Control. It is the will of the commanding officer, who is responsible to no one, since for every extravagance, for every waste, every increased expense, he pleads the necessity of the situation and his own right of supreme control.

And now at Pall Mall every one of the superior authorities is a military man, for on considering the balance of power the public need not take into consideration the egotistical but good-natured little gentleman who fills the office of Secretary at War. All the power is on one side—the Military, and even the House of Commons is deceived by the Minister. He who, before Sir Henry Storks's great victory over the civil check, promised to submit to the House his plans for the Control Department before carrying them out, now denies that he ever promised to do so. A captive in the hands of a vastly superior power, not even his fear of his legitimate masters can induce him to do his duty. The first act in the drama is fitly played out. The great Captain, if he cannot yet conquer the Commons, makes his slave—we beg Sir John's pardon—his responsible head deceive them. Of course all the supporters of the civil supremacy must hope that even a dying Parliament may have the spirit to assert its *ultimate* control—may refuse the unhappy Minister the vote by which he seeks virtually to destroy his and their financial check, and may compel him to distinctly show the grounds and particulars of the assumed saving of £25,000 a year, of which Sir John boasted when moving the Army Estimates. But that was before his defeat by his Under-Secretary.

There is but little difficulty in detailing the manner in which this pretended saving will be effected.

At any given station of the British army where the several duties of the Commissariat, Transport, Purveyors', Store, and Barrack branches now employ (say) some twelve officers, at an average pay of £400 a year, consolidation will be made, and one Control Department will be formed. Of the twelve existing officers, some six or so will be pensioned off at an average of about £200 a year each, three new appointments will be made, and

the duties will be performed by some nine officers, averaging some £450 a year each, instead of twelve at £400, saving £750 a year on the cost of the Staff. This for thirty stations will give a saving of about £23,000 a year.

But two points must be noted. First, that the operation involves an immediate addition to the Dead-weight or Pension votes of £36,000 a year. Secondly, that these controllers, while accepting their high salaries on the plea that they will consolidate the work into fewer hands, have at the same time "Power to add to their number," and there can be no doubt whatever that after a decent interval, for appearances' sake, the new chiefs will find that an extra assistant is wanted here, and an additional deputy must be sent there, until the old numbers are once more fully attained, and the supposed saving on the Staff is converted into an extra demand of some £27,000 a year, while the extra Dead-weight of £36,000 a year still remains.

This is the arrangement to which the Secretary of State for War has consented, and this is the true estimate that ought to be laid before the House of Commons.

PRINCELY PATRONAGE.

WE have read the following announcement with the sincerest pleasure:—

"Mr. Sothern had an audience of the Prince of Wales on Monday, when His Royal Highness presented him with a diamond ring."

Favour us with your hand, Mr. Sothern—the hand with the finger with the ring. Let us press the hand and the finger and the ring. Accept our congratulations, the warmest we can offer in this warmest of weathers. The Prince of Wales is, as all the world knows, a great patron of the drama. We honour him. He selects merit with extraordinary judgment for patronage and encouragement. We respect and admire him. It will not then surprise our readers to learn that H.R.H. has selected the following celebrities for special favours:—

Mr. Buckstone, a *papier-maché* snuff-box.

Mr. Alfred Wigan, a German silver gravy-spoon of the Queen's pattern.

Mr. Benjamin Webster, a photograph of himself.

Mr. Horace Wigan, a few French plums.

Messrs. Arthur Lloyd and Vance, each a superb dinner service in gold. The value of each service will be £20,000.

On reflection, we would rather be an over-rated Comic Singer than an over-estimated Actor.

ANSWERS TO INSANE CORRESPONDENTS.

Q.E.D.—It is ridiculous to say that Mr. Whalley wrote the song *The Pope he Leads a Merry Life*, and afterwards sang it with great success at St. Stephen's Music Hall.

CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY.—Mr. Babbage *has* cut his wisdom teeth, we believe; but we cannot see that this fact has anything to do with the grinders of any organ.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.—We have carefully read the public reports, and cannot see anything in them to justify your foolish assumption that Lord Ranelagh is to be shortly created a Knight Commander of the Hot Bath.

NO JOKE.—Our correspondent asks, "Is it true that Prince Christian is about to edit a new edition of *Joe Miller*?" We are not on friendly terms with H.R.H. and cannot therefore say.

MURDER WILL OUT.—Maximilian's ghost is not yet modelled in wax at Madame Tussaud's. It is nightly to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tuileries. Pepper has not patented it.

UNDER THE HAMMER.—No, we don't think Mr. Rearden, M.P., has as yet been appointed Auctioneer in Ordinary to the Queen. "The Crown" advertised by him to be sold to the highest bidder is the Crown Inn at Windsor, not the British Crown.

IN THE STRAND, IN THE STRAND—A LOVER OF SATIRE—BRAVO TOMMY—AND 180,000 OTHER ENTHUSIASTIC CORRESPONDENTS.—Yes, gentlemen, TOMAHAWK will remove his Wigwam to No. 199 Strand next week. N.B. To these correspondents we do *not* apply the term "insane" at the head of our article.

"A VOICE FROM ERIN."

OH shame, cries Pat, the English Church
To thrust upon our Irish Nation,
And parsons help to find a perch
Who cannot find a congregation ;
To make wry faces at our creed,
And theirs expect that we should swallow
When they themselves are not agreed
On what the Faith is they should follow.

Their Bishop in his carriage rolls
O'er ground which by our own priests trod is
With humble feet but lofty souls
In poorly-clad and ill-fed bodies ;
'Tis hard to bear this grievous wrong,
But, thanks to Gladstone's firm endeavour,
The time will not be very long
Before 'tis swept away for ever.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

MADAME RACHEL has not been idle. In her present retirement her active mind has not been uninventive, and she has requested us to announce to the fashionable world that, as soon as adverse circumstances permit, she will produce the following valuable adjuncts to the toilet :—

"The Lily of the (Borro) dale," a refreshing perfume for ladies anxious to marry.

"Blanc de Whitecross street," a preparation that will lead to whitewashing one for ever.

"Cosmetique de Ranelagh," a preparation to be used on empty heads.

As a sequel to "Kiss me Quick," Madame Rachel's new perfume of the season will be appropriately called "And let me go," a scent-imental parody of the Christy Minstrels' well-known song.

"Savon de Marlborough street," a soap peculiarly adapted for dirty hands.

"The Noble Lover's Enamel," a preparation for ladies with brazen faces whose vanity is more than skin deep.

NOTES ON THE ACADEMY.*

MESSRS. ROSSETTI and Swinburne have published some notes on the Academy Exhibition for this year.

Mr. Rossetti seems to know so many artists that he has not the courage to say what he thinks. If he means all he says his opinion is decidedly commonplace. When he does wish to be satirical he uses such mild terms that his point is imperceptible. Mr. Swinburne runs down most of the pictures admired by his friend, but has evidently undertaken the work to string his usual Lesbrainism on to Mr. Watts's *Clytie*. Mr. Ruskin's mantle has not fallen upon these shoulders, for, whatever the eccentricities discoverable in his *Notes on Art*, one felt they were written by a man.

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER."

MADAME RACHEL is once more in a Law Court. Most people will recollect that this benevolent lady made her first appearance some years since at the bar of public opinion in a not very popular character. A correspondent (to whose letters we should have paid some attention had they *not* been anonymous) informed us some weeks since of the existence of the "beauty bath." Everybody seems to have turned against this poor persecuted Jewess. However, she has two things to comfort her through all her trials—her box at the Opera and her loveliness (by this time *of course* she has made herself "beautiful for ever!"). We are looking forward to the vindication of her cruelly assailed character with the utmost eagerness. It is shameful to persecute a woman—and such a woman! After the completion of the Borrodale case Madame Rachel may expect to hear once more from TOMAHAWK. This news will, of course, be pleasant to the lovely Hebrew!

* Hotten. Piccadilly.

ROCHE-TROF-FORT.

WELCOMING as we did with most hearty sympathy such wholesome plain-speaking as *La Lanterne*, for the most part, contained ; rejoicing also to see French wit divorced for once, at least, from indecency, we are the more pained to notice a small paragraph in the first number, which had escaped our notice, in which truth and decency are both violated. We refer to a would-be sarcastic comment on the execution of Barrett for his share in the murderous outrage at Clerkenwell. M. Rochefort states that the execution took place on the Queen's birthday, and he actually has at once the meanness and audacity to state that the execution was twice postponed in order that the event might adorn that anniversary. To begin with, M. Rochefort is in error as to the date. The Queen's birthday is on the 24th of May, which fell on a Sunday this year, so that the *fête* was kept on the Monday. Barrett was executed on Tuesday, the 26th. But this inaccuracy as to dates we forgive M. Rochefort ; not so the deliberate untruth of the reason which he assigns for the two reprieves. No one has a right to state facts without taking some pains to verify them, and any English newspaper would have told M. Rochefort what the real reason was. But this is not the worst part of the paragraph ; the great wit goes on to observe that this celebrating her *fête* on the part of the Queen with an execution, instead of a "*feu-de-joie*" resembles the conduct of the late Emperor Theodore, who for his birthday treat indulged in the massacre of several prisoners with his own hand. The resemblance, in fact, between Queen Victoria and Theodore is so striking, that M. Rochefort sarcastically asks why did our Queen refuse the hand of the late Emperor of Abyssinia !

Now, can any vile calumny that the lowest political assassin—nay ! let us say, that the most brutal and profligate despot ever invented, be worse than this ? Is this M. Rochefort's idea of a jest ? Does he think that by insolently comparing a Queen—who, whatever we may think of her retirement, is, and ever has been, most gentle and merciful, whose voice has ever been raised in the cause of the suffering, and in plea of mitigation, not severity, of justice,—does he think that, on comparing Victoria with a blood-thirsty savage like Theodore, he is bringing anything but disgrace on himself and on the cause he advocates ? We know what French liberals too often are ; we know that, in their eyes, murder can only be committed by the sword of justice ; never by the dagger of the assassin ; we know that, like some of our so-called philanthropists, their delicate sympathies are ever most actively engaged on the side of the perpetrator, not the victim, of a crime. But we really did believe that no man who cared for truth or honour at all, much less a gentleman of great reputation speaking on behalf of those who, while they justly censure the present Government of France, and the present morality of society, cannot be too careful of their own good name, could ever lend himself to so foully unjust an accusation against even an enemy ; but against a woman, who had never done him any harm—shame on you, M. Rochefort ! If you do not retract this venomous slander, you will have to fight many hundred duels before you can wipe out the stain on your honour.

In all the criticism of the English Press on this clever journal we have seen no reference to this insult to our Queen ; knowing the gushing loyalty of our contemporaries, Tory and Radical, we think it must have escaped their apprehension. Not because we sympathise any the less with the cause of true liberty in France, nor because we retract what strictures we have felt it our duty to make on the conduct of our Queen, do we thus, in emphatic and outspoken language, resent the words of M. Rochefort ; but rather because we love liberty and not license, because we love our Queen and not the Court.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Doncaster. 2. Sydenham. 3. Strawberry. 4. Opera. 5. Independence.

ANSWERS have been received from Junius, Lisa and Beppo, Jolly-nose, Break-her-Heart, Orpheus (Bedlam), Teetotaller, Peruvian Nicanor, Signor Sam, Owl (Forest Hill), C. T., Hal, Chum, Vaughan, Dupsey, Lordwalterfitzdoodleismyname, Milo H., Your Grandmother, Minnie Fitzwilliam, E. L. Orton, Jason, Ernest L. P., Anti-Teapot, Hughode Kilpeck, Cornubia, C. K. S., Baker's Bills, Ruby's Ghost, Mary C. Cotterell, Bran and Crib, Samuel E. Thomas, D. P. W. G. (Brighton), W. C. H. D., One of the Fraternity, G. J. R. (Camberwell), Chippeway Indian, Old Bogey, How's Your Garden.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE
of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JUNE 27, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SOME mischievous wags declare that the proudest jewel in a certain Marquis' coronet is the Early Pearl!

If delayed much longer the railings at Hyde Park will be supplied by the public instead of the Government.

POOR Mrs. Lyon, it is said, has been labouring under "severe indisposition." This is nothing new, seeing that she has been for a considerable time past subjected to Home-œopathic treatment.

MR. GLADSTONE seems very anxious to repudiate the allegiance of Mr. Rearden. But the leader of the great Liberal party forgets that, as an auctioneer, Mr. Rearden is bound to give his support to the highest bidder.

AT last we seem likely to get at the truth of the Lady Elizabeth and Earl affair. Admiral Rous has roused the Lion in his den (we mean that mysterious gentleman, the financial agent), and if his little trick is thoroughly successful, he will have to be re-christened Admiral Ruse.

IN a recent trial this journal had the honour of being called in court a scurrilous journal,—an honour, we deliberately say, judging by most lawyers' standard of good manners. But why are young lambs, like us, led to the slaughter when hoary old black sheep remain unscathed? Have the people who sneer at the TOMAHAWK as vulgar and scurrilous, and call *Punch* respectable, while admitting him to be stupid,—have these virtuous persons forgotten a certain cartoon representing the late lamented Prince Consort tying up his door knocker with No. 9 inscribed on it? Or another of the Duke of Cambridge taking "a back" at leap-frog over Prince Albert's head? They are polite and elegant, of course. Again, does anyone remember a certain paragraph, headed "Court Circular," which told of the doings of one of the Gillies at Windsor as the only intelligence from the Castle worthy of chronicling? We fear we have three unpardonable vices—we are young, successful, and speak the truth.

THE REAL VICTIM OF CHANCE.—Risk Allah.
THE INEVITABLE FATE OF 1868.—The Dramatic *Fête* at the Crystal Palace.

THE BALANCE OF COMFORT.—The Japanese father with his son on the ladder, at the Lyceum.

RUAT JUSTITIA.

WHILE architects and secretaries are disputing as to the site, construction, and elevation of the new "Palace of Justice," the Goddess herself is doing her very best, in a quiet way, to throw out a hint here and there with a view to their guidance. Everybody, for instance, knows that now-a-days something essentially ludicrous is suggested when a British jury is talked of. Indeed, that worthy will soon be as useful in a pantomime as the stock policeman. But this is not all. What immense fun has there not been in the proceedings of the Jamaica Committee, and what exquisite drollery has been displayed in connection with British ideas on international law! Yes, there is not a question of it—justice is getting comic. The other day she made some of the happiest hits in this line in the "Esmonde Will" case, when "Jack the giant-killer," "the devil," and several other extremely funny properties were turned to the very best advantage. What, for instance, can be richer than the following, culled from the reported proceedings in a recent case tried in the Court of Common Pleas:

"Mr. CHAMBERS.—Do you understand groceries? (*Laughter.*)

"The witness was evidently puzzled by the question, and rubbed his nose.

"Mr. CHAMBERS.—You won't find the answer there. (*Laughter.*) Do you understand capers, except at a ball? (*Continued laughter.*)"

"Do you understand groceries? (*Laughter.*)" Of course, "laughter"—how could it be otherwise! The thing is irresistible!

Then the idea of the witness finding a reply in his nose, to say nothing of the terrible satire about the capers. But to pass on to a more august assembly, and to a graver issue—let us take a clip from a case in the Court of Queen's Bench.

"Incidentally he mentioned that in 1858, as he was coming back to England, he was shipwrecked between Civita Vecchia and Leghorn, but on that occasion nobody was drowned except two priests. (*Laughter.*)"

"Nobody drowned but two priests." Splendid fun! Imagine for a moment the racy humour running at the bottom of this. Everybody on board escaped a violent and horrid death but "two priests!" The thing is so good, it bears repetition. Two priests choked and stifled in salt water! Capital—really capital. The joke is excellent, and the "laughter" does high credit to the Court of Queen's Bench. But why multiply instances? A glance at any daily paper will serve to show how very funny justice is growing. Talk of her dignity! Nonsense. Let Mr. Street drop all erroneous notions on that point, and raise us a series of the largest music halls in London. This accomplished, with an advertised bill of the promised fun, and a commodious threepenny gallery as accessories, there need be no limit to the success, from a commercial point of view. Why not let the profits pay for the "Palace" and all other Government jobs together?

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Subscription.—The cover to good works, with a monogram outside.

Suburbs.—The whiskers on a city's face.

Sugar.—Like a sweet temper makes much insipidity agreeable.

Summer.—That which one swallow does not make: but which makes one swallow anything iced.

Swell.—A bubble on the Sea of pleasure.

Sword.—A glittering blade which makes most havoc in female hearts.

Taste.—A sense denied to most, and abused by many.

Tea.—The beverage which cheers three times three for China, and a little one over for Assam.

Tender.—The quality which tugs many a man-of-war to port.

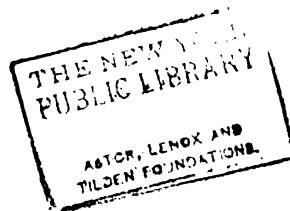
Tenor.—A rare bird with golden eggs.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The gentleman who sent the Editor of the TOMAHAWK a short while ago some Italian papers, &c., is informed that the parcels arrived safe to hand. Very many thanks for the kind wishes. This notice has been accidentally omitted, it should have appeared a month ago.



DEFENDING THE THRONE !
 OR,
 THE ENGLISH JOAN OF ARC.





LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.
1868.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

LONDON :

M'GOWAN AND DANKS, STEAM PRINTERS,
16 GREAT WINDMILL STREET.



THERE was a Council of the Braves.

TOMAHAWK, surrounded by his Children, rested round the Watch Fire.

Said the Great Chief to his Followers, "Children, I greet ye, once more do I greet ye. Christmas has come again, bringing to us Mistletoe, Mistletoe and Holly, full of glad tidings with mirth and with jollity. With joy in my heart, with love in my heart, Children, I greet ye."

Then cried the Children of TOMAHAWK, "Thanks, O Great Chief, thanks, O TOMAHAWK. From our hearts we greet thee, with our hearts we love thee. Only our Master, ever our Father, we bow down before thee. Thanks, O Great Chief, thanks, O TOMAHAWK, thanks, O Master so kindly, O Father so gentle."

And TOMAHAWK rose and cried, "My Children, all hear me. When I last was among ye, in the time of the summer, in the summer so sultry, so long and so sultry, I spoke certain words, words of wit and of warning. What was my wit, and what was my warning?"

Said one of his Children, who carried a bundle, a bundle of papers, papers marked "Peep-Show," "Peep-Show" and "Canard." These names, and others. "Thy wit was so light, so light and so sparkling, that it now is remembered with smiling and laughing, though all but forgotten. To thy warning we have hearkened, and obeyed thee most nearly."

Said TOMAHAWK, "Have ye taught Kings and Queens the duty they owe to their Lands and their Peoples? To the Lands that are theirs, to the People who serve them?"

PREFACE.

Then cried one of the Braves, with a head that was covered with hair at once flaxen, at once flaxen and curly, "Great Chief, we have."

Said TOMAHAWK, "Have you shown to the People their Idols, as clay in the water, as wax in the furnace?"

He was answered by one who was grave and most mournful, "We have, 'On Trial' have we placed them, and found them most wanting."

Said TOMAHAWK, "Have ye struck at the folly of woman and fopling, at sham, and at humbug, and at all that is boastful?"

Then cried three of his Children (they who wore cocked hats and long hair, and one who was lengthy), "TOMAHAWK, we have."

"And what is your war cry?" asked the Great Master.

"Help to the weak and woe to the wicked!" shouted they all with a voice made of thunder.

And TOMAHAWK smiled as his Children then left him, left him still crying,

"Help to the Weak and Woe to the Wicked!"



I N D E X

TO

V O L U M E I I I .

ARTICLES.

A.B.C. for A.B.A., 217
 A Card! 90
 A Farewell, 251
 Abuse of Charity, the, 271
 Abuse of Criticism, the, 147
 Accepted! 175
 Acrostic, Double, 193, 203, 218, 223, 270
 Address to the Peoples by their Chosen Ones, 253
 Advance America! 27
 Advertisement, 198
 Advice to a Friend, 19
 After Dark, 51, 79
 All about It, 107
 All we Heard of His Speech, 231
 Allen, Lord Mayor, 44
 Amateurs, the:—
 Preface, 249
 Author Amateur, the, 259, 260, 273
 Amusement for the People! 24
 Another Murder at the Haymarket! 69
 Another Poem by Milton, 42
 Answers to Correspondents, 203
 Appeal, an, 20
 "Arcades Ambo-sadors," 222
 Archdeacon, to a very Venerable, 211
 Asking for Bread and getting a Stone, 221
 As Plain as a Pike-staff, 227
 As the Twig is Bent, 50
 At Him, Boys! 185
 At the Academy, 250
 At the Council, 53, 159

BALLAD of the Beaten, the, 247
 Bargain for Beauclerks, a, 269
 Battle of the Vestries, the, 123
 Beautiful for Ever, 24
 Bella! Horrida Bella! 135
 Betrayed by the Lunatic! 124
 Birds of Knowledge, 192
 Bis dat qui cito dat, 159
 Bless your Heart, it was the White-bait, 48
 Blessing of Connections, the, 20
 Blow for Blow; or, Milk and Honey, 115
 Board of Ogres, a, 115
 Book of the Year (that is to be), 270
 Borrowed Plume, a, 129
 Brand of Cain, the, 105
 Break her Up! 242
 Bright, the Right Hon. John, 274
 Brighton Problem, the, 199
 Brilliant Court of St. James's, the, 115
 Bristol Diamonds, 9
 Britannia and Hispania; or, Two Views of It, 174
 Bute-ful for Ever! 131
 By Authority, 237
 By the Sea, 62

CAMBRIDGE Strike, the, 221
 Canvassing the Ladies, 150, 170, 177, 196, 210
 Cave Canes! 11
 Charade-Puzzle, 148
 Chatham Officials, the, 81
 Cheap Marmalade, 27
 Chinese Ambassadors, on, 147

Chops (to follow), 83, 101, 108, 124, 135, 140, 153, 163, 174, 183, 207, 210, 224, 241
 Church Snobbery, 100
 Clerks of the Weather, 127
 Comic French, 40
 Corrupting Good Manners, 40
 Corset and the Crinoline, the, 8
 Court-suited to Circumstances, 10
 Creatures of Rabbit, 178
 Crossing the Mayne, 186
 Cure for Mosquito Bites, 71
 Curious Coincidence, a, 77

DEAR at any Price, 58
 Death's Snuggeries, 59
 Defiance, not Defence! 31
 Dirge, a, 102
 Disorganised Hypocrisy, 212
 Ditty for the "D. T.," a, 4
 Dives in the Nineteenth Century, 269
 Doing the Amiable, 83
 Down-hill, 134
 Dura Neccessitas, 188

EASE of Mind, 32
 Echo of an Echo, the, 273
 Echoes from Abroad, 145
 Editor's Complaint, an, 127
 Elections! Eve! 260
 Electors of Great Britain, to the, 228
 Enigmas, 228, 260
 Entire, the, 2
 "En Voyage," 67
 Epigram by a Timid Lover, 164
 Episcopal Trustees, 208
 Ex Fumo Dare Lucem, 221
 Ex Office, 105
 Extraordinary Confession, 260

FACT! a, or, Canvassing the Country, 132
 Fall of Tupper, the, 78
 False Alarm, a, 249
 Flashes in the Pan, 49
 For Beakers or Worse, 127
 For Sir John Fakington's Digestion, 69
 Fortune for the asking, a, 108
 Found near Scotland Yard, 178
 French Pictures for the English, 111, 121, 133, 145, 157, 169, 181, 193, 205
 Fresh from the "Mold," 44
 From Pillar to Post, 223
 From the Seat of War, 128
 Frozen-out Candidates, 247

GENTLE Hint, a, 129
 Gentlemen or Christians, 152
 Gladstone's "Happy Family," Mr., 261
 Gladstone's New Ally, Mr., 43
 Gleam of Conscience, a, 122
 Globe Upside Down, the, 253
 Glorious News, 10

HEADS and Crowns, 164
 Hearty Laughs for the 25th, 273
 Heated Fancies, 54
 Heyworth Dixon in Search of a Seat, Mr., 51
 Hero Worship, 72

Highly Satisfactory, 19
 Holiday-making Extraordinary, 185
 Home for Liberal Scotch M.P.s, 260
 Honest, 184
 Hopeful, 84
 Hotel Question, the, 101
 Hot-weather Latin, 22
 House Divided, a, 183
 How to Use the Volunteers, 32
 Humble Petition, an, 219
 Humours of the Underground, 23
 Hunger Knows no Law, 231

IMPERIAL Manifesto, the, 197
 Imperial Wag, an, 139
 Important Announcement, 112
 In a Good Cause, 38
 Inevitable Inference, an, 20
 International Big Gooseberry Company, the, 60
 International Criticism, 31
 "In the Editor's Room," 153
 In the Smoking-room, 7, 17, 20

JENKINS Again, 129
 Jolly Girls, 151
 Just try It! 223

KALIDROSOPH Reflections, the, 171, 176, 200

LADIES' Miles, 102
 Ladies' University Examinations, 70
 Last Cur of the Season, the, 264
 Late Civil War, the, 259
 Latest Missionary Effort, the, 39
 Law and Law, 123
 Libel Tariff, the, 8
 Liberalism run Mad! 123
 Light Music in Paris, 228
 Little Irritating, a, 114
 Little Story for Little Writers, a, 250
 Logic for Landlords, 178
 Lover's Quarrel, a, 173
 Low-to-a-Degree, 88
 L. S. D.—lusion, 21
 "Lub" of a Club, a, 217
 Lucre and Lucretia, 217

MAKING and Marring, 18
 Maniac's Column, the, 8, 18, 23, 38, 48, 58, 68, 80, 90, 102, 112
 Marquis of Hastings, the, 227
 Marriage à la Mode, 21
 Martyred Sinners, 30
 "Mauvais Soldat!" 30
 Meeting a Want! 243
 Merely Players, 68
 Messalina, to a Modern, 211
 Military Intelligence Extraordinary, 163
 Military Methodism, 139
 Military Reform, 174, 193, 201, 220, 240, 263
 Ministerial Morality, 23
 Minnie-Hawk, Madlle., 205
 Miss Mutton, 262
 Momentous Question, a, 152
 "Monte Cristo," 191
 Morituri te Salutant! 264
 Moses in the Banks, 104

Mr. Boucicault, Please! 176
 Musical Patchwork, 108
 Music hath Charms! 17

NATURE's Gentlemen, 273
 New National Anthem, 263
 New Premier, the, 248
 New Publications, 254
 New Tragedian, the, 3
 Next Election, the, 237
 Nigger Controversy, the, 200
 No Peace for the Wicked, 148
 No Stopping It, 71
 No Thoroughfare, 159
 Not a Doubt about It! 116
 Note by the Way, a, 106
 Notice to Dramatists, 150
 Numerical Mythological Charade, 160

OBSERVATIONS on the Weather, 51
 Oh! Base Ingratitude! 84
 Oh! Wonderful Man! 260
 Once More Sir Richard Mayne, 218
 One Swallow-tail doesn't make a Summer, 7
 On Guard, 199
 On Receiving a Portrait from a Golden Lily, 188
 On the Bench, 192
 On the Line, 11
 On Trial:—
 The House of Lords, 10, 22
 Some Popular Candidates, 73
 Charity Mongers, 80
 Good Society, 94, 105, 122
 Prime Minister, a, 187
 Few Free and Independent Voters, a, 211
 Working Man's Candidate, the, 162
 Onwards (!), 129
 Operatic Music in Germany, 183
 Our Election Intelligence, 82, 99, 126, 158
 Our Literary Christmas-Boxes, 272
 "Over Head and Ears, 186
 Over the Sea, 263
 O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! 172

PARLIAMENTARY Pantomime, the, 222
 Past Operatic Season, the, 99
 Paynes and Penalties, 44
 Peace! 72
 Pearls among Swine, 49
 Peculiar Advertisement, a, 254
 Penny for Your Thoughts, a, 243
 Persecuted Jewess! the, 107
 Petition Parliament, the, 149, 161, 173
 Photographic Nuisances, 248
 Playing at Soldiers, 153
 Pleasant Place to Live in, a, 107
 Point, to the, 3
 Political Re-unions, 254
 Politics and Pinafores, 84
 Pollak's Christmas Annual, 212
 Poor Mr. Hubbard, 54
 Poor Players! the, 37
 Pot and Kettle, 183
 Power that Wants Curtailing, a, 98
 Pulling Together! 252

QUARTER and no Quarter, 153
 Questions for Sir John Fakington, 19

Question for the Clever, 207
 "Qui S'Excuse—" 114
 Quite Rout-er, 242

RANFELAGH Redivivus, 7
 Reason Why, the, 223
 Reformed Parliament, the, 70
 Requisites for the Sea-side, 12
 Respectable Poisoners, 60
 Results of Enquiring Within, the, 49
 Revisors wanting Revising, 53
 Rhyme and T-reason, 50
 Riddle that has Fuzzled the Lunatics,
 the, 136
 Rightful Heir, the, 170
 Room for Walker, 169
 Royalty in Slippers, 82

"SAVE us from our Friends," 18
 Sootched; not Killed, 201
 Sermons and Sermons! or, Sweet Lies
 for Wealthy Sinners, 86
 1792 and 1868, 146
 Shame! Shame! 233
 Sign of the Times, a, 218
 Signor Babbagino, 32
 Silly Friends in Council, 6
 Single or Double, 80
 Six and Half-a-dozens, 12
 Snarl before a Snap, a, 43
 Some North Warwickshire Electors,
 to, 207
 Something worth Reading, 3
 Song for Infant Statesmen, a, 22
 Song of the Stump, the, 207
 Song of the Successful Candidate, the,
 222
 Song of the Unsuccessful Candidate,
 the, 231
 Sooner the Better, the, 199
 Sowing Tares, 12
 Spider and the Flies, the, 4
 Square-root of Evil, the, 38
 Startling Election Intelligence, 160
 Sullied Page, a, 71

TAKING a Bullfinch, 83
 Taking the Wind out of a Sale, 106
 Talking it Over, 237
 "Tame Cats" going to the Dogs, 274
 "The Burnham Scrubs R.V.C.," 37,
 47, 57, 67, 77, 89
 "The Mighty Voice?" 116
 "The Spanish Gipsy," 2
 Thespian Stables, the, 237
 Thieves, Thieves! 94
 Thimble-rig, 17
 Thinking Evil, 42
 Thoroughly at Sea, 202
 Thumping Legacy, a, 51
 Time, the Avenger, 260
 Tipperary Outrage, the, 31
 To an Outsider, 146
 To John Bright
 TOMAHAWK's Election Address, 91
 TOMAHAWK's Exchange Column, 221
 Too Keen by Half, 108
 To the Editor of the —, 209
 To What Base Uses, 154
 Town Crier, a, 40
 Treats for Streets, 272
 Treble Enigma, 184
 Troubled Waters, 22
 True Tragi-comedy, a, 41, 52, 61, 71,
 85, 92, 104, 114, 139, 151, 162
 Twaddle, 61
 Tweedledum and Tulleries, 230

UNDER Distinguished Patronage, 199
 Undress Uniforms, 43
 Unpacking Pakington, 196
 Unreasonable Jenkins, an, 42
 Unsound Minds, 185
 Up and Down the Boulevards, 241
 Utrum Horum Maria Accipe, 209

Vx Victis! 1
 Venus p. Phœbus, 2
 Very Conscientious, 164
 Voici les Sabres, 140
 Void of Abuses, a, 135

WANDERING Mahomedans, 42
 Wanted, 224
 Wanted, a Horsewhip, 130
 Warsaw and Worser, 152
 Watts for Jo, 210
 Week, the, 4, 12, 21, 32, 41, 54, 63, 72,
 86, 94, 108, 116, 130, 140, 154, 164, 178,
 186, 202, 212, 221, 232, 242, 254, 261, 274
 "Welcome Home our Sailor Prince,"
 21
 What it has come to! 238
 What the Queen's Visit to Switzerland
 really Means, 72
 What will he do with it? 229
 "When a Body meet a Body," 122
 When Greek meet Turk, 272
 Where will He Stop? 209
 Who's for Spain! 199
 Why Not? 3
 Wild Boar-gia, 264
 Woman and Her Mistress, 103, 113,
 123, 137
 Woman's Word-book, 3, 11
 Wooden Heads and Wooden Ships, 175
 Word with John Morley, a, 29
 Word with South-west Lancashire, a,
 249
 Word with the Actors, a, 28
 Wrong in the Mayne, 202

CARTOONS:—

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!" or, a
 Silent Appeal, 275
 Amusement for the People! 25
 Another Spanish Marriage! 155
 "At Rest!" 55

BOUND TO THE STAKE! 190-191
 Break her Up! or, the Bad Ship,
 "Irish Church," being Towed to
 her last Home at Westminster,
 244-245
 By the Sea! 64-65

CARTOONS—(Continued).

CALLED TO THE ARENA! or, Open-
 ing the Door to Revolution, 178
 DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE! or, the
 Political "Trappist," 45
 "Don't Desert Me," 236-237

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS!" 268-267

IN BAD HANDS! or, "Tufts" of
 Turfs, 131

LAST OF THE BOURBONS! or, Liberty
 Avenged, 166-167

"MORITURI TE SALUTANT, CÆSAR!"
 256-257

"NOT FOR JO" (HN STUART MILL);
 or, a Smith for Westminster, 203

ON THE VERGE! 109

PARADISE LOST! or, the House of
 Commons and the Peri, 225
 Peace! or Enjoying his Holiday,
 74-75

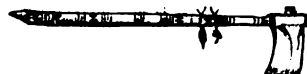
RACING THE TIDE, 118-119
 "Bough" Gulliver in the Toile!
 the, or, the Real Use of our
 Citizen Army 31-35
 Running into Danger! 96-97

SERMONS AND SERMONS! or, Sweet
 Lies for Wealthy Sinners, 87
 Sowing Tares! 14-15
 Spider and the Flies! the, a Tale
 of the Turf, 5

"THE EMPIRE IS WAR!" or, the
 Modern Curtius, 142-143

WHICH WILL IT BE? or, the London
 Season 1868-69, 214-215

(The above Index does not include short Paragraphs.)



THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 61.]

LONDON, JULY 4, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

VÆ VICTIS!

WHAT the Lords will do with the Suspensory Bill is at the moment of our writing these lines still a matter for discussion. If the prophets, however, are to be believed, it will not long remain in that interesting condition, for in all probability by the date this, our sixty-first number, is in circulation, it will have been disposed of in a very beggarly manner. Some of those who know all about it can even now tell to a fraction the precise majority by which the august assembly to which we refer is doomed to throw itself into violent opposition to the nation. The *Times*, for instance, the other day was very unhappy on the subject, and got almost pathetic while it told naughtily and obstinate peers how they ought to vote. It "hoped against hope," as it expressed itself, cried a little, and talked about the impossibility of maintaining injustice, and so forth. The Radical Press has, of course, been Radical, and the old and really not bad jokes about a useless and unsold assembly have been burnished up, and have looked as splendid as ever. What Mr. Gladstone has been thinking about nobody knows. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli has—well, Mr. Disraeli has been Mr. Disraeli, and that is the most disagreeable thing that can be said about him. As to the State and Church party, they have been talking bigoted rubbish by the mile, rubbish which has been going down wonderfully in clerical assemblies to the cheering uproar of Kentish fire. Both parties are therefore quite eager for the struggle, and it is on this account that some unusual amount of excitement has attached itself to that most dull and insipid of all schismatic performances, a division in the House of Lords. It need scarcely be added that "decisive results" are to follow a content or non-content issue, and it is the nature of these that really gives a very exciting character to the whole business. As a sort of guide to the future in either event may act as a hint or a warning to both parties, and prove especially useful to trimmers, we publish a couple with much pleasure:—

COMPILED BY THE
GOVERNMENT.

June, 1868.

Suspensory Bill carried in the Lords by a majority of 1.

Creation of 400 new peers, and re-reading and subsequent rejection of bill by a majority of 399.

Proceedings of Mr. Disraeli questioned in the Commons, Parliament dissolved, and appeal to the country.

July.

General Election. Massacre of every Roman Catholic in Ireland by Orangemen. Explanation and defence of Mr. Disraeli. £10,000,000 taken, without the consent of Parliament, for the purpose of influencing the elections. Triumph of Ministry in all quarters.

ARRANGED BY THE
OPPOSITION.

June, 1868.

Suspensory Bill thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 599.

"Upper House Abolition Bill" read three times running in the Commons, and sent up to the Lords the same evening.

Same thrown out in Lords, riots all over England, and Mr. Gladstone proclaimed dictator at Wapping.

July.

The second great English Revolution.

The original guillotine, from Madame Tussaud's, carried in triumph to Tower hill. Preparations to be-head 600 peers, Mr. Disraeli, the Editor of the *Standard*, and all the Court tradesmen.

Refusal of guillotine to act.

August.

Meeting of New Parliament.

Following bills carried with enthusiasm:—

That voting be by ballot.

Carried unanimously.

To abolish Jews, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics.

Majority, 657 to 1.

To increase the salaries of English bishops, re-establish the Star Chamber, and pinch Archbishop Manning, Messrs. Samuel Brothers, and Mr. Spurgeon.

Majority, 657 to 1.

To call upon all the civilised Governments in the world to establish the Irish Church in their midst.

Majority, 657 to 1.

September.

Partridge shooting begins.

Patriotic spirit aroused. The English army scours the Continent and establishes the Irish Church at the point of the sword in Russia, France, Prussia, Austria, the Papal States, India, Japan, the North Pole, and several volcanic islands in the Pacific.

Universal discontent and appeal to British Tory Government.

October.

"Levelling up" of Roman Catholicism, the Oriental Church, Mahometanism, Quakerism, Buddhism, Paganism, Mormonism, Mesmerism, at a cost of 290 millions a-year to British tax-payers.

Extinction of the world, and triumph of English Church and State principles everywhere!

August.

Despatch of aristocrats to French penal settlement, by special arrangement with the Emperor.

Escape of same from their gaolers, and re-establishment of Church of Ireland in Cayennæ.

Lord John Russell (without his title) in the Foreign Office.

Despatches sent to all the European Cabinets.

Invasion of England by everybody.

United attempt of the Sultan, the Emperor of China, and Count Bismarck to re-establish the Irish Church, and offer of two Irish archbishoprics to Mr. Gladstone. Conditional acceptance of same by him, and panic.

September.

Partridge shooting begins.

Patriotic spirit aroused, foreigners driven out, and the Emperor of China and the Sultan engaged at the Alhambra, Leicester square, for life.

Return of the Tories to office.

Messrs. Beales, Bright, Rearden, Citizen Disraeli, and Archbishop Gladstone sent to the Tower.

Reaction.

October.

Fresh beheading of aristocracy, and triumvirate of Messrs. Bradlaugh, Disraeli, and Rearden. Universal truth established by Act of Parliament. Arch-priest Dr. Colenso supported by a talented company. Collapse of Great Britain as a power. "Essays and Reviews" pronounced canonical, and apostasy of everybody!

And a great deal more, under both heads, to the same effect. Perhaps each prophetic utterance is the least bit too wild, inasmuch as the most noble Lords will, in all human probability, throw out the Suspensory Bill to-day, for the purpose of showing the world with what relish they are capable of eating their own words—to-morrow. That will be about the worst thing, at least we hope, that will happen.

A NEW READING OF KEATS (DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE PRESENT AGE).—A thing of beauty is a *toy* for ever.

A BREACH OF PROMISE FOR WHICH ONE WOULD NOT LIKE TO PAY THE DAMAGES.—The Breach in the Plymouth Breakwater Target at Shoeburyness.

"THE SPANISH GIPSY."

The Plaça Paternostéro.

THE lithe fandango charms the listless crowd,
Who called to gaze with staring orbs, stare on.
Many have danced with more or less success,
And no one dancer seems to fire the air;
Sudden, with irksome movements like a hen
That on some stream would swim as ducks at home,
A figure far from feminine now flashed
Across the midst with mem'ries of success
Achieved in other circles, but now fired
With aching yearn to crown her tripping feet.
Silas stood fixed; pale Adam Bede retired
Back to the row; while many voices fell
From shouts derisive to more earnest tones,
Half meaning sorrow, half astonishment.
"Will Lady Romola then dance for us?"
But she, sole swayed by doubt irreverent,
Feeling all Christianity was lies—

Persists in dancing, and though there is something grand and masculine about her attempt, the Lady Romola certainly does not seem to feel music in her movements. She is much applauded by Don Dallazzo and other well-known critics, but at this moment TOMAHAWK steps in and fixes her with a piercing look. Romola leaves the *Plaça Paternostéro*, and follows where he leads, when the following conversation takes place:—

TOMAHAWK.—Lady, why have you left the charming fields of romance, in which you were almost worshipped by your admirers, to fly at poetry, for which your talents do not fit you?

ROMOLA.—But do they not? Does not harmony flow in every line?

TOMAHAWK.—By no means, madam. There is much that is fine in figure, much that is noble in idea, and almost Shakespearian in grasp, but no music, no harmony.

ROMOLA.—But surely much of my descriptive worth is rife with chords?

TOMAHAWK.—You use continually what you are pleased to call *multitudinous-sounding* words, a compound epithet which is difficult to construe.

ROMOLA.—Oh! I do so love that word *multitudinous*—five syllables—so useful! It makes one feel strong, like the *mountainous elephant*.

TOMAHAWK.—By the way, what is a mountainous elephant? I have heard of mountainous country, and a camel's back might fit the word when blessed with two humps. Your ladyship is rather fond of a nice derangement of epitaphs.

ROMOLA.—No, but really, I wish for your opinion; don't you like the sentiment?

TOMAHAWK.—It seems to me that the atmosphere is impregnate with sacrilegious atheism. Down with all faith! all love—all is powerless by the side of race. Blood is the only religion. Christianity is the hated Inquisition.

ROMOLA.—I think I have not spared the hypocrisy of cant.

TOMAHAWK.—What do you mean by

"The only better is a Past that lives
On through an added Present stretching still
In hope unchecked by shaming memories
To life's last breath?"

Did you ever love?

ROMOLA.—Love is only Platonic—but I prithee question me as a poet, not as an individual.

TOMAHAWK.—You are right; I will remember what I have loved in your past work—that work which has raised you above the level of most women—that work which has inspirations George Sand has not approached. Ah! why did you leave those fields for this?

ROMOLA.—TOMAHAWK, don't be unkind. You said just now my grasp was almost Shakespearian.

TOMAHAWK.—I repeat it. For instance, that about the sentinel mounting guard and feeling every inch a king.

ROMOLA.—Quote correctly, if you do quote.

TOMAHAWK.—All the critics have quoted it correctly.

ROMOLA.—Then don't quote at all. Surely you think me womanly?

TOMAHAWK.—Womanly! and leave your love to follow blindly in the track of a gipsy band you never knew or cared for. But I forgot, you never loved. Womanly! why, madam, there are more sentences than one in your book which few men,

which perhaps only one man now living, would soil a pen with writing. No, we will not quote; but a flagrant example is to be found on page 73.

ROMOLA.—You are getting rude. Many greater critics than you have lauded me, and I am happy.

TOMAHAWK.—You must be; your faith, if it is the Zincalo's, ends most ruefully. *Cui bono?* Fedalma overcomes her love, her promises, her religion—for what? Miss Evans only knows, for the Spanish Gipsy ends in a hazy void, an abject *néant*; as, indeed, all life must do without a faith based on religion.

THE ENTIRE.

OWING to the numerous instances in which, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Breakfast at Buckingham Palace last week, the noblemen and gentlemen who were honoured with invitations were mistaken for their own butlers, in consequence of the official announcement that an evening dress coat worn over morning clothes would be *de rigueur*, the following regulations have been framed for the costume of gentlemen attending the next Royal entertainment of this nature, which may be expected to take place in 1871:—

Rules to be observed by the Noblemen and Gentlemen attending Morning Entertainments given by the Court.

Coat.—Cloth, swallow-tail, of a dark colour. May be worn open with a striped waistcoat, or buttoned with a bouquet of flowers.

Buttons.—Gilt, emblazoned with the crest and coat of arms of the wearer.

Breeches.—Plush.

Stockings.—White or pink, at discretion.

Shoes.—Patent leather, very broad, without heels.

Necktie.—White.

Hat.—Black beaver, ornamented with a band of gold or silver lace. Persons holding Queen's commissions, or Members of the Houses of Parliament, may also wear a black leather cockade attached to the left side of the hat.

Hair.—Must be powdered.

These regulations, it is hoped, will prevent the recurrence of the serious mistakes which, on the occasion of the breakfast at Buckingham Palace, gave so much unnecessary pain to the butlers and gentlemen's gentlemen out of livery in the metropolis.

VENUS v. PHŒBUS.

CERTAIN it is that were the worship of the heathen gods once more to find a stand-point in England (and really there is no saying where change of creed may stop), Apollo, we fear, would have no fane dedicated to him by the Women of the Epoch.

The Girl of the Period, we have settled, does not exist, so we beg leave to use the expression, Woman of the Epoch.

But Apollo is godfather to the Muses, and patron of German bands and Italian organs! That may be; but, my dear madam, you should have seen the Far-darter in the Drive ruthlessly flinging his satirical rays into the front windows of the broughams and other chariots filled with Women of the Epoch. We say ruthlessly, because there was not the slightest respect for personages. His arrows of light brought out the paint on the Countess of Kickenville's features just as palpably as on the face of Miss Dalilah St. Evremont; the flood of glory tipped the salient points of Mrs. Mactartuff with a metallic hue which was quite as prominent on the countenance of Miss Jimmy Slangable, the little actress at the Strand.

When will the Woman of the Epoch find out that the brain that has wit can give points to beauty and win a love game? She can't paint wit, and if she has it she won't paint beauty. If she paints, it is to attract man's attention to her complexion; man, on looking, finds her complexion is purchased, which proves she has no wit; and though man may be, and often is, attracted by beauty without wit, a kiss is no kiss through a veil, especially when that veil is a meretricious one. This hankering after the paint-pots of Egypt is a bad sign, and Phœbus shows his sense by telling Venus she can't dazzle with false charms while he stares her in the face.

TO THE POINT.

THERE is often nothing like a bold compromise, where certain grievances, involving a great deal of party rancour, have to be settled, and we therefore suggest the following without apology. The Church Establishment in Ireland is an acknowledged offence to all Roman Catholics and to a vast majority of liberal Protestants. On the other hand, an influential and desperate minority revel in its existence. Under the circumstances, the shortest way to please both parties will be

1. To let the Church of England and Ireland continue to flourish undisturbed, and
2. Throw open all its prizes to public competition by examination.
3. Let every candidate bring a certificate, signed by two or more people of known respectability, to guarantee
 - a. That he knows some hanger-on to the aristocracy.
 - b. That he can write dog Latin.
 - c. That he has never expressed a definite religious opinion in his life, and
 - d. That he is eminently respectable and worldly.
4. Let him be examined in the following works:—
The XXXIX Articles,
The Court Circular,
Burke's Peerage, and
How I Manage my House on £5,000 a-year.
5. Let him write an essay on one or more of the following subjects:—*Purple and Fine Linen, Opera Boxes, Marriageable Daughters, Dives and Lazarus,* and *Rotten Row.*
6. Show how he can, at one and the same time, live in ease in Tyburnia and govern a diocese in Kamschatca, without neglecting his duty as a bishop and damaging his position as a man of principle.
7. As candidates may reasonably be expected from all denominations, let a committee of examiners be appointed, consisting of Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Jowett, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Colenso, Dean Stanley, Mr. Maurice, and Dean Close, for the purpose of ensuring his assent in some sort to the leading *formulæ* of the Church of England.
8. Failing this, let him take six lessons in reasoning from the Bishop of Oxford.

THE NEW TRAGEDIAN.

FOR some time past, among the theatrical advertisements, the appearance of Mr. Allerton, of the Theatres Royal, Birmingham, Brighton, &c., &c., has been announced with the usual prelude of flourishes. On Monday, the 15th ult., the great genius—this gentleman of *haut-ton*, who veils his identity under this *pis-aller* of a *sobriquet*—appeared at the Princess's Theatre. We wonder that the shade of Mr. Charles Kean did not revisit the scene of his many triumphs to witness the *début* of this rash intruder. We fancy that, had it done so, the shade would have scented the morning air some few hours before the proper time, and have fled in horror—anywhere from the hideous spectacle of the murder of *Hamlet* by Mr. Allerton.

Were Mr. Allerton capable of improvement, it would be worth while to criticise his performance in detail. But he evidently has reached, in his own mind, such a high standard of perfection that to offer him any hints would be presumptuous. He could not understand, and he would not accept them. It is evidently his ambition to be original in his conception of *Hamlet*—and he quite succeeds. Mr. Allerton does more with a chair than any street acrobat that ever was seen. If to sit down when he ought to stand up, and to stand up when he ought to sit down, to walk about when he ought to be still, and be still when he ought to walk about, be original, Mr. Allerton's originality is unquestionable. But there is such a thing as original sin. However, actions are nothing without words in a play, and in his delivery of the text Mr. Allerton follows no guide but his own good taste and discretion. The result is very satisfactory—to himself. To the audience the sensation of novelty rather overpowers their delight. It is quite startling to find that those soliloquies, which we had always looked on as gems of powerful self-analysis and storehouses of beautiful thoughts, are nothing after all but arrant nonsense; their only philosophy peripatetic, their only expression gasps.

But stop! it is just possible that all this time we have been

the victims of a practical joke, and that Mr. Allerton, after all, is nothing but a new species of automaton, very cleverly made by one of Nature's journeymen; in which case his creator must be congratulated on his complete success.

If not, and Mr. Allerton is a breathing human being and not a gasping machine, he need not despair, notwithstanding our encouragement, of making himself a name on the stage. He has left upon our mind a deep and lasting impression—he *really does walk very nicely!* We have heard of such things as walking gentlemen on the stage. Surely of these Mr. Allerton might be *facile princeps*; or, if he would only deign to carry on a banner at the head of some procession, provided he abstained from opening his mouth, we prophesy that his success would be so complete, so brilliant, that it would almost, if not quite, satisfy his appetite for applause, which at present, owing to the unappreciative density of the public, seems likely to starve upon a very meagre diet.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Testament.—An act which proves the value of a husband.

Theatre.—A place of exhibition where the only serious comedy is played in the front of the house.

Thin.—A quality which, in woman's vintage only, recommends a good whine.

Thought.—A bird which flies too rapidly for woman to put any salt on its tail.

Time.—Woman's rival: for no tight lacing can compare with the waist of Time.

Tinsel.—The patent of stage nobility—but all the world is a stage.

Tobacco.—A pleasant weed before marriage, a foul habit after. N.B. Widows' weeds are the only ones which don't end in smoke.

Tombstone.—The stamp on Death's little bill.

Tongue.—The unruly member for Ply-mouth.

Tooth, Teeth.—Singular, a tusk. Perfect-plural, a set of pearls.

Treasure.—The husband who has left you a widow.

Truth.—An invisible girl condemned in hatred of chignons and false charms to remain at the bottom of a well.

WHY NOT?

EVERY DAY we see the necessity arising for the improvement of London as regards the facilities required for free traffic and public convenience. A proposition was made not long since, seeing the loss of time and money many of the inhabitants of the west and south-west quarters incur at present, to create a sunk road across Hyde Park, connecting Tyburnia and Knightsbridge. That a road is absolutely necessary across the Park no one will deny, except those grand ladies who are capable of suggesting, when there is no bread for starving families, that they might eat buns. But why should the road be rendered an absurd expense by sinking it? What is there to prevent the authorities making a road across the Park from Westbourne Gate to Albert Gate, with a branch from the Knightsbridge end to the Marble Arch? The "swells" will be very slightly annoyed by the sight of occasional four-wheelers, and if the aristocrats clamoured much against the common element what would be easier than to make the public road go under the Row and the Drive by a tunnel? But to make a big ditch right across Hyde Park because Lord Dundreary or Lady Delicutt can't abide the sight of four-wheelers and omnibuses is too preposterous for consideration.

SOMETHING WORTH READING.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL has just published a very readable little work called *Other People's Windows*. Not only do we recommend it to the public because it is readable, but because it contains much wholesome matter—matter which is doubly welcome in this age of shams and trickery. Mr. Friswell has our best wishes for his book's success, and in saying this we but invoke a blessing on the reading public.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JULY 4, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A WAGGISH M.P., who heard an H dropped near Buckingham Palace at the evening breakfast, remarked, "that it was enough to make your *constitution 'ill'.*"

MADAME RACHEL'S extraordinary and sudden illness on the occasion of the adjournment of her case was not caused by her having rashly supped off some of her own pigments. It was caused by her having swallowed Sir William Ferguson's certificate, a calamity which Mr. Knox wisely avoided.

A PUBLIC School education has never been held to imply necessarily any extraordinary cultivation of the intellect. But there is one thing that everybody is supposed to learn at our public schools, and that is, to find their own level. Mr. Labouchere informed the House of Commons the other day that he had been three years at Eton, and had learned absolutely nothing. The honourable gentleman, on this occasion, had the whole House with him.

APROPOS of the great faction fight at the Guildhall, it is amusing to observe the indignation of the Radical Press at having their own weapons turned against them. Considering how often the Reform League has, through its mouthpiece, Beales, boasted of having educated the Tories, they should not be angry at finding that they have profited by the example as well as by the precepts of the Reformers, so far as to learn the value of an alliance with the roughs.

WE thought that the brutal sport of prize-fighting had been quite put down. We are sorry to see that on the 22nd ult., under the cover of a meeting at the Guildhall to discuss the question of the Irish Church, that this degrading pastime was revived, and in presence not only of the police, but of the Lord Mayor of London. The fight between Alderman Sir William Rose and Mr. Beales for an apology a-side was fully reported by the daily Press, so that we need not recapitulate the details. "One of the Fancy" who was present remarks that the only claret tapped on this occasion was *La Rose*.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE HAS BEEN PUT ON THE PAPER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—Mr. Disraeli, to move, That in order to advance the state of public business the standing disorders of this House be suspended.

A DITTY FOR THE "D. T."

LOUD roars the dreadful *Gusher*,
His pen a deluge showers,
His columns prove a crusher
For mortal readers' powers.
A Syrian prisoner dark
The *D. T.* finds a lark;
So all day
Pegs away
At that Bey,
Poor Risk A., oh!

Before a Belgian jury
The Oriental view.
Our friend conceives that sure he
May try and hang him, too.
What old Brabantio cried,
Now be that phrase applied:—
"Whining way,"
"Beard turned grey,"
Marks the Bey,
Poor Risk A., oh!

At length one dismal morrow
The jury cry, Acquit!
The *Gusher* sees with sorrow
That biters may be bit.
A sell, when libel's found,
Worth twelve times eighty pound!
Moral: Play
With a Bey
In a way
Less frisky, oh!

THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES!

(See CARTOON.)

THE spider is a very ugly insect. It is of the earth earthy. However high it may rise, it never can quite leave the earth behind it. Where'er it builds its nest, it weaves a web made of dust and dirt—a web which shines in the sunshine, but which ne'er the less is nought but dirt and dust. It is easy to break this web when you know how.

The fly is much better than the spider. The fly has wings, and is, on the whole, a harmless insect. Men who would stamp upon a spider would scorn to injure a fly. The fly is simple and trustful—the spider is a monster of cunning and deceit. So long as he only gives the spider a wide berth the fly is safe, for the spider can do nothing. The fly has wings, the spider has only legs. But once let the fly (attracted by the bright colour) get into the spider's clutches and then the fly finds it very, very difficult to break the spider's web.

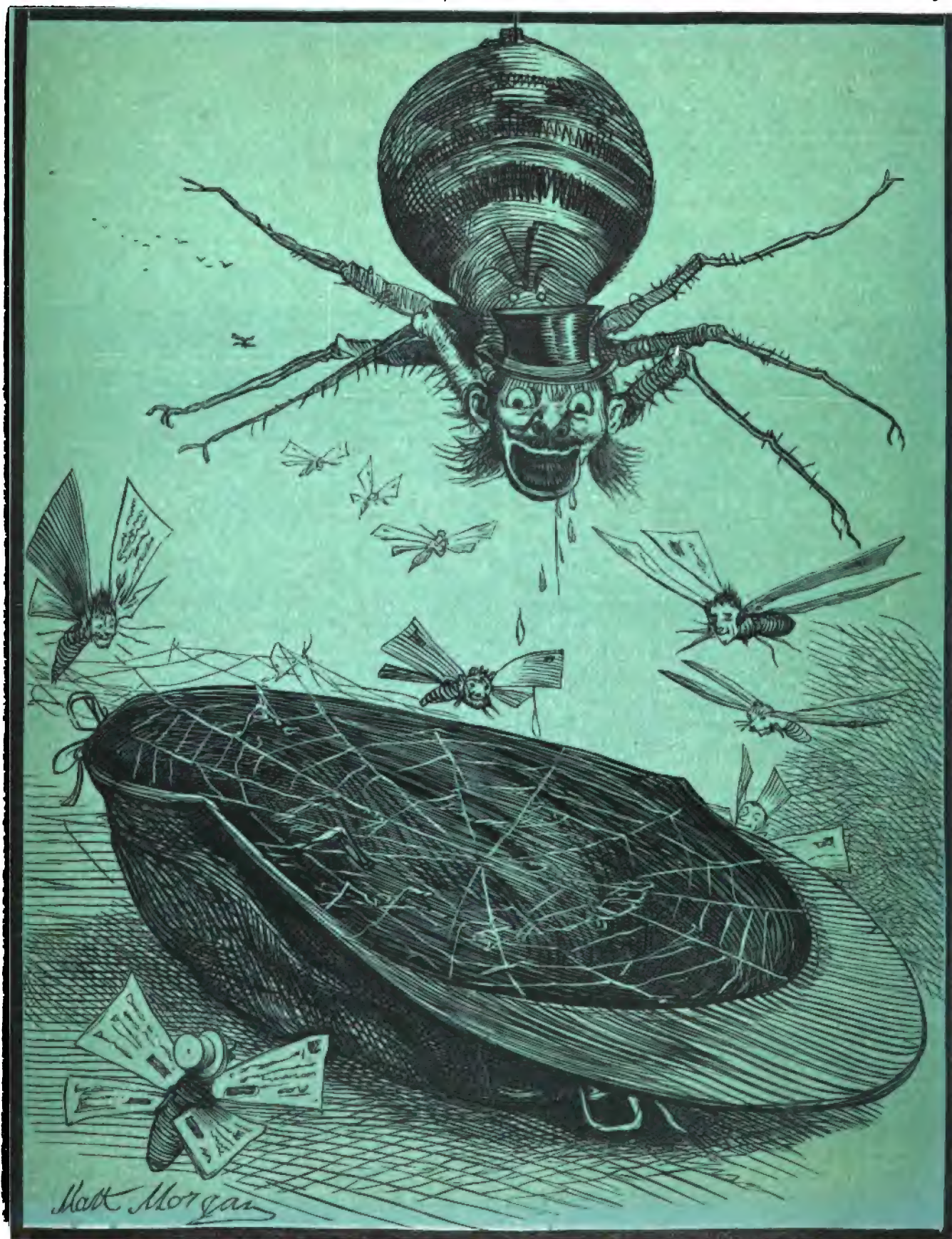
Now there are human spiders and human flies.

The human spider is a very ugly creature indeed. He is very, very earthy and vulgar, and it matters not how many human flies he may catch he never changes his nature. He grows sleek and bloated, but he never looks quite like a fly. You see he has risen from the earth, and the earth sticks to him. He weaves two kinds of webs—webs made of bets and webs made of bills of exchange and promissory notes. And both webs mean ruin to the human fly. The human fly sometimes escapes, but not without leaving his substance behind him.

The human fly is very, very silly. Not contented with the glorious sunshine and the joys of the earth, he hankers after the bright colours of the spider's web. From pure recklessness he tempts his fate. He flies about the web nearer and nearer, until at last he is caught by the meshes. Once in the clutches of the human spider he has to bid adieu to wealth, honour, and all that makes life enjoyable. He may pull and struggle, but his efforts to escape will be made in vain. The captor has nothing to fear from his captive, and his only enemy has consented to overlook him.

The human spider's web can only be broken by the strong arm of the Law, and, unhappily for the public, Justitia is sleeping!

NEW MOTTO FOR THE "DAILY NEWS."—Penny wise, pound foolish.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES!
(A TALE OF THE TURF.)

[See Sketch.]

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Time—MIDNIGHT.

Place—ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Present—TWO GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*languidly*).—Hallo, old fellow, how are you?

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*in reply to other gentleman's question, languidly*).—How are you?

(*Silence and smoke after this for five minutes.*)

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Awfully hot, isn't it? Been anywhere lately?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ya'as—been doing some of the theatres.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Tell me all about it as shortly as you can, that's a sweet fellow. It's too hot to read the papers.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ya'as; and if it weren't, who'd believe them?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Quite so. Light up another cigarette, ring for some more ice, and fire away.

(*Directions complied with.*)

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Saw Schneider the first night at the St. James's. Instead of taming down the amiable Duchess to suit the taste of the Barbarians of Albion the Perfidious, the female Gerolstein, in crossing the Channel, has picked up a little novel vulgarity. Her Grace never used to kick up her legs in the "Sabre Song" in Paris. I think the King Street version much "stronger" than the reading of the Boulevards. The Boom over here is the best I've seen—much better than poor Couder, the original creator of the part. The present *Frits* is far inferior to Dupuis; and as for the *Puck*, he is simply wretched. *Prince Paul* is just fair, *Grog* very bad, and (*getting irritable*) the helpless and painfully silly representative of *Nepomuc* should be—

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*interrupting*).—My dear fellow, pray moderate your indignation; it's really too hot to get angry about anything, much less an actor.

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*languidly*).—I s'pose you are right. However, *Nepomuc* was a fearful infliction. I hate paying a guinea for a stall unless I'm to see good acting.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Seen the burlesque of "*Fowl Play*?"

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I've seen two pieces founded on the Reade-Boucicault novel, and they both were burlesques! One at the Holborn, the other at the Queen's.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Which was the better of the two?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Oh! the play at the Queen's was truer to nature than its rival, but the Holborn piece had the pull over the Queen's piece in point of liveliness. Miss Farren was much better than Miss Josephs as *Nancy*, but Miss Henrade as *Helen* was infinitely better than Miss Hodson. Mr. W. H. Stephens never makes me laugh, and there was a great deal too much of Toole. However, the Queen's piece is far from bad: with Miss Nelly Moore in Miss Hodson's part, and some new actor instead of Mr. Stephens, the cast would be greatly improved—of that I'm sure.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Anything worth seeing at the Olympic?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Well, perhaps Mrs. Howard Paul as *the Grand Duchess*; but take my advice, don't go. I'm sure you will be bored.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Haven't the smallest intention. Anything funny anywhere?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I should think so! The funniest thing seen in London for years is the appearance of Mr. Eburne as a dashing *roué* in the "*Day of Reckoning*" at the Adelphi. This promising young actor (mark my words), when he has had a little more experience, will take the town by storm! He is ably supported by Mr. Stuart, the comic tragedian. *Apropos*, have you seen Mr. Allerton in *Hamlet*?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—No: but I've been told all about it. Too bad, on my soul, to burlesque poor old Shakespeare,—but the notion's funny. By-the-bye, who is Mr. Allerton?

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*whispers*).

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*laughing*).—No! you don't say so? Oh, I must go and see him. Many's the right merry laugh I have had at his performances.

(*Enter a SERVANT.*)

SERVANT (*confidentially*).—Supper is ready, gentlemen.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ah, that's right. If we cannot realize *all* Sydney Smith's "hot weather wish" about taking off one's flesh, we at least can manage the greater part of it—we can sit among our "bones!"

(*Exeunt smilingly towards the supper room.*)

ONE SWALLOW-TAIL DOESN'T MAR A SUMMER.

It will now be the correct thing to call a five o'clock tea a breakfast, though you may have had a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at ten *ante* and a lunch at one *post meridian*. Men who consider themselves *chic* will wear that most charming of German fashions the swallow-tail coat over the grey trousers at these meetings. But as Fashion no sooner gives an order than her votaries exaggerate and add flourishes of one kind or another, we shall soon have such invitations as the following sent us, if we are in the really fashionable world.

I.

The Prince and Princess Paul request the pleasure of * * *s company to a dinner at Sardanapalus House, at 10.30 a.m., punctually. Gentlemen will wear white ties and top boots on this occasion. R.S.V.P.

II.

The Duke and Duchess of Gerolstein propose giving a ball and supper at noon on Friday next. No gentleman admitted without his hair powdered. Green pea-jackets and black trousers *de rigueur*.

III.

The Baroness Grog at home at three o'clock in the morning for five o'clock tea. Guests are requested to appear with their waistcoats over their coats, and their stockings outside their boots. No gentleman to dance unless asked to do so by a lady.

IV.

General Boom invites the officers of the mess to a cold lunch at midnight. Every officer receiving an invitation to appear in a dress shirt and stable overalls. Swords to be replaced by umbrellas in waterproof sheaths.

We rather prided ourselves upon our taste in never confusing morning and evening gear like our friends in most German and some French saloons, but it seems our few virtues are rapidly passing away. We muzzle our dogs in spite of our veterinary knowledge, we encourage the *cancan* in its worst stages, and we appear in full dress with a swallow-tail and light trousers!

RANELAGH REDIVIVUS.

FROM OUR OWN TROUBADOUR.

LORD RANELAGH is rapidly becoming famous. A dashing cavalier he always has been, and his very name speaks of feats of gay devilry and refined dissipation, illumined by brilliant flashes of wit, and sallies of mad humour. Widows pine in secret for him, and ladies, whose judgment is seasoned with maturity, weave spells in their secret bowers to draw Sir Paladin within the circle of their charms. Jauntily sits his casque on his hyacinthine curls, as he smiles condescendingly to the bowing crowd, and proudly whispers to himself that "this indeed is fame!"

Shame on the vulgar, irreverent hand, woman's though it be, that lays low his hat and his pride at once in the dust. But Sir Paladin has a noble revenge in the Court of Marlborough, name suggestive of military glory; once more will he march to victory amidst the pæans of the people. Vainly does the sacrilegious amazon urge her claims; Sir Paladin, she says, owes her some paltry dross; to the winds with the accusation and the dross too! Bind her—not with chains—bind her over to keep the peace; and the injury to the honour and hat of Sir Paladin is atoned for. So the gay cavalier rides away to new scenes of triumph.

THE LIBEL TARIFF.

It is highly satisfactory to note the amount of precision and discernment which now-a-days are exhibited by British jurymen in assessing the damages in actions for libel. The uninitiated public may have had some difficulty in accounting for the nicety with which the jury arrived at their verdict in the case of Risk Allah *versus* the *Daily Telegraph*. At first sight it may have appeared rather a difficult matter to estimate the exact amount of compensation which is due to a given individual for being branded as a murderer and forger in the sensational columns of a penny newspaper; but the enlightened jurymen who sat in the case had no difficulty in fixing the sum to a penny, and awarded the much-wronged Bey the sum of £960, almost without leaving their box to talk it over.

We have hastened to avail ourselves of the extraordinary powers of intelligent discrimination evinced by these twelve worthy householders, and have submitted to them a few atrocious calumnies which we meditate some day or other inserting in the columns of this Journal, with a request that they would be good enough to let us know, in the event of actions for libel being brought against us, the precise amount of damages which we may expect would be awarded to the plaintiff in each case—a request with which we are glad to say these highly-gifted individuals have most courteously complied. We annex the result of our application:—

	£	s.	d.
For asserting that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is a season ticket holder at the Alhambra		0	2 6
For believing that the Marquis of Hastings is about to retire from the Turf	1,000	0	0
For hinting that Mr. Gladstone is the richest commoner in England	21	0	0
For stating that the Crystal Palace is badly ventilated	1	0	0
For reporting Mr. Rearden's speeches in the House of Commons	1,532	6	6
For calling Sir R. Mayne's recent order for muzzling the dogs brutal		0	0 9½
For expressing a wish not to be a shareholder in the London General Omnibus Company	960	0	0
For wanting to know if Sir Robert Carden is not rather an inane magistrate		0	0 0½
For contradicting the fact that the circulation of the TOMAHAWK is over two hundred and fifty thousand copies per week	1,000,000	0	0

SILLY FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

WE read with consternation:—

"A motion in the Leeds Town Council that the members should 'wear Court hats on special occasions' has been lost by a large majority."

Is it possible that these sapient Town Councillors having so little in their heads should seek to hide them with "Court hats?" Our friends in the Town Council of Leeds should know that their foolish aspirations smack more of the alley than the court—unless we regard the words "alley" and "court" as synonymous.

THE CORSET AND THE CRINOLINE.*

THIS volume—nicely bound, by the way, and not badly illustrated—contains 224 pages of vapid letter-press, on a most paltry, uninteresting, and contemptible subject. The history dwells for a chapter or two on the crinoline as worn by the ancients, scampers with it very vaguely through the Middle Ages, and finally subsides into an advertisement of "Thomson's latest Zephyrina Jupon." We recommend the perusal of this little work to no one.

* *A Book of Modes and Costumes, from the remotest period to the present time.* (Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster row.)

THE MANIACS COLUMN;
or,
PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

BOTH gaol and palace claim my first,
Wild beasts are in my second nursed;
My whole's a pleasant spot where art
And nature each perform a part.

2.

A SILVER thread through vale and hill—
Now like a brook, now like a rill—
My first describes; it wants some wit
My second's meaning quite to hit,
'Twill either hinder or permit;
My whole the town and city shuns,
And only in the country runs.

3.

MY first's a thing not very clean,
In London's streets and suburbs seen;
Of service to you it may prove,
If once you set it on the move;
My second with the traveller goes,
And barristers who briefs uncloze;
My third's a Latin word—don't start!—
Of which the English is "thou art";
My whole a vegetable speaks,
Which is not lettuce, peas, or leeks;
Unlike asparagus with goose,
'Tis seldom served up "*à la Russe*";
Aristocratic tables don't
Provide it, and some vulgar won't;
And there are some fastidious prigs
Who say it's only fit for pigs.

4.

MY first is a word that two languages claim,
Monosyllables each, and their accent the same;
In Latin 'tis but as an adjective known,
And only as substantive used in our own;
It expresses equality; they that excel
Are said in the regions beyond it to dwell;
'Tis the name of a scholar renowned for his Greek,
And one of whose age men continue to speak;
My second's a word which denotes capability,
None the worse if displayed with becoming humility;
'Tis the name of a holy man scriptures relate
As falling a victim to envy and hate;
My whole is a fiction so wisely composed,
That truths of deep meaning are by it disclosed.

5.

ONE of the four Evangelists to name
Will be my first sufficient to proclaim;
A French conjunction will my second show,
And now of course my whole you wish to know:
Let your steps be to Covent Garden bent,
And there if apt you'll find out what is meant.

6.

MY first is chiefly known to railway ground,
My second's light and fragile as a feather;
Yet mightier far than steam power is it found—
Nay, than all earthly forces put together.
My third's a word that signifies endeavour;
My whole's a trade fast growing to an art.
No builder from its services can sever;
And peer and peasant in its use take part.

ANSWERS were received from the following too late for insertion in our last number:—Lunatic, A Paralysed Toothpick, A. H., Polar, and Two Clapham Contortionists.

* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 62.]

LONDON, JULY 11, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

BRISTOL DIAMONDS.

THE Report of the Bristol Election Committee contains serious matters for thought, at least for those persons who ever do think seriously. Of course we know that the proper thing to do, when bribery is discussed, is either to utter some stale sentiment which means nothing, or to treat the matter as rather a good joke. Nothing is more nauseating than the flimsy hypocrisy with which the House of Commons always treats the subject of bribery. One really would think that it was hardly worth while to repeat those stale pretences which nobody accepts as realities; to try and screen the offenders behind that old curtain of shams, which is so worn out with constant use that the heaviest eyes can see through it. It is all very well to say that large constituencies will make bribery impossible; we should like to know how. If those who are to be admitted to the franchise have been accustomed to see others turning a pretty penny by their votes, setting the glorious privilege of a British citizen down among their assets, and calculating their incomes as so many shillings a week and a vote laid by for a rainy day; if they have seen these honest folk very rarely brought to task for this lucrative traffic, still more rarely detected, and so rarely punished, that the odds against that calamity are about the same as against another universal deluge; and when they see that neither the people who give bribes or those who receive them are ever considered, even if found out, to have done anything disgraceful, but, on the contrary, are treated as clever amusing dogs who know what's what; if this is their experience as non-electors, they must indeed be paragons of virtue if, when they become electors, they let such a lucrative property as a vote lie idle, and do not even try and turn it to any account. Does any one pretend to say that one man in a thousand, who will receive a vote under the new Reform Bill, looks upon the privilege as anything else but a fancy piece of goods, which can be converted into money, or its equivalent, when required? Talk about "the inalienable heritage of a free citizen," the "sacred birthright of a man," and all such nonsense on the hustings, if you like; it sounds well, and does not interfere with your generosity in putting a thousand pounds or so into your agent's hands, and asking no questions; besides, the citizens who have been getting drunk at your expense are sure to cheer such noble sentiments. But now we are not on the hustings; let us, for heaven's sake, try and tell the truth. Why should these men look upon the right of voting as a solemn duty, to be exercised with the most scrupulous uprightness and honesty? Who ever, by example, taught them so? How were most elections that they have seen, either political or municipal, carried on? If John Smith voted for Thompson instead of Johnson, and Johnson used to employ him, how long after the election did he wait to discharge him? Who paid Robinson's bill at the grocer's and the baker's, and that little account with the doctor, or the arrears of rent that year when he voted with the Yellows? In short, what is the moral of all he has seen? Is it not that, if he votes for a candidate, he will generally gain some advantage direct or indirect, if it is possible for him to confer any; if he votes against a candidate, he will suffer for it some loss direct or indirect, if it is in that candidate's power to inflict any loss on him? Does it require a very powerful mind to come to the conclusion that it is best to vote for the man who can do you most good and least

harm? And if, looking up to those above them in the world for guidance, they find men morally convicted of bribery and corruption received with every honour by Society; if they find a man, who has bribed for one place, and been found out, quietly allowed to go and bribe another constituency, without being found out, received among the pure and honest representatives of the people, and permitted to sit in judgment on others accused of bribery, with whom, of course, he can have no sympathy; if they find that a serious proposal to punish the briber and the bribed is received with laughter, and that the only Bill, that has ever even pretended to deal effectively with the question, is supported, except by a very few, with a very half-hearted earnestness, and opposed by most with every sort of ingenious procrastination and cunning objection; if this be the spirit in which our great legislative assembly, in which are the richest and best educated gentlemen, whose position cannot be dissociated from a sense of responsibility, treat the subject of bribery, what can we expect from the poor and the ignorant, who scarcely know what responsibility means?

The revelations of the Bristol election prove, if we wanted proof, that it is not only the small shopkeepers who are corrupt; workmen whose wages are uncertain, and whose employment depends upon a fluctuating demand which may be created at the will of the employers, who have no little capital to fall back upon, are much more exposed to temptation, and it is not surprising that they should yield to it; if these men get behind in their rent, if illness not only prevents them from earning anything but adds cruelly to their expenses, how can they expect to free themselves from the burden of debt? If a kind gentleman offers to pay all on the condition of their going at a certain hour next morning to the poll booth, and giving their votes for him, they must have very alert and incorruptible consciences if the wrong they can see in such an action were to blind them to the benefit they receive by it.

It has been said that large constituencies will check bribery because it will cost so much to bribe, but we cannot see the force of the argument. It may perhaps be so in time, when the newly enfranchised persons have learnt the value of a vote, and are able to watch the market of corruption with that patience and skill, to which some professors of the art of being bribed have attained; but till they have reached this stage of enlightenment, it is more probable that a pound will go as far as five did before, and that the price of votes, like that of every other commodity, will only be lowered by the increased supply. And as to the Ballot being a remedy for corruption, we never could see it. Intimidation it may check, but as long as there are persons willing and able to bribe, or ready to be bribed, and they can follow their inclinations with very little fear of detection, much less punishment, before their eyes, so long will bribery flourish. The Ballot may render detection more difficult, and punishment impossible, but what else it can do, or ever has done, towards purifying elections, we cannot discover.

We do not wonder that the House of Commons, as a whole, should resent the loss of their privilege of constituting the tribunal before which corruption is arraigned. They are right to be jealous of the power of shielding the offenders, considering how numerous they are. It does them credit to a certain extent, since it shows they have some sense of shame; for, though the difference between wilfully shutting your eyes and ears while your agents bribe, and bribing yourself, may be rather a fine one, still there is a difference; and this ingenuous mode of

whitewashing the accused is a fine example of the ingenuity of the Honourable House of Commons. When we read once more the almost invariable sentence in the report of the Committee, we cannot help being reminded of the story of the old lady who went about naked with a Bible under her arm, and when remonstrated with by the police, declared that she was invisible. It is fortunate that the police in this case were not as credulous as Election Committees of the House of Commons.

The abolition of bribery, like that of all long-cherished evils, must be effected by a severe and determined effort of Public Opinion. The men who bribe and are bribed would probably not pick a pocket, because picking pockets is considered low, and is punished by the treadmill. Let every one convicted of bribery be imprisoned for not less than three months, and deprived of all rights of citizenship for a term varying from five to thirty years; let the man convicted of receiving a bribe be deprived of the right of voting for the rest of his life, and we shall soon see corruption take its proper place among other criminal offences. It will not be then, like smoking, a bad habit encouraged by custom; persons who have any character or position will be honest, because it will be disgraceful to be dishonest. Above all, let those who are in earnest on this question use every means they can to elevate the poorer classes to a noble sense of independence by encouraging habits of economy, and facilitating, in every way, the formation of funds which may make them independent of misfortune to a certain extent. This is real charity; for there is nothing which makes people so careless or dishonest with regard to money as the practice of living from hand to mouth—spending all their pay as soon as they get it. When money represents to a man habits of consistent and noble self-denial, he will be loth to degrade it by making it the price of his independence.

ON TRIAL.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Commissioners recently appointed to inquire into "the utility and general working capacity of the House of Lords, with a view, &c., &c.," held their first sitting yesterday. The portion of the room assigned to the public was densely crowded.

The first witness examined was the Earl of Milkwater. He said: He was twenty-three years of age. Had been inside the House of Peers twice; thinks once was for a bet. Had been educated. Had gone to Eton, and then to Oxford. When there was at Christ's Church. Did not take a degree, but instead wore a velvet cap with a gold tassel, and kept horses. Wore also a ribbed silk gown. On high days wore a rich figured silk, covered with large gold patches, and dined at a high table with "Dons." Yes, on these occasions he took precedence of venerable men of world-wide fame and exalted position in the Church. He was nineteen; they must have been over sixty. No, that style of thing was not thought snobbish at the University. Everybody cringed to him. At Eton he had got well kicked once; thinks it did him good. Oxford, however, made up for that. Yes, had been set upon by toadies and snobs. Thought the University encouraged that style of thing. Liked it. Spent £5,000 at Oxford, and left when he was twenty-one. Yes, he had lots of ancestors. The founder of his race was not a grocer who bought the title of James I. for £350. Dates back much further than that. His family came over with the Conqueror. Name, De Spoon. See all about it in *Burke*. Roger de Spoon may have been a boot-cleaner who could not pick up an honest living in Normandy, and so worked his passage across as steward on William's ship. Yes, that was what he meant by coming over with the Conqueror. Thought that an excellent reason why he should have a seat in the House of Lords. Considered it "great fun" to be an hereditary legislator. Did not care what was disestablished as long as it was not Tattersall's. No, did not know there had been a row in the Commons about the Irish Church. Should vote against the Suspensory Bill, because young what's-his-name wants a berth over there in the clerical line. Has no prejudices on the question. Would give the Commissioners long odds on the result. Supposes the House of Lords is a "grand institution." Saw something about "thanking God there was a House of Lords" in last week's *Bell's Life*, and thought it great fun. Shall send his vote up by proxy. Does not care what comes of the question. Imagines it will not interfere with grouse shooting, the Derby Day, or Rotten Row.

Knows some good fellows in the Commons. Thinks they talk too much. Yes, has heard of "Oliver Cromwell." He ran fifth for the Chester Cup in '61. Yes, that was all he had got to say. Did not know much about the British Constitution, but supposed, as the papers made such a fuss about it, it must be something radical and low. Yes, his position and influence were two of the blessings of the British Constitution. Thought himself an average specimen of a young peer. Would give odds to the Commissioners on the event, if they liked. Thought the *Times* snobbish, and the British public a set of asses. Hoped the Commissioners would excuse him, as he was down for some pigeon-shooting at three.

The witness then stood down. His evidence, which was given in a *nonchalant* manner, elicited several loud murmurs of surprise and indignation. At its conclusion (the examination), Lord Crawlingford, the next witness, was about to commence as our packet left.

COURT-SUITED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

A "BREAKFAST" in a garden at "half-past four" in the afternoon, at which gentlemen are expected to appear in "morning trousers and evening coats," is certainly a bold and original idea. Hence the recent great meeting at Buckingham Palace has called forth a good deal of comment on all hands. Any one who has seen Mossoo stopped at the pft entrance of the opera, because, "*Mon Dieu*, he would come in ze full dress, one taillecoat and blue-breeche," can perhaps appreciate the sort of appearance the motley assembly to which we refer must have presented on the festive occasion in question. It is true that to be presented at St. James's necessitates a rig out which places one on the level of a fashionable flunkey; and so we suppose "morning trousers and evening coats" must be regarded as an advance on the road of refinement and civilisation. Yet, as it is safe to assume, that were a Crystal Palace waiter, or King of Greece, to lead anybody to the altar, he would, to a dead certainty, wear "morning trousers and an evening coat," perhaps we may still hope for some happier development of taste in time to come. A state dinner, for instance, at 4 a.m., at which everybody was requested to wear cricket-boots, cocked hats, and respirators, would not read badly, while a good deal might be got out of a luncheon in the middle of the night in slippers, shirt fronts, and wrap rascals. The worst of the present mode is that it does not, by very reason of its details, look imposing in point. In fact, it almost degrades a man to be handled as follows:—

Let us take a case—say Mr. Disraeli: *Coat*.—Evening dress. *Waistcoat*.—Chameleon colour. *Trousers*.—Orange. *Buttons*.—Brass. Or Mr. Whalley: *Coat*.—Evening dress. *Waistcoat*.—*Rouge des Papes*. *Trousers*.—Hanwell mixture. *Hat*.—Cardinal's.

However, it must be seen that some small play could be given to individual tastes, and in this lies the only advantage, as far as we can gather, that can arise from the new fashion. Judging it from no high standard, say the pit of the Victoria Theatre, we might call it slightly vulgar; yet really some allowance ought to be made for the untoward appearance of people who get their first mouthful of food at 5 o'clock p.m.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

ON account of the partial success that has attended the Horse Racing at the People's Palace, Muswell Hill, we understand that the following improvements are about to be made at the places specified beneath:—

BRITISH MUSEUM.—A new department containing Billiard Rooms will immediately be added. The play will be under the general superintendence of the Librarian, who will be assisted by an efficient staff of markers. £100 a game to be the limit for the present. Outside bets to be paid before leaving the building.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Blind Hookey from ten to ten daily, under the management of Mr. H. Cole, C.B. No I. O. U. for more than £2,000 allowed.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Bull fights and Mr. Coward on the great organ daily. Admission, one shilling.

CAVE CANES!

A MONSTER indignation meeting of the Dogs of the Metropolis was held last night at Barking, in order to take into consideration the recent order of Sir Richard Mayne for the muzzling of all dogs not led with a string.

Lord NEWFOUNDLAND presided.

After an ample collation of bones and oatmeal gruel had been discussed, the pails of water having been set upon the green board, the CHAIRMAN opened the proceedings with a deep bark. Silence having been thus proclaimed, the noble Lord said,—

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I need scarcely tell you why we have met together this night, and why we have been compelled to choose this somewhat out-of-the-way spot, because it happens to be out of the jurisdiction of the infamous tyrant who has directed against us those sordid instruments of oppression, the police. (*Loud growls.*) I need not tell you the name of the miserable despot whom we have met here to defy. (*Bow-wow.*) I will venture to say that there is no dog, however poor, however thin, however unused to high society, however ignorant, who will not greet the name of Sir Richard Mayne with howls of execration. (*The speaker here was obliged to pause for a few minutes, while the chorus of indignation swelled louder and louder and gradually died away into low growls.*) He owes it only to the generous and patient forbearance which is ingrained so deeply in our natures, that the word revenge does not exist in our language; I say, he owes it to the fact that we are dogs and not human beings, that he is not torn to pieces, limb from limb, by the noble creatures whom he has so long tortured and oppressed. (*Loud expressions of approval.*) But we owe it to ourselves not to endure such outrages for ever, if we do not wish to see our noble race entirely destroyed, and with it all that is good, and true, and faithful, and gentle, swept from the face of the earth; we owe it to ourselves, I say, that such tyranny as this monster has dared to inflict on us should not go unpunished. (*Loud barks.*) The Human Race is under our protection. It is our task by example, less than by precept, to save Man from his own evil nature. (*Murmurs of applause.*) This recent edict for the muzzling of all dogs in the streets of London is but the climax of a course of legislation, which has had for its only object the torture, and murder, of our unoffending race. And the impudent pretence, upon which this last order is based, adds, if possible, to its brutality. We are to be muzzled because, forsooth, some of us have gone mad, and have bitten some very few bipeds in the course of the last two or three years. The wonder is to me that we have not all gone mad under the infamous treatment we have received. How many men owe their death to us? Perhaps ten in the last five years. How many men owe their lives to us? (*Loud approbation.*) I fear they are not so easily counted. I will not speak of myself, though I have saved a child from drowning before this. (*Loud barks.*) We must not recount the benefits we have conferred on man, for time presses. What I would ask Sir Richard Mayne is this: If dogs are dangerous, what are men? are there no two-legged wretches who prowl about the streets, who live by robbery, violence, and murder, who knock down helpless women and children, and steal behind the strong man with the stealthy tread of the assassin, and strike him bleeding to the ground? (*Immense excitement.*) Let Sir Richard Mayne muzzle them, or rather let them walk the streets in handcuffs, if he wishes to protect the lives of his fellow-creatures. Why let the pestilent agitator, the blasphemous mob-orator, the foul-mouthed gin-drinker go unmuzzled, while we poor dogs have our mouths strapped round so as we cannot breathe or lap up what little water the heat has left us? (*Loud barks.*) Gin palaces and beer-houses are built in every street for man, there are even no drinking fountains for us, and we are forbidden to refresh our parched tongues with what drink Nature gives us. (*Loud growls.*) My friends, I cannot say more. They call these the dog-days; let us give the term a new significance; let us show by determined resistance that we will not submit to such wanton cruelty, and if justice is denied us let us emigrate at once, and leave this brutal country to Man and the cats. (*Tremendous approbation.*)

Several other excellent speeches were made which we have not space to report. Among others—

MR. JOHN BULL-DOG said that he would fly at Sir

Richard Mayne's throat for an old marrow-bone, and at the throats of all the rest of the police for that matter. If he had his way, the only rattle they should sound for the future would be the death-rattle.

The HONOURABLE TOY TERRIER remarked that the last speaker was coarse and violent in his language. He was happy to say that he thought a studied attention to the calves of policemen would be quite sufficient. The Bobbies were very nervous creatures; that's why they were so fond of female society (*great wagging of tails*). He (the Hon. T. T.) was glad to say that his friends in the Upper House had rejected the Suspensory Bill by a large majority, as he understood that the object of that Bill was to hang all dogs at once, whether they liked it or not. (*Loud barks.*)

The following resolutions were ultimately passed:—

- (1.) That this meeting declines to be muzzled.
- (2.) That, should Sir Richard Mayne not withdraw the obnoxious edict within three days, all dogs at once leave London and the other chief towns of England, and congregate in the country, with a view to getting at the sheep [the words "and the cows" were added by Mr. J. Bull-dog].
- (3.) That in the interim no dog hold any communication with any policeman. [The words "except through his calves" were added by the Hon. Toy Terrier.]

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Tune.—Music's argument.

Twaddle.—Your writing and mine—especially yours.

Tyrant.—Sometimes Papa, sometimes Mamma, sometimes Baby—but very much Mamma.

Understanding.—What is beneath woman's sole to discuss.

Undertaker.—Black Stick in waiting—for all of us.

Union.—Is strength—strength of mind.

Upholstery.—The latest creed.

Variations, mus.—Assault and battery on a favourite air.

Vice.—What women of the epoch assume, though they have it not.

Victory.—The happy possessor of a car woman is always wanting to drive.

Vine.—Wine in the wood.

Virtue.—A vice when made too prominent.

Voice.—What makes a nightingale of Mrs. Jay in her J.'s ears, and *voice versé*.

Volunteer.—A tear dropped by Lord Ranelagh over the British defences.

ON THE LINE.

THE authorities at the Horse Guards seem determined on making the uniform of Line officers as "simple" as possible. Each new regulation curtails some one of the trifling adornments which have hitherto saved the uniform from being absolutely hideous. It is now some years since the great redeeming point, the epaulettes, were abolished; since then, from time to time, gold lace has been narrowed, trowsers have been shorn of their scarlet stripes, and the shako has been transformed into a meagre imitation of the head-dress of the Shoeblack Brigade. But reform has not stopped even here—the very buttons have not been permitted to rest in peace—an order has just appeared curtailing their number on the tunic by ten. Where is this fever for a "sensible uniform" to end? The dress of the English officer has long been celebrated as the ugliest, as well as the most expensive, in Europe. We wonder if all these alterations make any difference in its cost? The Horse Guards' authorities should look to this—if the uniform must be nasty, for goodness sake let it be cheap.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK has been removed to
199 STRAND.



LONDON, JULY 11, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE having constituted himself the Bash of London has given orders that his army shall henceforth be known as Muzzlemen.

WHEREAS *Cave canem* has been hitherto considered a good classical quotation, This is to give notice that any person wishing to caution his fellows with "Beware of the Dog," shall henceforth use the Latin words *Cave Maynem*—Beware of the Bob!

ANOTHER statue to the Prince Consort! We think Mr. Oppenheim might have found some better object for his generosity. When we consider the number of poor persons who are obliged to live in fever dens because there are no decent houses built for them; when we consider the number of hospitals which are compelled to beg for funds, it does make us wrathful to see a large sum of money wasted on an expensive caricature in marble of a man whose memory certainly will never decay for want of similar honours, and who if he could come out from the grave would be the first to protest against the persistent sycophancy that cannot even let the dead rest.

SOWING TARES!

[See CARTOON.]

SOWING tares!

Tares that will spring up apace and bear most evil fruit.
Tares that falling upon good ground will destroy the real seed!
Tares that falling upon bad ground will blossom in blood!

Sowing tares!

Tares thrown recklessly in the land of his enemy—sown broadcast o'er the face of the earth. Tares carrying with them sad memories of a dreadful past! A past of gutted houses and burning chapels, of a raging mob and a frightened people! A past of rapine and slaughter, of victims and murderers, of convicts and executioners!

Sowing tares!

Among the lowly and uneducated, among those who will not see and revel in their blindness, among families and friends! Turning the father against the son, the wife against her husband! Teaching neighbours a lesson of hate, and relations the full meaning of the word "intolerance!" Bringing back the old time with all its traditions, with its tortures and faggots, its fire and slaughter! The old time of violence and oppression!

Sowing tares!

To serve an end! And what an end! To secure the faint chance of standing at the helm of the State for a month, or at most six weeks! To secure this faint chance the Great States-

man of the Age, the lucky "Gentleman" of the Press, would raise in England a very whirlwind of excitement! Would teach once more the dreadful meaning of the cry "No Popery!" Would help the people to degenerate into a band of savage rioters! Would revive the passions that ended, in Lord George Gordon's days in London becoming a city of flame and blood! This is what Disraeli the Statesman, Disraeli the Patriot, Disraeli the Man of Genius would do!

Fie for shame—sowing tares!

SIX AND HALF-A-DOZEN.

THE startling revelations recently made by several literary jurymen as to their various methods of arriving at a "unanimous" verdict, especially where the dinner hour presses, afford matter for a little passing reflection. After reading a few of the letters that have appeared on the subject one experiences a sort of inexpressible gratitude that one has never been at the mercy of that great palladium of liberty and justice, a British jury. And for this reason: Brought up from our earliest years to regard twelve tradesmen, locked up in a room until they can agree, very much in the light of so many angels of truth, who would rather the court should rot around them than that they should be unfaithful to their sacred obligations, a sudden shock naturally is experienced when we come face to face with the naked truth: It is a rude upsetting of all one's innocent and beautiful dreams of justice to learn that "the unanimous verdict of twelve of your own countrymen" is a simple myth, and that really the foreman brings into court a species of guilty-innocent hasty pudding, produced by taking a lot of opposite verdicts and dividing them by twelve. What unsatisfactory and ridiculous results may arise from the dog-headedness of one determined jurymen, when opposed to eleven hungry and less obstinate brethren, have been kindly suggested for our inspection; and with these fresh in our memory, it becomes literally an awful thing to contemplate what some Shylock might effect if he happened to be bent on getting his pound of flesh when eleven ravenous Portias were waiting a six o'clock dinner.

However, if the division principle holds good in one case, why not apply it in every other? Let us apply it, for instance, to a trial for murder. Three jurymen are for hanging, two for acquittal, one for acquittal with indemnity, two for penal servitude for life, two for a verdict of not guilty with a strong expression of sympathy, one for a flogging at the cart's tail, and one for a fine of five pounds. The judge, of course invested with due powers to meet the exigencies of the case, would immediately pass sentence in this wise:—

"You will be taken from this place, &c., &c., and from thence, &c., &c., where you will be hung by the neck till you are half dead, cut down, receive a cheque for fifty pounds, and thereupon undergo four days' penal servitude, from which you will be released, with a box on the ear, an expression of sincere sympathy, and a stainless character."

It is obvious from the above that a good deal of ingenuity might be exercised by the judge in giving effect to the scruples of the jury, could such a system ever gain favour in our Criminal Courts. We have not yet been behind the scenes in one of these, and so can only guess at the manner in which time and the hour affect their graver issues. If, however, in civil matters one obstinate man can bore eleven others into such a state of mind that they will cheerfully relinquish the penalty of £1,000 that they have fixed at 3, and consider £3 10s. a perfectly just equivalent at 6 o'clock, what limit is there to conjecture? It has long been conceded that a British jury may sometimes be stupid. It is more humiliating to allow that they are too often "hungry."

REQUISITES FOR THE SEASIDE.

NOW that the Season at the Seaside is about to commence, young ladies should at once provide themselves with the following requisites:—

A powerful *lorgnette* to be turned towards the monsters of the deep.

Manners transplanted from Cremorne.

Habits that are as unbecoming as their scanty attire.

Language that has gone to the bad.

Finally, Novels that are no better.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE TOMAHAWK, July 11, 1868.





SOWING TARES!

To Serve an end! And what an end! To secure the faint chance of standing at the helm of the State for a month, or at most six weeks! To secure this faint chance the Great Statesman of the Age, the lucky "Gentleman" of the Press would raise in England a very whirlwind of excitement! Would teach once more the dreadful meaning of the cry "No Popery!" Would help the people to degenerate into a band of savage rioters! Would revive the passions that ended in Lord George Gordon's days in London becoming a city of flame and blood! This is what Disraeli the Statesman, Disraeli the Patriot, Disraeli the man of Genius would do!

[See Sketch.]

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Present.

H.R.H. F—D M—L THE D— OF C—BR—E.
GENERAL SIR R—T N—R, G.C.B., K.S.I.

THE D— OF C—E.—Well, General, my boy, I'm glad to see you back again, especially after giving so good an account of those cussed niggers.

SIR R—T (*bowing*).—I'm sure your Royal Highness's praise is most flattering. I shall preserve it in my bosom as the most cherished heirloom of my family!

THE D— OF C—E.—Nonsense, General! Remember, you ain't answering a deputation *this* time! You're only having a little bit of a chat with poor old Cammy—tough old Cammy, General, as tough and as simple an old Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief as ever you'd meet on a long summer's day. So no gammon with *me*, General, about family, heirlooms, and the rest of it!

SIR R—T.—Well, your Royal—

THE D— OF C—E. (*interrupting*).—Call me Cammy, General.

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Well,—Cammy if your Royal (*a frown from the D—*)—if Cammy insists upon it—I trust the Royal Family are "happy and glorious" (to quote the National Anthem). Of Her Majesty, I myself can speak; when I had the honour of an audience with her she was looking in the best of health.

THE D— OF C—E.—Oh yes, my cousin's uncommonly well. She's been quite gay this year. Gave an evening breakfast at Buckingham Palace, consisting chiefly of light trousers, tail coats, indigestible comestibles, and pleasure boats. Alexandra is getting quite strong again, and is awfully popular: so she should be, for she's a kind-hearted, lively, and high-principled girl. Albert Edward is as fond of his cigar as ever. Take him all in all he's far from a bad sort of fellow. Alfred is all right again—of course you heard of the dastardly attempt upon the poor lad's life! And as for Arthur, he's becoming such a swell in engineering that if you don't take precious good care he will, one of these days, cut even *you* out, Master General.

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—And the young ladies?

THE D— OF C—E.—Loo, an awful swell in sculpture (got a bust of her brother into the Academy this year); Beatrice going on nicely with her French; Helena happy, and Alice growing more like her mother every day. Vicky is a great favourite in Berlin, and Mary, you know, has married that very gentlemanly young fellow Teck. Of course you know that Christian has turned out a very mad wag—

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Oh, yes; I read his speech at the Royal Academy Dinner. And the theatres?

THE D— OF C—E.—Nothing worth seeing, except Schneider (oh, she is *so* good!) and Clayton; the last appears in an awfully stupid piece, and is wretchedly supported. Oh, the Strand burlesque is rather funny.

SIR R—T.—Anything worth reading anywhere?

THE D— OF C—E.—A little work called *What Should we Drink* is merely an advertisement of the Greek wines. *John Sprouts* is simply "Mrs. Brown" without even *her* fun—so you may imagine how dull the affair is. *Boating Life at Oxford* is the essence of silliness. The magazines are nothing very great. *Belgravia* awfully stupid—especially an article upon the "Beefsteak Club," which is simply nauseous. The author serves up for the reader's amusement (?) half-a-dozen of the dreariest and most venerable of Joe Millerisms. These witticisms (?) are given as a specimen of the brilliancy of the club! The present members of the "B.S." should prosecute the author for libel. *London Society* worse than bad—especially some crude lines by a man signing himself "Blanc Bec." It's something about the "Zoo," and is simply one of the "Dissolving View" series (written by Arthur a'Beckett, I think) out of the *Leader*, spoilt and turned into halting rhyme. The *Broadway* is better than usual—an article by Meason far from bad. *St. Paul's* has a funny article upon private theatricals, and *Tinsley* is up to its average. And now I think I've told you all the news. Answer me one question: How is it that you lost so few men in Abyssinia?

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Why, we had only one thing to fear.

THE D— OF C—E.—Theodore!

SIR R—T.—No, that the troops would die of laughing at the jokes of the TOMAHAWK!

THE D— OF C—E.—Oh, ain't it good. I should like to write for it myself. I always answer the acrostics in the "Maniac's Column," under the title of—(*whispers to SIR R—T.*)

SIR R—T.—Not really?

THE D— OF C—E.—Yes, I do, but come, as you have been very good I will stand you a seat to see SCHNEIDER.

(*Exeunt to the Pit of the St. James's to see "La Grand Duchesse."*)

MUSIC HATH CHARMS?

THERE has been a good deal of grumbling on the part of musical enthusiasts, not to say of the public at large, at the very meagre support vouchsafed by Royalty to the late Handel Festival. Although a state-box was prepared, regardless of expense, large enough not only to contain the whole of our Royal family, but all the Royal families of Europe in a body, *only* on one occasion, and then only during the second part of one of the concerts, was it tenanted. The Princess Louis of Hesse on the last day honoured the Crystal Palace with her presence, but the visit was evidently one of duty rather than of pleasure, and with this exception no "Royalty" came near the place. The grumblers grumble, too, all the more because it cannot honestly be urged as an extenuating circumstance that our Princes and Princesses are unmusical in their tastes, for on the occasion of Madame Schneider's *début* at the St. James's every august personage within hail of London was present at the performance. Moreover, for two consecutive Saturdays the Prince of Wales, with a large party, has attended the ordinary opera concert at the Crystal Palace; true, on both occasions the entertainment concluded with a display of fireworks, but Patti and Mario were listened to none the less attentively on that account.

Is it that a triennial Handel Festival is a little too much? We fear there is no doubt about it. Handel has been voted a bore, and Offenbach has cut him out.

THIMBLE-RIG.

IN private life when a man takes to cajoling his friends, insulting his enemies, and boasting about his own moral recklessness, Society is quickly down on him. He is cut. Let him, however, as a public man, do things a good deal worse than these, and a very different fate awaits him. He becomes the hero of millions, and his unscrupulousness at most excites but a laugh. He may sow the seeds of dissolution of a great empire, court a civil war, and plunge his country to the very neck in blood, but people will tolerate him all the same. Let him be only caustic and funny, call great things by little names, and *vice versa*, and he may set the world on fire before he will grow unpopular. This, at all events, is the way of things in England, and it is not very complimentary to British dignity, sense, or honour.

By a natural and easy transition from such reflections one finds oneself asking the question, Why is Mr. Disraeli called "Old Dizzy"? Possibly those who have made that remarkable statesman's career their study can answer it entirely to their own satisfaction. For the moment we have nothing to say. As, however, "the man of the day" has gone to the very extent of his own rope in the matter of self-congratulation, and has damned his opponents about as roundly as is consistent with his position as Premier, we have merely to call attention to the *status quo*.

An empire riven from end to end on the deadliest of all issues—a religious one. An Upper House in collision with the representatives of the people, and that by an ominously large majority. An act of simple justice dangled before the eyes of five millions of men ripe for revolution—dangled, and then withheld. It is of course a great satisfaction to know that, as a set off against this condition of things, a Tory Government have had ample opportunity of filling their own pockets and those of their friends; and to those who relish the joke, it is something perhaps to be able to chuckle heartily over the fact that "Old Dizzy has been at it again."

Those, however, who look at politics not as a comic game of ducks and drakes, but as serious, sober things, involving, may be, the very existence of the empire, cannot echo the cry.

Reckless assumption, flippancy, and a total disregard of obvious issues have kept Mr. Disraeli in office hitherto. What this priceless boon may yet cost the country may be augured from the consoling and pacific programme before it.

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS."

OUR genial, amusing, and well-edited contemporary, *The Court Journal*, sometimes becomes just a *little* too enthusiastic when it has to deal with amateur actors. In the number of the week before last, in criticising (?) some theatricals in the Regent's Park, it says, *à propos* of the company engaged in the performances, "We doubt if any theatre in London could have procured such combined talent." Now, with all respect for our really esteemed contemporary, we must reply (in most excellent French), "*Gammong! c'est tout-à-fait bosh!*" We are sure that amateur actors are the very last people in the world to wish to be compared with "professionals"—they do not pretend for a moment to compete with their paid "brothers of the buskin" (*Daily Telegraph* for "salaried actors"). We all know that mock turtle can never quite equal the green fat soup so dear to the Alderman's stom—hem! bosom, and that a Ritualistic Service is never quite up to the mark of High Mass. Knowing this, it is a little absurd to compare amateurs (who are obliged to give up the greater part of their time to much more important matters than mere acting) to hard-worked "professionals," who make their homes in theatres, rehearsing all day what they play all night. Of one young gentleman our contemporary observes, "Low comedy we took to be his line, and have been accustomed to look upon him as Robson, jun.; but the way in which he played *Anatole* not only surprised and pleased us, but proved him capable of rising to any emergency." Again we are forced (in the cause of justice) to repeat (using excellent French once more), "*Gammong! c'est tout-à-fait bosh.*" Critics who have seen amateur actors know perfectly well that the "Robson, jun.s" of private life seldom have sufficient histrionic ability to fill more important parts on the boards of a genuine London theatre than the table-bearing "Charles—a servant" of Comedy or the gloomily silent "Third Officer" of Tragedy. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; but in spite of the amateur's "grand humour" (to quote the *Court Journal* once more), we have heard nothing (and every one hears everything in London) to make us believe that the young gentleman in question is an exception. We can imagine how exceedingly annoying and embarrassing such unsought-for flattery must be to the amateurs themselves; and it is in their cause we speak out so lengthily upon a matter of such little importance to the public in general as private theatricals. However, it is really not right or just to dub well-meaning young gentlemen "Robson, jun.s" to their cruel confusion; and several degrees too bad to furnish the friends of said well-meaning young gentlemen with unlimited materials for "chaff" by describing their little drolleries and mild waggeries, their incipient "quips" and budding "cranks," as "grand humour."

MAKING AND MARRING.

THE appointment of Prince Arthur to the junior lieutenancy in the corps of Royal Engineers gave genuine satisfaction to His Royal Highness's well-wishers. Numerous precedents exist under which the Prince might easily have commenced his military career as a Colonel of Guards, or a General of Artillery, but it has evidently been the wish and intention of Her Majesty that the godson of the Duke should be a real soldier, and should learn his trade in the only way any trade can ever be thoroughly mastered, by beginning at the beginning.

It is, therefore, very much to be regretted that the Queen's sensible resolution should be foiled at the very outset. Prince Arthur joined his corps at Chatham a few days ago, but instead of being permitted to make his way quietly to the quarters prepared for him, a guard of honour numbering one hundred men of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, with the divisional band and colours, was drawn up in the station-yard to receive him. His arrival was announced by the firing of a Royal salute

of twenty-one guns from Fort Amherst, the Royal standard being hoisted at the various Government buildings. The Prince then entered an open carriage and four, and was driven to the headquarters of the Royal Engineers at Brompton Barracks, where the whole of the officers and men under the command of Colonel Fitzroy Somerset were drawn up to receive him. After this His Royal Highness retired for a few minutes to put on his uniform as an officer of Engineers, and re-entering his carriage and four was driven off to Government House to report himself to General Murray, who gave a banquet in honour of the occasion.

What a pity it is that the authorities at Chatham should have been permitted to indulge in so much unnecessary tomfoolery! Prince Arthur may be, and no doubt is, a promising young officer anxious to learn his duty and to discharge it conscientiously; but what youth of sixteen, prince or peasant, can fail to be spoiled by so much servile adulation? The Staff at Chatham no doubt numbers many highly accomplished soldiers, but it also contains a select circle of mischievous flunkies.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

OR, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.
My first is a part of the human frame,
My second a favourite winter's game,
My whole an offence in such a deed
As breaking a vow or forsaking a creed.

2.
Suppose you were wishing to speak of a man
By the personal pronoun, what word would you choose,
When 'tis found, take two-fifths of the letters in tribe,
And then join to the pronoun you're going to use;
'Twill give you the name of a goddess whom Juno
Was jealous of—wherefore I wonder if you know:
For Jupiter, though they have called him divine,
Was by no means repugnant to women and wine.

3.
A human limb and trumpet synonym,
The port and city of a southern clime
Together make: of course it's by the sea:
Now find the name—the task will easy be.

4.
What a company sometimes is called,
And a native of Media too.
What sort of an actor would be
Adduced if you mingled the two?

5.
An instrument making less music than din,
An adjective meaning the ditto of thin,
Together will give, though not spelt the same way
By Shakespeare, the name of a beautiful play.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Garden. 2. Streamlet. 3. Cabbage. 4. Parable. 5. Market. 6. Carpentry.

ANSWERS have been received from T. W. H., Jack Solved It, James Lee, Devonian, Poppy, Two Brummagem Ones, W. M., J. B. S. and C. K. S., Jollynose, Annie (Tooting), Old Bogey, Bran and Crib, Peruvian Nicanor, Swallyhollykinnynickknocks, Your Grandmother, The Savage, Towhit, B. T. Howard, Signor Sam, Samuel E. Thomas, Nodger, Linda Princess, Baker's Bills, The Binfield-road Wonders, H. C. and L. C. D., Ruby's Ghost, Manatic, How Poor, Penfold, Orpheus (Bedlam), Two Clapham Contortionists.

. Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 63.]

LONDON, JULY 18, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

"I HOPE you don't know any one who writes for the TOMAHAWK!" was the remark made to me yesterday on the shady side of Pall Mall by an old friend who happened to be in town this hot weather for a day or two.

"Why?" was naturally my diplomatic response, which scorned a lie, but did not care about confiding even in the friend of my youth.

"Why, my dear boy, it's a scurrilous print—a blasphemous Radical paper. It ought to be kicked out of the clubs, and swept clean off the face of the literary world!"

The torrent was not worth stemming in return, but the subject is worth stopping to inquire into.

Was there ever any use in giving advice? Don't most mothers say, if Poppet finds Doctor Panbolus's pills slightly disagreeable, that medicine is absurd? The child doesn't want it, or she will try another medical adviser until she discovers one who orders *sacch. dilut.* and syrup of tolu to Poppet's taste. But you don't find many mammas owning the pills are poison and the draughts disease while still employing the murdering practitioner.

But that is what the friend of my youth (I was very young) does, for he assures me, when I object that he probably does not read the columns of the journal he abuses, that he most religiously takes it in. He reads it regularly, and gives himself no end of trouble to get it sent to him in the country.

Read then with intelligence and you will see we are neither "scurrilous, blasphemous, nor Radical." These words are your own, remember. But stay—

Perhaps it is blackguardly to wish to see more care taken by those to whom heaven has given education and wealth, of those whose abject poverty deprives them of the means of enlightenment, and forces them into the groove of vice! It is blackguardly to expose the foul spots on the painted face of the society of the world, the seething cesspools in the byways of social life! Perhaps it is scurrilous to speak aloud advice to the fallen drowning in the stream of man's pleasure, to strive to catch the hand of the victim and lead her to a place of safety—scurrilous to publish abroad the facilities to flaunting crime and disease afforded by the blind prudery of canting officials—scurrilous to hint at cancers in parochial bodies. Then are we scurrilous.

Are we blasphemous because we leave religious discussion aside as too holy a subject to be bandied about in a journal with the topics of every-day ridicule? Are we blasphemous because, when one creed or another breaks its ranks and turns bigot, childish, or imbecile, we then draw attention to the follies of individuals playing the fool in the name of the angels of heaven?

Probably we are Radical because we believe that a Minister should be a Patriot, not a man whose policy is self, his king ambition, but a man who will sacrifice self-ambition, place—aye, and party too, for his country's good, for the honour of his Government. We are Radical because we do not put our trust in princes—but Solomon was a Radical—because we do not believe in the infallibility of the Horse Guards, the efficiency of Sir John Pakington, and the economy of our national budget. We are Radical because we don't encourage the idle working-man or the industrious money-lender, we don't particularly care

about shining the boots of distinguished foreigners or subscribing our guinea to the statue of an alderman because he has been rich enough to give pecuniary assistance to someone in authority. We are Radical, blasphemous, scurrilous, because when the plague-spot appears in Whig, Tory, or Liberal Government or Opposition, secular or clerical, social or national, we put our finger on it to probe and to advise, but never to be a stumbling-block in the way of any. Friend of my youth, pass on; you will take in the TOMAHAWK as before, but you will think when you read, which is what you have not been accustomed to do heretofore.

QUESTIONS FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

EXPLAIN the difference between round shot and spherical?

Do conical shot arrive at a greater velocity when fired from smooth-bore guns?

What would be the maximum of windage resulting from the discharge of a 9-inch rifled gun loaded with hand-grenades?

Have you yet tried to fire a group of rockets from the Rodman gun?

Are you able to teach the select committee how to exhaust shells?

Given a 12-inch gun, what will be the diameter of the shell discharged?

What is the formula for extracting the root of a Palliser shot from a Rodman gun, and *vice versa*?

Have you any distinct idea of the quantity of powder necessary to discharge any shot of any weight a certain distance?

Do you know a gun-stock from a wad?

We pause for a reply.

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY!

THE public mind must indeed be in a healthy condition to encourage the appearance of such advertisements as the following, which we quote from the agony column of the *Times* :—

"Messrs. ——— *Private Inquiry Office.*—*The forthcoming Elections.*—The services of Mr. ———, late principal police officer, &c., &c., can be secured for the above. Address ———. Confidential inquiries made in England and abroad."

Of course, the *only* object of the advertiser is to render assistance in putting a stop to the corrupt practices which for so many years have been a disgrace to the country.

How fortunate it is that the morality of our detective police is such an indisputable fact! Had the force ever laid itself open to a charge of want of principle or unscrupulousness, such an announcement as the foregoing might have created an uncomfortable impression.

NEWS FOR CRICKETERS.—Madame Rachel considers the public very *wicket* for not finding *bail*!

PLEASING INTELLIGENCE.—What is the difference between the drill ground of the London Scottish at Westminster and a certain popular Shakespearian reader? One's a famous hall and the other's a F. A. Mars-hall. [Only "our" fun.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

THE BLESSING OF CONNECTIONS.

WHAT a delightful, heaven-sent blessing it is for a man to have *connections*! You think it doesn't much signify. You are under the impression that you, Lieutenant Criggs, with two G's, of the Royal Inexplosibles, for instance, or you, John Brownsmith, of the Flot and Jetsam Office, having each of you a talent for invention, or a ready turn for mathematics, can arrive at the top of the greasy pole without aid. If you are so young and guileless, let TOMAHAWK take up his parable, and just you lend your ears for a minute.

There was once an army, in which mules and donkeys played the principal part, sent out at an expense of six millions of money to attack a semi-barbarian tyrant, whose obstinate ignorance, encouraged by the imbecility of a consul or two, persisted in keeping some very common-place foreigners in a stronghold of his mountain kingdom.

How this army was supplied with all the inventions available, all the engines practicable, and all the animals obtainable for the purpose of invasion, we will not wait to detail; suffice it to say that, with great pluck and indomitable energy, this army, under the command of a great and good general, arrived in an incredibly short time before the stronghold in which were lying the very common-place foreigners who were about to be released.

After a charge on the part of the barbarian cavalry, whose only knowledge of the British army had been obtained from some penny theatrical scraps in the possession of one of the very common-place prisoners, whereby the general combat partook not a little of the nature of an Astleyan rally, preparations were made for an assault upon the stronghold of the semi-barbarian tyrant, who watched the proceedings from the walls of his rocky palace.

Now, be it known that the heights on which this stronghold is are so precipitous and so inaccessible that few, if any, citadels in the world can compare with it for natural defences. And the town was to be stormed, and the gates taken by force of battery. And all night previous the soldiers were on the alert, the general was cool and cautious, the officers were listening to his directions, and the engineers were planning the means of assault. The moment arrived: the storming party went forth, and up went the brave souls who were to be the first victims, and to stand the first fire, or fall, as the case might be. Up they went, with picks and levers, and all the engines of a storm. There might be thousands waiting behind those gates with mortars and guns charged to the muzzle with unknown missiles; but what did that signify? There would be no delay—no hesitation; all that was to be done lay in the gunpowder to be used for blowing up the portcullis; and now they had arrived up the steep entrance-way, all they had to do was to wait the officer's command. Of course, you see the discharge of the powder, the rush of sparks, the cloud of smoke, and the cries of the wounded natives. Not a bit of it: the Engineer in command had forgotten the only essential! He had had all the night to think of it, and there was no gunpowder forthcoming!! A British storming party have orders to blow up the principal gate of a stupendous fortress, on the success of which explosion may hang the fortune of the day, and the British Engineer officer in command has forgotten the powder!!!

Now, O guileless Lieutenant Criggs, with two G's, do you see the blessing of connections? Not yet—your honest brain does not connect explosions with relations. Open your ears wider. What we have related as a parable happened at the taking of Magdala. Luckily for England, luckily for our army, and still more luckily for the Engineer officer in command, behind that gate were some dozen or two of ill-armed Abyssinians surrounding their half-crazed sovereign; so the storming party climbed, more or less, over the gate which ought, like the Engineer officer in command, to have been blown up, and which was not and never will be now, still like the Engineer officer in command. In a hand-to-hand combat, which only wanted the presence of Menken and a little green fire to be complete, Theodore was killed or shot himself, the dozen ill-armed Abyssinians were vanquished, and Magdala was ours.

Now, what do you suppose, my dear Lieutenant Criggs, would have been your fate if you had commanded that storming party and there had been no gunpowder ready for use? You know perfectly well you would have been Tried by Court-Martial, or if you like it better, TRIED by COURT-MARTIAL,

in the biggest of letters, and by this time might be expiating your offence by slow death on the Gold Coast of Africa.

Now—ah! *now* you see the blessing of connections. The matter has been allowed to blow over, the Engineer officer in command is lavishly praised in general orders, and we do not despair before long of seeing him raised to the peerage even before Sir Robert Napier. How good and blessed a thing it is in the social creed to have connections!

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Concluded.)

Waist.—A moveable feast offered by Fashion to sight.

War.—Pluto's recruiting-sergeant.

Water.—The lover's register.

Wedding-party.—The crowd at an execution.

Whim.—A fly that buzzes in the empty chamber of the brain.

Widow.—An old soldier on half-pay—ready to join at a moment's notice.

Wife.—A crown of glory to her husband—or a crown of thorns.

Will.—In her favour is as good as the deed.

Wine.—The juice to pay.

Wit.—The truffle of conversation.

Woman.—The first who added woe to man.

Wrinkles.—Time's telegrams.

Youth.—The only age which feels too young.

Zoo.—A place of worship for monkies.

AN APPEAL.

ALTHOUGH we English people set ourselves up amongst all nations of the earth for the most charitable of races, in no country more than in England do ostentation and caprice attach themselves so persistently to good deeds and noble gifts. When a subscription is set on foot for any great object of public interest, there are always people enough forthcoming with donations of from £1 to £1,000 to fill a couple of columns of the *Times* with their names. But somehow or other the great good objects seem to swallow up every morsel of the public sympathy, leaving the little good objects to take care of themselves.

These reflections are suggested by the many instances in which, during the past month, London clergymen have begged hard in the newspapers for a few pounds wherewith to give their school-children the treat of a day's holiday in the green fields. As it is impossible that anybody can have anything to urge against the "one holiday a year system," it is surprising that these appeals should have been met with so meagre a response. In most cases £20 or £30 is all that has been asked for, and one would surely have thought that such moderate demands would have touched the hearts of a few of those charitable well-to-do people who are ever ready with the £5 note or ten guinea cheque, where the demand is more formal and the object less kindly. But it appears, from the letters of thanks and acknowledgment which have followed the several petitions, that the subscriptions have been limited, almost without exception, to one or two odd half-crowns and a few shillings' worth of postage stamps; and in all cases the clergymen have had to beg for something more.

Is it that the spirit of real charity is dead amongst us, and that we are only prepared to associate ourselves with funds and subscription lists which stamp us in the advertising sheets of the press as good charitable souls; or is it that in our indolence we do not care to trouble ourselves with matters so insignificant? Whatever the fact may be, it is not creditable that the promoters of a good cause should have to beg so hard for so little.

POLICE-NOTICE.—Any policeman caught in areas or other places of cooks' resort without muzzles shall be removed to the nearest station, and there disposed of according to the Act.

"WELCOME HOME OUR SAILOR PRINCE."

(By our own Court Tailor—we beg pardon—Poet.)

This is a jolly, glorious day!
Whatever any man may say:
For home now from Australi—a,
With shouts which would a stone convince,
We welcome home our Sailor Prince!

He came here in the *Galatea*!
He never showed the slightest fear!
The rough sea never made him queer!
He ne'er looked sour like a quince!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

Shout! Britons, shout! the assassin's blow
Has happily turned out no go!
Our Alfred is no more so so!
His cheek is red as coloured chintz!
So welcome home our Sailor Prince!

Bravely he stood upon the deck!
(His cousin Mary wed Prince Teck.)
His tie it floated round his neck!
He manned the ropes! he reefed the splints!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

Bravely he furled the snow-white sails!
Bravely he worked the merry gales!
Bravely he baled the boats with pails!
His hands are hard as any quince!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

The nation sings this loyal song!
(The nation hopes it ain't too long.)
But not to sing it would be wrong!
So sing it loud and never wince!
But welcome home our Sailor Prince!

There, if our Glover will only fit that to music, what a success it will be!

ENCORE VERSE.

Come let us load our Prince with gifts!
(For rhymes we are sometimes put to shifts.)
But this idea our bosom lifts!
Give him a pearl big as a quince!
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince!

MARIAGE A LA MODE.

THE oft-recurring controversy on the advisability of marrying on nothing and living on love has once again taken possession of half-a-dozen columns a-day of some of the morning papers. There is one great objection, to these marriage or celibacy controversies. They never have led to any practical result, and they never can. Indeed, it is very doubtful if there is any sense in them at all. The question is really a personal one. Each case stands alone. The Marquis of — having considerably outrun his means, and being head over head and ears in debt, with every wish and effort to economise, would probably congratulate himself on getting through the year on anything less than £4,000; whereas Mr. Smith, of Clapham and Somerset House, who married Miss Jones, whose father lives at Bayswater, and goes to the City every day at a quarter to nine, would no doubt consider himself in affluence if his annual income amounted to £400. Again, Lucy, who married ten years ago on £80, and is now repaid for the little self-denial she once had to practise by being surrounded by a family of six children, whose father has risen to the proud position of head clerk in the house with a salary of £150 a year, would probably have little in common with Lady Mary who married young Sparks, who sold out of the Guards on the occasion, and is now starving on £800 and an annual round of visits to a large circle of aristocratic acquaintances. Therefore the Marquis and Smith, and Lucy and her ladyship, cannot throw much light on the question of what it costs to live, although they may compare their experiences until doomsday.

Everybody knows what mutton costs, and how much one pays for house rent and servants' wages, and whole newspapers

full of opinions and sentiments cannot reduce the water-rate or stave off the relentless tax-collector. By the way, why do all the people who live on £150 a-year say they put aside £4 4s. a year for "Pew at church?" Nobody believes them. Indeed, such extravagance would be wicked while there are such things as free seats in the land.

The whole controversy resolves itself into a question of tastes and habits. A bachelor with £100 a-year who manages to live within his income will generally find it safe to marry on it, while a bachelor with £500 a-year who gets into debt had better remain single if he does not wish to drag his wife and family into poverty and want. *Voilà tout!*

L. S. D-LUSION.

OF all the crimes to which sensationalism must plead guilty, perhaps not the least is its never-failing habit of setting the public mind wrong on all great questions. In sensational language proper an International Exhibition means the inauguration of the Millenium; a Royal marriage a bond of amity between two States for ever; a new line of railway, peace, prosperity, and plenty for every one who happens to be domiciled within ten miles of a branch station. Sensible men, of course, read these things in their proper light, but not that gawky, gaping, gullible body the British public.

It is on this account that, 'midst the stir of things of far greater moment, we pause to say a few words about the idiotic after-dinner gush that recently found its way into the papers under the guise of some anniversary dinner in connection with the Atlantic cable. During the banquet in question several messages were hurried across the Atlantic, to which, notwithstanding their arrival in America at the very unconvivial hour known as "tea-time," appropriate answers were returned. As a specimen, let us take a few lines addressed to the Chairman "by Mr. Cyrus Field's daughter:—"

"New York, 4.5 P.M.—I thank you most sincerely for the kind words you have spoken of my father, causing me to feel that we are friends, although our acquaintance is thus made across the sea and in a moment of time."

In this, of course, beyond the waste of labour and material occupied in the correspondence, there is no great harm. It is silly enough; but still, if a sort of relish is imparted to a series of dishes by the knowledge that two gentlemen are taking turns at twisting a handle at two ends of a long wire, then by all means let them twist. That electricity should travel at a rate considerably greater than that at which the surface of the earth moves, revolving round its own axis, is, if not a novel piece of information, at least capable of helping out after-dinner fun. The good old joke of somebody in New York getting news of a London repast five hours before it happens is not objectionable in itself, and if a little "sentiment" about the wonders of science gets superadded, as it naturally does, over the wine, every excuse ought to be made when the solemn misery of a public dinner is taken into account. However, excuses must end here. What is deserving of none is the conduct of men who get up and talk frothy balderdash about the Atlantic telegraph cementing the friendship of the two nations, the shores of which it materially connects. Why on earth cannot a lot of stock and shareholders congratulate themselves on the success of a purely commercial speculation, which pays uncommonly well, without inferentially assuming that they are a band of good angels whose mission it is to usher in peace and bestow blessing wherever they may rest their sainted feet?

As—as has been very truly remarked—the telegraph is a quicker exponent of men's angry passions, it is far more likely to bring about a serious issue between this country and the United States, if they ever set themselves to hearty quarrelling, than could have been possible under the old system of thirteen days' cold-blooded deliberation. For all the glorious purposes of money-making and supplying big type paragraphs to the newspapers, the Cable is supreme. It is the great boon of money-makers and sensation-mongers. To look at it as more than this is not only ridiculous, but mischievous; and we trust there will be in future less of the maudlin fraternisation to which we have referred. The thing, perhaps, is irritating rather than serious, yet still even in an age of shams it is better to call things by their right names, and designate money-making—money-making, and not philanthropy.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

O listen to the tale
Of Mrs. Borrodaile,
Who has hoped to turn out "Beautiful for ever :"
How she fell into a net
By a "smartish" Jewess set,
Who has shown herself a "leetle" bit too clever.

The Jewess has a name
Of advertising fame,
Which it Madame Rachel is as you're acquainted.
The art that she professes
(In Bond street her address is)
Is really twice as black as it is painted.

This sorceress, I'm told,
Can turn red hair to gold,
And smoothen wrinkled flesh to feel like satin ;
Not an ill that flesh is heir to
But its antidote she'll swear to,
Like any hag of classic Greek or Latin.

To this Jewess of my tale
Went Mrs. Borrodaile,
At an age confessing fifty summers clearly,
With an infantine belief
In the artist, Time's own thief ;
Unconscious of the art she paid so dearly.

Her dignity, she found,
For just a thousand pounds
She might lay aside, her beauty to recover :
So her wrinkled form she sold,
Which was getting rather old,
On receipt of promised youth and future lover.

Enamelling for weeks
White and red upon her cheeks,
Taking baths, too, of the costliest cosmetics ;—
Performed in such a manner
As reminds one of Susannah,
The victim of the two old Jew ascetics.

(A parenthesis we take
This here question for to make
Of the ladies, Rachel following this path ;
Don't you flush to your hair roots,
Or sink into your boots,
When you hear of this companion of the Bath ?)

For this silly soul, it seems,
Of a coronet had dreams,
Which the lovely Hebrew managed well to foster ;
For another thousand pound
A lord of straw was found :
Who knows what tears the volunteers have cost her ?

So this lady's hair was stained,
Another purse completely drained,
By Madame Jezabel, the Jewish spider ;
Who furnishes new wings,
And such like simple things,
To the flies who struggle helplessly beside her.

Like the bow-wow in the book
Whose bone fell in the brook,
The shadow turned out not to be Lord Ranular ;
Madame Rachel smoked the glass,
Through which she now sees pass—
Total eclipse of purse, of ring an annular.

The moral of my rhyme
Is, washes can't kill time,
Whatever pains you take to ward off ravages ;
Don't believe that Rachel's art
Could ever catch a heart,
And leave painting of your skin to idle savages.

TROUBLED WATERS.

THAT dear good man, Lord Shaftesbury, seems to be suffering from chronic indecision. That Light of the Gospel could not make up his mind on which side to vote about the Irish Church. He had neither the courage to defend his own convictions or to perform an act of justice ; and now it seems that, after innumerable postponements of the trial, he cannot make up his mind to prosecute his steward on the charge of embezzlement. Some time ago, when the matter was partially investigated, something was said about some money transactions with members of his Lordship's family. We should like to know if this had anything to do with the postponement of the trial. It is a cruel thing, even in a pious man like Lord Shaftesbury, to keep a charge like this hanging over a man's head for nearly two years, and then in the end abandoning the prosecution. The unfortunate Mr. Waters is ruined : if he can, as his counsel alleged, prove his innocence, we are sure Lord Shaftesbury will give him every opportunity of doing so ; and if he succeeds, will see he is no loser by his misfortune.

ON TRIAL.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Commission appointed to inquire whether &c., &c., resumed its labours this morning. The portion of the room set apart for the public was, as on the previous occasion, densely crowded, and the interest manifested in the evidence elicited from the witnesses summoned for examination appeared to be as lively as ever.

LORD CRAWLINGFORD'S EVIDENCE.

LORD CRAWLINGFORD having been called, said he was what was called a law lord. His family had not exactly come over with the Conqueror, nor had James I. sold them a coronet for a small consideration. He was the first Baron. His grandfather had been a provincial butcher, and his father a Radical attorney. Yes, he had been a Radical himself once, and written a pamphlet in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords. It was called *Take away those Baubles ; or, a Word with the Crown*. His views had undergone a considerable change since then. He now believed in divine right, hereditary legislation, and the value of blood. Of course he had arms on his carriage door. His crest was a *whelk regardant*, and his motto *odi profanum*. He had voted against the Suspensory Bill, and should do so again. Yes, he could give an excellent reason for such a course. He was determined to show his brother peers that he was by no means a *parvenu*, and that he was, bone and blood, as good a Tory as any of them. Would like to wear his coronet in Piccadilly on Sundays. Liked to be called "my Lord," and should never vote for any measure in the least degree calculated to interfere either with his own personal opinion of himself or his supposed importance in the eyes of others. There were not many of his type in the House of Lords. He wished to take this opportunity of publicly stating his conviction that—

[His Lordship was here interrupted by the Chairman, who intimated that his examination was closed.]

BISHOP OF BOXMORE'S EVIDENCE.

The next witness called was the BISHOP OF BOXMORE. He said he was a "spiritual" peer. (*A laugh.*) He was educated at Snaggleton Grammar School. Went from there to St. Barnabas, Cambridge, and was nineteenth wrangler. Edited a Greek tragedy, published a volume of sermons—sound ones—(*laughter*)—and contributed seven essays on the Tower of Babel to the *British Churchman's County Family Encyclopadia*. He also married Honoria Lucilla, seventh daughter of the Earl of Tinkerville. Thinks that is how he may have become a bishop, though he always suspects the Greek tragedy had something to do with it. Liked being a peer amazingly. Meant by a "spiritual" peer a peer with lawn sleeves, a palace, several fashionable daughters, two carriages, a good stable, and £5,000 a year. Of course he voted against the Suspensory Bill. Should have thought it sacrilege to interfere with his own pocket. Yes, he strongly objected to Romish Bishops for two reasons. They not only wore mitres in church, but took a rate of remuneration that disgraced the order. He believed they "did it" on a beggarly £300 a year. He did not care what people thought of him. He had got a see, and meant to enjoy himself.

[The examination of the Reverend Prelate was still in progress as our parcel left.]

A SONG FOR INFANT STATESMEN.

IF we may Dizzy's word believe,
His services Britannia needed,
And would have had much cause to grieve
Had not his crew to place succeeded.

He tells us foreign states were each
Becoming sick of our alliance,
And in their diplomatic speech
Using expressions of defiance.

So he and Derby office took,
And things abroad so well adjusted,
That our allies soon changed their look,
And Mister Bull no more distrusted.

This, with his usual bounce, he said—
The wily egotistic sinner,
To please the guests that with him fed
Their stomachs at a civic dinner.

But Duff has well exposed the lie,
And published in each daily paper;
We've seen the Premier's smart reply,
By Layard well-termed chaff and vapour.

But aught beside can we expect
From one whose selfish vacillation
Won't let his words his thoughts reflect
Without an eye to retraction?

MINISTERIAL MORALITY.

THERE is now little concealment regarding the intention of Sir Stafford Northcote to appoint himself Viceroy of India should the present Government last out the year, or rather until January next, when Sir John Lawrence's term of five years' tenure of office will expire. As an appointment pure and simple, there is little to be said against the promotion, or reduction (which is it?) of the present Secretary of State for India to the Governor-Generalship, for Sir Stafford probably knows as much about the affairs of India as any man in this country who has never been there; but such an appointment, excellent as it may be in itself, becomes highly dangerous as a precedent. Indeed, Sir Stafford Northcote's avowed intention of appointing himself to the most remunerative post in his gift has already had its effect, for there is no doubt that his novel example will be followed by several of his *confrères* in the Cabinet. We make our statement with every reserve, but we have good reason to believe that should any of the below-mentioned offices fall vacant between this and Christmas next the public may confidently expect that the successions will be made in the following manner:—

Archbishop of Canterbury.	Mr. Disraeli, First Lord of the Treasury.
Commander-in-Chief of the Army.	Sir John Pakington, Secretary of State for War.
Governor-General of Canada.	Duke of Buckingham, Colonial Secretary.
Admiral of the Fleet.	Mr. Corry, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Chief Commissioner of Police.	Mr. Hardy, Home Secretary.
Master of the Mint.	Mr. Ward Hunt, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Contractor for the New Law Courts.	Lord John Manners, Chief Commissioner of Works.
Mr. Cole, C.B.	Duke of Marlborough, President of the Council.

It is fortunate perhaps that there is little probability of many of these important and lucrative posts falling vacant, for should such eventualities occur, and should Sir Stafford Northcote carry his point and seize the Indian Viceroyship, there is no just cause nor impediment that the appointments we have detailed should not be carried out. After all, why should not patronage, like charity, commence at home?

HUMOURS OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THE Metropolitan Railway Company are a lucky body. Like a well-pegged-down pot of verbena, they are sending out branches in all directions—branches which promise not only to thrive well in themselves, but to bring fat profit to the parent stock. What, for example, do the St. John's Wood Extension Company pay for running partially over the Metropolitan's lines? And what do the Hammersmith Extension pay, and the Great Western? And what will come in when the Bayswater branch is opened? Meanwhile the original Undergroundlings are paying a good dividend, and have got a bold bill through Committee safely in the House of Lords. They are a lucky lot!

Perhaps it is the enjoyment of fortune which inspires them with a peculiar facetiousness, consisting in the playing off of a series of practical jokes upon the public. In the eyes of most railway directors the public is a good-natured, doltish sort of dummy, created for the purpose of furnishing dividends and to be cozened in all sorts of ways. And the jocularly of the Underground directors finds vent in badgering this said dummy variously. They started, for instance, with providing good gas-light accommodation in the carriages—the only inducement for people to immerse themselves in the stifling tunnels between Bishop's road and Farringdon street. Without ample light, one might with as much comfort sit in a sewer as in one of those tunnels. But finding that gas reconciled one to the sulphur vapours of the Metropolitan Erebus, the directors hit on the humorous design of lessening the lights by two-thirds, and now furnish two lamps to each carriage where there formerly were six. Another of their jokes is to turn the supply only half on in the morning, when everybody who is hurrying into the City has bought the morning paper. If you are a clerk, whose day is fully occupied, you are naturally eager to while away the sole leisure you have on Tuesday morning by studying TOMAHAWK, during the half hour between Paddington and the City. Very good; you may obtain hasty glimpses of your favourite journal at Edgware road and King's cross, where there is daylight, but sorrow a bit will you read it in the tunnels, unless you have eyes like a cat. At six o'clock, when you return from the office, the gas is full on, though the daylight is as strong then as at ten in the morning at this time of year, and though day and night are much the same in the bowels of the earth.

A joke as prime as making the public blind is to make the public deaf—which effort is achieved by aid of screeching and grinding appliances of ten-million sawmill-power. The manner in which a stridulous train grates round a curve and rasps its way into the station might shake even a parrot's nerves. Every note in the gamut of cacophony do these trains sound—from the gruffest "scrannel" to the shrillest squeak. An easy way to avoid this discord would be to roughen the breaks whenever they get smooth from use; but then that would spoil the joke. Then there are fiendish engine-drivers who have a taste for whistling on every possible occasion: they whistle on coming into the station and on leaving the station, and in the tunnels, and often half the way between Paddington and Westbourne Park. What there is to whistle at in places where trains pass every three minutes, and where a perpetual look-out is maintained, constitutes the creamy part of the joke. This same passage between Paddington and Westbourne Park is specially favourable for larks, and an essential bit of fun is to stop twice or thrice every journey in the narrowest strip of railroad and stare about, as though something were in the way. This affords a pretext for more whistling, and has the further advantage of frightening old ladies.

The dodge of hiding the names of stations amid a bewilderment of posters and advertisements, so that country visitors may imagine each station is called Maravilla or Panklibanon, is so obvious that TOMAHAWK forbears comment. The fun, too, of giving "eccentric" change—particularly at Bishop's road—if a passenger is foolish enough to proffer a sovereign, may be left for another season. If TOMAHAWK hears much more of this last joke, the officials may look out for something to their disadvantage. When the directors have introduced the two or three little reforms hinted at, he will be happy to reward them by pointing out a manœuvre by which roguish travellers contrive to habitually book third class and ride first without the least fear of detection.



LONDON, JULY 18, 1868.

THE WEEK.

TALK about turning swords into sickles, but what is that to the Marquis of Salisbury, known once as "Fighting Bob," turned peacemaker? The only parallel we can think of is Mars as a nursery governess!

THERE has been a great outcry against the conduct of the railway company that deposits its passengers at the foot of the Crystal Palace. The management of the line seems, like its engineers, to be contented with a very "low level."

How would the following read?

"On the 11th July, at Bollingford Park, Wilts, the wife of Sir Anthony Stubbs, of a baronet."

Yet this is the way the leading journals set to work, when another baby is added to the household of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Why on earth will the *Times* talk about the "Princess of Wales being safely delivered of a *Princess*?" Is there not the word "daughter" in the English language?

WE have a practical suggestion to make in serious earnest. As that most obstinate and narrow-minded of all officials, who bullies all the unfortunate inhabitants of London under the plea of protection, persists in maintaining that cruel order about muzzling dogs, we propose that a subscription be raised for the purpose of prosecuting Sir Oracle for cruelty to animals. We shall very gladly contribute our mite towards such a fund. It is quite time that some restraint were placed on the bungling incapacity and brazen stupidity of our would-be Prefect of Police.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE!

(SEE CARTOON.)

SPOKEN BY A SWELL.

ALWAYS go to see female gymnasts—good figures, you know, and all that sort of thing—chance of an accident—excitement, you know. Schneider great fun too—deuced good. Awful "go" about her—kicks up her leg in the "Sabre song"—much better than in Paris. Like her awfully. So does Polly (still the same, you see; but she slightly bores me, so I will introduce you to her one of these days if you like—you remember her, she used to dance at Drury Lane) and so do my sisters. Very jolly, indeed. Awfully nice combination, legs and music. Offenbach deuced good—specially the ballet! *Apropos*, knew a fellow who &c., &c.

(Here follows much unfit for publication.)

SPOKEN BY A "GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

Oh, so delightfully improper, you know. Great fun—Harry and Charley came up into our box during the marriage scene. They said *such* good things: on my honour they were *so* broad that to this very moment I can't make up my mind whether I oughtn't to have blushed or not. *Awfully* nice! One objection, laughing at Schneider cracks one's enamel. The scene between Fritz and the Duchess was *so* funny though, and *so* suggestive. Of course I am not going to make a fool of myself; but really, Charles, our footman, has splendid whiskers and &c., &c.

(In consideration of the lady's position in society we suppress the remainder of her remarks.)

SPOKEN BY A COUNTER-JUMPER.

Well, if there's anything as I thinks really the thing, it is these 'ere female gymnasts. I always pays with pleasure to see 'em. You gets such a lot of hexcitement for your money, you know. No rubbishing nets, or anything of that sort. No, if they comes down *they comes down*. That's the pleasure of the hentertainment. Oh, it beats 'Amlet 'ollow, and can give a couple of stone to them silly horatorios. It's "slap bang stunning," that's what it is. Went to see Miss Schneider the other night, up in the gallery. Oh, it was "O. K." I was glad as 'ow I didn't understand French very well, 'cos you see it might 'ave turned out as 'ow the words weren't as spicy as 'er acting. Oh, she was spicy! I says (in spite of most of the gents in our establishment disagreeing with me)—I says that I thinks Miss Schneider quite as good as Miss Annie Adams. I ain't joking, I really mean it!

SPOKEN BY A "ROUGH."

Law bless my lovely soul, but if this 'ere "female gymnast" ain't crummy, may I never pick up a lovely wiper for the next six months. Law bless my lovely soul, they is stunning (let's say, *Ed. TOM.*) *angels*! 'Owsomever, I 'ave been unkimmon unfortnit. Never seed a lovely haccident in my life! It's too bad. They're stopping heverythink now-a-days! Yer can't see a lovely cove lagged; and, you mark my lovely words, they'll do away with these 'ere "female gymnasts" next! As for that lovely furriner at the St. James's, my lovely missus won't let me go and see 'er: she says as 'ow a lovely "penny gaff" is quite spicy enough for me. O them women, them women! they never let yer do what yer like unless yer taps 'em over their lovely 'eds with a lovely poker!

SPOKEN BY "TOMAHAWK."

And this is what you call amusement!

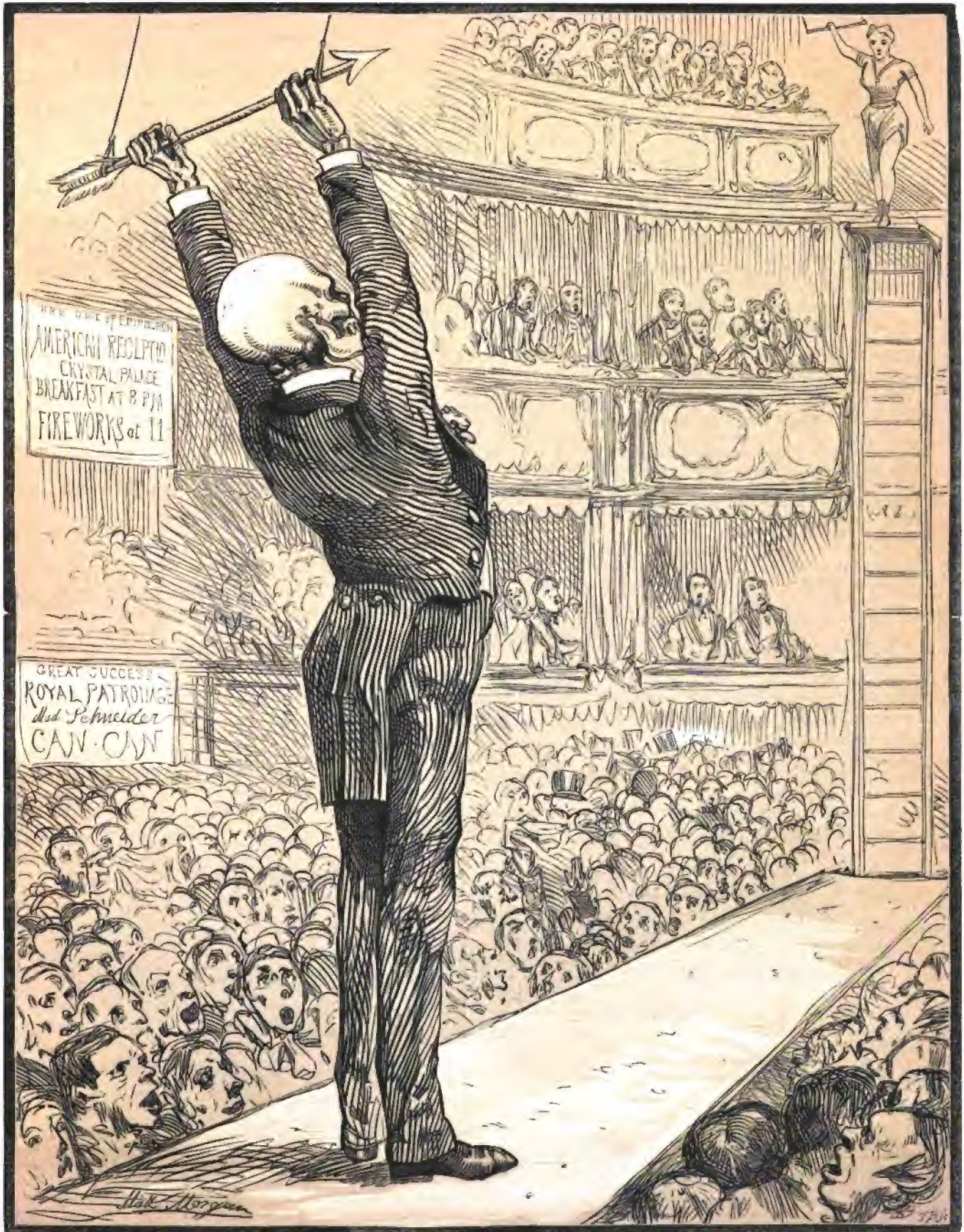
First, you miserable creature in the blonde whiskers and the moustache; you wretched barber's block and tailor's dummy; you libel on mankind and insult to the monkey race—so *you* like to see a poor woman imperil her life for the savage amusement of vulgar fools and heartless dandies? You who have not the heart to do a single charitable action, nor the brains to avoid the most open of pitfalls, or the most obvious of snares,—it is you who approve of and support this pointless barbarity! Did your forefathers fight and die in the defence of all that was chivalrous that you might pelt with mud the family escutcheon? Away fool! back to your favourite spot, the "Zoo." Try to find an empty cage and fill it with your folly!

And you, Madam, in the enamel and bare shoulders!—you who have brought men to look upon your sex as something worse than Othello's angry description of Desdemona!—you who have turned marriage into a farce, and the very name of morality into a jest and a bye-word!—have you so little of the lady left in you that you can laugh at the vulgarity and immodesty of the *cancan*, and sympathise with those who love to regard the progress of a *liason* between a graceful Duchess and her coarse-minded flunkey? Are you so regardless of your mother's memory that you would tempt the chance of losing for ever the heritage of honour and respect she left to you at her death, by striving to copy the manners of the poor uneducated wretches you pass so often and with so many shudders in the gas-lighted streets when your carriage wends its way on its road to the Opera? Fie for shame, Madam! Reform, and bless your stars that we have no Bridewell!

As for you, my men—you of the shop board and the police cell, beware both of you! We all know the story of the empty till and the broken cash-box. Policeman X is the best preacher to read a sermon to you, my lads!

And last I will speak to the poor woman herself. O one of a score of female gymnasts, listen before it becomes too late! Do not urge the excuse that you work for your husband or children. Die, and what will your family do? Become for life a useless cripple, and how will you assist your husband? Say not that your labour is easy or pleasant, for I solemnly declare to you that in your most confident mood you are trifling with a fatal dart, and have at all times—in the height of your triumph—at the moment of your greatest success—grim Death for your playfellow!

NIGHT THOUGHT OF A WAG.—I wonder if Sir Robert Napier is *un'appier* now he's going to be made a *peer* (sleeps.)



AMUSEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE!

O one of a score of female gymnasts, listen before it becomes too late! Do not urge the excuse that you work for your husband or children. Die, and what will your family do? Become for life a useless cripple, and how will you assist your husband? Say not that your labour is easy or pleasant, for I solemnly declare to you that in your most confident mood you are trifling with a fatal dart, and have at all times—in the height of your triumph—at the moment of your greatest success—grim Death for your playfellow!

[See Sketch.



ADVANCE AMERICA!

WE understand that in consequence of the great success of the "Sir Robert Napier, Admission One Shilling," *fête* at the Crystal Palace, entertainments of a similar character are contemplated by the directors of other places of instruction and amusement.

We believe that it is possible that the following advertisements will shortly appear in the columns of our leading contemporaries:—

ROYAL CREMORNE GARDENS.

Lessee, MR. E. T. SMITH.

The Proprietor has the honour to announce that he has made arrangements to give a

Public Reception

to

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD,
in honour of the defeat of the

Suspensory Bill

in the

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Right Rev. Prelate will enter the Gardens at about 10 o'clock, and will immediately proceed to the

CRYSTAL PLATFORM,

Where he will assist at a performance of the celebrated
Cancon.

His Lordship will also witness a magnificent display of

FIREWORKS AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,

And will, in conclusion, partake publicly of the renowned

CREMORNE SUPPER,

Which will be served punctually at midnight, at Half-a-Crown a-head.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

 *Bishops in Canonicals admitted Free!*

We beg to submit another programme:—

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Professor Pepper, assisted by Mr. Dircks, has the honour to announce that in the course of his new and popular lecture, entitled

THE ETHICS OF AERONAUTOLOGY;

or,

HARLEQUIN THE GHOST, MR. KING, AND THE NINE LITTLE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET,

he will have the sincere and loyal gratification of introducing to an indulgent British public

THE INFANT BUT ROYAL DAUGHTER


OF

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

(Her Royal and Infant Highness's First Appearance here.)

Professor Pepper, assisted by Mr. Dircks, trusts that the nobility and gentry of this mighty metropolis will seize this opportunity of testifying their undying loyalty to the Royal House of England.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

 *Schools and Peers in Coronets Half-price!*

And yet one more to be given as a conclusion:—

THE PAVILION,

BRIGHTON.

The Mayor and Corporation of Brighton have kindly placed the above popular mansion at the disposal of a

COMMITTEE OF FRENCH AUTHORS

desirous of giving

MESSRS. CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT

A Public Ovation in honour of their

Highly *ORIGINAL* Novel,

Very appropriately entitled

"FOUL PLAY!"

In the course of the evening

MR. CHARLES READE

will lecture upon

"*Auricular Confession.*"

(For further particulars see *Griffith Gaunt.*)

At Midnight precisely (weather permitting),


MR. DION BOUCICAULT

Will be carried out into

"THE MOON-BAMES!"

N.B.—A Brass Band will be in attendance—solo on the trumpet, Mr. Charles Reade.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

 *Field Marshals in uniform and Judges in their robes will be admitted by refreshment ticket—Price Sixpence.*

CHEAP MARMALADE.

WHAT may be the final issue of Mr. Disraeli's conversion to Orangeism, it is at this moment impossible to predict. One thing, however, is certain. He has done more to stimulate the weaknesses of that amiable society than has been accomplished by any leading statesman in the course of the present century. Without taking into account the antics of noisy nobodies of the Mr. Johnston-of-Ballykilbeg-type, one is not long coming to the conclusion that all the pent-up mischief of years is very soon likely to find some vent in Ireland. The Orange fever is on the increase in every quarter; and the usual glorification in their Dutch origin, their want of generosity to their enemies, their capacity for bawling into the very ears of St. Stephen's itself, have kept these *thoroughbred* Irishmen in a state of continual ferment for the last two months. However, this is only what must be expected when a Prime Minister degrades himself by patting such stuff on the back. There is no doubt but that all this looks threatening enough, and has a very serious aspect indeed. There is, nevertheless, a comic side to everything, and Orangeism has one of its own. Orangeism says its prayers. At the laying of a foundation-stone of an "Orange Hall" at Sandy Row the other day, somebody, whom a local newspaper styles the "Grand Chaplain," delivered himself as follows:—

"Bless the members of the Orange Institution. Let piety, truth, and justice, charity, brotherly love, and loyalty, concord and unity, and all other Christian virtues flourish among us, and make us acceptable in Thy sight," &c., &c.

The quotation is genuine; and there is very little doubt but that it is correctly reported. Taking into consideration the very great difficulty the would-be pious, just, charitable, and &c. &c. brethren find in impressing the outside world with a confidence in their virtues, it is something to know that although they miss the mark, they at least aim high. Unfortunately for "the members of the Orange Institution," very odd ideas *indeed* have got abroad about the meaning they attach to plain English words. For instance, an Orange dictionary is usually suffered to run somewhat in this fashion.

PIETY.—A fine rich word for mealy mouths. A pious man is one who blasphemes about every creed but his own, and calls God to witness what he is about.

TRUTH.—Something to be stifled at any cost. History always to be written in yellow ink.

JUSTICE.—Something too bad to be spoken of, if wanted for Ireland.

CHARITY.—Cursing, reviling, and hating those who differ from you with all your heart, soul, and strength.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—See *Gammon and Spinach*.

LOYALTY.—A conditional virtue dependent on the state of the Orange sympathies of the monarch. Cromwell was a thoroughly loyal man when in Ireland.

CONCORD.—A state of blessedness reached by exterminating five-sixths of your fellow-countrymen.

UNITY.—A beautiful bond—of red hot chains.

OTHER CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.—Powder and shot.

With such powers of interpretation it is not surprising that

Orangeism is at as decided a discount on this side of the water as it is on the other. Some "loyal" gentleman of Orange sympathies the other day threatened Her Majesty by inference, and talked disrespectful nonsense about crowns toppling over. When the disestablishment of the Irish Church is an accomplished fact, possibly this exuberant devotion to the throne may be put to the test, and roughly handled for its trouble.

A WORD WITH THE ACTORS.

WHEN will actors learn to subordinate their egregious self-conceit and greedy vanity to an appearance of decency and courtesy? No sooner does one of the profession get any praise than his head is immediately turned, and he gives himself as many airs as a bantam cock on the top of the great Pyramid. He is very sorry, but he "cannot play such a part because Mr. B. has got a better one, and he can't really play second to him." How contemptible this is! Surely, if acting really is an art, its professors might try and sustain the dignity of that art by acting good sense, if they have not got it. We know but one instance of a young actor (one who has succeeded in winning himself a name against much prejudice, and by overcoming many difficulties and disadvantages) who has not lost his head in success; and he has shown himself a true artist, for he has always undertaken any part, given to him, however small, and by care and study made the part, instead of waiting for some part to make him. It is for such actors that authors have a real respect, and the profession may depend on this, that the public will not long tolerate their insufferable egotism and assumption; they will support those actors who rest their fame on their merit, not on their name; who are not always forcing their own self on their audience, instead of the part they represent. Every dramatic author possessing any talent or self-respect, even if he be ever so successful, must become wearied and disgusted with the endless bickerings, the mean envy, and nauseous self-conceit of the Green-room. Women have a right to be silly and vain, but when a man is so to the exclusion of every other quality, he deserves to be well whipped.

We are moved to make these remarks by several considerations, one being that we have a great love and respect for the Drama, and wish to feel respect at least towards its exponents. The other night, the first one of a new piece, a certain actor who played the principal part, when called for at the end, came on alone without bringing on the lady who had more than shared the honours, and for whom more than half the applause was intended. The actor is a gentleman of long standing on the stage, of great talent, and one unusually courted by society; yet such is the generosity and courtesy that he showed towards a rising young actress, a most amiable lady, who had played a very difficult part with great care and judgment, subordinating her own interests to that of the principal actor. It would have served the gentleman right had he been hissed off the stage, for what he did was not only unmannerly, it was unmanly. We once saw an actor at the Haymarket Theatre, when bringing on a lady who had realised in the most delightful manner one of Shakespeare's heroines, allow her to stoop down and pick up a bouquet while he looked on complacently. He probably thought that in behaving thus to a *débutante* he showed a proper sense of his own importance and dignity, whereas he only showed his own abominable rudeness.

Any one who knows the world behind the scenes will confess that these are but slight instances of the intolerable self-conceit of actors. The reason why so few professionals can play a gentleman on the stage is that they are unused to playing the part off it. We do not associate with the word "gentleman" any ideas of birth or rank, or even education; it is possible, and anything but improbable, that a man who drops his h's, and who can't pronounce properly any word of more than three syllables, may be a greater "gentleman" than a duke who has been educated at Eton and Oxford. Every true artist is a gentleman; but any man who is in his own eyes the sole object of importance and interest never can be a gentleman. It is perfectly ridiculous to entertain any notions of regenerating the British Drama till the tone of actors' minds has undergone a wholesome revolution. When they are capable of sacrificing their vanity to their art, and remember that mere knack it not talent, much less genius; when they can contrive to forget

their jealousies and animosities so far as to unite in hearty accord for the complete representation of some of the masterpieces of our great authors, with a sole view to the most perfect rendering of all the parts, and not to their own personal glorification, then will men, who are not the trumpeters of managers upon whose favours they depend, own that acting and actors are worthy of the same respect and of the same honours which we accord to other arts and their professors.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first is the name of a famous city,
My second the letter O;
My third an English conjunction,
My fourth the seventh month of the year,
My fifth a French conjunction,
My whole one of Shakespeare's plays.

2.

My first is the name of a celebrated bishop of the middle ages, and the first two syllables of a five-syllabled beast; my second is the letter D; my third is the name of a fallen empire; and my whole is a place invented by the ancients for the celebration of festive games.

3.

My first is of sawyer's and carpenter's making,
My second each day makes hearts joyous and aching,
My third is not cleanly in habits or look,
But becomes very nice when it's been to the cook,
My whole is a borough, which if you're inclined
To search in the county of Wilts you will find.

4.

My first is myself,
My second a cry
That Marmion gave,
Ere he rushed on to die;
The two make the name
Of a beautiful play,
Composed by a lawyer
Not long passed away.

5.

My first is a colour, my second a snare;
The two make a dish of most excellent fare.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Backslide. 2. Hebe. 3. Leghorn. 4. Comedian. 5. Cymbeline.

ANSWERS have been received from A. O. Q. U., Moses in Bedlam, Bungaroo Bumblewanker, The Binfield Road Wonders, Jack the Warnished Jersey Cabbage Stalk, Signor Sam, Owtcihpargotilorelbbircs, B. L. S. the Jew, A Warley Lunatic, Ruby's Ghost, Venus and Adonis, Baker's Bills, John Cockles, E. J. Kiddy and A. W. Ryberg, Nodger, Goshawk, S. M. F., Poppy, Linda Princess, Gammon c'est tout-à-fait bosh, Ernest, T. W. Hussey, J. H. L. Winton, W. H. Hackney, Sarey Gamp, Hebe, Hermit Crab, Carry Bex, Towhit, Anti-Teapot, Birdham Mud-cockle, Ling, Blanche M., G. C. B., Fred. R. Bolton, C. T., Old Harry Felixstone, T. C. D. C., Samuel E. Thomas, Jack Solved It, Somelimejoleba, Q. W. R. V., Two Muzzled Pups, H. M. M., Gulnare (Hyde Park), Cornubia, J. H. Batey, Two Clapham Contortionists, Frank C., Retsof, Jasor and Reyd, Medicus, Ynnaf Nesuhlla, 32s. Twist, Awfully Easy, Blackshamingham, Edouard N. Ella, and Kingston-on-Thames.

* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 64.]

LONDON, JULY 25, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A WORD WITH JOHN MORLEY.

THERE are few things more provoking than, when one is fighting a good fight, to see one of our own side by some act of folly or temerity give the enemy such advantage that all the ground gained is lost, and the battle has to begin over again. More good causes are lost through the excesses of our allies than by the assaults of the enemy. And in laying siege to an abuse one cannot be too careful; the fact of being on the defensive is always a great advantage. Energy, not violence; zeal, not fury; argument, not invective, are the best weapons to use in all contests with abuses sanctioned by custom and venerable from age.

Mr. John Morley is a man whom we have hitherto respected as an honest and earnest champion of reform, not for his own private ends, or in the mere narrow sense of political change, but reform root and branch of our whole social system, with a sole view to the happiness and elevation of our fellow-creatures. We are certain that for a long time he has been fighting in the van of the same army of which we are comparatively but young recruits, and therefore are the more grieved and disgusted by the tone of his article in the last *Fortnightly Review*, called "The Political Prelude." The way in which Mr. Morley speaks of all clergymen and priests is vulgar, insolent, and unmanly,—we would say unchristianlike, if we thought Mr. Morley knew the meaning of that word.

Let us justify our strictures by a few extracts. Mr. Morley begins by assuming an erroneous superiority, both moral and intellectual, over all "hierophants," as he calls them. The theological person looks on everything in a very different light to statesmen. True enough; and Mr. Morley proceeds to pour forth the phials of his wrath on the heads of the devoted clergy, because they have dared to interfere in a question which concerns their closest interests, but which happens now to be the great political question of the day. Now it appears to us that a priest of any religion should always look at everything in a different light to statesmen, and that it is only when he begins to adopt the views and encroach upon the province of statesmen that he becomes useless to religion and dangerous to the State. Then again, Mr. Morley says that "their (the clergy's) test is not conformity to the manifold conditions of social happiness, but compatibility with the safety of the fetish." Now considering that Mr. Morley cannot be ignorant of the Christian creed, this appears to us to be a most insolent sentence. Is the eternal happiness of human souls the same thing as the "safety of a fetish?" We don't mean to do Mr. Morley the injustice to suppose that he believes in the existence of the soul, but we do mean to do him the justice to suppose that, admitting the priests of the Christian religion to believe it, they would be utterly false to their duty and their faith if they did not make the salvation of souls the first object of their lives. It is one thing to say that some of the clergy are wont to hold dogma higher than morality, and another thing to call the whole clergy as "as immoral and as pestilent persons to society as thieves or forgers." Mr. Morley would be indignant enough if any orthodox defender of the Church and State were to talk of reformers as being "all a curse to society, as bad as rogues, liars, and murderers." Yet such language is quite as moderate as his own, and quite as well deserved.

Another sentence of Mr. Morley's we submit to our readers

as a specimen of gentlemanly argument:—"You ask what the common weal demands, he (the theological person) tells you something about the sacred fowls or the Thirty-nine Articles, about sacramental churches or the sacrificial entrails."

Now we believe we may say that the bulk of Mr. Morley's countrymen, if not of his readers, are professedly Christians, and what more wanton or vulgar insult can any man of education be guilty of than to insinuate that the sacraments of the Christian Church are not more holy or trustworthy than the sacrifices of pagan augurs?

Throughout the whole of the first part of this article there is a tone of arrogant insolence which ill becomes one who would be an instructor of the people. Mr. Morley cannot be ignorant that the Christian Church is yearly recruited by some of the most unselfish, the most pure-minded, the most manly, if not the most intellectual of the pupils from the public schools and universities. To shower wholesale abuse upon such men is but to commit a greater injustice than the one which Mr. Morley wishes to remedy in Ireland. A good cause can only be injured by one of its most notable advocates showing that he neither comprehends truth or courtesy.

With regard to Mr. Morley's invectives against the possessors of all sorts of property, we may speak one word. The natural consequence of his argument, if we may apply that term to any part of his essay, is to distribute property equally among all. This is returning to primitive Christianity, which we are sure Mr. Morley abhors. He should remember that by destroying the influence of property, he is destroying the immense influence for good, which might be exercised by all those who in the Radical millennium may have property, and may thoroughly appreciate its responsibilities. If you take away the property, you take away the power which property gives of doing good. You create a country of paupers, with no one but each other to look to for help.

Finally, Mr. Morley is pleased to compare the Protestant clergy to eunuchs, inasmuch as the laying of the Bishop's hands on their head inflicts on them mental sterility. We would venture to suggest, without expressing any opinion as to the delicacy and good taste of the simile, that there may be a worse sort of moral eunuch than an ignorant and bigoted priest. There are some men whose souls are sterile, nay, in whom the soul scarcely seems to exist—men who are utterly incapable of faith and reverence, utterly incapable of realising anything above their own imperfect intellects, utterly incapable of worshipping anything but a degraded image of their own selves. There is no anthropomorphism more debasing than this; there is no idolatry more demoralising, there is no state of being at once so dangerous and so pitiable. Miserable creatures! who would degrade their God to their own level instead of trying to raise themselves to Him! These are the men who are always talking of liberal philosophy, of freedom of thought, and yet are trying to imprison the mysteries of religion, the aspirations of the soul, the fervour of pure devotion in the narrow dungeon of their own minds. These men will in vain try to elevate either themselves or others, till they can humbly worship God and confess their miserable inferiority to Him.

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—Knight's Encyclopædia.
ILL-FATED SPLENDOR.—The Dramatic Fête at the Crystal Palace.

"MAUVAIS SOLDAT!"

CHATHAM has gone mad. The local brain has been completely turned by the honour Lieutenant Prince Arthur, of the Sappers and Miners, has done the place by deigning to permit himself to be quartered there.

It is not often that a Prince takes up his residence in Chatham Dockyard, and the happy and auspicious event has consequently been made the most of. Not a field-day nor a dinner, not a court-martial nor an amateur theatrical performance has taken place without His Royal Highness being brought out and worshipped by the whole staff of gallant officers who compose the garrison.

Now, so long as this enthusiastic devotion to the Royal subaltern was confined to non-official occasions the public might disapprove, but could only tolerate it; but it is time for the whole nation to cry out when all the rules of order and military discipline are completely ignored and set aside by the tuft-hunting nobodies who are now congregated at Chatham. In every official duty in which it pleases Prince Arthur to assist, His Royal Highness takes precedence of everyone else, the commandant of the garrison and his own commanding officer playing quite a secondary part in the proceedings, and the Royal subaltern, even while mastering the difficulties of the goose step, is supported by a bevy of greyheaded colonels and majors. Not long ago a company of Sappers and Miners returned to head-quarters from Abyssinia, and were entertained by their comrades at a banquet in honour of the occasion. The Prince could not even leave these worthy soldiers to enjoy themselves for a single afternoon, but interrupted the entertainment by a visit of inspection in the middle of their meal. The *Chatham Gazette* thus describes this unseemly proceeding:—

"Whilst the men were discussing the good things placed before them, Prince Arthur, accompanied by Major-General Simmons, C.B., and most of the officers of the corps, went round the tables, and all the sergeants were interrogated by His Royal Highness, who shook hands with them in a most kind and hearty manner, and it needed no observant eye to note how highly this gracious act was prized by these bronzed warriors, and how deeply they felt that this, and the few kind words addressed to them by their noble officer, was reward ample and enough for all the toil and hardships they had undergone."

What is to be said to this? Why is not some official notice taken of such sickening toadyism? The Commander-in-Chief, if a few of these facts came to his knowledge, would be the first to condemn the mischievous flunkeyism, not only for the sake of the service, but in the interests of the little Prince himself, who must, after all, be the greatest sufferer. The fact is that the appointment of Prince Arthur to the unfashionable corps of Royal Engineers, though well meant, has, thanks to the exertions of Major-General Simmons, C.B., and his subordinates, been rendered a lamentable failure. It would have been better to have gazetted His Royal Highness to a commission in a regiment of Foot Guards, where he would have had a chance of associating not with flunkies, but with gentlemen, amongst whom he would speedily have fallen into his proper place. Guardsmen are certainly not altogether an unobjectionable race, but, as a rule, they possess common sense enough to understand that tuft-hunting is bad form. Perhaps it is not too late even now for the transfer to be carried out.

MARTYRED SINNERS.

WE have often thought of requesting some one or other of our many accomplished friends to write, in pious imitation of the learned Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," a dozen volumes entitled "Lives of the Sinners." The materials, we are quite sure, would prove to be equally abundant, and the moral might be made fully as instructive. Neither could there be any doubt as to the popularity of the work, imaginary sinners being already the leading characters in the favourite fictions of the day. The idea has been recalled to our mind by the reflection that a goodly list of martyrs might figure in the projected book, just as they do in Dr. Butler's, thereby relieving the tedium which invariably accompanies the contemplation of other people's unmixed bliss. A paragraph in the last number of the *Ladies' Treasury* has suggested this improvement, as we

decidedly consider it, on our original notion. It is to the following effect:—

"High-heeled boots and shoes are universal, notwithstanding that medical men have been writing very severely against them. They say that the fashion causes corns, cramps, lameness at an early age, lessens the size of the calf, and thus makes the leg lose its symmetry."

Who shall say, after this, that saints, cenobites, hermits, and recluses are more ready to undergo the pains of martyrdom than the sinners of the fashionable world? Hyde Park and the Zoo can boast their Cecilias and Agneses, prepared to suffer any amount of torture rather than deny the principles and deviate from the practice of the faith that is in them. As for the size of the calf dwindling and the leg losing its symmetry, it is not yet universally the fashion to expose them to public view; and until it shall become so the wearers of high-heeled boots and shoes will console themselves with remembering, how, on the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle, the excellence of the unknown is invariably exaggerated. But the cramps and corns, though they may be hidden, must, perforce, be felt; and it is here that the heroic spirit of martyrdom steps in to defy the flesh. Alban Butler indeed assures us that there is good reason to believe the early martyrs scarcely felt their tortures, the sublime consciousness that they were bearing testimony to the truth of the doctrines for which they suffered more than compensating for the natural infirmity and sensitiveness of their nerves. No doubt it is a like sense of stern fidelity to their lofty mission here below that makes tender maidens and delicate virgins disregard the torments to which Fashion condemns them. Should anybody feel inclined to put their fortitude on a lower and less superhuman ground, at any rate it cannot be denied that they are animated by that self-same spirit which made "the Spartan smile in dying."

AN INEVITABLE INFERENCE.

WE are in a position to announce that the crinoline, at length, is doomed. Its early and final extinction can be demonstrated by a study of the contents of the following official paragraph:—

"Fashion is not unanimous in regard to crinolines. By young girls they are quite discarded; by ladies beyond twenty-five they are worn."

At first we were inclined to regard the foregoing announcement as exceedingly simple; but a little reflection has satisfied us that it is profoundly subtle, and that for a due appreciation of it we must read between the lines. Can anybody who is well enough informed to know that forty thousand ladies falsified their ages at the last census, believe that they will all of a sudden grow so remarkably ingenuous as to notify to the whole world that they have attained the age of twenty-five? Even Horace's Jewish friend would not be quite so credulous as that. Twenty-five, and the years that thereabouts adjacent lie, is a ticklish time. Wise men know that girls are better unmarried till two or three and twenty; but wise women are equally aware that if they remain in that condition much beyond it, their affairs, in Demosthenic language, must be considered desperate. Twenty-five years constitute a quarter of a century, and when completed make their possessor feel that she has made a big hole into half a one. It is, therefore, scarcely an age propitious to female frankness. Far more ladies would be found to confess that they were fifty than that they were twenty-five. It becomes obvious, therefore, that nobody will be simple enough to commence wearing a crinoline at the latter period, when it is once distinctly understood that girls under that age go without it. In fact, were we to start with the supposition laid down in the paragraph we have quoted, and to argue upon it literally, we should infallibly be landed in a *reductio ad absurdum*. Perhaps our readers may think that many ladies above twenty-five have been reduced to that condition already in discarding crinolines, in order to appear to be below it. Be that as it may, we feel convinced that, under the *régime* alluded to, middle-aged matrons will be more classical in their drapery even than their daughters, just as for some little time—and no doubt for the same reason—they have been going about rather more naked, if anything, than the real juveniles. The ambition to be *mater pulchra filii pulchrior* has seized upon a good many dames quite innocent of Latinity; and we are quite sure that they will not allow themselves to be cut out by the young things, out of deference to a mere paper edict. It is clear, therefore, that crinoline is round its last legs.

INTERNATIONAL CRITICISM.

WE wish to say a word or two to the editor of *L'International*, who seems to think it a duty imposed on a Frenchman residing in a foreign land to take up the cudgels in defence of everything French, be it good, bad, or indifferent.

We wish every benefit to the *International*, which is ably conducted, and much better printed than most French journals; but, as we began by saying, we have a word to say to the editor, and that *à propos* of the performance of *La Belle Hélène*, or rather of the article upon that performance published on the 15th inst.

The critic, remarking upon the reception of *Mlle. Schneider*, and the success of this opera of Offenbach in comparison with that of *La Grande Duchesse*, gives two reasons for the coldness of the audience. Firstly, which is a good reason, that there is so much slang (*argot*) that few Englishmen can understand the fun.

The fact is that one must be "*boulevardier né*" to be up to all the allusions and quaint sayings to which additions are made in Paris every year that passes.

But this applies equally to provincials, who find many a slang expression quite incomprehensible out of the capital.

Secondly, the fault is that "*au point de vue Anglais*" the piece is immoral.

"*Mais, mon Dieu, Monsieur, qu'entendez-vous par 'immorale' au point de vue Français ?*"

The critic, whose code of immorality ignores adultery, and who, not being married, is at a loss to tell one the difference between a husband and a *belier*, goes on to inform *Mlle. Schneider* that

"*Le public Anglais est bégueule, horriblement bégueule ! Il faut le prendre tel qu'il est.*"

With all deference to the *International*, we confess we are glad of it, for any person understanding all the point of the witticisms uttered by Mons. Ravel and *Mlle. Schneider* must be "*joliment dévergondé*," and we are glad to think that there must have been many women at the St. James's Theatre who, without being prudes, would refrain from applause, did they know the purport of the "*cascades désopilantes*" in which the *International* critic revels.

We put it to the critic as a gentleman: Would he repeat to his sister all the "gag" of Ravel, with its accompanying gestures? To this he will probably answer, "*et la sœur ?*" or "*A chaillet les gâteaux*," but he will feel we are right.

DEFIANCE NOT DEFENCE!

As it may be interesting to many to know how the recent disrespect manifested by the volunteers for their officers might work in active service, we have much pleasure in publishing the subjoined despatch, extracted from the papers connected with the next French invasion.

(From the *London Gazette*.)

The following despatch from Lieutenant-General Sir John Thompson, G.C.B., has been this day received at the War Office:—

"(FROM LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN THOMPSON, G.C.B., COMMANDING HER MAJESTY'S VOLUNTEER FORCES ON THE SOUTH COAST, TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.)

"Commander-in-Chief's Office, Head Quarters, French Camp, Tunbridge Wells, July 24th.

"RIGHT HON. SIR,—On the 22nd inst., when encamped on the heights above the castle at Dover, I received intimation from the scouts that, on the previous evening at eight o'clock, owing to the total disregard of general orders by the North-East Diddlesex (Duke's Own), the French had succeeded in effecting a landing on the Folkestone beach, and were marching hurriedly on to the position I then occupied, with the evident intention of giving battle. It appears that the regiment in question having found the weather rather hot, had amused themselves by painting the nose of their colonel a light blue, and by burying him up to his neck in shingle. Later in the day,

the officers, who had themselves all taken an active part in the amusement to which I have referred, were severally tarred and feathered, shut up in bathing machines, and set afloat. At this juncture the French appeared close in shore in six iron-clads and effected an easy landing, inasmuch as the North-East Diddlesex were, in addition to their utter disorganisation, totally unprovided with ammunition. I have been informed by Colonel Brownsmith, whose position in the shingle afforded him a temporary security, that the sixty rounds with which the men had been supplied were all expended, at an early hour of the day, in random shots directed chiefly at the Custom House clock, the Refreshment Department of the South-Eastern Railway, and the Harbour-Master's hat.

"Under these circumstances I directed Colonel Higgins, of the Scrubover Rangers, to bring forward all the available reserve, and told Captain Cheesechip to occupy the spur of Castle hill with about 500 men of the Ditchwater Rifles. This latter order I regret to inform you was met in a very unsoldierlike fashion. The captain informed me that he was not going to be sent about right and left by 'an amateur old woman' like me, told me to 'do it myself,' resigned his commission, and said he had 'half a mind to kick me off my horse.'

"Feeling that the interests of the country were really at stake, I at first endeavoured to laugh the matter down, and treated it as a joke; but I must add, with much regret, that my efforts not only did not meet with success, but even seemed to make matters worse, as a great many of the privates were evidently anxious to toss me in the colours. The French, however, came in sight on the brow of the hill, and as their appearance was the signal for a general flight of the Ditchwater men, I was relieved, most providentially, from a most humiliating and distressing situation.

"Making good my retreat as well as I was able, accompanied by my staff, who broke out into occasional jeers and oaths at my discomfiture, I reached the spot where I had ordered the reserve force to meet me under Colonel Higgins. None, however, were even in sight when the position was reached, and after waiting three-quarters of an hour, during which five ensigns ducked a captain in an adjacent pond, the colonel himself rode up in a dreadfully exhausted condition, his coat being torn off his back and both his eyes black. He informed me that the reserves had refused to stir, and had 'punished him' severely for endeavouring to interfere in their concerns.

"At this moment reliable information reached me that the Wallingford Horse Artillery refused to go into action on the plea that 'it was all very well to wear a uniform, but that they would see me and the French at Jericho before they would fire a shot.'

"Bewildered at the terrible prospect that such a series of misfortunes suggested, I turned quickly to my *aide-de-camp* and ordered him to make for Hythe at full speed, and telegraph to London for the assistance of the regular troops. I regret to say that this command was productive of very serious results. He turned upon me savagely, asked me what right I had 'to come lording it over him,' and advised me not to do it again. I mildly remonstrated, putting of course as good a face as I could upon the matter,—but to no purpose. When, however, I threatened him with a court-martial he knocked me down. Rising from the ground to address such of my men as I could count upon to redress such an indignity, I was greeted merely with shouts of derisive laughter.

"The enemy again came in sight, when my staff, having given me a kick all round 'for fun,' as they expressed it, made off, and left me to be captured.

"I am, therefore, writing this despatch from the French Camp, the general having very good-humouredly supplied me with pen and paper, and promised (with true Gallic gallantry) to see that it reaches its destination. I may, therefore, add in conclusion, that I cannot have the satisfaction of recommending to the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government the services of the officers or men of the force I have had the honour to command.

"I have, &c., &c.,

"J. THOMPSON, Lieutenant-General,
Commander-in-Chief.

"To the Secretary of State for War, &c., &c."

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—A Writ.

NOW READY,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Handsomely Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled,
Price 8s.



LONDON, JULY 25, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that the South Middlesex Volunteers are to be known in future as "Rachel's Own." Their crest is to be a Gold bag (*or*) surmounting a Bath (*improper*), and their motto is to be "Beautiful for Ever!"

OUR good friend *Punch* evidently reads his TOMAHAWK devoutly, for he continually produces jokes in his current numbers which have appeared in our pages the week before. Mr. *Punch* is quite welcome. It would be hard if we could not afford to lend, now and then, to an acquaintance who had lost all his capital.

THE pent-up irritation of our legislators, hereditary and elected, is getting too much for them. It would be much better if some Saturday were at once set apart for a grand boxing-match between the Government and Opposition peers and honourable members. It would be a great draw at the Crystal Palace, say with fireworks, and—of course—Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

WE trust that Dr. Forbes Winslow will not give up his idea of standing for Parliament, in spite of his generous withdrawal before the claims of the Scottish Advocate-General. His professional opinion on the speeches of Mr. Whalley would be invaluable. Joking apart (and really Mr. Whalley is no joke), we want good men in the coming "House," and Dr. Winslow is unquestionably a good man.

HOW TO USE THE VOLUNTEERS.

(See CARTOON.)

THE Rough is getting quite a bore,
And dares to cross the Mayne!
Daily of robberies, a score
Of victims now complain.
If the Police the task refuse,
We've volunteers enough:
Though smooth may be the bore they choose,
Their aim may be the *Rough*.

NEW SONG BY THE BRITISH LION (*dedicated to the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein and Mlle. Finette Cancan*).—"How happy could I be with Schneider!" (Neither?)

HOT-WEATHER LATIN.

BY OUR COOL CONSTRUER.

Vox Pop.—A cry for iced ginger beer.
Pro bono Pub.—The thirst which drives man to the tankard.
Lex talio.—The law of seasons which brings us to the hunting field.
Par pari.—Well, no. If it is John Parry, he has not his equal.
Ex uno Dizzy.—Birds of a feather; Dizzy and his party.
Audi alter. Par.—I don't care what my father-in-law says.
Persicos odi.—So die the persecuting flies, and be blown to them.
Tityre tu Pat.—My Irish friend is always on the giggle.
Cui bon.—As the muzzled hound said to the cutlet.
O formose pu.—When I slept on the cushions in church.
Talis qual.—Though Charley declared it was an ortolan.
Exemplo Gra.—Making an example of Sir George.
Sub ros.—Not if he knows it this hot weather. The ensign prefers steering, thank you.
Too hot to do any more. Waiter, another bucket of ice.

EASE OF MIND.

How very much, indeed, there is in a name may be gathered from the fact that the popular signification of Epicureanism is in direct antagonism with the doctrines advocated by the great pagan philosopher upon whose name the word has been formed. Lucretius, the great exponent of Epicurus, certainly preached ease of mind; but he enjoined every man who wished to attain to it, *dignam Dis degere vitam*, to lead a godlike life, the chief feature of which was to be renunciation of nearly everything that the majority of mortals deem enticing. Modern philosophy thinks otherwise, as may be concluded from the following, charming advertisement, which we cull from a daily contemporary:—

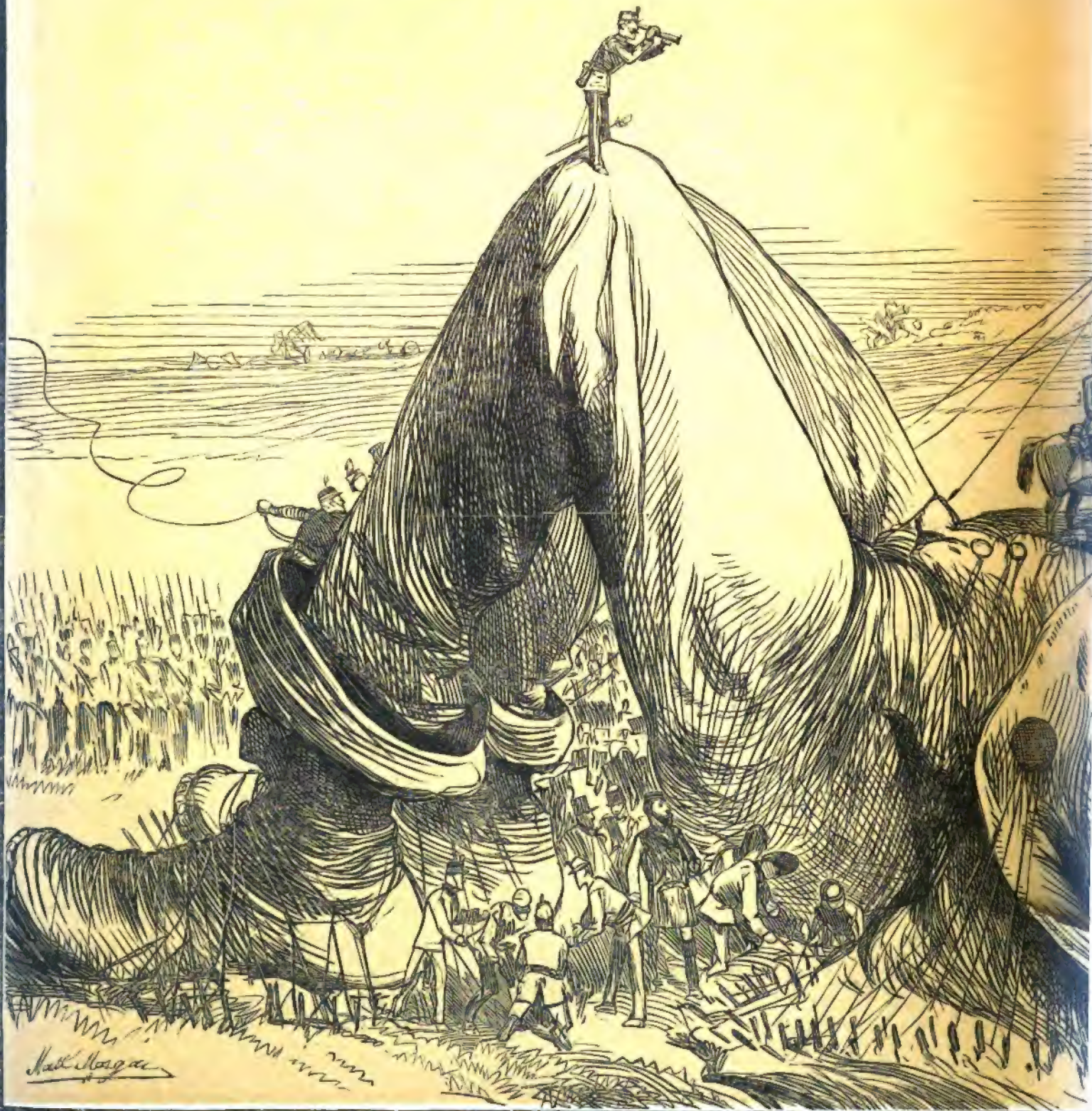
EASE OF MIND.—WM. BROWN and SON continue to release parties from pecuniary difficulty by compromising with their creditors, and when that is impracticable, by obtaining for them the protection of the Court.

This is the real guide, philosopher, and friend of the nineteenth century. This is the way to lead a life worthy of the gods. A composition of twopence in the pound, or, if creditors insist upon having twopence halfpenny, a coat of convenient whitewash—even the twopence having gone in paying for it—will ensure for anybody an earthly paradise. Renunciation was the doctrine of Epicurus; it is likewise that of William Brown and Son. The only difference between them is that the latter counsels renunciation of debts, whilst the former recommended renunciation of incurring them. On the whole, we think Mr. Brown the greater philosopher of the two, for his disciples can both eat their cake and have it. Having enjoyed the ease of mind produced by indulging in every luxury under the sun, they may then enjoy the crowning ease of mind of not paying for any one of them. Really, our forefathers were great donkeys. They worried themselves to death by supposing that they ought to pay their debts. But then Mr. Brown and Son had not yet burst upon the world, in the advertising sheet of a daily paper, to teach "parties in pecuniary difficulties" how to "live like gods together, careless of mankind."

SIGNOR BABBAGINO.

MR. BABBAGE has come to be a bore. He is as great a nuisance to us as the organ-grinder seems to be to him. He has evidently no soul for music. *Not for Joe* has no charms wherewith to soothe his savage breast, and he refuses to be delighted with *Walking in the Zoo*. This is a sad and painful state of things, and we pity Mr. Babbage. To be ever appearing upon one stage—that of the Police-court—is monotonous: to be eternally playing upon one string is palling: to be constantly singing the threadbare song of *The Nasty Organ Grinder* is very ridiculous. For our own part, the Babbage nuisance is as great as the organ nuisance.





THE "ROUGH" GULL

THE REAL USE OF

The Rough is getting quite a bore,
And dares to cross the Mayne!
Daily of robberies, a score
Of victims now complain.

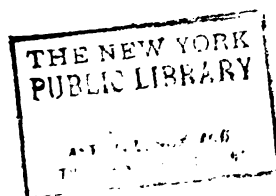


ER IN THE TOILS!

UR CITIZEN ARMY.

(DEDICATED, WITH A THOUSAND THANKS, TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF ENGLAND.)

If the Police the task refuse,
 We've volunteers enough :
 Though smooth may be the bore they choose,
 Their aim may be the *Rough*. [See page 32.]



"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER I.—Concerning the "Formation of the Corps."

ONE moment please—it's far too hot to be satirical, and a good deal too warm to be funny. If I am neither one nor the other, pray don't blame TOMAHAWK, but put it down to the weather. If you don't laugh at a line of what is shortly to follow, thank your stars and be exceedingly glad: you can't imagine what an exertion it is even to smile a faint grin with the thermometer at a hundred and something in the shade and poor muzzled doggie at two hundred and something else in the sun—you can't indeed. Forgive me, then, if I am tedious, and hope for the cold weather and the return of my wit. But there, that's enough, I'm already bored with my introduction: so I throw off my preface, take a look at the subject before me, and dive *in medias res*. Splash, dash, splutter—I rise to the surface, and here I am.

Rum dum—de dum—dum. Dudder—dudder—dudd'er dum dum. There, that's meant for the beginning of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." You ought always to prepare the minds of your audience to receive in a proper spirit that which you intend to set before them. On the present occasion I wish the minds of my audience to become impregnated with a species of gloomy awe—a mysterious terror—for the minds of my audience are about to be startled by the revelation of a fact absolutely teeming with majestic grandeur!

Now for the shock!

I am a Volunteer!

Have you quite recovered? Well, then, now for the second piece of information. Band, please play a couple of bars from the *National Anthem*. Amiable Readers, kindly consent to cheer a little, and then I will make the second announcement. Now then.

(Band. "Dum dum dum de dudder dum, &c.!" Amiable Readers. Hurrah! Hurrah!!)

Thank you, that will do!

Not only am I a Volunteer, but I am a Lieutenant of Volunteers!!!

(STAGE DIRECTIONS FOR THE PUBLIC.—*The rest of the National Anthem from the Band and thunders of applause from the Amiable Readers.*)

Perhaps my Amiable Readers (the Band of course has left immediately after playing the *National Anthem*)—perhaps, I repeat, my Amiable Readers may wish to learn how I became a Lieutenant of Volunteers. Very well, then, those of my Amiable Readers who *do* wish to learn will kindly continue this chapter to the end, when they will hear all about it; those of my Amiable Readers who *don't* wish to learn, having ceased to be Amiable, will kindly consent to give up being Readers also. Grand division! (*All the Amiable Readers but one desert.*)

For the sake of the one Amiable Reader who has remained staunch to me, I will continue my narrative. As for the ex-Amiable Readers, who have so basely deserted me, all I will condescend to say unto them is this: "Meet me at Billingsgate by moonlight alone, and then you shall hear what I think of you!"

Cockloft is a great friend of mine. It was Cockloft who first suggested to me the idea of forming a Rifle Corps. I went to his office one day (he belongs to the Lucifer Match Registration Office, and receives £220 a-year from Government in consideration of reading the *Times* newspaper daily from ten to four), and found him (as usual) revelling in "B and S" and Manilla cheroots. To my extreme surprise he seemed to be busy (that's to say, busy for *him*), and he responded to my greeting of "Hallo, old fellow," with the following take-away-one's-breathable words:

"Smyth, my boy, come and be a Volunteer."

I stood still and answered not a syllable.

He continued excitedly,

"Do, that's a sweet fellow! If you will I will give you a commission. Awfully jolly uniform—green and silver turned up with red—awfully handsome—you will look no end of a swell. Do say yes, that's a sweet fellow. I can assure you Burnham Scrubs is absolutely yelling for defenders. Surely you will not allow the Scrubs to cry in vain!"

The blood rushed to my cheeks, and I exclaimed enthusiastically—

"If what you tell me is really true, you may count upon my

assistance. Perish the thought that the offer of a commission influences me, but if Burnem Tubs——"

"Burnham Scrubs" put in Cockloft.

"If Burnham Scrubs," said I, correcting myself, "really does want a clear steady eye and a good strong arm to defend her, I am the man to do it. I should be unworthy of the name I bear if I did not rush like an avalanche to her rescue. Yes, Cockloft, believe me, I am not without feeling—I am not devoid of patriotism. This is an artificial age I know, but still in my heart of hearts I can find a place for the worship of the Beautiful and the True! Show me (when I have received my commission) an invading force in Burnham Scrubs, and believe me I will take the very first opportunity of reporting the presence of the same to the authorities at the War Office."

"I knew I might rely upon you," exclaimed Cockloft, grasping my hand and shaking it warmly.

"And now," said I, "how many belong to 'Ours'?"

"To whose?"

"To 'Ours.' How many 'Scrubs' have we?"

"Well," said Cockloft, looking down at a paper before him, "we've got one captain (that's me), eighteen lieutenants (including you), twelve sergeants (more or less discontented with their rank, and only kept in check from open mutiny by the consideration that a major's uniform is an extremely expensive matter), and twenty-four corporals (all of them in the band)."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Oh dear, no; how silly I am!" said Cockloft; "why, I have left out one of the most important men in our regiment—I mean the private."

"Hum!" I coughed doubtfully. "Don't you think that the number of the officers is a *little* out of proportion with the strength of the rank and file?"

"Not at all," replied Cockloft, rather angrily; "if you are going to make such silly observations as that, my dear boy, you'd better say at once that you intend to treat the whole affair as a farce, and give it up. The more officers we have, the better our private will be drilled. Doesn't that stand to reason?"

I meekly assented.

"I have been talking to our drill-sergeant, and he seems to think we had better commence operations by holding a supper. After that, he hints we might be able to commence mastering the platoon exercise."

"Oh, let the rank and file learn the platoon exercise by all means," said I. "We can keep him going on at that until he is furnished with the Government rifle."

"To be sure," replied Cockloft. "I see, you quite enter into the spirit of the thing!"

"I trust," said I, gravely, "that Burnham Scrubs will never lack a faithful son while I stand, sword in hand, beside her. I hold it to be the duty of every citizen to defend his country from the hoof of the ruthless invader with his life. By-the-bye, you mentioned something about a uniform—not that I want to know, but——"

"Oh, make your mind easy on that score," replied Cockloft, "it's all silver lace and spurs. But say you will come to the supper—I am going to introduce the officers to the rank and file. The private has promised to be present, and most of our other fellows will be there. Don't disappoint us."

"I certainly will not," said I; "I deem it the duty of every officer to know the men—or rather, in this case, the *man*—of his regiment intimately. You may rely upon me."

I went, and next week you shall have a full account of what happened at the supper.

(To be continued.)

THE POOR PLAYERS!

THAT carnival of vulgarity and vice, y'clept the "Royal Dramatic Revels" (in spite of some questionable influence exerted by a manager whom posterity, we trust, will allow to be nameless), was this year a DEAD FAILURE! On a par with the disgusting "entertainment (???)?" specified was a common rag, evidently emanating (to judge from its contents) from the back slums of Grub street, called with humour the "*Royal Dramatic College Annual*." We trust we have heard the last of an "entertainment (???)?" and a "publication (!!!)" which are alike disgraceful to the promoters and supporters.

THE SQUARE-ROOT OF EVIL.

FOR some reason or other best known to its editor, the *Times*, a few days ago, devoted a leader to that very fresh and original grievance, Leicester square.

Of course the leader in question, like all *Times* leaders, merely spun out common places and carefully avoided making any practical suggestion whatever, and as it is only this last that could in any way excuse reflection on so stale and used-up a theme, perhaps it would be as well to supply the omission.

Everybody now knows the history of the little paradise. It belongs to a certain Mr. Tulk, of whom we have nothing better or worse to say, than that if the present condition of Leicester square satisfies his taste for the good and the beautiful he must be a very remarkable person indeed.

Of course the law is at the bottom of the whole scandal. The glorious privilege of an Englishman, that is, the right of one man to annoy and distress millions, must triumph whatever the cost, and it must be allowed that taking a view of the square from the corner of Cranbourne street, the cost is by no means inconsiderable. However, as no one yet has had the courage to suggest an Act of Parliament, possibly a little stimulus might be of some use. Why not drive London taste to the verge of a revolution, that should demand imperiously, like Orangemen in St. Stephens, a thorough onset on to the filthy and disreputable patch, that year after year, is allowed to disgrace one of the finest quarters of the Metropolis? An Act of Parliament, where the public convenience is at stake, can drive a railway through the grounds of a duke's palace. Why on earth can it not plant rose trees on the dust swamp of Mr. Tulk in the name of public enjoyment?

Let all concerned, owners of private property, vestries, boards of works, and all other boards, committees, guardians, overseers, and persons whatever, follow the example set in Leicester square, and see how long the public will stand it. Let, for instance—

- (1.) All the London statues be pelted with rotten eggs and dead cats.
- (2.) Charing Cross be turned into a daily cattle market and International guano exchange.
- (3.) Notices be posted all down Regent street, Piccadilly, in all the principal squares, and in front of all the public offices, inviting "rubbish to be shot" there.
- (4.) The parks be utilised for the purposes of brick making, hanging clothes lines, and bone burning.
- (5.) The Serpentine, Park lane, and Fleet street be left just as they are.

If something like the above does not set London mad, what will?

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

MR. WILLIAM HARRISON, the tenor of the people—the original exile from that fair land once

"—— Ploughed by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader; when might."

Mr. Harrison, who first sang "We may be happy yet," is sick and poor. His exertion to establish English Opera on a permanent basis is the cause of the latter misfortune. No wonder that a benefit on a large scale is to take place on his behalf. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson (natural enemies, one would have supposed) have come forward, hand-in-hand, with offers of assistance, and an influential committee, including every man of any reputation in the musical world, has been formed to superintend the entertainment. We make a mistake, perhaps, when we say that *every* man of note in the musical world has lent a helping hand, for Mr. Costa's name is conspicuous by its absence from the list. Surely Mr. Costa, of all others, who, as a foreigner, owes so much to British patronage and encouragement, should be ready to render his mite of assistance in a good cause; but it is a regrettable fact that Mr. Costa's name is not often associated with any scheme that is not remunerative. But this *en passant*. The undertaking will not suffer from Mr. Costa's non-co-operation, and we doubt not that the public will respond liberally to the demand made on them.

If Mr. Harrison had done nothing else to justify this

appeal, he would deserve the gratitude of the supporters of the drama for the admirable manner in which Covent Garden was conducted during his tenure of office. He was the first manager who put a seal on that disgraceful institution the "Pass-door" between the house and the stage; and nobody unconnected with the establishment, from princes and peers downwards, was permitted "behind the scenes." Moreover, during five consecutive years of loss upon loss, Mr. Harrison never once failed in the payment of the immense staff he employed. He has done the stage some service, and now is the time that the public should show their appreciation of the honest labour which has been a source of profit to many thousands of persons, but of the heaviest loss to the manager himself.

Although it is some years now since Mr. Harrison sang "Then You'll Remember Me," his claims on public sympathy are not forgotten.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

Call to your mind, if memory does not fail,
The name of Greece's most enchanting vale;
Then take the letters put before the name
Of individuals who saintship claim;
Together joined, the word it makes conveys
The name of one of Shakespeare's sweetest plays.

2.

My first's wind when wind is at its best,
My second is a word that means increase,
My third is oft the subject of a lease,
My whole is much frequented for the sake
Of charms disclosed by mountain, hill, and lake.

3.

My first is a part of the animal frame
In man and in beast you will find it the same;
My second by different names people call,
Dependent on whether the thing's great or small;
In the field or farmyard the very same word,
I mean for my second, is on it conferred.
First and second together will give a town
That's next to our capital in its renown.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Romeo and Juliet. 2. Hippodrome. 3. Chippenham.
4. Ion. 5. Whitebait.

ANSWERS have been received from Du Balstuchduf, More Next Time, Whack-a-rack-a-tilly-molly-doonie, Dixon Scrip, F. H. L. Winton, Only Fancy George, Sine Macula, James O'Rorke, Four Loonies, Ada Shaw, Penfold, Q. W. R. V., Polly Punch, M. G. S. (Heytesbury), Two Enterprising Earwigs, The Hermits of Oakley square, E. L. Orton, A Warley Lunatic, Emma Katherine L., Toddy, Gammong c'est tout à fait bosh, Old John, Four Hastings Scalps, Three Black Diamonds, C. T., Renyarf, E. V. A., Ernest, Henricandclara, Jollynose, Cigarettes at Danbury, Two Hertfordshire Hogs, Bassoon, W. Moor, J. Miles, Constantinopolitanisherdudelsacklockerbohrerpferrgesellenherbergsvater, Legs at the Amateur Theatricals, J. R. Moor, Blarney, Thurzones, C. F. Brace, Frank Stafford, Excelsior, The Sceptre of Leicester Square, W. Burbridge, Bravo Ned, R. A., Hiawatha, Two Clapham Contortionists, The Binfield Road Wonders, Slodger and Tiney, "Εμ" Ernestos, Anti-Teapot, Willie and Minnie, L. Kneller, Towhit, Cliftonville, Orpheus (Hyde park), Linda Princess, Inuo, Samuel E. Thomas, Fred. A. Bolton, Gulnare, My Name's John Cockles, Powhow, Two North Grove Children, Jack Solved It, Mad Whilk, Annie, Three Stray Burgivings, Shan and Crib, T. W. Hussey, Two Bond street Maniacs, Bobo, Bungaroo Bumbietwancker's Own Dear Granny, G. M. S., Three (yet) at Large, Ruby's Ghost, Catraminbriopanroticosmetiquescrumptierpolibewmurnipolitenosulqualitationaronisolierslitybangcolepadoperiste, and Buffs.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 65.]

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE LATEST MISSIONARY EFFORT.

THE English people have been lately undergoing the process of conversion to a great extent. Vigorous and earnest missionaries have been at work among them, and strange creeds have been propagated with astonishing tact and perseverance—creeds which, while we were loudly condemning them, have none the less steadily made head against every opposition. The old landmarks of politics and morality are being rapidly swept away by the tide of advancing intelligence: the old alphabet and the well-thumbed grammar of orthodoxy have been entirely superseded by new text-books. We have learnt that nothing is what we thought it was; that the old names, so familiar to us, with all their associations, the odours of the past that still hang about them, are all meaningless gibberish, and there is nothing left but for those who are young enough to set to and begin all over again, and for those who are too old to learn, to lie down and die in their old ignorance, still cherishing their old prejudices as the Truth.

This is no doubt a very satisfactory state of things, and a highly gratifying evidence of our national progress; but it is sad, very sad for those who have tried to carry the past with them into the present, and would fain believe that they can carry with them some part of it at least into the future. To learn that a Tory Government means democratic revolution is a terrible shock to these archaic minds, upon which bursts at the same time the revelation that the Honourable House of Commons is a sort of human bear-pit, with the beasts fighting for the bones; and that the high and mighty House of Lords is but a School for Abuse. But there still remained one stronghold of their faith: Church and State were both tottering from the open assaults of their foes and the secret underminings of their professed friends, but that pearl beyond price, British Morality, still remained intact; our mothers, our wives, our daughters, and our sisters were still miracles of purity; Society was gay perhaps, but always proper; our amusements were innocent, our dramas were still purged of all impropriety by the fatherly supervision of a Christian and a Lord Chamberlain. Those horrid wicked novels, and those more horrid and more wicked plays, in which everything good and true was turned into ridicule, and everything impure and false exalted and glorified, were written and read only by the French or some other dreadful foreigners. They would never be tolerated in this country; the men and women would rise *en masse* and hiss such pieces off our boards had anybody dared to present them. Alas! the good souls who believed this had not marked the signs of the times: the great work of conversion was quietly going on under their noses; missionaries from without were at work, aided by those within, who had long believed in secret, and now were not ashamed to profess their faith in public.

Pass we over the steps by which the glorious reformation advanced: how caterers for public amusement cleverly availed themselves of the progress of education, and proved the utility of our public schools by showing that their pupils really did manage to take away with them enough classical learning to know who Venus, and Mars, and Bacchus, and Jupiter were, and to appreciate the subtle humour of a pretty impudent girl, representing one of these deities, kicking her legs about in a breakdown. Then the Music Halls were elevating the masses; and comic songs, in which vulgarity just stopped short of indecency,

had become household words among us. Finally came the Paris Exhibition, and thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen rushed to Paris; they must of course live there "*ong Francy*,"—so, just as they drank claret at breakfast and took more chocolate than was good for them, so did they go and see some of those naughty pieces of Offenbach, of which they had heard the music, but not the words. Many were in raptures. "Schneider was delightful! so refined with all her vulgarity—so full of '*sheek*,'" as they called it, pronouncing the word with all the point which utter ignorance of its meaning could lend. Others confessed that she was very clever, but did not think it would do over in England; others pretended to like it, as they did absinthe, but the after-taste of both, they confessed to themselves, was not clean or pleasant; a very few saw what both actress and piece really were, and said—nothing. But the seed was sown, and it only needed perseverance to reap the harvest. British morality was already on the wane. The new creed would find plenty of converts in chaste England, if a proper missionary could be procured.

As the envoy is sent with presents to the doomed barbarian, merely to prepare the way for the general and his army, so was Finette sent before the all-conquering Schneider. The mission was, on the whole, successful. The stalls were crowded during the performance, and she reaped many honours. What if some voices were heard in execration of this *recherche* remnant of classical times? Finette paid, and it was evident that the sect was large and influential enough to warrant the despatch of the missionary-in-chief.

And so Schneider came, and appeared first as the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, a vulgar edition of Catherine of Russia,—appeared before the most brilliant audience that ever welcomed any aspirant to the favour of the British public. Royalty, and every grade of the aristocracy except the spiritual peers, were present; and even they might have been present in spirit, if not in the flesh. The great apostle of the new creed was on the first night rather modest; she restrained somewhat the freedom of her gestures, and only introduced a few pieces of superfluous vulgarity, out of compliment to the English taste. The experiment was thoroughly successful; the professors of the new creed were in ecstasies; the sternly decorous matrons, the bashful, innocent maidens of England had received their great apostle with the most perfect cordiality. Alas, for the blind confidence of mankind! The great cause was destined to be betrayed by its greatest champion. Determined that her new converts should have their eyes opened to what they were really worshipping, she gave free vent to her enthusiasm; she carried shamelessness to its extremest limits, and absolutely frightened away some of the more timid spectators, who were on the point of falling down before the new divinity. This was the first check which the victorious proselytizers received.

It is difficult to speak too highly of Schneider's honesty, and of her noble truthfulness. She could lend herself to no artifice. *La Belle Hélène* gave her the opportunity which *La Grande Duchesse* but imperfectly afforded. She seems to have said to herself, "These foolish English have been told to fall down and worship me; they have been told that I am full of '*esprit*,' of '*verve*,' and what not; that they really ought to bring their daughters, their sisters, their wives, to see me. Poor fools! they always do what they are told. They *shall* see me without any mist of fascination, without any veil of elegance to hide the real coarseness of my performance; they do not understand the language in which I play, therefore I will make my meaning

plain by my gestures. What before I suggested, I will now describe in action. They shall not be able to say that, dazzled by my wit or by my grace, they did not clearly see what it was they were applauding."

Bravely she fulfilled her purpose. It was possible even to invest such a vulgar "travestie" as *La Belle Hélène* with a sort of spurious refinement which might have blinded people to the gross indecency of the plot and dialogue. But Schneider resisted the temptation; she showed to the noble and the pure ladies there assembled such a portrait as probably they had never before had the opportunity of admiring. Well might the parents and husbands steal doubtful glances at one another's faces; well might their daughters and wives seek refuge behind an astonished stare, or a sickly smile of idiotic vacancy. But we must not wrong the audience by inferring that such conduct was at all general. No! there were scores of women who watched with eager and delighted faces every movement of *La Belle Hélène*. Such gigantic strides has the new religion made in this age of enlightened progress! It is possible that the new Gospel of Indecency may not be so popular as its predecessor. We shall owe it to the courageous frankness of Mdlle. Schneider if it dawns upon the minds of the ornaments of Society that they really *will* be compelled to blush if they go on assisting at such talented representations. Royalty was absent on Monday night; but on Tuesday night they shed the glory of their presence once more on the goddess of the nineteenth century. Let the heads of families devote their holidays to the study of so interesting a religion. Let us by all means awake and be joyful; let us forget the musty precepts of purity and decency which we have been taught in our dreary old churches. Let us grasp the beautiful creed, let us worship the beautiful goddess that Imperial France has sent us. But, for heaven's sake, let us hear no more of British Morality.

COMIC FRENCH.

MY DEAR "PUNCH,"—It is probably an age since you went abroad—though going abroad would not make you more at home in a foreign language—but it is no reason because you stay at home coddling your rheumatism that you should prove your great ignorance of the French language. You really should rub up your dictionary, which has been mislaid for so long a time; and then if you occasionally have a happy thought you will be able to express it, we hope and trust, as happily, without making the public acquainted with your want of modern education. However, as it is thirty years since you were brought up, you may have forgotten much by this time.

Without going farther back than your last number, may we ask what on earth you mean by *chique* (sic)? "*Chiquer*" is to chew tobacco, and *chique* would be what sailors call a "quid." How this word is applicable to Mdlle. Schneider it is difficult to imagine, though we have no doubt that she would be quite up to a *quid pro quo*, did you address your remarks to her in her native tongue; but that is evidently an improbability about which it would be futile to speculate.

By the way, on looking at the context we see you mean "*chic*"—don't forget the word, old fellow, "*CHIC*"—which has not the same pronunciation as the word you use for it. *Chic* of course you mean, the signification of which may be translated by many words, but scarcely one. *Chien* may be well translated by "*go*," but the other word is usable in many different ways—*smart, swell, style, knowing, plucky, the real thing, et hoc genus omne*.

We remember with pleasure an actor who performed *General Bourn* in Paris, by name Couderc, who knew how to be a buffoon, and not a particularly clean buffoon when he was in the humour, but who no doubt, or he would not have given us pleasure, had a great deal of talent for quiet drollery, and in this part was inimitable; but you, my dear *Punch*, speak of one "*Kouder*." Ah! we see; you are kind enough to show us how to pronounce his name. Why didn't you write it "*Koodare*" while you were about it?

By the way, while you rub up your French, do give yourself the trouble, in spite of the heat, to look into your Lemprière and see whether *Leda* is spelt with a diphthong; you are always right, but *LÉDA* does not look *chique* by any means. And some of your young friends have been at college, *Punch* dear, haven't they? On reflection it strikes us you had a trip last January abroad: certainly you gave us some Evenings from Home at the French Theatres. We didn't say anything at the time, for after

all it really doesn't signify; but you put some queer French into the mouths of some Parisians supposed to be conversing at a masked ball, or some place of that kind. It is too sultry to look through the back numbers, and between you and ourselves we should scarcely care to waste the time, even if we wanted to warm our fingers, but you should be more cultivated, you should indeed. You won't do it again! All right, let us have some iced shandygaff at the club! At *our* club. There would be sure to be some "foul play" at yours.

CORRUPTING GOOD MANNERS.

THE Elder Brethren of the Trinity House are sad dogs. When seamen arrive at a certain age, and attain a certain position in the world, they should abandon those vices which unfortunately are incidental to their otherwise honourable calling of master mariners: at all events they should cease to glory in them. *Apropos* of the banquet at the Trinity House last week, at which the Prince of Wales, half the Ministry, and all the great people left available in London were present, the *Court Newsman*, in his report of the proceedings, gives the following item of intelligence:—

"Prior to the dinner, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, as Master of the Corporation, swore an oath according to the usual custom."

It is an admitted fact that sailors of the old school possess in a high degree the terribly low habit of making use of bad language, but we have always understood that in the young school of the present day the pernicious custom is out of fashion. All persons who know anything about the private life of our Princes must be aware how incapable any of their Royal Highnesses are of making use of expressions, the propriety of which could be called in question by the most fastidious moralist. It is a great pity, therefore, that the Duke of Edinburgh should suffer himself to be led astray by a body of old gentlemen, who should be sufficiently respectable to know better.

A TOWN CRIER.

LORD NAPIER of Magdala has created a sensation in the very fullest acceptance of the term. We do not refer to the occasions of his visit to the Crystal Palace or of his presence at the Wimbledon Review. These events, it is true, served as channels for the pouring forth of the exuberant enthusiasm of some hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, but it was on the day of the General's visit to the City that his immense popularity achieved its greatest triumph.

It should be understood that the "freedom" which was conferred on the gallant nobleman on Wednesday last is in itself no trifling gift. It can neither be forwarded to its destination by the intervention of the Parcels Delivery Company, nor be sent to its recipient by the aid of a penny postage-stamp. The "freedom" must be fetched away in *propria persona*, and even then it requires the presence of the whole body of civic dignitaries to transact the business necessary to the occasion.

It was from a private gentleman from the ranks of the goodly array of honest citizens who met together to do honour to the last new hero that his Lordship received the most touching assurance of the national gratitude. People have shouted, and hurrah'd, have waved handkerchiefs, tossed hats, and smashed umbrellas in ecstasy at a sight of the victorious General, but the City Chamberlain is the first person who has cried over him.

In the reports of the City Chamberlain's speech on the occasion referred to (which, strange to say, was not eloquent, being as a speech somewhat below the average of such addresses), the newspapers state that the words of that worthy official were constantly interrupted by his deep emotion. What more can the General wish or hope for beyond this? The recollection of monster gatherings and magnificent fireworks must have seemed to him but puny demonstration when he beheld a worthy citizen, whom he had never seen before in his life, and who, on his part, had probably not heard of Sir Robert Napier a twelve-month ago, blubbering at the honour of being permitted to talk about him.

We do not know who the City Chamberlain may be, but he certainly should be put on the entertainment committee next time we have a Belgian reception or a Sultan's visit.

A TRUE TRAGIC-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

PROLOGUE.

OVID's Heroical Epistles give

The pattern for my verse, except that I

In mine shall tell a tale consecutive,

Whilst his are but a letter and reply.

This difference too there is, that his will live,

Whilst mine, just as undoubtedly, will die.

Did I not really think, I would not say, so.

But I am no one—he was Publius Naso.

My programme's brief. The *dramatis personæ*

Will be a most sweet maiden, dam, and sire ;

A worthless vagabond with lots of money,

And a poor devil with a heart and lyre ;

Two minor correspondents, either funny

Or grave, as the occasion may require.

The scene—now, London—now, a mansion hoary.

The characters themselves will tell the story.

EPISTLE I.

From Florence to Erica.

Dearest Erica, O such glorious news !

All is arranged. We go at once to Town.

Mamma at length has carried all her views,

As she explained them, when you last were down.

For weeks, Papa most flatly did refuse,

But, though he still, at times, affects to frown,

Has quite giv'n in, and list'ning now to reason,

Taken a house for the entire season.

I never was in London, as you know ;

And think ! I shall be there to-morrow night !

But this, remember, must no farther go,

As for a week I shall be lost to sight,

Having no dresses, either high or low,

Save such as, there, would make me look a fright.

Here, nothing can be got. Our country milliner,

Mamma declares, was really slowly killing her.

There, everything is perfect, I suppose ;

Therefore, until my wardrobe be completed,

Or nearly so, I must not show my nose.

But *you*—you know how warmly you'll be greeted,
Although I may not yet have got my clothes.

Eighty-four is our train. Now, why not meet it ?

We should arrive at fifty past eleven,

And seeing you, Erica, will be heaven.

I cannot write coherently, my head

Is swimming so with hopes, and fears, and fancies ;

'Tis not a bit of use my going to bed,

For of a wink of sleep there not a chance is.

I picture to myself all I have read

Of flower-shows, morning concerts, dinners, dances,

The Opera, the Park, the Drive, the Row,

Until I scarce believe we are to go.

I sit and wonder what I shall like best

Of all the things in Town. I rather shrink

From the idea of dinners : when one's dressed,

One does not eat, nor, dressed or undressed, drink.

But London balls ! I only tremble lest

They should not be as charming as I think.

Some girls abuse them ; is it they are spiteful ?

For somehow I feel sure they are delightful.

Of course we take our horses, and my bonnie ;

Bright, bounding Sunshine is to go as well.

So brisk and yet so gentle ! When I'm on, he

Answers my voice, even as your hand a bell.

I would not part with him for any money,

Though scores of men implore Papa to sell.

Indeed, I own I am so wild about him,

I doubt if I would go to Town without him.

But other things there are, which I must leave

Behind, for which, despite my joy at going,

I cannot help, Erica dear, but grieve,

Now that soft winds and springtide airs are blowing.

It makes me almost wish for a reprieve

When doves coo, and I hear the river flowing ;

And when the cuckoo calls in exultation

I feel a something more than hesitation.

For I shall miss the nightingales this year

(I hope you do not think me very silly) :

I do so love their liquid notes to hear

In the deep twilight, when all else is stilly.

And then my soft-eyed, beautiful young dear,

Sent me, you recollect, by cousin Willie ;

It seems so cruel, leaving a poor fawn

All by itself on a deserted lawn.

Fancy ! Papa proposed it should be sold,

Or sent to join the others on the fells !

Since you were here I bought a chain of gold,

And hung its pretty neck with tinkling bells ;

And it has so domestic grown, and bold,

It comes into my boudoir. My heart swells

With pain at leaving it. But what's the use ?

I fear I am a silly little goose.

You see I've been accustomed, all my days,

To live this country life amongst my pets ;

So, surely, at the parting of the ways,

I am not wrong to feel some weak regrets ?

But, by the way, what's a good place for stays ?

And are the chignons ever worn in nets ?

And, 'Rica, Willie says the girls all paint.

It can't be true ? Indeed, I'm sure it ain't.

He also says—I think you'll ask, what next ?—

He too shall be in London for the season ;

Though, *entre nous*, I know he's sadly vexed,And deems *my* going little short of treason.

Papa adheres, as ever, to his text,

And looks on Willie as bereft of reason.

But when a man's a genius and a poet,

Strangers but rarely, and friends *never*, know it.

I wish that you could see the witching view

Which stretches out before me as I write !

The grass so green, and oh ! the sky so blue,

And all the trees in Spring's first livery dight,

So soft in outline, subtle so in hue,

And the young lambs skipping with mad delight ;

Whilst the free lark divides his ample pæan

'Twixt mortal ears and the far empyrean.

'Twas Willie taught me first to love these things,

And I shall *always* love them ; but I do

Find him unjust when fiery scorn he flings

On all besides, and says that false and true

We jumble up, and so we lose our wings.

Now this, I think, is nonsense ; do not *you* ?

I worship sunsets and admire a sonnet ;

But yet, I own, I dearly love a bonnet.

I hear that tiny ones are all the fashion,

Which just will suit my stupid little head ;

And mantles with a sort of belt or sash on,

Tight round the waist, are coming in instead

Of ugly loose ones. But my great, *great* passion

Are those short skirts of which I just have read.

And do you know—I'm *certain*, too, she meant it—

Mamma declares I ought to be presented.

Well, really now, I must conclude my letter,

Which, were I not so foolishly excited,

A trifle longer should have been, and better.

I do assure you, I could scarcely write it ;

Moreover, you already were my debtor.

But that is nothing. Shan't I be delighted

On seeing you to-morrow ? So, to end,

Being Erica's ever-loving friend.

THINKING EVIL.

EVERYBODY has heard of a certain devotee of high art, who, as the French say, *pour conserver la morale*, dressed up a lot of statues in longcloth and calico. Has everybody, however, heard of the doings of the "General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church" in Ireland? Possibly not; but their capacity for nasty-niceness gives them a sort of claim on the attention of all who are interested in hooting down this sort of snobbery in whatever shape it happens to crop up.

It appears that the Irish Commissioners of National Education, after having taken immense pains with the revision of their school books, have yet managed to fall foul of the "General Assembly" in question. Space would be wasted in recapitulating the objections which have been taken by this pure-minded body to various works, passages, and lines published under the sanction of the Commissioners. Their worth, however, may be estimated from the fact that the expression "By Jove!" is denounced as a "profane exclamation," while "Yarrow" is condemned on the plea that "the advanced pupils of the national schools will, many of them, learn love songs soon enough, and extensively enough," without such a stimulus. It will be seen that, at this rate, our old friend Dr. Blair himself would turn out a sorry old reprobate, and prove almost as dangerous in an infant school as Don Juan or one of Mons. Sardou's comedies. Doubtless the powers of a Presbyterian General Assembly approach the inexhaustible as nearly as is compatible with their earthly exercise. Yet even the well of nasty-nice refinements may have suffered from the recent drought, and, like everything else, run dry in consequence. The genius of the gentlemen who think wicked and pernicious things, and suppose that everybody else, school children especially, are equally prone to fly at the naughty and disreputable side of everything, may therefore have come to a sudden halt. This would be fatal to their prestige, so let them by all means take courage and pick up a hint or two from a few "suppressions" which are here most confidently subjoined:—

- (1.) "*All hail, Macbeth!*"—Addressed by the witches to Macbeth, to be altered to some less pernicious form of greeting, such as "How do you do?" "Good morning" &c., &c. "All hail" suggesting the *public-house*, with all its associations of drunkenness, debauchery, vice, theft, and murder.
- (2.) *Aunt Femina's Little Fables for Little Children*.—The story entitled "The Young Wolf and its Dam" to be utterly expunged.
- (3.) *The Pilgrim's Progress*.—The man with the muck-rake to be cut out, on account of the naughty, wicked, libertine thoughts suggested by the title of his implement. Giant Pope also to be greatly reduced, his size being far too complimentary.
- (4.) Geography to be subject to a searching investigation, and in the meantime the river *Dee* to be ignored on account of the connection of the celebrated medical man of that name with the —.

Boulogne to be the capital of France in consequence of the disgraceful conduct of *Paris* over the apple.

Several unmentionable Dutch towns to be cut in half.

All *seas*, especially inland ones, to be referred to as little as possible, on account of their episcopalian tendencies. The *Ural* or *Oral* Mountains to be ignored on account of their intimate connection with a refrain of a very Bacchanalian character, &c., &c., &c.

And a good deal more to the same effect!

Seriously, why does not some sober member of the Presbyterian General Assembly rise up and denounce such disreputable twaddle as this?

ANOTHER POEM BY MILTON.

THE following poem has been forwarded to us by a learned gentleman, who says that he discovered it inside the lining of a four-wheel cab which took him to the station after dinner. It was written on the fly-leaf of a "Bradshaw's Guide," dated 16— something or other. We have read the verses ourselves, but decline to offer an opinion concerning their merits, as we prefer to allow our readers to come to their own conclusions

anent the views of our esteemed correspondent. He advances the following arguments in proof of its authenticity:—

- (1.) The antiquity of the vehicle in which he found it, which, he says, could never have been cleaned since the days of Milton.
- (2.) That the driver's name was John, and might have been Milton.
- (3.) That Milton knew Greek.
- (4.) That if he didn't, he ought to have.
- (5.) The initials, or rather two-thirds of them, are decidedly Milton's. (May not W. be short for "written by?")
- (6.) That Milton was in the Long Parliament, and therefore knew what it was to be kept in London during the hot weather.
- (7.) If Milton did not write it, he should like to know who did?

ODE TO THE COUNTRY.

Who would not fly
From London in July,
Where underneath a coppery sky,
Like crust of pie,
We miserable mortals bake and fry,
'Orototoi, 'Orototoi?

Al ai, ai ai,
I can but faintly sigh!
Fain would I cry;
But as they ooze from out my sun-beared eye,
The dusty tear-drops shrivel up and dry!
Nor drug, nor dye
That Rachel can concoct, or wealth can buy,
Can save my scorched face from looking like a Guy!

Oi ue, oi ue,
How gladly would I be
Beside the iodine-distilling sea!
Or 'neath suburban tree
Smoke solitary pipes and sip the fragrant tea.

Al ai, ai ai,
Or further hie,
With artificial fly,
To blubbering rills and sneezing streams, and try
Unconscious of their savoury destiny
The timid trout to take, and teach them how to fry!

Ti ti;
Oh why?
Should business tie,
Or duties Parliamentary,
Or, worse than all, that hag Society,
Upon whose altars victims, once so spry,
Grow moist and limp, then steam, perspire, and die;
Why should these keep us here in hot captivity?
Ti ti;

Turpomea.
But stay, oh stay!
Are there not all the weekly bills to pay?
And duns, dense dunces, clamouring at delay?
Oh nay! oh nay!
E'en duns themselves to Margate wind their way;
I, to appease them, will no longer stay,
But pack my carpet-bag, and fly from town to-day.

W. J. M.

WANDERING MAHOMEDANS.

THE French Exhibition of 1867 amongst its many influences on the times has certainly done something to upset the sentimental theory that there is no place like home. At all events it would appear, to judge from the recent proceedings of many of the Royal personages who quitted their kingdoms for the first time last year to visit Paris, that, in their august opinions, if there are no places precisely like their native lands there are several localities infinitely more attractive. These migrations of Royalty have not been confined to the potentates of Western Europe, but have even extended themselves to the conservative monarchs of the East. The Viceroy of Egypt is already *en route* to Ems and the German watering-places, and it is even rumoured that the Sultan contemplates a trip to the South of France. A few years ago such facts and rumours would have been voted absurd impossibilities. Now that the ice has been

effectually broken the reaction is pretty sure to be complete, and we may expect to hear next that the Shah of Persia is about to visit Boulogne for sea-bathing, or that the Tycoon of Japan has taken lodgings at Tunbridge Wells for the winter. Exhibitions are supposed to be good for trade, and they probably are, but they have a most topsy-turvy influence on society.

A SNARL BEFORE A SNAP.

AT the last sale of the dogs captured by the police, 68 lots of valuable animals fetched the insignificant sum of £20, "which amount," adds the semi-official announcement, "has been handed over to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Holloway." What a pity it did not occur to the charitably-disposed Commissioners of Police that the donation would have been far more profitable to the Institution had it been offered in kind instead of in money; for, had the sale been conducted under the supervision of a respectable body, possessed of some knowledge of the manners and customs of the canine race, the 68 lots would have probably fetched prices not far removed from what the lots were worth, instead of about 500 per cent. less than their ordinary market value.

Somebody must have made a good deal out of the auction at Cremorne; and it is almost a pity that the £20 was not divided between the policemen engaged in the captures, who must have had a great deal of the trouble, and, of course, cannot have reaped a penny of the profit. At all events, the public will not be appeased by the emptying out of the dregs of a good speculation on a quasi-charitable object.

The dog days will, thank goodness, soon be over; but Sir Richard Mayne's edict will not so easily be allowed to drop into obscurity. If every dog must have his day, it is a satisfaction to know that Sir Richard's turn is yet to come.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW ALLY.

MR. GLADSTONE is certainly a fortunate, if not a very prudent man. He has the happy art of attracting towards himself the most incongruous elements of humanity. The great army which he will lead to victory next year will be a vast and miscellaneous host, to which that with which Hannibal invaded Italy affords the only parallel. Let us hope that Mr. Gladstone's fate may not afford a parallel to Hannibal's.

The latest visitor to the sacred shrine in Carlton terrace, where the great dictator keeps his household gods and his temper (he sometimes takes the former, but rarely the latter, to the Palace of Westminster), the latest ally which—we beg pardon, whom the Coriolanus of the nineteenth century has taken unto his heart is a very remarkable man. Mr. Finlen or Finlan (like many other great men, the mere letters of his name live less accurately in our memory than his mighty deeds) is one of the most remarkable persons of the age. He has gained a distinction—shared, we believe, only by the immortal Broadhead—of having gone too far even for the Reform League, and of having been publicly disowned by that band of heroes. We are sorry that of his birth and antecedents we know nothing; his fame burst into full blossom without any budding preliminaries. Last year at the head of a deputation he, like one of the Gracchi, defied the bloated oligarchy of his native land in the shape of Mr. Hardy and the messengers of the Home Office. His conduct on this occasion was spoken of by his detractors, who were many, with great harshness; it was said, indeed, that his brutal insolence and overbearing blackguardism deserved a greater punishment even than being repudiated by the Reform League. Working men resented being classed in the same category as Finlen the Defiant. In short, this great defender of our liberties was said to have shown no respect for law, order, or decency. Showers of obloquy were poured upon the martyr. Avalanches of abuse and scorn were rolled on him by the Press. But he would not be crushed; he bided his time, and in time his reward came with his opportunity; he was received by the great, the good, the noble, the honest, the pure-minded, the Homeric hero, Gladstone, "like a father." Well may the father be proud of his son! It is no little consolation for the noble exile from the Treasury Bench to feel that if the House of Lords and Bench of Bishops are ranged against him,

Finlen is on his side. Let Mr. Disraeli triumph; let him gather around him his Orange hordes and shout "No Popery" till he is hoarse, Finlen and his two thousand are on the side of Justice and of Ireland. We heartily congratulate both Justice and Ireland on their good fortune.

Mr. Gladstone is often accused of a want of generosity and consistency: surely his conduct towards Finlen should vindicate his character in this respect. The rejected of the Reform League, the outcast of working men, is received with paternal love in the house which has so often been filled with the most distinguished throng that this country can produce. Other champions of liberty shrunk from noticing, much less receiving as their ally and friend, one who had earned so successfully the fame of a turbulent bullying spouter of sedition. Surely it was generous for the chief of the great Liberal party to take such a man to his bosom!

Next, it was thoroughly consistent in the man who, when his name was a rallying word for the mob that kept London in a state of riot for three days, when his portrait was carried at the head of the bands that tore down the railings of the park and destroyed the pleasure-ground of the people, sat in his place in the House of Commons silent, without saying a word in defence, not of folly and vacillation, but of law and order; it was thoroughly consistent in such a man, when a deputation of mischievous, idle agitators, who represented the real working men of England about as well as a score of aristocratic bookmakers from Tattersall's would have done, came to him and announced their intention of holding a meeting for the purpose of talking sedition and blasphemy on Sunday in Hyde Park, thereby annoying the thousands of respectable and hard-working men who were trying to enjoy their one day of recreation there,—it was thoroughly consistent in Mr. Gladstone to tell Finlen and his comrades that he had nothing to say about the proposed meeting but that "the reasons urged by the deputation why it should be held were worthy of consideration."

These, indeed, are glorious times! On one side a wily adventurer, scattering broadcast over the land the seeds of a fearful religious conflict; on the other a man who has been proclaimed great so often, that he might teach himself to believe the imputation, and act as if he deserved it, the chosen champion of Justice and of Liberty, holding out his hand to the pestilent scum of mobs, openly countenancing that foul-mouthed, seditious Licence which is an outrage to Justice and an insult to Liberty.

UNDRESS UNIFORMS.

A FEW days since the Judge attached to the Divorce Court dispensed with the presence, in Westminster, of forensic wigs. This innovation must not be allowed to pass into a precedent, or we may expect to hear of the following regulations becoming law:—

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS FOR THE ARMY

(during July and August).

HEAD-DRESS.—Cabbage leaf, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

SWORD.—Sword-stick umbrella, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

COAT.—None.

TROUSERS.—Fine muslin.

BOOTS.—Linen slippers, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

POUCH.—Fitted up with a refrigerator for the accommodation of officers fond of ices.

AMMUNITION.—Per diem, twelve rounds of wafers and three rounds of strawberries and cream.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS FOR THE NAVY

(during July and August).

PERAMBULATING SHOWER-BATH.—Curtains to be trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

SWORD.—As in the army.

COAT, TROUSERS, AND BOOTS.—None.

IMPROVING ONE'S FRENCH.—Why is "cancan" masc.? Because it is unfeminine. What should be the correct fem. of "cancan"? Can't can't!



* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heath) to ensure insertion. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE report that Mr. Gladstone had consented to receive a deputation of London thieves, in order to hear their grievances against the police, is, we are glad to say, unfounded. The right honourable gentleman is expected shortly to entertain Mr. Broadhead at Carlton-house terrace, in order to hear that distinguished individual's sentiments on the subject of rattening.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY "DUFF" (we presume this gentleman, in his modesty, has only revealed half of his surname, or perhaps as a determined man prefers the positive "Duff" to the word in its comparative form) has retired from the contest for the representation in Parliament of Aberdeen University. This is much to be regretted; and we sincerely trust that he will consent to stand for some other place—say, Abney Park Cemetery. It is reported that the "Honourable Member" (that is to be) takes some interest in the lively spot we have specified. We are convinced that Mr. "Duff" will find no greater admirers of his talent than the "grave and reverend" constituents to whom we now beg most respectfully to call his attention.

It seems rather hard that though the Court has been so constant in its attendance at Mdle. Schneider's receptions, she has never been received at Court or even at Marlborough House. However, she ought to be content with the great attention paid her by the Princes of the Blood. The Prince of Wales has been to see her three times, Prince Alfred four times, Prince Louis of Hesse three times, the Duke of Cambridge twice, and other Princes of smaller note we don't know how many times. Besides this, it may be noted that the Duke of Edinburgh immediately on his arrival from Australia first dined with his brother, then went down to see his mother, and came up next day, without losing any time, to see the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. "Honour where honour is due," seems to be the motto of our Royal Family.

FRESH FROM THE "MOLD."

It is reported that a Mr. Vaughan Williams, judge of the County Court at Mold, the other day rebuked two solicitors for daring to appear before him, "the one in a velveteen coat, and the other in a shooting jacket." Noticing the circumstances, a contemporary has already asked "what is the professional costume of a solicitor?" We have not yet seen Mr. V. Williams's reply, and it is very possible that that evidently fastidious gentleman may not trouble himself to give one. However, he has all the merit of having raised a highly interesting discussion. Would the Buckingham Palace standard of

"morning trousers and evening coats" hit the mark, or would even this be considered "indecorous" in a court of justice? We hear it looked very nice at the Palace, although the general effect was broadly comic; and if this is the case, perhaps nothing could be more appropriate to the proverbial solemnity of a County Court. Perhaps, though, justice is literally dispensed in another *mould* where Mr. V. Williams presides, and the merry laugh over innocence trampled under foot is never heard in the cavernous and earthy regions suggested to the imagination by the name of his *locale*. Perhaps the wisest way, in the absence of any absolute authority, to arrive at a solution of the matter would be to throw it open to the suggestion of clients. Of course there would be several propositions for beautiful white robes and wings, but taking the sum total of opinion in general, we have no doubt the professional dress of a solicitor would be something very terrible and imposing indeed.

ALLEN LORD MAYOR.

MR. ALDERMAN ALLEN, a citizen swell,
Was a bookseller proud 'neath the sound of Bow Bell;
(P'raps dined on prime joints and took muffins at tea :)
And a very respectable tradesman was he.
But woe was the hour, and November accurst,
When his turn came to sit among magistrates First.
In the House of the Mansion he took the chief chair :
"Now I'll read 'em a lesson," quoth Allen Lord Mayor.

He took his small spites and his tricks of the trade,
And therewith the office ridiculous made;
Such trumpery maxims and politics small
Were never yet heard within range of Guildhall.
And he said, "If those scribblers, the newspaper men,
Dare to make ME the butt of a critical pen,
I'll be amply avenged; for when Napier is there
I'll shut out their reporters," quoth Allen Lord Mayor.

But London waxed wroth such a lesson to learn,
And longed for November the Ninth to return,
When blustering Allen should quietly drop
From the City's chief lord to the swivel of his shop.
'Twere better if claims for the citizen throne
Were settled by merit, and merit alone,
For by rotary choice you may vote to the chair
Such a very small party as Allen Lord Mayor.

PAYNES AND PENALTIES!

OF course TOMAHAWK has no wish to be disagreeable, but really he *must* call the attention of his readers to the following extract, cut from a newspaper recording a case tried at the Middlesex Sessions:—

The jury acquitted the prisoner.
Mr. Payne: Prisoner, the jury have acquitted you. You are not innocent. You know very well that you took the two sovereigns. I have no moral doubt of your guilt.
The Prisoner: My lord, the jury have acquitted me.
Mr. Payne: Yes; and therefore you may go. But don't get into custody again.
The prisoner was then discharged.

This is justice with a vengeance! A prisoner is found "not guilty" (a verdict tantamount to a declaration of innocence) by a jury, and the judge coolly sets the finding at naught by delivering a verdict of his own! As this is not the first time that the "Assistant Judge" has rendered himself ridiculous on the bench he adorns (!), by conduct at once injudicious and eccentric, TOMAHAWK trusts that the "prisoner" so grossly maligned by "his Lordship" will not allow the matter to drop, but will commence an action for libel. Mr. Payne may be a very "mad wag," but he is a very indifferent lawyer.

THE LINENDRAPERS' ANTHEM.—"Oh, bless our Sale o' Prints!"

WHAT Railway Station would be the best for artillery? Cannon's treat.

THE TOMAHAWK, August 1, 1868.



DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE!
OR,
THE POLITICAL "TRAPPIST."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER II.—Private Dubbs.—Our First Mutiny.

AT about four o'clock p.m., on a hot day in July, might have been seen two young men travelling in a first-class carriage on the Modern Babylon Extension and North Diddlesex Railway, with tickets in their pockets, granting them a ride from London to Burnham Scrubs. They (the young men) were both very magnificently dressed in green uniforms covered with silver and turned up with red, and one of them (the younger) looked very martial and beautiful. The elder of these two young men was Captain Cockloft, of the B.S.R.V.C., while the younger (the one who looked so martial and beautiful) was myself.

After an hour's panting and puffing, whistling, creaking, and stopping, the train rushed into a station, and the voice of a sleepy porter was heard to exclaim "B'rum Crubs, B'rum Crubs!" Upon which Cockloft and I jumped out of our carriage and made ready to deliver our tickets. The engine, which seemed to have a very hearty contempt for the station, pulled up at the platform for an instant (apparently that it might have time to indulge in a highly derisive whistle), and then, turning up its steam at the signal post, it puffed away creakingly and pantingly to other climes.

I was not surprised at the conduct of the engine, for certainly the appearance of Burnham Scrubs Station was not calculated to fill the soul of even a rustic with respect—the place was weedy and overgrown. The Company had mistaken their town: a very long platform had been constructed, and had been allowed to run to seed—not a third of it had ever been used. The cobwebs in an unfurnished refreshment stall told eloquently of the mournful but ambitious career of a disappointed, if not ruined, confectioner. In fact, the station was horribly lonely, and looked as if a goods train had carried into it and deposited upon the platform, a packet containing a cause in the Court of Chancery, which parcel had never since been called for. Even the porter (once a lively fellow, to judge from the merry twinkle that still lingered in his eye) had sobered down into what might be aptly termed a "weird wag." The place was wretchedly dismal, and we made haste to leave it.

"Can you tell me the way to the 'Princess Royal' public-house?" said Cockloft, with a *souffron* of bluster, to the grinning porter.

"Ax yer pardon, guv'nor, but don't yer recollect me?" and the railway official gave a tug at a bit of his front hair.

Cockloft looked at him steadily and exclaimed, "By Jingo, why it can't be Dubbs?"

"Yes, sir, that's me. I ain't likely to forget a flat—leastways, I means a gent as guvs me three 'alf-crowns and a suit of clothes for jining a Wolunteer's Corpse, 'specially when I'm 'ard up and doesn't know where to pick up a bit o' dinner."

"Our private!" said Cockloft to me, softly; and then added to Dubbs, "This is one of your officers, Dubbs—Lieutenant Smyth."

Dubbs grinned more than ever, and said, "Thankee, sir."

"You seem to be getting on in the world, Dubbs," observed Cockloft, with the grand air of a noble patron.

"Well, yes, sir; I've been doing werry nicely since I guv up crossing-sweeping and took to this 'ere work—werry nicely indeed, thankee, sir."

"I understand that you will be at the regimental supper to-night?"

"Thankee, sir. If it's not too bold, what will be up at this 'ere supper?"

"Well, you will be introduced to your future officers—to Lieutenant Smyth, for instance."

"Thankee, sir," said Dubbs, pulling at his forelock, "but wot I meant for to say was, wot will the wittals be like—will there be beer, for hinstance?"

"Ya'as," said Cockloft, pulling at his moustache—"Ya'as, there'll be beer. In fact, it will be like an ordinary mess."

"Aging yer pardon, sir, it's just as I thought," replied Dubbs, rather mournfully. "When I 'eard as 'ow you'd given the order for the supper to Mr. Potts, of the 'Princess Ryle,' I said to myself, says I, it *will* be a mess!"

"Quite so. You will appear in uniform, of course?"

"Aging yer pardon, sir, but I *am* in uniform."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me, Dubbs," said Cockloft, suddenly becoming very grave indeed, "that you have been wearing Her Majesty's uniform *here*!"

"Well, guv'nor," replied Dubbs apologetically, "you see I thought as 'ow I might get used to it, sir, by wearing it a little while I shunted the trucks and iled the carriage-wheels. And I'm sure it's done me a world of good. I took quite naturally to the uniform, and, as yer see, the uniform it took quite naturally to the ile!"

"I'm very sorry to hear this, Dubbs," said Cockloft. "You promised me you wouldn't wear your uniform except on duty: however, I suppose we must get you a new suit out of the capitation grant."

"Thankee, sir," replied Dubbs.

"Any of our men come down, Dubbs?" asked Cockloft.

"Only two I think, sir," said Dubbs, promptly.

"Do you know who they were?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't recollect as 'ow I've seen the gents before."

"Do you think they could have been Lieutenant Montgomery and Ensign St. Clare?"

"Werry likely, sir."

"What were their uniforms?"

"Werry long-tailed coats with blue and white stripes, big shirt collars, black faces, and curly wigs. One of the gents 'ad got 'old of a sort of a guitar, and the other, 'e carried a tam-bourine; and both on 'em was werry wocal!"

"Private Dubbs," said Cockloft, sternly, "I can allow of no tomfoolery. If I hear anything more of that sort of thing, it will be my painful duty to order you under arrest!"

"Thankee, sir," replied Dubbs, with an ill-disguised grin.

"Perhaps we had better march down to the mess room," observed Cockloft with some haughtiness. "Is the band of the regiment in attendance?"

"No, sir, unless you count them two wocal gents."

"Private Dubbs!" thundered Cockloft.

"Ax yer pardon, sir," replied the porter with lively gravity.

"No offence meant, sir!"

"Be careful, sir," said Cockloft, sternly; and then aside to me, "Must keep up discipline, you know."

"Quite so," I replied, "very proper indeed."

Dubbs, after calling to a very small child, carrying a very large baby, to "keep 'er eyes on the tickets, and little Jimmy out of the way of the six twenty-five Up express," led the way down the stairs to the road, where we all three arrived in safety.

"Now," said Cockloft, "fall in!"

Dubbs looked at me with a grin, and I looked at Dubbs with a frown.

"Now," repeated our Captain, "Atten—shun! Fall—in! One—two!"

"I say, old fellow," I began.

"When we are on duty, Lieutenant Smyth, I wish to be called by my military rank. You are addressing your Captain. Remember that, please."

"Addressing my grandmother!" retorted I rather angrily, for a little crowd was getting up round about us, consisting chiefly of a butcher-boy and a couple of infant roughs. "I don't see the fun of making ourselves dee'd ridiculous to pander to your military whims and fancies."

"I am ashamed of you, Lieutenant Smyth," said Cockloft, gravely. "Think of the example you are setting to private Dubbs. You really ought to be tried by court-martial for so forgetting yourself before the Man of your regiment."

"Oh, hang you and the court-martial too," I replied, thoroughly out of temper, for the infant roughs, led by the butcher-boy, were beginning to jeer at us.

"I can submit to this no longer," roared Cockloft. "Private Dubbs, I command you to arrest Lieutenant Smyth!"

"I should like to see him do it," said I, putting my hand to my sword.

Cockloft paid no attention to my defiant gesture, but, pointing towards me, exclaimed, "Do your duty, private!"

"Arrest *me*, indeed!" I cried, angrily. "I command you, private, to arrest *him*!"

"Which do you intend to obey, sir?" asked Cockloft, sternly.

"Well, sir, you see 'e's bigger than you, so, if you've got no objection (I mean no offence), I'd sooner arrest *you*."

"Do, Dubbs," I cried, "and I'll give you half-a-crown."

"Hooray!" exclaimed the infant roughs, enthusiastically.

"Lieutenant Smyth and Private Dubbs," said Cockloft, with gloomy majesty, "on a reconsideration of the subject, I've come to the conclusion that it is unnecessary for you to fall in. How-

ever, it will be my duty to report this affair to the authorities at the War Office. We will muster in half-an-hour's time, if you please, at the mess table." And with this he stalked off.

The very mention of the War Office filled my soul with alarm. What hadn't I done! Arrested my superior officer! Perhaps laid myself open to being shot by a file of soldiers, according to the Articles of War. My only hope was the fact that Cockloft had not been actually arrested. My face must have revealed my emotion: for Dubbs said,

"I'm sorry yer told me to arrest 'im, as I think it will get yer into trouble," and he followed Cockloft with hurried steps.

"Don't do it," I exclaimed.

"Oh, I must," said he, "because yer told me to. I wouldn't disobey my superior h'officer not for h'ever so much."

"Not for half a sovereign?"

"Make it a sovereign," replied Dubbs, stopping short, "and I will do anything. I knows it's wrong to disobey yer, but I've got a wife and a starving family!"

I paid the money and rejoined Cockloft. After a long explanation he became reconciled to me, and we reached the "Princess Royal" without further adventure. When we got to the door of the tavern we were met by a surly-looking man, who in reply to a question about the supper, answered us in the following startling words—

But stop! perhaps I had better keep the account of the ever-memorable supper until next week. Ha! ha! Won't you laugh when you have heard all about it!

(To be continued.)

BLESS YOUR HEART, IT WAS THE WHITEBAIT.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—On the balcony of the Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich.
TIME.—After dinner.

RT. HON. B——D——.—Capital whybait, Sir John. Somehow, rather disagrees with me—like Glashtone, eh?

SIR JOHN P——.—Good again—like Glashtone—very good. Like the dinner. Deuced good dinner. Landlord most liberal!

RT. HON. B——D——.—Landlord Liberal—wish! Lib'ral Conservative or 'Shervative Lib'ral? Confoun' it! I never can take more than spoonful of whybait.

SIR JOHN P——.—It's not the whitebait, Premier, it's th' inclemenshy of weather.

RT. HON. B——D——.—Like Glashtone again—finds th' inclemenshy getting too hot for him.

MUDLARK (below).—Chuck us hout a 'apenny, guv'nor.

RT. HON. B——D——.—Good boy. Recognishesh his Polit'cal Guv'nor. (Throws a sixpence at the Mudlark). Hit him, by Jove! Goo' shot that, eh, Sir John?

SIR JOHN P——.—Cap'al shot. Confounded Pallscher couldn't aim better.

RT. HON. B——D——.—Who's Pallscher? Oh, comical shot, Pallscher. Shplendid fellow. Name sheems to shill your heart of shteel, eh, Sir John?

SIR JOHN P——.—Hate gunners and gun makers. They know I know nothing about it.

RT. HON. B——D——.—That don't signify. Do ash I do—look as if you knew all about it. You aint funny thish evening. Wish Bernaloshborne was here to make one laugh, or Mayscher Anshon, to get a rise out of Sec-Secretary of war.

SIR JOHN P——.—Confound Major Anshon and his inquisitive curiosity. Quite enough to go into the midst of a nesht of hornets at Shoeburynesh, without —.

RT. HON. B——D——.—Come, Shir John. No shop! An' you love me, Sir John.

MUDLARK (who has climbed to the top of a boat's mast and is overlooking the banqueting room).—Aint yer got another tizzy among yer, guv'nor?

RT. HON. B——D——.—Enterprishng boy that, Sir John. Got to the top of the pole. Eh! By Jove, he'sh shliping down. Like Glashtone again. Go away little Glashtone, or I shall shy ishe at you, or bottle, or shumsing or other.

MUDLARK.—I aint 'ad no dinner, guv'nor. I'd like to change places with you for a bit.

SIR JOHN P——.—Both of you at the mast-head.

RT. HON. B——D——.—Been a dowful compliment when you were in th' Adniralty, Sir John. (Throws ice at the Mud-

lark.) That'sh what your friend Pallscher would call a shill shot with a vengeance!

MUDLARK.—I'll send a bobby to you if yer don't 'a done. Come, I say, just muzzle up a bit; two can play at that game.

RT. HON. B——D——.—Quite right, little Glashtone; we do it every evening. Shy shtones but no mud, you know. Thasht not Parliametary.

SIR JOHN P——.—Go away little boy, or it will be war between us.

MUDLARK.—Vy yer aint in a fit state for war, you aint. I'd lick the lot, if yer'd come down 'ere.

RT. HON. B——D——.—(retiring with Sir John P——).—Jush like Glashtone—Glashtone all over!

Scene closes.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

When roguery for others makes a trap,
And is caught itself few people care a rap:
Such rascals are the dramatist's delight,
And Shakespeare shows one in a pretty plight.
Of all his plays no finer one than that
Of which the title means but "tit-for-tat."

2.

My first is a language few English can speak,
And the Queen of its talkers as much knows of Greek;
My second's an animal not wild or tame,
And one which no sportsman considers true game;
My second at plenty of shops you may buy,
And when joined with my first your own cook will supply.
'Tis not in the least like the name that it bears—
What 'tis called, only God has the power to create;
What it is, man with nature in making it shares,
Like most of the good things that cover his plate.

3.

My first is a spirit, my second a fruit,
My whole in large gardens often has root.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Tempest. 2. Westmoreland. 3. Liverpool.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Renyard, Two Puss Cats, A Yorkshire Tike (W.H.M.), J. R. Moor, John Cockles, Chèque'a-dit-oui Une-piyanne-les-gambes-en-l'air & Co., Baker's Bills, Excelsior, W. McD., Alderman Number 80, Linda Princess, The Owl (Folkestone), Pythiakara, Four Stockings Scalps, Sine Macula, Soda Might, Two Enterprising Earwigs, X. Y. Z., Mad Whilk, Two North Grove Children, Sweet as the Rose, A. W. Ryberg, Two Tinkers of Regent street, A πέρκτ θη φλας mit zee πτόμιν ακέ, Annie (Tooting), Three Stray Buzwings, Howard M. C., Tower Mixture, Old Brum, A Dulwich Duffer, A Muzzled Cat, Spindlelilljack, The Binfield Road Wonders, H. J. T., Rolfe, Emily F. Hollowell, Ginger Wine and Shrimps to the Sound of Trumpets, T. H. L. Winton, Muzzled but not Puzzled, C. R. R., Cholic, Two Herefordshire Hogs, A Precocious Mosquito, Gulgare, Galatea, Palmetbo, Greywater, Anti-Teapot, Μμ, Ruby's Ghost, Poppy, Snooks and Co., G. M. S. (Edgbaston), Cats Don't Know, Still Dublin, Sauerkraut, A. Le (Middle Temple), Sciocco, Veau, B. C. H. L., Samuel E. Thomas, J. F. Dexter, Dixon Scrip, W. Burbridge, Blarney, W. H. (Hackney), Ein verrückter Kerl, Lucie J. Wright (Rotherham), Arthur's Pet, Why Not Give Better, Rose Eäler, Frank Stafford, Agnes and Nat, A Darlington Lunatic, A Tuesday Morning Maniac, and Easy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 63.

ANSWERS have been received from Poppy, Grassplot, A Merry Zingara, Chèque'a-dit-oui Une-piyanne-les-gambes-en-l'air & Co., Monta, Orange Cream Flummery, R. L. Mesurier and Walter Macleane, Alexis, Hawksley, A Jay and No Jay, Edward and Blanch Woodford, Uncle Charles Peter, Dropsical Walking-stick, A Peppered Muffin, Mable May, Old Brum, W. J. M., Rolfe, Bill Buck's Old Slipper, The Nells of the Night, Ynnaf Nesuhlla, W. McD., The Maldon Dan'l, W. T. Taverner, The Savage, A Newcastle Swell, and A Band of Brothers.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 66.]

LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE

THE RESULTS OF ENQUIRING WITHIN.

A GOOD deal of natural curiosity was excited at the time of Her Majesty's recent garden party at Buckingham Palace, as to the source from which the Lord Chamberlain had obtained his views of the proper costume on such an occasion for the real gentleman of the period; and the public interest in the question has been gradually subsiding only because everybody has begun to despair of finding the solution of so peculiar and perplexing an enigma. We think we have solved it. We really flatter ourselves that we have discovered the source of this second Nile. The Lord Chamberlain has been diligently studying the "three hundred and sixty-second thousand" of *Enquire Within Upon Everything*. Afraid of discovery, that sensitive magnate did not adhere literally to the instructions there given under the head of "Visiting Dress," but just slightly deviated from them, in order to elude detection. It is clear, however, to the critical mind where he got the hint for the famous evening coat and waistcoat and morning trousers. *Enquire Within* lays it down that "a black coat and trousers are indispensable for a visit of ceremony or entertainment." Now a visit to Her Majesty must always be one more or less of ceremony; but about the particular entertainment in question there was a novelty, which made some people—wretched old Tories, no doubt—pronounce it not only far from ceremonious, but positively free-and-easy. Of course we do not take that view ourselves; but we can quite believe that it had come under the cognisance of the Lord Chamberlain, and that he was a little perplexed how to combine a certain amount of ceremony with the expectation of a certain absence of it. At that moment he received his copy of the new edition of *Enquire Within*. He did enquire within, found the paragraph we have quoted, and thereupon framed his sartorial edict. Very likely we shall have some more Court regulations from the same source. One of them, however, we do devoutly hope, will be overlooked. It is that "a gentleman walking should always wear gloves, this being one of the characteristics of good breeding." The late Mr. Thackeray never wore them; but perhaps *Enquire Within* would retort that he was only an author, and that nothing better could be expected from him. We are willing to waive that point; but in the interest of all the young gentlemen of the very highest breeding who, we hear, are going to get married on £300 a-year, we must pray that gloves be not considered quite as "indispensable" in the streets, as "black trousers at a visit of ceremony."

FLASHES IN THE PAN.

WITH telegraph wires over the whole of Europe, and through a good half of the rest of the world, it is strange that we should receive such a meagre amount of daily news. The telegrams in the morning papers seldom occupy more than half a column of space, and a great portion of these are only inserted as make-weights. For instance, almost every other day there are half-a-dozen messages in the largest type, telling us of the proceedings of the ships that carry the Indian mails. Now as these ships sail twice a week, and make their journeys as regularly as clockwork (or if they sometimes do not, we don't hear of it),

such information cannot be either useful or interesting to anybody. It would be just as sensible to announce the safe arrival at Edinburgh of the limited mail in the second edition of the *Times*, or to reproduce the way-bills of the Brompton and Islington omnibuses in the evening papers.

Now that the subject of telegraph monopolies is under discussion, it is a pity that some influential person does not come forward as the champion of the public interest. Hitherto the question has only been ventilated from a purely selfish and personal point of view—what it will cost to telegraph to Brown at Brighton, or if Cook will get her message in time to prepare dinner for Jones on his unexpected return home.

Such details as these should doubtless not be overlooked; but at the same time it should be remembered that the electric telegraph has a mission far nobler than that of ministering to the comforts of the upper classes. Its mission is to let the world know what the world thinks and does; and it is a bad sign of the times that while so many great men are interesting themselves in the reorganisation of the telegraphic systems, it has occurred to no one to still further develop the real value of this magnificent innovation of modern days. The tree bears fruit it is true, but it requires cultivation to supply those multifarious benefits which all nations may claim as a right to cull from its branches.

PEARLS AMONG SWINE.

MR. RONALD THOMPSON, the Secretary to the British Legation at Teheran, has rendered to the Foreign Office a most interesting report of the trade and resources of Persia. The country, we regret to see, appears to be in a terribly bankrupt condition, owing to the repeated failures of the silk produce. The report states that the whole amount of money in the Imperial coffers and in circulation amounts only to the insignificant sum of £1,500,000. In addition to this are the Crown jewels, which are valued at two millions; but unfortunately it is useless to offer them for sale, as the whole riches of the land could not purchase them.

Under these circumstances it is a pity that some one does not advise the Shah to despatch an ambassador to the Court of King Attenborough, of Piccadilly. This simple course would certainly dispel the deadlock at which the affairs of the Persian Treasury have arrived; and we can assure His Eastern Majesty that there would be nothing unusual or *infra dig.* in the proceeding, as he would be by no means the first Royal personage who, within the last hundred years, has pledged all, save honour (which, after all, may not be considered by pawn-brokers as a marketable commodity), beneath the sign of the golden orbs.

GOOD NEWS FOR A DISTINGUISHED VOLUNTEER REGIMENT.—Several demagogues have written to us to say that they intend joining the "Burnham Scrubs R.V.C." They give as a reason for their preference, that they think the Volunteer Movement should be as *public* as possible, and add that from what they have heard they imagine that there must be very little that is *private* about the "B.S.R.V.C."

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

IN this age of social enlightenment, when so much is expected from youth and so little allowance is made for inexperience, the subject of female education has become a question of paramount importance. The utter failure of the ordinary run of "Establishments for Young Ladies" to educate children of the upper classes to assume the position in society to which they are called immediately on leaving school, has lately become so painfully apparent, that it is with no surprise that we hear that an effort is about to be made by those interested to do something towards remedying the evil. We understand that it is proposed to establish an institution on a system which, breaking free from the ordinary routine course of a boarding school education, shall secure that its pupils on leaving school shall at once find themselves mistresses of those arts and accomplishments which now-a-days it behoves all young ladies to possess, and which, alas! when the mind is once formed with other ideas require the study and perseverance of years to acquire. We have much pleasure, therefore, in publishing the prospectus of a Ladies' College, the foundation of which is on the *tapis*, but, as the engagements of the professors are in most cases still pending, we insert their names under every reserve.

TRAINING COLLEGE

FOR THE

DAUGHTERS OF NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

Patrons.

THE PRINCES OF THE BLOOD.

Visitors.

The ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY, YORK, and ARMAGH
(*ex officio*). With power to add to their number.

Note.—Any nobleman or gentleman presenting two thousand guineas to the Foundation Fund of the Institution will become a Life Visitor.

Principal.

This office will be thrown open to public competition. Ladies of title and others are invited to send in their testimonials. The salary will be £1,000 a year and a private residence.

Professors.

<i>Theology</i> . . .	Mr. Bradlaugh.
<i>Poetry</i> . . .	Mr. Algernon Swinburne.
<i>Composition</i> . . .	Mr. Linklater.
<i>Moral Philosophy</i> . . .	Lord Ranelagh.
<i>Physical Science</i> . . .	M. Leotard.
<i>Arithmetic and Book-making by Double Entry</i> . . .	Mr. Padwick.
<i>French</i> . . .	Mdlle. Theresa.
<i>German</i> . . .	Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.
<i>Italian</i> . . .	Signor Francatelli.
<i>Painting</i> . . .	Madame Rachel.
<i>Drawing</i> . . .	Mr. Moses. (Terms, 60 per cent.)
<i>Dancing</i> . . .	Mdlle. Finette.
<i>Music</i> . . .	Messrs. Offenbach and Godfrey.
<i>Singing</i> . . .	Mr. A. Lloyd and Miss Annie Adams.
<i>Domestic Economy</i> . . .	Mrs. Wyndham.
<i>Deportment</i> . . .	Madame Schneider.
<i>Elocution</i> . . .	Mr. Fordham (of Newmarket).
<i>Floriculture</i> . . .	Mr. E. T. Smith.
<i>Jurisprudence</i> . . .	Baron Nicholson.
<i>Riding and Driving</i> . . .	Miss Anonyma.
<i>Billiards</i> . . .	A Cavalry Officer.
<i>Whist</i> . . .	A Member of the Arlington Club.

The college is solely for the education of the children of those persons moving in the select circles of society. To ensure exclusiveness, the terms will be high—viz., £250 a year for each girl.

Children will be received at any age under twelve, but in no case will a young lady who has passed her twelfth birthday be accepted, it being the opinion of the promoters that after this age the impressions and prejudices of youth are in a degree already formed; and a pupil joining the college with any of the ordinary ideas indigenous to English girlhood cannot do justice to the system.

The course of education will be complete at the age of sixteen years.

The term will commence in August of each year, and terminate at the end of March, thereby giving the pupils the advantage of being with their parents during the whole of the London season.

The college is already handsomely endowed. A nobleman has undertaken to provide annually an "Honorable" who will make an offer of marriage to the pupil who obtains the highest number of marks in her general studies, and several gentlemen have promised broughams, opera boxes, and bracelets to those young ladies taking the first place in certain of the classes. A lady interested in the undertaking has munificently presented her freehold villa in St. John's wood for the residence of the lady principal.

The excellence of the design of the institution speaks for itself. An undertaking which meets so fully the requirements of the age cannot fail to be financially a success, and its promoters deserve the gratitude, as they must command the sympathy, of fashionable England of the present day.

RHYME AND TREASON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the attempt we made the other day to stay the torrent, snobbery has swept everything before it, and the immense success of that screaming comic song, "God bless our Sailor Prince," has already borne its fruits. The whole Royal Family is now on the eve of being handed over to the music-halls, for snobbery is a thirsty thing in its way, and is not inclined to stop short after so fine a crawl as it has recently indulged in at the expense of the youthful Duke. When an enthusiastic crowd, composed of seventeen thousand snobs, relish and re-demand such sickening twaddle as that "effectively given" by poor Mr. Cummings a few weeks back at the Crystal Palace Blue Fire and All-alive Royalty Gala, what on earth must become of the real vulgar taste? Talk of lampoons on the august,—did any "chaff"—no other word will express it—ever come up to that directed against the unoffending young Duke by the poet who, doubtless never meaning to hit so hard, penned the cruel lines to which we again refer? We will be bound to say that for sly, yet gashing and withering severity of humour they are unmatched. Indeed, should the series be continued, we quite tremble for the fate of Royalty. Fancy, for instance, a national hymn to Prince Christian! Why, "Champagne Charlie" and the "Gallop Snob" would pale before it! Indeed, the thing is serious when we dwell on the opportunities open to its indulgence. Young Prince Arthur has just got his commission, and is working for the Engineers. True, the Engineers do not suggest dash, and are not so useful for poetical purposes as the Artillery. "God save our Engineer" sounds tame, and would not read well; but a change, *elegantia gratid*, might be made, and the cannon's mouth itself easily introduced. Imagine a military edition of our "Sailor Prince," under the title of "God save our Bombardier!"

How apologetically it might go off, thus:—

We've cried "God bless the Prince of Wales,"

And "done" our "Sailor Prince;"

But when your snob his ear regales,

Matters what use to mince?

He wants to gush and crawl and shout;

At some one he must cheer,—

Ah, see, he's found Prince Arthur out!

"God bless our Bombardier!"

Then the poet might get bolder:—

Napoleon he lost Waterloo,

And Wellington he won;

But I'd name one to lick the two!

I mean it—not my fun.

The man to drive the foe away,

When he's en-camp-ed here,

Is he, of whom I, Gents, must say,

"God bless our Bombardier!"

And at last, not entrammelled by the ordinary conventionalities of accent, time, space, or fact, he might really close very effectively:—

When London in the dust is laid,
And England no more free
(Her very dividends unpaid),
Sinks deep beneath the sea ;
When countless foes about her roar,
Annihilation near,
Expiring nature still shall snore,
"God bless our Bombardier !"

En somme, we might be treated to gush *ad infinitum*. Talk of *La Lanterne* and the *Court Newsman*; why, their gibbets are made of rosewood compared to this. Heaven preserve Royalty from popular enthusiasm excited by an admission of half-a-crown a head, and stimulated by a two-shilling Crystal Palace dinner !

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON IN SEARCH OF A SEAT.

A PERSON who, by dint of irrepressible effrontery, timely servility, and publications bordering on the indecent, has made himself known to the indiscriminating curiosity of the vulgar as Mr. Hepworth Dixon, has just been endeavouring to purchase what calls itself "the richest borough in England," by the sale of himself. Having instructed some of his hangers-on—of whom, we are sorry to say, he has, as editor of an utterly worthless but still somewhat influential critical journal, no small number at his disposal—to concoct a letter affecting to proceed from the electors of Marylebone, and inviting him to give an account of his principles, he has responded to the enquiry by what he evidently imagined would be the profitable confession that he has none. He informs these electors in buckram that he considers a member of Parliament a mere delegate of those who elect him ; one whose business it is to do simply what he is told, and—to be paid handsomely for doing it. If these views meet the approbation of any constituency he shall be delighted to be their obedient and—N.B.—salaried servant. He adds that, personally, he believes "very strongly" in manhood suffrage, the ballot, and compulsory education ; but nobody can say that we are uncharitable if we express our opinion that Mr. Hepworth Dixon affects to believe in these things because he suspects that the constituency of Marylebone does. In any case, however, there could be no difficulty, inasmuch as he had already laid it down that he should consider himself bound, to abandon all these opinions if they ordered him to do so—and gave him money for complying. To cap it all, an attempt is made to cloak this gross venality by an ignorant pretence that it is in strict conformity with the theory and ancient practice of the English Constitution. Mr. Dixon must have forgotten the terrible dressing he once got from the *Edinburgh Review* for his *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, which he had the astounding impudence to attempt to write. The nasty doings, real or imaginary, of Mormons and Spiritualists, may possibly not be beyond the tether of his mind ; but for such a one as he to prate about Bacon or the English Constitution, is as though a greengrocer were to give us a discourse on botany.

A few days later, Mr. John Stuart Mill addressed the electors of Westminster, and we are led to think from what he said on the occasion, that he must have seen or heard of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's bold bid for a metropolitan constituency. At any rate he gave expression to sentiments which are a direct and complete condemnation of that adventurous individual's policy. Mr. Mill hoped that the electors would be wiser than to choose men of whom they had no opinion, whom they dared not trust to examine or think for themselves, and whom, therefore, they would send to the House with tied hands, under the promise to do exactly as they were bidden. For his part he was not ashamed to say that he desired to be represented by somebody who could tell him what ought to be done, instead of him telling his representative. This is Mr. John Stuart Mill's theory of the Constitution, and likewise his particular practice of it. It would be strange indeed if that high-minded and illustrious if sometimes crotchety gentleman's theory and practice, in every imaginable department of life, were not in flat contradiction with those of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Still, unhappily it will be equally strange if, "in these last days, the dregs of time," the effrontery which has led the ignorant to suppose that the author of *Spiritual Wives* is a literary man, should not lead some rich Radical borough to buy him even at his own figure and send

him into Parliament. We almost hope it will ; for we believe that this ambitious frog would then be so inflated with his already grotesque sense of his own importance that, like his prototype in the fable, he would "bust up," and we should so get rid of him for ever.

AFTER DARK.

WE had been foolish enough to imagine that this title belonged more or less to its author, Mr. Wilkie Collins, who used it some years ago for a collection of his tales from *Household Words* if we remember rightly. "*After Dark* !" And yet we see that original manufacturer, Mr. Dion Boucicault, announcing a drama (original, of course) of his own under this heading.

Perhaps Mr. Collins has allowed the dramatic brigand to take the words for his own use ; but has the French author also given Mr. Boucicault the right to produce his piece again without some acknowledgment of the parentage ?

Foul Play has already been exposed by one of the magazines, and now we are to have another original drama from the hand of the translator of *Le Portefeuille Rouge*. What is the new piece to be ? A translation of *Paris qui dort* or *Paris qui s'endort*, or an amalgamation of the two ? We shall see.

Apropos of Foul Play, it is not generally known that one translation of the same piece was brought out by Geo. Conquest at the Grecian Theatre some four years back called *The Rescue on the Raft*, and another at the Surrey, entitled *The Fight with Fate*.

This must be of some interest to publishers who may be entrapped into giving enormous sums (say £45,000, eh ! Mr. Boucicault !) for sensational works of undoubtedly original minds acquainted with the market value of other people's brains.

A THUMPING LEGACY.

POOR Rajah Brooke, whose death we have lately had to deplore, has made a bequest which promises to be almost as unacceptable a legacy as the Moonstone itself. By his will, dated April, 1867, Sir James Brooke devised his sovereignty of Sarawak to his nephew, Charles Johnson Brooke, and the heirs male of his body ; and, in default of issue, the Rajah devised his said sovereignty unto Her Majesty the Queen of England, her heirs and assigns for ever ; and the Rajah appointed Miss Angela Georgina Burdett Coutts, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, and Mr. John Abel Smith, M.P., trustees of his will, to see the purposes aforesaid carried into effect.

The responsibility imposed on the executors is rather heavier than a lady and a couple of quietly-disposed gentlemen can be expected tacitly to accept. To place young Mr. Brooke on the throne of his ancestor supposing his subjects offered any resistance, would be an undertaking, in comparison with which the Abyssinian campaign would be dwarfed into insignificance. To call on Miss Burdett Coutts to outrival Lord Napier of Magdala is rather an unreasonable demand, however high the late Rajah's opinion of that excellent lady's talents and accomplishments may have been. Besides, a private war might prove even a more expensive luxury than a Chancery suit ; and Sir James's residuary legatee might find himself a dozen millions or so out of pocket by the transaction.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER.

THE FRENCH PLAYS CLOSED.—Several personages of exalted rank have lost their evening occupation.

CREMORNE OPEN.—Lord Napier prevented by the heat from attending. The cabman who took his Lordship to the Crystal Palace will attend from 9 till 11.

THEATRES OPEN EVERY NIGHT FOR VENTILATION.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Supposed to be cool. Inquire within.

ALHAMBRA.—An Ice Ballet—Real Soda-water Cataracts.

LONDONERS who can afford it, going out of town. Those who can't, going out of their mind.

EVENING DRESS.—For ladies.—Neck or nothing. For gentlemen.—Abyssinian. For policemen.—Muslin.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

LETTER II.

Cousin Willie to his Friend.

My dear old boy ! prepare for a surprise.
 I shall arrive in town on Friday week.
 Find me some rooms of modest cost and size,
 Not far from yours ; you've lots of time to seek.
 My coming's cause you vainly will surmise,
 So spare your sneers. 'Tis neither whim nor freak.
 My cousin Florence—that's the simple reason—
 Is to be up in London for the season.

Now, Algy, do you wonder any more ?
 You know the one great purpose of my life,
 Which is to make the being I adore
 My wife, and yet a something more than wife.
 For this I long have tarried on the shore,
 And shrunk from plunging on the sea of strife.
 Love and ambition woo me : I prefer
 Fame to forego and live alone for her.

I know you think the two can be combined,
 And we have wrangled oft about the question ;
 But I am firm, and of a settled mind
 Which I had best select, and which had best shun.
 Either is good for life, but both you'll find
 Excite a sort of vital indigestion.
 Blend them you cannot. One is sweet and placid,
 The other tart and turbulent and acid.

I know not if Flo guesses that I love her,
 For I continue, patient, still to wait
 Till womanhood, which round the girl doth hover
 Long ere it settles, her initiate
 In truths it only should to her discover.
 I hold it wrong to steal a march on Fate,
 And with surprises definite and rude
 Ruffle a virgin's brooding solitude.

Yet now—plague on them all !—they drag her thence,
 From song of birds, from sward, flow'r, hedgerow, field,
 Silence, and all that to the growing sense
 Of maidenhood affords a needed shield,
 To where each sight and sound are an offence ;
 A forcing-house to make the nature yield
 Premature bloom which never comes to fruit,
 Or, if it does, exhausts the heart, its root.

Half of my dream is gone. I nursed the hope
 The vulgar doom would never her befall,
 Nor that her simple soul would have to cope
 With that fell foe whom women Fashion call,
 Once swayed by whom they maddened are or mope,
 Alternately, till the grave ends it all.
 No longer do they to themselves belong ;
 Woman is weak, and Fashion is so strong.

And it expels their moral sense, and makes
 Itself the only conscience. Nought seems wrong
 It under its supreme protection takes.
 And, as it favours none and nothing long,
 But still its thirst on novel bubbles slakes,
 Its lead they follow and condemn the old ;
 Not heeding vice or virtue, false or true,
 But crying ever, Give us of the new !

Whereby the passion for excitement grows
 To such mad heights that nothing pleases more,
 Save ostentation, rivalry, and shows.
 E'en these soon please not as they pleased before.
 Dejection then demands a double dose,
 Again, again, to make life bubble o'er,
 Till maidens led by matrons scafcely shrink
 From drinking poison rather than not drink.

You know it, Algy, just as well as I.
 You know the end, the tricks, of that false mart,
 Where human beings all that is human buy,
 Save that which never can be bought—the heart ;
 Where all things are inverted, low is high,
 And high is low, and each one plays a part ;
 In whose exchange money is all, mind nought,
 And what is worthless most is keenest sought.

Better the flash of savage hate and lust
 (Though that were to put back celestial work),
 Than that our nature should corrode and rust !
 Better some ruinous volcanic jerk
 To crack the false superincumbent crust
 'Neath which accurst insidious poisons lurk !
 Then would the innocent be warned. But now,
 The demon Fashion wears an angel's brow.

And so my guileless Florence they allure,
 Who thinks an Eden opens on her view,
 And just because she is so frank and pure,
 She for a time will deem the false the true.
 Who knows what first will this delusion cure ?
 Oh ! if it be an antidote to rue !
 Perhaps I seem ridiculous, romantic ?
 Love in its moods of fear perforce is frantic.

Had I but known that they would play this turn,
 This ugly, unkind turn, on my pet aim,
 I would have seen Florence did slowly learn
 Something beforehand of the worldly game,
 Its scope, its shifts. But how could I discern ?
 Now she must go as stubble into flame,
 All unaware ! My curses on them all !
 Curse on them ever, if aught foul befall !

For it is foul to sell the body for gold,
 And throw the soul in with 't, as though this last
 Counted for nought when solid flesh was sold !
 Foul—though the altar bind the barter fast !
 Oh would some timely goddess, as of old,
 Descend, and bear her off upon the blast,
 Invisible, to some unthought-of shore,
 Where I alone should ever see her more !

An empty wish—eh, Algy ? So, you see,
 I need must play the god myself, and leave
 Mountain and stream, and all that are to me
 Natural haunts to which I cling and cleave,
 And in the crowd of the world's votaries be
 A sort of fashionable make-believe.
 Do *you* but help, I'll cease to be a railer,
 And first I know you'll take me to your tailor.

Quite right, my boy ! The tailor makes the man.
 (We used to say that nought from nought is made ;
 But it is clear a tailor furnish can
 Nine times himself, when properly arrayed.)
 And as it is the essence of our plan
 To make a man out of my honoured shade,
 I swear to yield, with absolute composure,
 To tailor, hatter, barber, glover, hosier.

I will be kempt, and curled, and oiled, and scented,
 And not a soul in Bond street more particular ;
 And wax so wroth, you'll think me quite demented,
 Should not my trousers keep the perpendicular ;
 And will I wear, as though by Love presented,
 In my coat's buttonhole a pale auricula.
 Thus shall you work on me, your sov'reign will ;
 And what is more—by Jove ! I'll pay the bill !

But if by this fantastic fool's-disguise,
 I from your ranks can only snatch away
 The fairest spoil, the very sweetest prize
 That your foul field has seen for many a day,
 And bear her safe from profligate, bold eyes,
 To where a chaste Simplicity hath sway,
 You will be welcome, Algy, as before ;
 But World and worldlings ne'er shall see me more.

AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE TOM A HAWK.)

Savage Assault—A Burlesquer in Trouble—Severe Sentence.

H. J. BYRON (who described himself as a dramatic author, a *London Journal* novelist, &c.) surrendered to take his trial on July the 24th, at the "Queen's" Court. The prisoner, who was detained in a box during the proceedings, was charged with having wilfully, and with malicious aforethought, attempted to kill an elderly lady of the name of Melodrama. It was further alleged that he had attempted to kill the said old lady by turning her into ridicule.

The case attracted considerable attention, and the court, during the trial, was crowded with notabilities in the literary and journalistic world. Among others we noticed Messrs. Tom Adapter, Christian Cancan, Envy Snivel, &c.

The first witness called was NED CLAYTON, who deposed that he was a servant of the prosecutrix. He was under the orders of the prisoner, and his (the prisoner's) instructions to him (the witness) were to make himself as ridiculous as possible. He was engaged to appear in a piece called *The Lancashire Lass*. He was ashamed to say that he had to make quite an exhibition of himself. First of all, he had to use a dialect of which he knew nothing, and which dialect, hadn't it been called by the prisoner Lancashire, might have been Welsh or gibberish. Secondly, he had, at the end of the first act, to copy a situation from an old piece called *The Merry Widow*. Thirdly, he had (as a working man) to wear a moustache, which made him look exceedingly ridiculous.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner.—Wearing a moustache was not the fault of the prisoner; it was the fault of Mr. Wyndham, who would make him wear it.

Examination continued.—Then he had to talk high-flown language, quite out of keeping with his supposed station. Altogether, he would far sooner have appeared in the columns of the *London Journal*—he would have felt more at home there.

The next witness called was ROBERT REDBURN, who complained of being described by prisoner as "an adventurer." Emphatically, he was *not* an adventurer—he was a steady-going man of property with a very large acquaintance, as he had appeared in nearly every melodrama that had been produced during the last three centuries. He was absolutely bored to death by having to tempt so many village beauties, and was weary of smiling sardonically, and sitting on the edges of tables. His "iron will" was so rusty that he never alluded to it in company without causing a roar of laughter. But not only this, as if he was not sufficiently ridiculous already, Mr. Byron must suddenly arrest him at the end of the third act, for nothing in particular, except, perhaps, to gratify the gross vanity of an obtrusive Irish serjeant, or to bring the curtain down upon a clumsily contrived and thoroughly-ineffective tableau.

The PRISONER.—You made yourself more ridiculous than you need have been. Why did you talk all the time from the soles of your boots?

WITNESS (*smiling grimly*).—For that information—must refer you—Mr. Henry Irving!

The next witness called was RUTH KIRBY, who entered the court laughing heartily. Knew it was a serious matter, but really the thing was *too* absurd! The Judge ought to have seen her flirting with honest yeomen, and scorning gold, and breaking open prisons, and withering libertines, and fighting with murderers! And she was so virtuous and so poor, and yet wore *such* handsome dresses. And her old father was such a dear old idiot. He was perfect; he couldn't read, and he couldn't write. Oh, he was perfect!

The JUDGE.—I saw the gentleman (a Mr. Mellon, I think), and he certainly was very nearly perfect; in fact, I noticed but one trifling fault.

WITNESS.—And that?

The JUDGE.—Unhappily the poor gentleman could speak! (*Sensation in court.*)

Mr. DANVILLE was next called. He certainly was made to appear very ridiculous. His duty consisted chiefly in cowering before accusations of murder, forgery, &c. He was made to look particularly comical by having to push a man on to some canvas under the wheels of an impossible steamboat—a steamboat which would have been a disgrace to its builders, even had it been made in the toy establishment of Mr. Cremer. His part would have been effective in broad farce, but nowhere else.

The next witness called was KATE GARSTONE, who deposed that she was dreadfully commonplace. Her frowns, &c., were *so* old and so untrue to real life. Of course, because her lover jilted her she died of a broken heart, just in time to assist in the production of a good tableau. The idea! As if in the world anyone would be so exceedingly foolish as to die for a man! In her opinion this incident proved that the prisoner wished to bring Mrs. Melodrama into ridicule.

This was the case for the prosecution.

For the defence the prisoner called

JELICK, who said that he was very bad indeed. He certainly assisted in spoiling the piece.

PRISONER.—Was it *my* fault that you were so bad?

JELICK.—Certainly not, sir. There's no one to blame but Mr. W. H. Stephens.

The Prisoner then summed up in his defence. He had a great deal to contend with. In early youth he had written several burlesques, and now everyone thought that he meant to be funny. He was sure that he hadn't done so much harm to Melodrama as Mr. Andrew Halliday. He threw himself upon the mercy of the Court.

The Judge summed up briefly, and the Jury immediately returned a verdict of "Guilty." A former conviction for the same offence at Liverpool having been proved against him,

The JUDGE (*who was suffering from intense emotion*) said that the case must be treated with the greatest possible severity; he sentenced the prisoner to a season of hard labour upon the columns of *Punch*. (*Great sensation, loud murmuring, and much weeping in court.*)

The Prisoner was removed in an agony of grief from the box.

REVISORS WANTING REVISING.

THERE is a rumour on the Home Circuit—TOMAHAWK believes and hopes it to be without foundation—that among the six extra revising barristers to be appointed by Mr. Baron Martin, pursuant to the power given him by a recent Act of Parliament, the three following gentlemen, who are far from needing anything of the sort, have been selected:—Mr. George Francis, Recorder of Faversham, a gentleman enjoying an extensive and lucrative junior business; Mr. Arthur Moseley Channell, son of Sir William Fry Channell, one of the Barons of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, who has only been called five years; and Mr. Roland Vaughan Williams, son of the ex-Justice of the Common Pleas of that name, whose standing only dates back to November, 1864. Now, as it has always been understood that these revisorships are intended either for needy men of long standing, or young and struggling ones with large families and small incomes, a selection such as has been hinted at can only breed ill feeling and unpleasant comment. The Home Circuit numbers more members than any other, and among them are very many able men upon whom attorneys have not smiled, and who have not had the good fortune either to get into practice, or to be born judges' sons, or to marry rich wives. To them the paltry remuneration of five guineas a day for some six weeks would be a perfect godsend; and it is of men such as these that notice should be taken in making appointments of this kind, and not of those who, financially speaking, require nothing. Mr. Francis TOMAHAWK can hardly forgive for applying for anything of the sort; the other two gentlemen, from their connections, very reasonably expected they would get anything they asked for. TOMAHAWK does not want to say anything disrespectful of Her Majesty's Judges, but it would be well if one or two of them remembered that in the present state of the public mind jobbery is dangerous, and might lead to their being deprived of their power of patronage altogether.

A BROWN STUDY.—The grass.

"PATTI AND CAUX."—Mlle. Adelina Patti is at last married to the Marquis de Caux. Caux is a rhyme (to the eye at least) to Faux; and no doubt the happy Marquis will, in many envious hearts, rival that great conspirator as an odious monster. Let us hope that if he *must* be burnt in effigy, the perpetrators of the outrage will content themselves with the sacrifice of burnt Corks.



Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE idea of shutting up M. Rochefort by forcing him to publish a *communiqué*, which would take up nearly the whole of his little journal, is a brilliant idea worthy of the French Government. But in this attempt to put out the *Lantern* with an extinguisher of foolscap, the Minister may burn his fingers.

REALLY something ought to be done to restore the Liberals to office. When Mr. Milner Gibson begins to lose his temper, things must have come to a pretty pass. But there is a limit to the endurance of even the most patient and amiable of men; and it is cruel to condemn such a statesman as the right honourable member for Ashton, who so fully appreciates the "*dolce far niente*" of office, to the onerous labour of opposition for nearly two years.

AMONGST the many disastrous effects of the hot weather may be noticed the fearful state of weakness to which that great genius, Sir John Pakington, has been reduced. The other night, on being asked a question about some alleged blunder on the part of the authorities, he actually could not answer for want of information! Considering the usual nature of Sir John's answers, the strength of his imagination must have been indeed melted away, if he had to wait for information before he could reply to a charge against his immaculate department.

THE Marquis of Bute, whose infant mind has hitherto been chiefly occupied by the Beautiful, has been compelled to devote his energies to a search after the True. He has decided to abandon his Liberal cousin, who does not represent his guardian's opinions, in favour of a Conservative stranger who does. This has drawn upon the young Marquis the indignation of the Liberal Press. Well, it is certainly very hard that Tory Lords should not throw all their influence into the Whig scale, for we know there never was such a phenomenon as a Whig Peer who tried to influence the electors in favour of his own party.

ETON has refused to play Westminster at cricket—most likely on account of the signal defeat that Charterhouse has sustained at the hands of the latter school. We cannot believe a rumour that has reached us to the effect that Eton has declined to meet her sister Public School on the ground "that she must preserve her dignity." In days long gone by, Eton was wont to receive an annual thrashing on the river from

Westminster. In those days, Eton, Westminster, and Winchester were the only recognised public schools; we had no Cheltenham; and Rugby and Harrow were conscious of the inferiority of their founders. But now we live in a "shoddy" age. Royal Westminster bows before commoner Charterhouse, and Eton forgets that her kingly benefactor did not intend her to be a comfortable retreat for flunkies.

POOR MR. HUBBARD.

From the St. Albans Primer.

POOR Mr. Hubbard,
He went to his cupboard,
To build a good priest a church,
Who was no sooner there
But he left (hardly fair)
His most excellent friend in the lurch!

"However," said he,
"I have found you a home;"
"Thank you much," said the priest,
"But there's no place like Rome."

Then he went to the tailor's,
To buy him a cope;
But when he came back—
He was playing at Pope!

Said he then to the priest,
"Come get out, make your bow;"
Who replied, as the dog did,
With "Get out! Bow-wow!"

HEATED FANCIES.

DEAR SIR,—In this unusually tropical weather, any hints that conduce to the comfort of our suffering fellow-creatures must be very acceptable. I venture to send you a few ingenious devices by means of which I have experienced great relief during the intense heat of the last few weeks:—

Diet.—This is a very important point. All sweet things should be avoided, as tending to heat and acidity. By taking a teaspoonful of common salt in a large cup of hot tea every two hours, the whole system will be refreshed, and the stomach kept cool. Meat should be avoided. West India pickles, and capsicums, are an excellent prophylactic.

Dress.—This should be light and porous. Thin sponges sown together, and kept moist, form a very comfortable garment. I have tried as a head-dress a square helmet of light wicker-work covered with green gauze curtains to keep off the flies; it should be lined with cabbage-leaves at the top; or a few branches of the sycamore tree, arranged like a wigwam, will be found to shade the eyes and keep the head cool.

Bathing.—This should be carefully avoided, except in very hot water. I have found it very useful to have my bath fitted with a large spirit-lamp, and I stay in till the water boils; I find, on coming out, that the air feels comparatively cool, even in the hottest part of the day.

As for general directions, I strongly advise the avoidance of all excitement or emotion of any sort. For instance, if you should happen to fall head foremost into a wasps' nest, as I did the other day, you will find it much better to lie still, and allow the busy little insects to amuse themselves by stinging you, than, by trying to escape, to heat and flurry yourself.

Above all, avoid politics, unripe fruit, duns, strong spirits, fatal accidents, and high animal food; you will then find that the heat is by no means so unbearable as some would lead us to think.

I remain, Sir,
Yours coolly,

ISIDORE ISIR.

NEW PROVERB FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.—Spare the Rod (man) and spoil the chill'd (shot).

THE TOMAHAWK, August 8, 1868.



"AT REST!"

(UNTIL NEXT SESSION.)

EDITOR TOMAHAWK.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER III.—*Passages in the History of an ex-prosperous Town. The Mysterious Statue!*

BEFORE I proceed to describe the Regimental Supper, I think I will just tell you a little about Burnham Scrubs itself. You see, as one of its defenders, it is only natural that I should wish to impress you with its importance—so pray pardon me if you find me at any time degenerating from a frolicsome, if not wagish companion, into a downright bore.

Burnham Scrubs a few years since was one of the most dismal spots in the world, a short time after it suddenly freshened up and became comparatively lively, and now as I write the reign of gloom has set in with tenfold severity. You would like to know what caused the sunshine to which I have alluded? "Yes." Very well then, why not say so at once, instead of hesitating about the matter? "You are afraid of making a suggestion to so august a person as a Lieutenant in the Burnham Scrubs R.V.C." Well, there's something in *that*. I don't wish to be too hard upon you! Let's say no more about it.

I have observed that Burnham Scrubs was a very dismal spot. I will now add, with your kind permission, until the arrival of Mr. Charles H. Parafine. Parafine came from the United States, and was what is termed in America "a smart man," and in England, when successful, a "Merchant Prince;" or, when foul weather has set in, a "miserable thief." After this description of Parafine it is scarcely necessary to add that our amiable American came down to Burnham Scrubs to "financere," that is to say, to swindle.

On his arrival at the Green Lion Inn he noticed in the yard the ugly-looking statue of an ill-favoured man, got up in Roman armour, and a truncheon. Moss had grown over the legs and the lower part of the Lody, and the weather had disfigured the head piece.

"Hi! waiter," cried Parafine, when he had carefully examined this work of art, "just come here a bit."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, coming up quickly (it was not often that a traveller found his way to Burnham Scrubs, so when they got hold of one they made the most of him). "Yes, sir. Anything I can do, sir? Thank you, sir."

"Who's this?" asked Parafine, tapping the statue with his cane.

"Well, sir, it's unbeknown, sir. That there statue has laid here a many years, and not one in the town knows anything about it. He was an ugly-looking gent whoever he was; and as for his dress, why it must 'ave been quite ridicklus!"

"Very much so," said Parafine. "And now waiter tell me who your Mayor is, and where he lives."

"Mr. Coke, sir. He's our lawyer, sir. Been Mayor this twelve years. Re-elected every year, sir."

"He must be a popular man then?"

"Well, not exactly popular, sir. But the fact of the matter is," and the waiter assumed a manner half-confidential half-servile, "I think people in these parts rather fear him. Everybody owes everybody something, and as the lawyer is up to all the ways of the County Court, and knows the Judge quite pleasantly, he's a great man in his way. He'd as soon issue a writ as look at you, if not sooner."

"Where does he live?"

"At Blackstone Lodge, sir."

Mr. Parafine marched off through the dreary High street with its Chemist shop (with linendraper's department attached), and its Grocer's shop (with a hosiery business in the back parlour), and its Butcher's shop (thriving so wonderfully on boots, shoes, and joints), until he arrived at the Mayor's residence. He knocked, and was shown in by a red-headed servant, who kept him waiting in the hall among the umbrellas while she went in search of her master. After five minutes' delay Parafine was ushered into the Lawyer's Sanctum.

"Now then," said Coke (a very small man, all red face and blue spectacles), savagely, "What may *you* want? If you've come about Jones's affair I may tell you at once that we sold up his widow the day before yesterday, and got his eldest son comfortably in gaol on Monday night."

"I don't know Jones and never did," replied Parafine.

"So much the better. Well, then, I s'pose you've come about Mrs. Allen's little all, eh? Well, you can't have it because I've spent it. And there's an end to *that* matter."

"Hang Mrs. Allen *and* her little all!"

"By all means. Then you want me to help you out of your difficulties?"

"You help me!" exclaimed Parafine with supreme contempt. "Why, man alive, do you know who you are talking to? I have compounded with my creditors four times in three months, received eight hundred writs in a single season, and have (for years) gone regularly through the Bankruptcy Court every Monday morning before luncheon."

"Well, what *do* you want?"

"To make your fortune!" And then the American explained his plan. The lawyer listened, stared, and smiled.

A few days later and Burnham Scrubs was absolutely frantic with excitement. Flags were flying, bells ringing, guns firing, and boys shouting. Additional trains had been put on by the local station master, to bring visitors from neighbouring towns to the joyous spot. Bottles of ginger beer sold by the score, and there never had been *such* a demand for sherbet. The Chemist, always equal to the occasion, filled his shop window with false noses, made of card-board, and comic bonnets, fashioned out of coloured paper. The Butcher got in a barrel of beer, and the Grocer openly invited the public to partake of "Tea, bread and butter, and watercresses, 6d." There never had been such a time for Burnham Scrubs. Everybody looked happy and (later in the day, after the Butcher's barrel had become empty) glorious. The great attraction of the hour was a ceremony advertised to come off in the market place, the "Inauguration of the Statue by His Worshipful the Mayor" (to quote from one of the numerous placards that had been sown broadcast by Mr. Parafine).

It was a beautiful sight. In the centre of a number of reserved seats (only half-a-crown a piece) stood Coke and the American. Between the two heroes was planted the Statue, covered by a white table-cloth. On the right was the Burnham Scrubs policeman, conversing affably with the Burnham Scrubs beadle; to the left sat the little girls attached to the Burnham Scrubs Charity School, ready at a moment's notice to lift up their youthful voices in (partially) sweet melody, and the rest of the company was composed of visitors from neighbouring towns.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, "this imposing ceremony is about to commence. I now beg to inaugurate this Statue. May it remain here in our midst long and prosperous; may our children reverence its memory, and may it never know what it is to bask in the sun of adversity. Statue, be free!" and Coke pulled away the table-cloth, amidst great cheering of the bystanders. At a sign from Parafine the Charity Children struck up the "Evening Hymn," and soon their voices were drowned by the deep tones of the church bells and the constant explosions of the village gun.

Thus, with great joy and some profit, did the inhabitants of Burnham Scrubs erect a Statue

TO

NOBODY IN PARTICULAR!

Parafine and the Mayor after this little matter became firm friends, and entered into a speculation which had for its object the regeneration of Burnham Scrubs and the pockets of its promoters. Among other things, this scheme was to give the place boulevards, a theatre, several churches (creeds assorted), some public baths, two or three streets of magnificent mansions, three monster hotels, a new town hall, a couple of clubs or so, and a rural Crystal Palace. Great preparations were made, and a good deal was done to some of the foundations; but unhappily the scheme fell through. One fine day Mr. Parafine started for the U-nited States, and one wet afternoon the Mayor absconded with all the available cash he could lay his hands upon.

Burnham Scrubs never recovered the blow. The place became more dismal than ever. The inhabitants languished, and most of the houses fell into decay. The resident gentry quarrelled amongst themselves, and the Parson took to incense in the Parish Church. The incense was pretty but unpopular, and hadn't been in use a month before the congregation left the Parish Church *en masse*, and refused to occupy the pews any longer. On the next Sunday the lax and reckless went to the

* This narrative is founded upon fact. Not a thousand miles from one of the Channel Islands stands a statue without a name under it. But hush!—no matter, we must dissemble!

Dissenting Chapel, while the conscientious and holy remained at home. And all was desolation when some one thought of the happy idea of starting a Volunteer Rifle Corps, and you know (some of) the rest.

Hallo! Didn't I promise to give you an account of our Regimental Supper last week in the current number? To be sure I did! Pray, let me apologise. Well, now that you have waited so long, you may as well curb your curiosity until next week!

There I promise, if everything goes well and it's not too hot or too cold (as the case may be), I will assuredly tell you all about it on the next day of publication. Mind, the coming Tuesday—only seven days, or one hundred and sixty-eight hours, hence! Don't become too excited about the matter! Pray don't, or you'll make me feel quite uncomfortable!

(To be continued.)

DEAR AT ANY PRICE.

As the "Autumn Season" at the Theatres seems to flourish on a sort of negative principle, and temporary managers appear to delight in giving their audiences entertainments the very reverse of those they have been accustomed to witness at their respective houses, why not let the public know really what is in store for them? *Mossoo*, who goes to the "Haymarket" to relish English comedy proper, that is to say, comedy as now understood at that establishment under the auspices of Messrs. Buckstone and Sothorn, is astounded at finding himself in the presence of the immortal *Sha-kes-pare*! "*Ma foi*, but your *Shakespeare* he is comic then? Ha, ha, *que c'est drôle* your *Kingjohnne* with Mr. Anderson!" and *Mossoo* goes home and says it will not do after the *Palais Royal*. Then Mr. Thickhead escapes from Hanwell, and comes up from the country to see *Daddy Gray*, and goodness only knows what he gets instead of it at the little *Soho Theatre*. Better therefore to publish an authorised list. With the experience of previous seasons before one the task is easy enough. Here it is:—

THE THEATRES.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—*Box and Cox*. (At a quarter to eight), *THE BLOOD-STAINED ATTORNEY OF LINCOLN'S INN*; OR, *THE CRYSTAL PALACE WAITER'S REVENGE*. (At ten), *The wonderful Galavanti Family and their CARVING KNIFE ENTERTAINMENT*. (Half-past ten), *The Miller and his Men*. Seven.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—Swinger's Oriental South Australian Circus. (Nine), Signor Josephini's Daring Eyelid Feat. Eight.

HAYMARKET.—*Othello*. (Nine), *King John*. (A quarter-past eleven), *Antony and Cleopatra*. (Ten minutes to one a.m.), *Macbeth*. To conclude with a new and original Comedy never before produced. Five.—N.B. Money payment entirely suspended.

ADELPHI.—*She Swoops to Conquer*. *The School for Scandal*. *Used Up*. *Cool as a Cucumber*, and other regular "Adelphi hits," till further notice. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—*Macbeth* (with a new tragedian). (At a quarter to ten), *Nebuchadnezzar the Ninth*. Original tragedy in SEVEN ACTS (with several new tragedians). At a quarter to one), *Paul Pry* (with another new tragedian). Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, *L'Africaine*, with full chorus, band, and all the magnificent scenery, dresses, appointments, &c., &c. (At a quarter to eleven), A new comedy, not by Mr. T. W. Robertson.

OLYMPIC.—*A Grand Christmas Pantomime*, in which Mrs. Howard Paul will introduce "her funny little king" at Eleven forty-five precisely. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Everything (free list alone excepted) entirely suspended.

ST. JAMES'S.—*Double Entendre*, or, *Menken Outdone*. Every Evening at Eight. Stalls, One Guinea. N.B. Ladies admitted.

THE NEW ROYALTY. TWO ITALIAN OPERAS, and Grand Ballet—and *Macbeth*.

And so on. In short, only at the Queen's, the Strand, and

about two other theatres, can one count on something approaching a respectable adherence to the traditions of the house. Why cannot the unhappy speculators let the public alone for a couple of months? Indeed, both would be much better off for the forbearance.

THE MANIACS COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

I.

My first one does who's an inflicter of blows,
And a round the policeman or sentinel goes;
My second comes out of the earth, and is good
At dinner or lunch-time for part of our food;
The two form a product from which may be made
An article well known in commerce and trade.

2.

My first is what all wish to be,
My second you may often see
In certain letters graved on stones
That cover human flesh and bones,
My whole occasions many a martyr,
Though some are base enough to barter,
And the world's noblest men and laws
Has waked to action in its cause.

3.

My first without much trouble will declare
A Christian name that English women bear,
First syllable my second brings to view
Of that which Claude Lorraine so sweetly drew,
My whole from time not very ancient dates,
And may be found in the United States.

4.

My first, propelled by steam and gas,
Through earth and air makes way;
My second's a united mass,
Whom one or many sway;
My whole's a flower which, like the rose,
Is grateful both to eye and nose.

5.

My first in made dishes will often be found;
My second for sauce is cut out of the ground,
When money falls out of the pocket or purse;
My third will describe its descent. Now my verse
Must give, as 'tis usual in riddles, a line
Which my whole may suggest, if not clearly define.
Well,—chemists and grocers and pastrycooks sell it,
And fruiterers sometimes, but enough—lest I tell it.

6.

An edible relish in general use,
A Christian name rarely selected by any,
Will give you the name of a popular tale
Or novel which years ago gratified many.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

History of Caricature. Hotten, London.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Measure for Measure. 2. Welsh Rare-bit. 3. Shrubby.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Winterbourne, C. R. R., 100 W. T., The Binfield Road Wonders, Three Stray Buzwings, Ruby's Ghost, Annie (Tooting), Linda Princess, Frank and Pollic, Old Brum, La Perfection, Ghost of Old Jewry, Baker's Bills, L. Kneller, The Lively Flea, Gertrude Phoebe, Towhit, Rosebud, Mad Whilk, Ein werrückter Kerl, Samuel E. Thomas, W. I. A., W. McD., Slodger and Tiney, Galatea, and Renyarf.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 67.]

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

DEATH'S SNUGGERIES.

ATTENTION has been once more drawn to that fearful source of physical and moral corruption, overcrowding. Two reports recently issued of the state of the parishes of St. James and Hackney reveal the same dreary list of horrors, which caused every humane person such anxious sorrow some three or four years ago, when first brought to light by the Inspector of Nuisances in the county of Norfolk in the columns of the *Times*. We fear that little has been tried since that time, though much was then said and written, and something done. The evil is one which rests on too firm a basis easily to be shaken. That respect for the rights of the individual, at whatever cost to the happiness, the health, the lives of the general public, which is the "proudest jewel in England's crown of freedom," prevents any efficient legislation on this subject. The man who sticks a bill up on a private wall, or who builds a portico which intrudes about six inches on the public foot-path, can at once be prosecuted for committing a nuisance; but the man who maintains, for his own personal profit, dens where human beings are huddled together, as no wild beasts ever are, with a special regard to disease and indecency, is allowed to exercise his sacred right of property in perfect peace; or at the worst can only be indicted by such a tardy process that the remedy, if any be granted, cannot be applied, till many bodies and souls have been destroyed; and as for punishment, that is reserved for the children bred up in these hotbeds of fever and vice—for the boys and girls who have—we cannot say lived—who have pigged together under such conditions as totally preclude the existence of modesty or decency.

These are a few of the statistics from the report of the health officer of Hackney:—

"In one room were found a man, his wife, three daughters, aged 12, 16, and 17 years of age, besides three other children."

"In another, a man and his wife and a girl of seventeen slept in the same bed."

"A father, mother, daughter aged 20, son aged 18, and five girls under 13 slept in a room only large enough for three persons."

We have become so accustomed to these plain matter-of-fact details, that we lose sight of what they really mean. We must speak plainly on this subject, for the time has gone by for mincing the matter. Those who have read more detailed reports, those who have searched parish registers, those who have listened to the domestic tragedies of such families, know what these statistics mean. They mean atrophy, consumption, fevers, corruption of the blood—they mean a moral corruption so terrible that the hardest hearted, the most vicious must tremble to name it; they mean the destruction of—we will not say of every comfort, every happiness—for such words are mockeries when spoken of such a place; they mean the worse than destruction of every humanising influence, of every gentle thought, of every tender association, which Home can inspire; they mean the systematic creation of a race of beings for whom the words mother, wife, sister, father, husband, brother have no meaning. Can modesty or delicacy, can love exist in animals who live like this? Can we look for chastity in the women who have been robbed of it by those who should have died in its defence? Will the brother, who has destroyed the honour of his own sister, respect the honour of a stranger?

This is no exaggeration; years ago, in plainer language than ours, tales were told in the columns of the *Times*, which should surely have had a more durable effect than the shudder that passed through all who read them.

Must we, then, use a purely selfish argument before we can rouse from their monstrous torpor those who permit such things to be—those who live on the rents of such places? Let them, the owners of such property, consider if any tumult or revolution were to spring up among us, and these creatures, decrepid with disease as they may be, but with hearts hardened by vice and misery, were let loose in blind fury upon us, what respect would they show for the purity of our homes? What mercy could any of us expect to meet at their hands? Of course, this is an extravagant supposition,—such a thing is impossible in respectable, order-loving England, with its institutions and its excellent police, &c., &c.; but History, at least, might teach us the value—nay, the danger, of such blind confidence. We are approaching times of great excitement—a revolution has taken place, hitherto a peaceful one, but one of which we cannot yet know the full effect. The fire of religious animosities has been kindled; political excitement will run very high in the coming elections; and with a new Parliament will come the discussion of questions on which the two great armies of Labour and Capital will meet face to face. In such times, when those who have every reason for self-restraint are apt to lose their heads, we have need of every good influence to keep the mob from violence and outrage. To what good influence can you appeal in creatures fresh from such dens as those alluded to above? Surely it is our interest, if not our duty, to work with hand and head and heart to raise from degradation and brutality those, who will furnish ready instruments for that mischievous ambition, which they are incapable of feeling, but not incapable of serving.

But this, after all, is a weak and unworthy motive; let us hope that a higher one will move all men to aid in wiping away such a terrible disgrace on our nation as these Snuggeries of Death. Whatever difficulties be in the way cannot be insurmountable, if there be an honest and sincere determination to remove them. Everybody who owns cottages can do much to render such a state of things impossible. Let an Act be devised, which shall render such overcrowded houses impossible, by making it a misdemeanour on the part of the landlord who lets any room to a family of more persons than it can decently or healthfully accommodate; or on the part of the tenant who produces such overcrowding by wilfully taking in lodgers. A strict weekly inspection of all tenements under a certain value would do much to check the evil, while the erection of lofty buildings, somewhat of the nature of barracks, in overcrowded neighbourhoods, would provide a refuge for those families evicted on account of overcrowding. Above all, what is required is the enforcement of cleanliness among the poor, and the erection of suitable houses for their accommodation, especially in neighbourhoods where improvements have swept away the humbler kind of habitations. A moderate profit may be obtained on the expenditure, and subscriptions intended to aid in doing honour to the dead might find a much worthier channel in useful erections for this purpose, than in those monstrous works of art (!) on which they are usually wasted. Surely a good man could wish for no nobler monument than that which helps to rescue the humblest of his fellow-creatures from misery and vice.

THE INTERNATIONAL BIG GOOSEBERRY COMPANY.

INCORPORATED, &c., &c.

CAPITAL, &c., &c.

DIRECTORS.

&c., &c., &c., &c.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is projected for the purpose of supplying the Metropolitan and Provincial Press with the finest green gooseberries that can possibly be grown during the months of August and September.

It being an acknowledged fact that the public will insist on having daily served up to them in a dirty condition, and on a cheap and nasty paper, at least five times the amount of intelligence that can possibly be collected in an interval of four-and-twenty hours, it has been determined, with a view to ensuring a supply of subject matter for leading articles, controversies, police reports, sensational paragraphs, &c., &c., &c.,

- 1.—To enter into negotiations with several celebrated London thieves, and arrange with them for a series of periodical burglaries to be committed as the directors shall hereafter appoint.
- 2.—Communicate with distressed husbands, lovers, and Irish politicians, and settle for the perpetration of several effective and ingenious murders.
- 3.—Offer a prize for the finest specimen of suicide, either with or without mania, a preference being shown for the latter.
N.B. Rules of the competition to be sent *gratis* to chairmen of Joint Stock Companies, clergymen with large families, sporting youths, and dramatic authors.
- 4.—Get up a weekly controversy on some highly interesting subject or other, such as the "Back of the Moon," "the fundamental principles of treacle," "the average age of the undomesticated flea," and "locomotion by gunpowder."
- 5.—Explode a quart of nitro-glycerine in the midst of the Social Science Congress, or publish the speeches *in extenso*.
- 6.—Dig up an "undiscovered" poem and send copies of the original MS. to Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and Bedlam.
- 7.—Raise a cry about the immorality of the age, and send agents to Ramsgate sands and Brighton beach to gather overwhelming evidence in refutation.
- 8.—And, lastly, establish agencies all over the country for the purpose of picking up news about commercial frauds, twins three at a birth, railway accidents, religious meetings, escaped tigers, political manifestations, exploding coal mines, bad champagne, missionary enterprises, and coming divorce cases, &c., &c., &c.

Possessed by these means of an immense fund of original and exciting information, the directors confidently believe that they will be able to supply their constituents, the proprietors and editors of London and provincial papers, with intelligence affording material for some of the finest contents bills that the season has yet produced.

RESPECTABLE POISONERS.

THE *Lancet* calls our attention, by some extracts from *Memorials of London*, to the opinions of our ancestors five hundred years ago on the proper punishment of such trading brigands as might be caught adulterating food or offering putrid meat for sale. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, at a time when antibilious pills were unknown, the penny-a-liner not dreamt of, and the marvellous civilisation exhibited by modern museums not even hoped for; at a time when there was no co-operative society to invent second prices for inferior goods, no *Times* to appeal to, no *Telegraph* to lash a horrible tale, no Zoo to walk in; at that time a baker who sold light bread was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle through the streets of the City; a butcher who exposed putrid meat for sale was pilloried, while the diseased carcasses were burnt beneath him, giving him the full benefit of their odour and savoury worth; a merchant convicted of selling unsound wine was forced to drink the unwholesome concoction;—and so on. Verdict: Serve them all right, though the last punishment does seem awful. Just fancy for a moment in these enlightened

days, when Brass is King, that pink of vintners, Mr. Nod Sweetly, being, not requested, but forced to swallow all the wine which could be proved allied with any product but juice of the grape; or imagine for an instant Messrs. Ditches and Buttons standing on the pillory while Mr. Calcraft handed them bumper after bumper of strong military ditto.

Verily, our ancestors were more advanced than we are at the present day with the full light of Maynes and Pakingtons to shine over our path in life! The baker who sells a loaf half an ounce short weight, robs the poor man; the rich does not know it, and cares little if he does. The rich man is stopped in the street by a rough, and loses a pocket-book containing half-a-crown. The rough, untutored but to crime, gets six months' education, such as it is, in prison. The baker, reading and writing well, knowing enough arithmetic to count the profit on half an ounce weight saved in every loaf sold, and well enough off to have a seat in church, robs the poor pinching family of the food it pays for, and is fined a sum which may be deducted from the profit of the year without causing much uneasiness, and producing no necessity for altering the system of baking. To bring the argument still nearer home: a poor starving wretch, with nothing full but his heart, while his ears ring with calls for food from a sick wife and famine-struck children, takes the first loaf he can put his hand on from the first baker's shop he meets. This man is a robber, is roughly treated by X 99, who has just dined at somebody else's expense in the adjacent area, and after bearing in hunger the vituperations of baker, police, and public, is hustled off to prison, while the wife and family wait in vain for succour, and fall a prey to the parish. The baker returns to his spotless counter, and within five minutes sells some other starver who has got the twopence demanded, a loaf blown up with excessive water to a fair size, but lacking nearly a quarter its weight and corresponding sustenance.

If he is found out he gets a scolding from a magistrate, and a small fine is inflicted, but, bless his dear eyes! he is no robber. What! the man who takes a loaf without giving its equivalent price is a thief, while the man (in respectable circumstances, it is true; which makes a vast difference all the world over) who takes money without giving its equivalent loaf is not subject to the same obloquy nor the same punishment! Verily, as we have said above, our ancestors were nearer the truth than we are!

Few as their parish beaules may have been in comparison to the parochial boards which block up progress now-a-days—and Dogberries seem to multiply instead of disappearing—there was authority enough when the fourteenth century was in its teens, with good sense to back it, to punish the vendors of putrid meat with proper severity.

The weak-headed wretch who stole the loaf gets out of prison at last, and finds wife and last child perishing miserably beneath his eyes, without a hope of change or a knowledge of Watts's hymns. He invests his last penny in "Food for Rats," and administers a dose sufficient for his wife and child, but leaving scarcely enough to despatch himself after.

This odious ruffian, whose only sense of a future is that it obliterates the present, is a Poisoner. When he recovers from his vain agonies, he finds himself recognised as somebody with a niche in the temple of Tussaud, and a tear for his memory from Calcraft.

But Weevil and Co., who sell whole carcasses of diseased flesh that sickens the salesmen who wash it with salt and water or "Condy" to make a sale possible, who knowingly disseminate typhus in all its fearful forms of death and sickness, are only reprehensible! Their ears won't be nailed to their doors, as happens even among the Turks and heretics; they won't be even pilloried, much less called Poisoners.

This hot weather too you must sell your meat to somebody, and it is a real benefit to your race to get rid of a surplus population, without getting your head into a noose. Poisoning indeed! If they can't eat good meat a little tainted, the pampered brutes can buy fermenting fruit which will only give them cholera, a worse plague than typhus any day. Poisoners! we will bring an action for libel against the man who calls us so—and win it too.

And WIN it too!!

The doctor orders a bottle of port as the only means of bringing some poor sick mother round. Half-a-dozen glasses will do it. There is, perhaps, only half-a-crown in the small till, which only replenishes itself during the health of the woman

ailing. The port must be bought. There is a small wine-merchant next door. He gives a quart bottle containing a pint and a quarter of a coloured Lie called port, for one shilling and tenpence. The bottle is charged twopence till returned. The value of the gin and water coloured with log-wood is about twopence-halfpenny to the merchant, and utterly valueless to the purchaser as a remedy or cure.

Is this a robbery or a legal fraud?

If the poor woman sent her child with false coin valuing twopence-halfpenny for cost of make, but useless to the wine-merchant as current coin, what would the punishment be for the fraud?

There is something inordinately rotten in the state of Denmark, when it is illegal to sell bread of light weight, but perfectly admissible and honest to call a pint and a quarter a quart, or dirty spirits and water, wine. But so it is in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

TWADDLE.

NOW that everybody is out of town, the promoters of the school treats are more clamorous than ever for small sums to enable them to give the children "one day in the fresh air." It is creditable to the East-end Incumbents that these appeals have hitherto been couched in language of modesty and simplicity; and it is therefore the more to be regretted that one of their body should be the first to bring discredit on a good cause. The Rev. George Harvey, M.A., Incumbent of St. Augustine's, Haggerston, in writing to one of the papers, says:—"Through the kindly influence of your most valuable journal we were enabled last year to give the children of our Sunday and Day Schools, in number 381, an excursion to Epping Forest. Will you kindly allow me to lay the case of these our dear children before your readers, and ask for about five-and-twenty pounds? Many a hearty cheer will resound (as last year) in the forest for our benefactors, the expression of many a grateful and joyful heart."

That Mr. Harvey can really look upon these 381 of the dirtiest little urchins in London as his *dear* children is not likely, to say the least of it; and the allusion to the cheers as before savours much of what is understood by the word humbug. We object altogether to the tone of the letter. That Mr. Harvey is an active clergyman and an intelligent schoolmaster we have no reason to doubt; but that he really regards each individual of his youthful flock with so much tender affection we cannot believe. The fact is that Mr. Harvey, in the earnestness of his appeal, has drifted into cant.

TOMAHAWK has already given his countenance and support to the children's treats, and has called for sympathy and assistance in behalf of the movement; but he is the first to condemn cant wherever it shows itself. Let Mr. Harvey get his £25 by all means, but let him understand that double the sum would have flowed in more readily if the terms of his demand had been more in the spirit of honest sincerity and good taste.

CARRIAGE AND DEPORTMENT.—Young ladies on the lookout for a brougham begin by sending out their *carte*.

BIS (CUIT) DAT QUI CITO.—Sporting bakers in Hampshire have been getting up matches to see who could bake biscuits the quickest—probably with an eye to "puffs."

WANTED.—Good padding, by several daily journals. No "Rapacious Pike," "Wolves in the North of France," "Second Methusalem," "Two-headed Pony," or "Curious Habit of the Caterpillars," need apply.

[ADVT.]—THE REVIEW IN THE GUTTER.—The *Saturday Gutter Percher* begs to inform the literary world, that it has made arrangements to supply the public with any amount of refuse articles and rotten matter. N.B. Mud Pies at a moment's notice.

WHAT A LARK (OS)!—*Alarcos*, a dreary tragedy by the great comedian of the day—need we say the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli?—has proved a ridiculous failure at Astley's. Why didn't Miss Cameron, of Transatlantic fame, play the part on horseback and in fleshings? Success would have been secured at once; whereas the American actress will now remain a *cameron obscura* under such management.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE III.

From Erica to Florence.

YOUR letter, Flo', this minute is to hand,
Sent on from London to this wretched poking
Dull little village in a foreign land.
Was ever anything half so provoking?
I think the very fates and fiends have planned
This horrid *contretemps*. But, without joking,
And against Heav'n not to be too audacious,
I really must pronounce it most vexatious.

To be away the very year that you
Are in the world to make your first appearance!
Although 'twould now have been the same, 'tis true,
To me at least, had you come out a year hence.
Papa declared he knew not what to do
For debts and duns, except to make a clearance.
It was a case of bolting or the bench;
And so, alas! we've come here to retrench.

It is those nasty Companies have ruined him.
We had to leave home at a moment's notice,
And sadly watch the shores of England blue and dim
Fade from our sight. Ugh! what a channel boat is!
And when a stretch of waters rolls twixt you and him
You love, a lump for ever in your throat is.
But that dear desperate dream must be forgotten.
What use in clinging to a branch that's rotten?

Enough of that. My doom is sealed; but your
Lot, pretty Flo', is to be bright and brighter;
For you have spells about you which ensure
Deep bliss, as sound sleep is ensured by nitre.
How sweet you'll look in all your new *parures*!
And, tell me, are you taller, paler, slighter?
Pray send me out at once your *carte de visite*—
Taken in town, I mean. How I shall kiss it!

I fully comprehend your mingled feeling
In leaving home and quiet rural places,
And all that you describe as so appealing
To your young heart, for a dense crowd of faces
And flashing sights that set the senses reeling.
Still, very versatile the human race is;
And even you, divine dear thing, are mortal,
And soon will be at ease 'neath Fashion's portal.

There is no earthly help for it, that's certain.
For we are social animals, and when
From off our nature is the social spur ta'en,
We flag, and are not women and not men.
Willie may fancy he can raise the curtain
And give you sight of an ethereal Then;
But, after all, that is not earth but Heaven;
Here we must yield to our terrestrial leaven.

You know how fond I really am of Willie,
And think him in his way a splendid fellow;
But when removed from meadow, stream, and hill, he
Is, if not green, at least uncommon yellow.
And when he talks of life, he's simply silly,
And shows a judgment anything but mellow.
In fact, he cannot deal with real things.
By rights, he ought to have been born with wings.

But neither he nor any of us is,
And so we must be satisfied with crawling;
And in the latter's favour there is this,
We cannot hurt ourselves so much in falling.
I know, if anybody does, what 'tis
To fly too high, and then to be left sprawling.
Willie will some day have a precious tumble,
And then, perhaps, will be a bit more humble.

(To be continued.)



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S original drama, by M. Dennery, "*Les Oiseaux de Proie*," was brought out on Saturday with Mr Wilkie Collins's title "After Dark"

HER MAJESTY, travelling *incognito* into Switzerland, had the good sense to forbid any recognition of her state by salutes at Cherbourg. Why, then, do the authorities at Chatham go shrieking the name of Prince Arthur to the winds with salutes of all kinds? Such cringing must be much against His Royal Mother's wishes.

M. ODYSSE-BAROT, in his duel with M. Jecker, the banker, was shot in the stomach; but, fortunately, a button turned the die and the bullet at the same time, lodging itself eventually in his waistcoat pocket. The ball was not meant for the vest, but the waistcoat proved a good *in-vest-ment*. M. Barot pockets the affront with honour.

HENRI ROCHEFORT has got FOUR MONTHS' imprisonment and a fine of 200 francs (£8) for stupidly losing his temper and striking a printer who refused to give up the name of a libelling scoundrel who had attacked M. Rochefort in his nearest and dearest ties. If the Government wishes to stop the *Lantern*, why does it not extinguish it at once? But at present it is merely making itself contemptible in taking such petty means to revenge itself upon its enemy. If the striker had been a devoted toady and decorated as such, what a different verdict would have resulted from the evidence!

BY THE SEA.

[See CARTOON.]

By the sea. Idling, dreaming, playing, are they—these careless, happy children of the hour? Yes, here they are; labour, thought, ambition, struggle—all left behind! Here they are, out for their holiday; freed at last from the din, the whirl, and the stifling heat of work, leaving their schemes behind them in the smoke of the black city far away, and drinking in the pure salt sea air, like the careless, happy innocents they are! Come, let us take a turn and look at them. Pretty this to begin with—those two boys and their ship. See how the little fellows are struggling for the craft! Indeed they might be a couple of statesmen fighting for some prize, save that statesmen never fight for—toys. Ah! what is this? A dance, and one worth

looking at. See how the poor honest fellow is stepping out before that delighted audience. And look, too—he keeps well to his dancing board, and never changes his measure. One might almost liken him to a Bishop dancing an Irish jig of exultation over an ill-fated Establishment. Carry out the idea a little further, and listen to the strains of that Israelite with the hurdy-gurdy. Ten to one he is playing the good old "No Popery" gallop, and sets the imaginary Bishop wild with the tingling melody. Very pretty, is it not? Quite a peaceful sweet holiday picture. Then the audience—how much they resemble a parcel of old women! But let us pass on. Dear me, who have we here? A band of niggers—and their chief, begging halfpence of a fat gentleman. Ah! everything reminds me of the real business of life. How like the fat gentleman is to John Bull, and how strongly the nigger leader and his band resemble a celebrated ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and his peculiar friends! There is a flaw in the analogy, you say? Quite right. Who ever would dream of a great statesman playing the fool for halfpence? Mr. Gladstone trying to see what he can get out of John Bull? Bah!—the thing is preposterous!

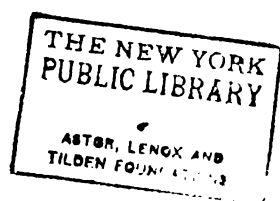
But let us walk this way. Ah, now this is *really* pretty. Love-making in its purest form. That beautiful girl is listening to the soft nothings of that highly respectable and religious-looking gentleman with the umbrella. Close to them, too, is another gentleman (he looks so savage he must surely know the young lady very well) reading the paper. He evidently does not like the flirtation. Well, he need not distress himself very much if he only knew the truth. Soft *nothings* are really the staple commodity of that respectable lover's address, and the young lady knows it. You have not a chance in *that* direction, my fine gentleman with the umbrella. Better give it up. But see, there is plenty to amuse. Peep shows—royal ones, too, where a live Prince may be seen for a halfpenny—and performing dogs, and what not.

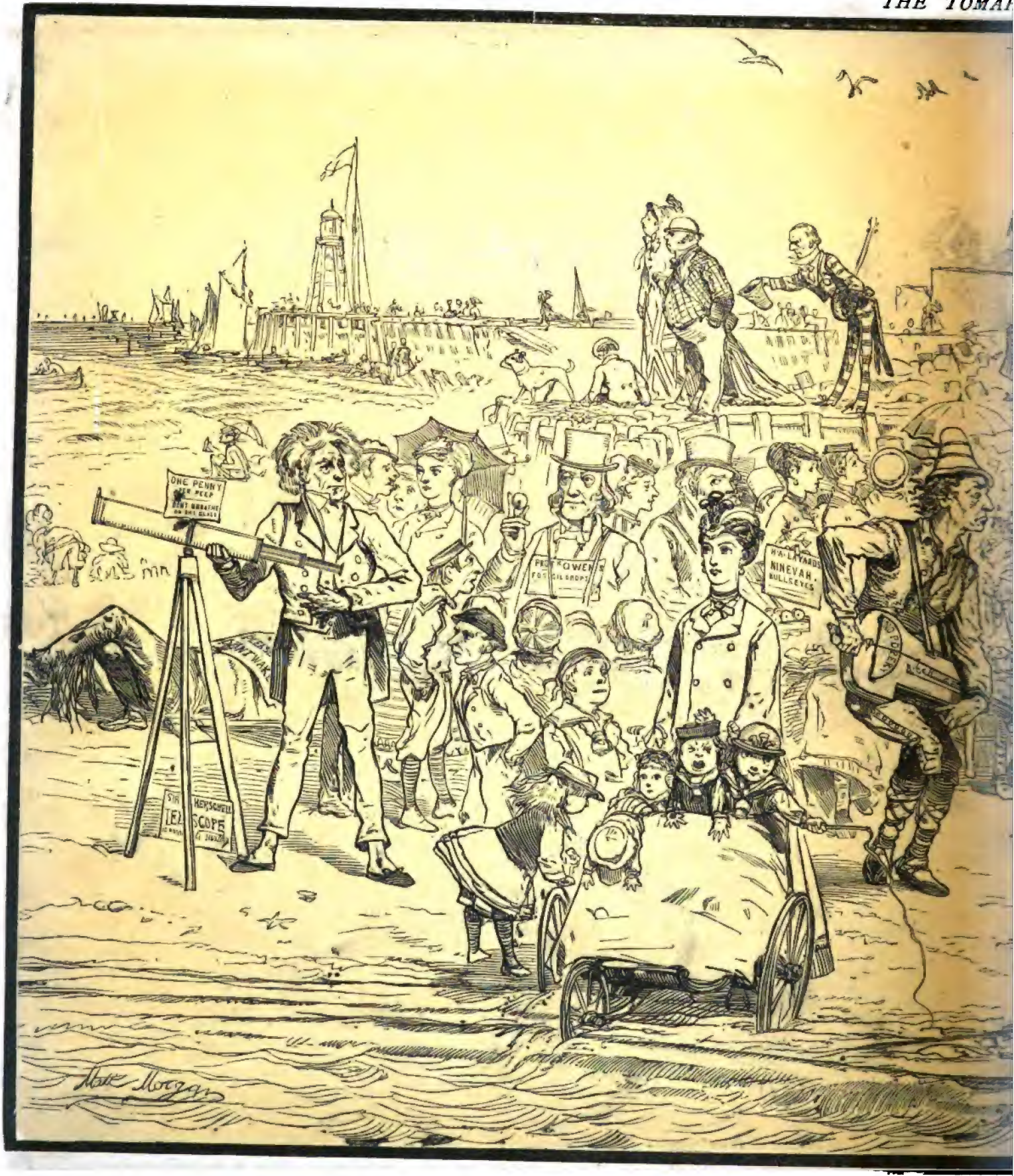
That poodle in the cocked hat—quite a military-looking dog—seems up to a repetition of *his* performances a dozen times over. Well, the public encourage his antics, and so, poor poodle, he can hardly help himself. Then there is the bull's-eye man, a useful member of society, very; and the man with the telescope; and—but can we believe our eyes? Yes, four dear little children in one perambulator, and their charming Mamma. Delighted to see her looking so well. And Papa, where is he? We hope he is not very far off. And, lastly, who is that? Why, surely that is TOMAHAWK himself taking his change with the rest. Well, he is the wisest of them all, for he has come there for repose and not for bustle. Bustle! you repeat. You do not like the word. This is holiday time, you say, and ask why should not the workers enjoy themselves upon the shore? Why not? Well, people have a strange way of picking up their recreation when every step they take leaves a footprint on the sands—of time.

AN UNREASONABLE JENKINS.

THE reports of Mdle. Patti's marriage to the Marquis de Caux which have appeared in every civilised journal in Europe have been more or less graphic and elaborated; but of all the impertinences of which the newspapers have been guilty in prying into the details of Mdle. Patti's personal affairs, the English "leading journal" has come out first in bad taste and stupidity. The *Times* report concludes its description of the ceremony with the remark that "Oddly enough, and to the disappointment of every one present, not a note of music or song was heard throughout the entire service."

Does the *Times* really consider that Mdle. Patti was bound to offer a musical entertainment to the churchful of uninvited guests that hampered the proceedings of the bridal party on the happy occasion; and is the *Times* unaware that in a "low mass," to which service the report refers in a tone of intimate acquaintance, there is no music? It is really almost too wantonly silly for an intelligent English journal to pass a kind of censure on a young lady who would not consent to be married to the sound of drums and trumpets (a proceeding which it is doubtful if the ecclesiastical authorities would tolerate), simply because she happens to be the bright particular star of the operatic stage, and the *Times* reporter happens to be too intellectually dense to disassociate Mdle. Patti on the boards of Covent Garden from the young lady who was married the other day in the little Catholic Church at Clapham.







E SEA!

[See Sketch.



"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

THE amiable and gentle reader (for whose sake I am taking all this trouble, and in whose cause I am putting myself to all this inconvenience—as I write I have the most magnificent landscape before me : I am staying in Brittany at—but hush, as I have not paid *as yet* for my lieutenant's uniform it is just as well not to be too definite about my hiding—I mean, my resting place)—the amiable and gentle reader, I repeat, will remember that a couple of chapters ago I was on the point of introducing him to the host of the "Princess Royal." In this chapter I will complete the ceremony. Now then. Quite ready?

A very red face fringed round with shaggy piebald whiskers, small eyes and bushy eyebrows, a scowl and a great many pimples, grey hair and wrinkles "at discretion." Short, podgy, white-aproned, dirty shirt-sleeved, and disagreeable. Amiable reader, I present to you the host of the "Princess Royal."

(Ten minutes for refreshments.)

PART 2 OF THE CEREMONY.

Host of the "Princess Royal," I beg to present to you a gentleman (or lady) of the nicest honour, of the most brilliant abilities. A gentleman (or lady) as beautiful as the morning star, as lovely as smiling Italy or merry Peru. A gentleman (or lady) as picturesque as Dinan, as sedate as Putney, as commercial as Constantinople, as conscientious as Clapham, and as critical as Corfu. A gentleman (or lady) rivalling Shakespeare in Poetry, Gustave Doré in Drawing, Auber in Music, and Mr. H. Cole, C.B., in the use of the globes. In a word, host of the "Princess Royal," I have the pleasure to present to you my friend—my firm, valued, and distinguished friend, the amiable and gentle reader!

And now you know one another.

"Wot are yer talking about?" exclaimed mine host, in answer to Cockloft's question about the supper. He continued thickly, "it's my b'lief you're all 'toxicated—beastly 'toxicated."

Private Dubbs put in a word here. "Mr. Potts, I'm sure, sir, the gent means no manner of 'arm. 'E says to me 'as 'e comes along, 'I've got confidence in Mr. Potts I 'ave, and I know 'e's a man of 'is word, and when 'e says there *shall* be a regimental supper I knows 'as 'ow there *will* be a regimental supper. I knows Dubbs,' 'e continners, 'that there will be a h'occean of beer, a 'eap of tripe, likewise a good many h'onions. There will be, 'he continners, 'liver and bacon, and Dubbs,' he continners, 'I should not be surprised if there should be a few pigs' trotters and a mug of gin to top up with.'" And our Private having exhausted his list of dainties was silent.

"I am surprised, landlord," said Cockloft with dignity, "that you haven't attended to the orders of your superior—I mean to *my* orders."

"Now look 'ere," bawled Potts (who, not to put too fine a point upon it, was very 'toxicated), "I ain't agoing to stand 'ere to be bullied by the like of you. With yer swords and yer shackos and yer figures. Oh, I've 'eard all about you—law bless yer, I knows yer! Why, I never seed anything so ridicklus! Why, ye're a couple o' jacanapes. That's wot *you* are."

"Potts," said I, good naturedly, because I really was getting very hungry, and there seemed little chance of our obtaining any supper unless we effected a reconciliation with our host; "Potts, you're a sensible man—a public man, or, rather, a public house man (a far prouder title)—and I'm sure you would not wish to be unloyal to Her Majesty the Queen, or unjust to your own pocket. I tell you frankly that we are volunteers—defenders of your native place—and are willing, nay, anxious to pay well for the food you set before us. As a true-born Briton and an inheritor of the flag that for a thousand years has braved the bottle and the breeze, as an honest publican, as a man *and* a brother, I tell you that you must not refuse the salt of joviality to the valiant protector of your hearths *and* your homes!"

Potts was evidently softened. "You talk sense; but as for 'im," and he pointed with supreme contempt to Cockloft, "why, 'e's quite ridicklus!" With this he led the way into the tavern.

When we got inside it appeared that supper had been prepared after all. The cause of our host's incivility was to be traced to Cockloft's uniform, the wearing of which seemed to give great offence to Mr. Potts.

"Yes," said the enraged publican, "I knows werry well what 'e means by it. Oh, you can't blind *me*! But I says not another word. Let 'im give me any more of his sauce and I ups to the

table and I silently takes away the meat." With this dreadful threat he disappeared.

Cockloft, Dubbs, and I sat down to the table (it was four deal boards supported on trestles) and prepared to make merry. And here perhaps it will not be out of place to give the bill of fare:—

A PLATE OF THE BEST WHEATEN BREAD.

A CRUET OF THE STRONGEST VINEGAR.

Salt.

Salt,

SOME RIBS OF ROAST BEEF (more bone than meat).

Salt.

Salt.

A CRUET OF THE GREASIEST OIL.

"Something," which the Landlord called "*Lobster Salad*" (fortunately eaten early in the evening by Dubbs).

"And now," said Cockloft, taking the head of the table, "are we all here?"

"Not quite, sir," said Dubbs. "Sergeant Gunn, late of the Royal Artillery, is below in the bar, and 'e wants to join the mess."

Cockloft's face fell; he murmured to me, "Gunn's our drill sergeant. Capital man when *not* drunk, but when he's taken too much, I do believe he would commit a murder. I am afraid I saw him drinking with the landlord as we came in. However, it can't be helped. Here, Dubbs, show him up."

We waited impatiently and tremblingly to see whether our fears about Gunn's sobriety would be realised. After two minutes' pause we heard a heavy step on the stairs and the door was thrown open.

"Sergeant Gunn," said Dubbs, with a broad grin.

(To be continued.)

"EN VOYAGE."

THE excursion fever has taken a firm hold of the London public. Ten years ago an organised trip to Paris under the superintendence of a conductor was looked upon as a curiosity of society. Now, however, not only does Mr. Cook flourish in an extended business, but a dozen imitators have sprung up with even more enlarged notions than the original inventor of the system. Now-a-days, by taking a ticket at an excursion office, you may be booked through to Greenwich by train with a coupon available to bring you home by the river; or you may make a circular tour of the Isle of Thanet, with the opportunity of visiting every object of interest between Margate and Ramsgate; or, if you have more time and more money, you can go on to the continent, call at Paris, spin round Switzerland and over the Alps, look in at Milan, pass a Sunday at Venice, and come home by Vienna and the Rhine without forethought, trouble, or responsibility, for a fixed sum payable in advance. Such conveniences as these are not extended to Europe alone. This year a party has been made up to "do" the Holy Land, while some enterprising individual has chartered a steamer for a trip to Iceland and back at £100 a head.

If we have arrived at this already, it is not unreasonable to expect that the caterers for public locomotion should soon provide some tours less hackneyed for those people who have been everywhere and seen everything, in the cockneyfied acceptance of the terms. If it is easy to convoy large parties through civilised Europe without inconvenience or confusion by means of a little judicious pre-arrangement, it is to be hoped that the excursion agents will now turn their talents to a more useful object.

There are numbers of persons for whom a tour through Switzerland and Italy in an excursionist band would have no attraction, and there are others who would be contented with photographs of Palestine, or would consider £100 too much for the pleasure of a week or so in Iceland, even in this weather. The great majority of Englishmen, however, like travelling, and although independent enough in their ideas when they can do without assistance, they would be glad to avail themselves of Mr. Cook's or of anybody else's travelling experience, if they felt it would prove a convenience. Any one can travel over the beaten routes in Europe without much trouble, forethought, or knowledge of foreign languages; but if Mr. Cook would organise some such tour as the following for next year, he would really be rendering a good service to numbers of people

who are anxious to see the world. Let us suggest, therefore, that an excursion might leave London at Midsummer in a steamer chartered for the purpose.

JUNE.—Arrive at the Azores, where a week might be advantageously passed.

JULY.—Visit the Canary Islands, spend a day or two on the line, say from Saturday to Monday, and proceed thence to Cape Coast Castle, from which place an excursion might be made to Timbuctoo and the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. From the Gold Coast by the steamer to St. Paul de Loando, where the party might halt for a few days' sea bathing.

AUGUST.—Leave St. Paul for the interior, by carriages previously sent out from England. The route chosen should give the tourist the opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the various tribes, and animals, inhabiting Central Africa. A portable hotel might be taken with the excursion for this part of the trip, as it is not improbable that for some portions of the journey across the continent the existing hotel accommodation might prove insufficient for a large party.

SEPTEMBER.—Arrive on the east coast of Africa, and proceed by the steamer to the Comoro Islands; thence to Madagascar, where carriage excursions might be made to the north and south points of the island. At the end of the month leave for Borneo.

OCTOBER.—Might be passed in visiting the principal islands in the Chinese seas, after which the steamer should proceed south, calling at the Sandwich and Society Islands.

NOVEMBER.—Arrive at Cape Horn, where the portable hotel might be erected, and a fortnight pleasantly passed. Leave about the middle of the month, and proceed by road through the countries of the South American continent.

DECEMBER.—Arrive at Panama, where the steamer should be waiting. Sail at once for the Arctic Seas, which it is probable would be reached in about three weeks; thence by sledges to the North Pole, which might be reached by Christmas Day, and where the portable hotel should be re-erected.

JANUARY.—Visit to the objects of interest in the neighbourhood, and by the North-West Passage home to England.

An excursion such as this would be a *bona fide* convenience to that class of people who consider themselves capable of looking after themselves in the beaten tracks of the continent. We offer the programme to the excursion agents, in the confident belief that if the charge for the trip is reasonably cheap numbers would avail themselves of the opportunity. There might be, it is true, some few difficulties in organising the tour, but none surely which Mr. Cook and his *confrères* could not, in the way of business, overcome. If these persons really possess the extraordinary administrative abilities they pretend to, they should turn their talents to useful and practical purposes.

MERELY PLAYERS.

EVERYBODY has heard it. Mr. Disraeli, the successful author of so many screaming farces, has crossed over Westminster bridge and produced an entirely "new and original tragedy" at Astley's. Need it be added that this is a purely political move, and intended to serve the same ends as a Greengrocers' Company after-dinner speech, or some firework harangue let off before a parcel of gaping farmers in the neighbourhood of Hughenden? The idea is not a bad one. Indeed, when it is remembered how often the stage has subserved the State, it must be admitted that no common measure of praise is due to Mr. Disraeli's genius. *William Tell*, even when lowered to the level of half-a-hundred fiddles, has often been regarded on the Continent as so much gunpowder. Why, then, should not Mr. Disraeli try the effect of a little nitro-glycerine at home? But he must not be astonished to hear that he has already a dozen rivals in the field. Yes, the platform is, for a season at least, to give way to the foot-lights, with what promise the following dramatic gossip may in some measure declare:—

"It is said that a great many novelties are in preparation with a view to the forthcoming season. Subjoined is a list of the various entertainments already advertised at some of the principal metropolitan and provincial theatres."

HER MAJESTY'S.—*The Queen's Oath; or, the Peer who knows all about it.* By Lord Redesdale.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD!—*The Bishop-fend; or, the Blue-blood, the Ballot, and the Blasting Powder.* By Mr. Horsman.

THEATRE ROYAL, TOWER HAMLETS.—*Who Cut his Head Off? or, the King and the Commoner.* New farce by Mr. Beales, M.A.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.—A new but not original comedy, by W. E. Gladstone, entitled *Place*. To be followed by *Beggar my Neighbour*, a farce in one act by J. Stuart Mill. The whole to conclude with a piece of wild extravagance called *Orange Blossoms*, adapted from the Irish by Colonel Knox.

IMPERIAL TEA GARDENS, PETERBOROUGH.—Grand Melodramatic Entertainment every evening. Great success of the *Confessional Unmasked*, with new dresses, scenery, appointments, &c., &c. At nine, the new piece entitled *The Cowl, the Curse, and the Conscience-monger; or, The Jesuit's Return Ticket and the Pope Volunteer*. Rinaldo Mackonochie (his original character), Mr. Whalley, M.P. At eleven precisely, Dr. McNeill on his new instrument, the "Curseandswearophone."

BISHOP'S IMPERIAL OXFORD CIRCUS.—Great success of the new comedy, by Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., entitled *Soap*, followed every evening at nine by the gorgeous fairy spectacle of the *See of Gold; or, the Enchanted Lawn Palace and the Home of the Five Thousand Shining Sovereigns*. To conclude with the screaming farce of *Who Killed the "Poor" Curate?*

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

CREATION'S noblest work, and then
A cover for his head;
The word that speaks of nasty work,
By which some gain their bread;
My whole's a place that will be found
In Jonathan's united ground.

2.

What a bad cold makes people do,
And doctors claim who are asked to cure it
(Though some, averse to medicine,
Without the doctor's aid endure it),
Describe the drink of many a nation
As morn's or evening's potation.

3.

My first's the half of Cato's name,
My second is a British sailor,
My third what stage performers do
When dressed by their dramatic tailor,
My whole is one of Nature's forces,
Resistless wheresoever its course is.

4.

Without my first no preference would be,
Alter or change my second would express,
My third's a beast you almost daily see,
My fourth a drama known to stage and press,
My whole to hear instead of truth is trying,
And though not that is quite as bad as lying.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Beetroot. 2. Freedom. 3. Maryland. 4. Carnation. 5. Peppermint Drops. 6. Peregrine Pickle.

ANSWERS have been received from Darlingadnll, Four Hastings Scalps, Reasonable Plea, Samuel E. Thomas, Three Black Diamonds, H. T. Taverner, Jack Solved It, W. McD., Annie (Tooting), Young Man called Guppy, Generalderbesengarde, J. F. Dexter, Ruby's Ghost, Linda Princess, Mynheer von Gubchick, The Binfield Road Wonders, Bill Brick's Old Slipper, Ag. "Cavlan" Largs (N.B.), Moses Benson, Ein Verrückter Kerl, A Nautical Lunatic, Tofta, Slodger and Tiney, and 100 W. T.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 68.]

LONDON, AUGUST 22, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

ANOTHER MURDER AT THE HAYMARKET!

CERTAINLY, if the ghost of Shakespeare ever does revisit the earth, he must often wish that his plays had been all burned by the relentless kitchenmaid of Warburton, or been numbered with the lost books of Livy.

There is always a spasmodic attempt to revive Shakespeare at this slack season of the year. The unfledged bantlings of the drama may now be seen trying their plumeless wings in anything but graceful flights. Now is the time for the pupils of the great tragedians (!) whom the gods have left us, to come out in "something grand" and take the town by storm. These same pupils are generally more favoured by Fortuna than Minerva, or perhaps they would not find it so easy to make a first appearance before as much of a London audience as friendship, and curiosity, and "paper" can get together. Every West-end theatre which happens to be vacant at this time of year appears to go through a course of the legitimate drama, to purify it, perhaps, from the pollution of sensational pieces and those anatomical exhibitions which go by the name of burlesque. And after all, going to see Shakespeare (provided you have got a book with you) is a nearer approach to an intellectual recreation, than the unrestricted contemplation of Miss Phemy Smith's legs, or the agonised sensation caused by a real pasteboard steamer on four legs, or even a practicable railway engine with a tinsel boiler. It is certainly a nobler ambition to attempt Shakespeare and fail, than to attempt and succeed in—well, we won't single out any of our great living dramatists for such enviable distinction.

This "noble ambition" has been very prevalent lately. Scarcely had we recovered from the inarticulate gaspings of Mr. Allerton, than we saw ourselves invited to witness that merry wag, Mr. Creswick, gaily careering through *Hamlet*. Even the levity of Charles Mathews, towards the end of the season became sobered down into a flabby villany, as unsatisfactory as a bottle of Château Yquem, the cork of which has been left out of it for twenty-four hours. But at the Haymarket, whither, till lately, Society went comfortably after dinner just in time to see the elegant Mr. Sothern leap off a tower on to a feather bed—an intellectual effort to which the mental powers of Society were nearly equal—the sacred home of Buckstone and Braid has been for the last two or three weeks in the hands of a band of bravos, who have been murdering as many of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines as they could in the short time allowed them. We assisted at one of the latest outrages on the characters in *Cymbeline*, and our very passive share of the guilt still haunts our slumbers. Mr. Ryder is a great tragedian, there is no doubt; but when the whole stage is peopled by imitations of Mr. Ryder, in various states of feebleness, it becomes, to say the least, rather trying. We do not mean for one moment to deny that Shakespeare intended nearly all of his lines to consist of three gasps and a scream; it is too deep and recordite a view of blank verse for any one, who has not had a long experience on the stage, to attempt to dispute. The various emendations, which reverent and industrious students of our great poet have made on the original text, are no doubt very valuable; but it becomes a little embarrassing when every character, from the *King* to the Third Lady in waiting, introduces his or her own peculiar reading of Shakespeare's lines, even though the great object,

the three gasps and a scream, be secured. Some of our contemporaries have encouraged Mr. Lewis Nanton, for instance, to go on and prosper; they have prophesied that he will take a great position on the stage. We hope he may; but first let him learn to speak one line, at least, naturally, with due regard to metre, rhythm, and sense; and surely, if he be such a great genius as his admirers would lead us to suppose, he need not imitate the journeyman of nature who made him so abominably. Mr. Henry Marston occasioned us considerable discomfort by constantly reminding us of a very terrible wax-work figure that we saw when of tender years, the which figure was supposed to be undergoing murder, and did gasp and gurgle and groan so fearfully during the process that he made our infant soul to quake within us. The exhibitor assured us it was only the figure's way of breathing, but we could not believe him. Mr. Henry Marston seems afflicted with a similar peculiarity in breathing. As for the other male characters, Mr. Nelson as *Cloten* was the only tolerable one, and he took to filling up the spare feet in Shakespeare's verse (as he spoke it) with noises, such as burlesque ogres make, when they are going to eat the young lady in silk tights and tinsel armour. A certain Mr. Roberts showed signs of something better than the rest, but he did not succeed in dissipating the impression that all the characters were saying their lessons, and saying them very indifferently.

Miss Frances Bouverie demands a few words of friendly advice. Let her study her words more and her robes less. Let her cut off her train, unless she have two boys to carry it. She has evidently something of dramatic power in her, but she must use much more study and care before she can do justice to such a character as *Cymbeline*. Her face lacks mobility of expression, and her voice, though musical in parts, requires great management. Let her unlearn most that she has learned, and take the human heart as a teacher, and her emotion will move both herself and her audience more.

We were painfully impressed with the want in England of a good school of elocution. How can we hope to have actors when what raw talent or genius aspirants to the stage possess, is liable to be deformed by teachers who can only serve as warnings, not as examples?

FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S DIGESTION.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER AT THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S BREAKFAST.

IF on the moors, and you have a chance of a grouse, remember that you should not use a ramrod for a breech-loader.

A cartridge is explosible, and will not bear testing between the kitchen bars.

No round shot has been successfully made square that we are aware of.

A sixteen-pound salmon does not necessarily mean a fish that costs sixteen sovereigns.

What is the difference between your own calibre and that of a great gun?

Nitro-glycerine is not used for chapped hands or the complexion. Try it next time you blow up an aide-de-camp.

Will you make a Report when you go off?

LADIES' UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

THE University of London has issued its regulations, sanctioned by Government, for Public Examinations for Women. The candidates are to be examined next May (1869) in a long list of subjects, which will necessitate a new profession in the metropolis—that of Female Crammer. We may expect some such paper as the following at the very least, and we pity the poor dear girls who intend to go in for the London University Examinations.

MAY TERM, 1869.

Latin.

1. Conjugate the verb *amo*. Quote the "Comic Latin Grammar" on this head.
2. Translate *Nolens volens, Ab uno disce omnes, Cum grano salis*, and state whence derived.
3. Decline *uxor*, and state why.
4. Scan

Tityre tu patule, &c.

Arma virumque cano, &c.

Give the name, or names, of authors.

5. State your opinion of Ovid's Arts and Horace's Odes. Which do you prefer, and why?
6. Translate a passage from the *Daily Detonator's* last sensation article into dog Latin. Give the English of *cur*.

English Language.

1. Give the derivations of the words *jolly, muff, duffer, rover, croqueted*. Where used in best authors?
2. From what British classics do the following quotations come—*Like a bird, Out for a lark, Not for Joseph?*
3. Give examples of the uses of *which, that, that which, which that, that there, them which*, and any similar grammatical idioms you may be in the habit of using.
4. Give the plots of *The Moonstone, Lady Audley's Secret, Guy Livingstone, and Enoch Arden*. Who by?
5. Write an answer to the article in the *Saturday Review* entitled *The Girl in the Gutter*.

History.

1. Name your own hero.
2. Which do you think the most ill-used man, *Henry the Eighth* or *Charles the Second*?
3. Give short memoirs of *Joan of Arc, Madame de Maintenon*, and the *Queen of the Icenii*.
4. What is the use of dates?
5. Whose history do you prefer—Macaulay's or John Gilpin's?

Mathematics.

1. What is a sovereign worth, and how far will it go?
2. If you have ten pounds and only spend fifteen, how comes it you cannot live within your income?
3. When you divide four by two, why do you invariably make the result three for yourself and one to the other side?
4. In wedlock do one and one always make two?

Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

1. What is the vacuum abhorred by nature?
2. Is the air by Beethoven composed of oxygen and hydrogen?
3. Why does a kettle sing, a chimney smoke, a fire go out, a mother-in-law scold, and a baby cut its teeth?
4. Why does Poverty come in at the door when Love flies out at the window? Is this true?
5. Explain "*cold*" applied to a reception, "*heat*" to an argument, and "*vapours*" to any lady.
6. Give the formula for the elements of *Hi : cocc : Alorum* : Jig.

Music.

1. Do you like the Opera? Which?
2. Do you go to listen or to talk?
3. Give the biographies of *René Favarger, Claribel*, and *Phiaworkski*.
4. What is your notion of thorough bass as applicable to the side drum?
5. Score the Old Hundredth for piano, piccolo, and triangle.
6. What musical magazine do you subscribe to?
7. Quote Shakespeare and Swinburne on music?

Botany.

1. Describe the *primrose*, the *daisy*, and the *dandelion*. Give their Latin names.
2. What are *cuttings, seedlings, and annuals*?
3. Which is the most irritable, the *passion flower* or the *sensitive plant*?
4. What is the meaning of "*Up a tree*," "*a Greek root*," "*a regular plant*," "*a carpet hop*," and "*the pink of perfection*?"
5. What is Miss Braddon's favourite suppressing mixture?
6. What is the nature of the weed known as *Trabucos*?

But we have not space to give the entire paper. When we inform our readers that Dancing, the Use of the Globes, Crystallography, Photography, Tatting, and Politics are included, they will think with us that the students who compete will have their time fully occupied, and work over, to get half marks in the coming May Examination.

THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

Now that the season is over and no one is left in London, the time has come round for a general cleaning up and embellishment of the public property. A fresh coat of paint to the British Museum, or a wash-out of the basins of the Trafalgar square fountains, is an annual recurrence and calls for no special comment; but the orders that have been given this year regarding the re-arrangement of the interior of the House of Commons are worth recording. We therefore reproduce the Board of Works minute.

[MEMORANDUM.]

Spring Gardens, S.W.
August, 1868.

The House of Commons is to be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water.

The leather benches are to be covered in the strongest brown holland cases to preserve them from the wear and tear to which they will probably be subjected by the members of the new Parliament.

The peers' gallery is to be protected by a silken net, fixed after the fashion of a spectator's box in a tennis court, and arranged in such a position as to intercept any missile that may be thrown towards the gallery from the floor of the House.

The ladies' gallery will be faced with sheets of plate glass, in order that its occupants may witness the proceedings of the House without being compelled to listen to the language of the speakers. Notwithstanding the great expense of this alteration, it has been considered absolutely necessary in the interests of ladies who may be present at the debates.

A row of iron railings similar to those recently put up in Hyde Park, and the strength of which has been tested, will be erected down the entire length of the House, so that any collision between the Ministerial and Opposition sides may be rendered impossible.

Accommodation for an extra body of the metropolitan police will be prepared in the lobby of the House, and an indiarubber speaking-tube will be fitted from the lobby to the Speaker's chair, in order that its occupant may communicate with the police without quitting his seat.

By order of the Board of Works.

The arrangements of the House of Commons have for a long time been found anything but perfection, and the proposed alterations speak well for the discrimination and good sense of the authorities. The result will doubtless prove that the precautionary measures were not taken before they were wanted.

VIVE LA LANTERNE.—No sooner has the *Lantern* been extinguished in Paris than, hey, presto! it flares up again in Brussels. In fact, the French Government will find that they have undertaken a regular will-o'-the-wisp chase; and we know that such a chase generally leads the pursuer into trouble. As will-o'-the-wisps are created by bad air, so the *Lantern* could not exist were it not for the abuses from which it derives its light and fire.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE III.

From Erica to Florence—(Continued.)

MEANWHILE, you must not mind what he may say,
For life is life, and somehow must be used,
Nature at first is pleasant in its way,
But even solitude may be abused.
Why, take this very place. From day to day
We all of us wax less and less amused.
As splendid scenery as you could scan—
Mountains in scores, but not a single man.

At least not one to talk to. And there isn't
A shop that it is worth one's while to enter.
Young children, and some peasants old and wizened,
And then a string of mules and their tormentor,
Are all one sees. I find them insufficient.
Nor can my interests for ever centre
In foaming torrents or in forests hilly.
Oh, for one good half-hour in Piccadilly!

Oh to be with you, Florence, and to see
Your sparkling triumphs, and to live once more,
If only meekly following on your lee,
A something like the life I lived before.
I hate the streams, I hate each shrub and tree;
The moonlight plagues me, and the sunsets bore.
Softer the scene, the more my spirits harden.
The throistles sing, I sigh for Covent Garden.

But as I sigh in vain, and may not share
In your bright glories even with my eyes,
All I can do is bid you, Flo', beware
Of what chief peril now athwart you lies.
I have no wish to strip life's beauties bare,
Or make you, darling, miserably wise.
But I would guard you 'gainst that path pursuing,
Which has been mine and many a one's undoing.

Mind, mostly, that you keep your heart in hand,
Nor let it run away with you full tilt;
The pace at first's deliriously grand,
But ends in steed and rider being split.
Then in the fray as little chance you stand
As one whose sword is broken at the hilt,
Or trusted carbine injured at the nipple.
In short—you ever after are a cripple.

Whate'er you do, avoid this fatal fault.
Accept with grace all homage as your due;
For admiration is the social salt
Which makes the dull the bright, the old the new;
But when you have that homage, always halt,
Or even fly—for homage will pursue.
Give not yourself, until you all receive;
Or you will live to mourn from morn to eve.

For love, real love, should in reserve be held
For the calm days when hopes and fears are over;
When something more than novelty doth weld
Two hearts, and fancy is no more a rover.
Oh! I can't tell you how I feel impelled
To rush away, from Calais cross to Dover,
Travel both day and night till at your side,
And be your friend, philosopher, and guide.

And look you, Florence!—and don't think me venal—
Never suppose existence without money
Can possibly be anything but penal.
Think you, forsooth, our exile here is sunny?
Ah! my dear simple child, when you have seen all
I've seen, you'll have a great respect for honey.
Unless you want to lead a life of torpor,
Or bitter struggle, marry not a pauper.

Now, write me often—often. For although
I'm sure you'll very soon be all the rage,
You won't forget Erica—will you, Flo'?—
But once a week will scribble me a page
To tell me all I so much long to know.
So will you, dear, my banishment assuage.
For fearful banishment is just what this is.
Adieu! God bless you. Love, and thousand kisses.

A SULLIED PAGE.

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS, who, upon the strength of his name, is credited as a writer of musical lyrics—which, however, do not bear to have their jingling dissected—has endeavoured to hide a by no means nice novel under an attractive title taken from Shakespeare. There is nothing sweet about Mr. Mortimer Collins's latest production but the name, which, however, will answer, most probably, its intended purpose, namely, to induce decent persons to look into the book, expecting to find a sweet subject, pleasantly and tastefully treated, instead of a coarse, tedious chronicle of the doings of the vicious of both sexes. No one would venture to dispute for one moment Mr. Mortimer Collins's great knowledge of the subject which he has so gracefully treated, but it is a knowledge which he had best keep to himself, for his readers will be none the worse without it. A few more such books as *Sweet Anne Page* would make us welcome a Censorship of the Press with unfeigned heartiness. The man who sells you some poisonous compound under the name of wholesome food is not very far removed from him, who would try and poison the minds of young men and women with indecent trash, under such a winning and innocent title.

NO STOPPING IT.

LUCERNE, August 17, 1868.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Here I am comfortably located *au quatrieme* at the *Schweitzerhof*. Her most gracious Majesty—I beg her pardon, the Countess of Kent—has been here not more than a week, so you must admit I am not very much behindhand. You will ask what I have come here for. You will suggest the lake, the Rigi, the Pilate, Lungern, Flüellen, and a dozen other lions, not omitting Thorwaldsens? No; none of these things have for me the slightest attraction. I have come here, then, for the sole purpose of being on the spot with Royalty. There! Conscious that our most gracious Majesty wishes to preserve a strict *incognito*, under the title of the Countess of Kent, I have come, as thousands of my friends have come likewise, with the laudable object of watching, peeping, creeping, dodging, ogling, eyeing, staring, gaping, and generally disbehaving myself, as can only,

Ever yours,

In much independence,
THE BRITISH SNOB.

P.S.—I am keeping a diary, which, if sufficiently interesting, will be at your service on my return.

CURE FOR MOSQUITO BITES.

ALLOW the sting to remain unrubbed, and in course of time the irritation will cease and the mark will disappear.

We assure the public that our prescription is the only cure, notwithstanding the hundred "infallible remedies" which have been communicated to the newspapers. Has it not occurred to the dwellers in Woolwich and its neighbourhood that if any antidote for the pain of the mosquito sting existed, people who live in India, and are bitten unceasingly for the best part of their lives, would have found it out long ago?

EXTREMES MEET, as the Czar said to the King of Prussia at Schwalbach.

THE SIDE TO TAKE DURING THE COMING ELECTIONS.—The sea-side.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Hearsh) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 22, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE hear of an inquest on a woman who died of sunstroke in St. George's Church, Manchester. Did it occur to the coroner to ask how long the sermon was during which the death happened?

IT is with great joy that we find there is still a chance of seeing Lord Amberley in the next Parliament. He has declined to stand for Nottingham because the lambs of that place refuse to be represented by such a lion.

A GREAT deal of unnecessary asperity has been shown by the Liberal Press on account of Mr. Disraeli having dared to make a Duke. Surely, since the Premier has striven so hard to make his political life the illustration of his novels, as author of *The Young Duke*, he might be excused attempting to bring the youthful offspring of his imagination to maturity in the shape of the "Duke of Abercorn."

WE are sorry to find some of the English Press applauding the tyrannical treatment of M. Rochefort. A Government which is so strong and founded so firmly on the love of the people as that of the Emperor of the French, ought to be able to give the lie to such satire as M. Rochefort's by its acts, not by its edicts. An elephant does not turn on the gnat that stings him. If M. Rochefort is so insignificant a person, and his attacks on the Government unfounded, is it worth while to strain the powers of justice in order to hurt him?

WE notice with sincere sorrow the death of the talented Editor of the *Saturday Review*. In private life he was so genial and amiable, that he would never have been suspected of any connection with a paper so bitter and spiteful, as the *Saturday Review* has lately become. It was too plain, from some of the articles that have appeared lately, that the staff had lost their head. We hope that whoever succeeds to the post, so unhappily rendered vacant, will teach the young lions under his care that it is possible to be forcible without being malignant.

THE tentative nomination of Lord Mayo as Governor-General of India does not seem popular. May we not hope that, as the noble Lord's name is, grammatically speaking, decidedly in the conjunctive mood, he may share the office jointly with some person who knows a little about India, and who will be able to take care of this guileless genius of the Conservative party?

PEACE!

(See CARTOON.)

PEACE! with the murderous Engine here
Still warm from foundry-bed! Peace, did I say?
While bayonets bristle round, and o'er my head
Some Fate hangs ominous! Yes, this is Peace!
My people love me—me, the lawful heir:
Have I not promised all a sovereign can?
Have I not given Liberty her wings?
What if poor pigmies shoot their venom still
At me and mine! Have I not Right to nerve me?
Is not a nation's faith, respect, and love
Sufficient guard against a private spite?
Yes, this is Peace! Chain up the Press! And, quick,
Order another thousand cannon to salute
The prosperous harvest of Imperial France!

HERO WORSHIP.

POOR Lord Napier of Magdala has at length concluded his second great campaign and has left London for the country, having evinced powers of docile endurance and long-suffering for which those who only knew the General from his conduct of the Abyssinian war would scarcely have given him credit. We quote from the columns of a daily paper the last of his brilliant achievements before quitting the metropolis:

Lord Napier of Magdala has favoured Messrs. Maull and Co., of Piccadilly, with sittings (in uniforms) for a series of photographs.

What forethought and public spirit has been shown in obtaining Lord Napier's consent to allow his likeness to be taken, not only in his uniform, but in every variety of the regulation, dress and undress. Those people who have not had the good fortune to see his Lordship during his London campaign will now be able to buy his picture in any costume which they may consider nearest in accord with his prowess or personal appearance. For instance, some may associate his Lordship's victories with a cocked hat and coatee, while others may consider a forage cap and spurs more in keeping with the ready simplicity of the General's character.

But let us be serious. The fact is, to speak plainly, that in the popular desire to welcome Lord Napier the public have gone a little too far. In the praiseworthy wish to render him homage as a great and successful commander, Londoners have done their best to make him ridiculous. The idea of his Lordship being worried into going off to be photographed with a portmanteau containing the variations of his military uniform is really too absurd.

Lord Napier has now gone on his starring tour in the provinces; and we take the opportunity of humbly recommending to his Lordship that it would be wiser to show a little more moral courage than he has hitherto evinced in resisting the importunities of those people who have a higher appreciation of his great worth than discretion in showing it.

WHAT THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SWITZERLAND REALLY MEANS.

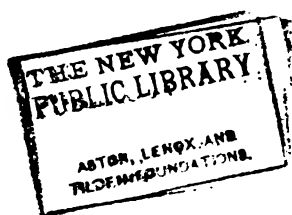
As some anxiety seems to exist in the minds of certain French politicians as to the real objects of Her Majesty's trip to Lucerne, we are happy to inform them that they are—

1.—The establishment of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, Spain, Italy, Russia, the Pope, Austria, Sweden, and Montenegro, for the total absorption of France by the various members of this new Grand Alliance.

2.—The propagation of Orleanist documents throughout France by means of white mice trained for that purpose.

3.—The total removal of the Alps, and rearrangement of the same as an ice barrier around the coasts of England, provided only that the Wenham Lake Ice Company can be induced to consent to the measure.

4.—The creation of large vineyards all round the Swiss Lakes, to the infinite prejudice of the French champagne trade.



THE TOMAHAWK, August 22, 1868.





PEACE!
OR
ENJOYING HIS HOLIDAY.



"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER V.—The Mess Revellers. Gunn on the Volunteer Service. Our Second Mutiny.

"GENTLEMEN all!" said Sergeant Gunn, taking a seat at the table, and saluting us with his hand while he gazed intently at the beef.

And now, with your kind permission, I will give you a plan of the guests, showing where they sat at table, &c. You know Charles Reade the novelist is very fond of giving maps of undiscovered islands, and very rough sketches of nothing in particular—why, then, should I be less generous? Of course he gives these wonderful drawings because he thinks them very, very useful. I, on the contrary, have no better reason for bestowing my gifts than that I believe said gifts to be very, very beautiful. For instance, what can be prettier than the accompanying plan? Look well at the straight lines, and admire the exceeding taste the printer has shown in the choice of his type:—

PLAN OF THE REGIMENTAL MESS OF THE "B.S.R.V.C."

Showing

WHERE CAPTAIN COCKLOFT SAT, WHERE LIEUTENANT SMYTHE WAS SEATED, WHERE SERGEANT GUNN TOOK UP HIS POSITION, AND WHAT BECAME OF PRIVATE DUBBS.

Captain COCKLOFT
(on a bit of rout-seat).

O

Empty chair	O	Table groaning with ribs of beef, salt, bread, &c.	O	Empty chair.
Empty chair	O		O	Empty chair.
Lieut. SMYTHE (on a chair).	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty stool	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty chair	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty stool	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty arm-chair	O		O	Empty chair.

Sergeant GUNN
(in an arm-chair).

O

Private DUBBS
(on a stool).

There! Now I trust you are satisfied.

"I say, old fellow," said I to Cockloft, after a careful inspection of the supper and those who had come to eat it, "what do you intend to do?"

"What do I intend to do?" echoed Cockloft, angrily; "you know as well as I do. What have we come here for?"

"As far as I can see, to make ourselves dee'd ridiculous," I replied, testily.

"Good again!" shouted Gunn from the other end of the table. "Good again!"

Cockloft glared, but was silent. I smiled, and was equally taciturn.

And thus we sat moodily eating the ribs of beef, and spitefully munching at the loaf before us. Not a sound was heard save the unearthly giggle of Dubbs, as he listened to the whispered remarks of Gunn, our sergeant. It was a painful sight—one to make the judicious grieve, and the holy cry for sorrow!

At length Cockloft said, "Now, Smythe, are you quite tired of playing the fool?"

"Playing the fool! My dear sir, I know you are an excellent master of that art,—the lesson you are giving me now clearly proves the fact; but I decline, nevertheless, to become your pupil," and I smiled gently to myself, and thought "Hum, that was rather neat."

"I mean," said Cockloft, red in the face with suppressed rage, "do you intend to allow any business to be done?"

"What business?"

"What business! This is really too much!"

And Cockloft trembled with anger, and glared at me with the eyes of a murderer. "Why, you know as well as I do that you

have come down to be introduced to the men of your regiment. On my soul, you don't deserve a commission!"

"Guv'nors! Mean no 'fence," growled a thick voice from the bottom of the table, "but—must—have—beer!"

"Certainly, Sergeant," replied Cockloft, graciously, "you will find some over there on that little shelf. When you've got it, fill your glass. I have a toast to propose."

The worthy (or rather unworthy) Gunn staggered to the beer jug, and reeled back to the table. In filling his glass he upset some of the beer on the cloth—looked at the drops savagely, tossed off the bumper, and then exclaimed savagely, "What's up? Say much more and I'll punch yer 'eads!"

"Gentlemen," said Cockloft, ignoring Gunn's rather uncalled-for and very incoherent remark, "Gentlemen, this evening I have a very pleasant duty to perform. When I tell you that that duty is to present to you my dear friend Smythe as your future Lieutenant, I'm sure you will understand my feelings. I've known Lieutenant Smythe for many years, and—and I have always found him a very nice, conscientious kind of a man. But perhaps before I present him to you I had better propose a toast."

"Yes, pr'ose toast!" murmured Dubbs.

"I propose then the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family, and I beg to couple with their names that of Sergeant Gunn, a brave warrior, a sober soldier—"

"Right again," thickly from the "sober soldier."

"And a loyal bombardier. I may add," continued Cockloft, "that it is not customary for the gentleman who responds to a toast to drink it."

"That's all you knows about it!" said Gunn, as he tossed off another glass of beer.

The toast was duly responded to, and then the Sergeant was called upon for a reply. I give it verbatim. Gunn said, "Ladies, Gents, Guv'nors, and Dubbs" (sleepy applause from the Private)—"Speaking for Queen and Prince—thankee kindly, yer does us a deal too much honour. Speaking for self, I've got a few remarks to make—it's them as follers. Most people calls you wolunteers scum. That's what they call yer, but I (mind yer I may be wrong)—I don't call yer scum." (Loud and long-continued cheering from Cockloft and myself.) "No, I don't call yer scum." (Hear, hear.) "I says, yer may be fools, yer may be hugely hidiots, and murdering thieves, but yer hain't scum! And what I says I sticks to!"

With this Sergeant Gunn sat down, and once more addressed himself to the beer.

Cockloft rose for the second time, opened his mouth, and said smilingly, "And now I will introduce the only officer that has honoured our board this evening to the man of the regiment."

I arranged my uniform to the best advantage, and tried to look as much like an officer as possible.

"Who's that a calling me a man?" asked Dubbs (who had been conferring with the Sergeant) angrily. "And who said he" (pointing at me) "was an officer? The men of a regiment choose their own officers, and hanged if I don't choose mine!"

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

THE *Moniteur* informs us that on the occasion of the funeral of the late Queen of Madagascar orders were issued for a national mourning, which was to last three months. During that period ladies were to wear no garment that covered the bosom or fell below the knee. The "effect," says the *Moniteur*, was "peculiar." We are surprised at the remark, considering that in Paris, and certainly in London, a similar costume is now perfectly common. The only difference between Madagascar and either metropolis that we can see, is that in the former women go about half-dressed in obedience to superior orders for a limited period and in moments of grief; whereas amongst us they indulge in the "peculiar effect" in hours of supposed gaiety, and threaten to continue to do so for an indefinite time. We suppose it is only another illustration of extremes meeting. Perhaps when the fashionable females of England are compelled by some calamity or other to go into mourning, they will once more dress themselves, at least for a time.

ON TRIAL.—SOME POPULAR CANDIDATES.

THE Commission appointed to inquire into the existing state of the House of Lords "with a view to its general utility, &c., &c.," having suspended its labours in order that important evidence might be forthcoming to enable the Commissioners to send in their report in full, the above inquiry was resumed yesterday.

As on the previous occasion, the room was densely crowded, and the greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The first witness called was Mr. Yawlings, of Finsbury. He said he was what was called a "popular candidate" for the new Parliament. He was for progress. By progress he meant that universal advancement of everybody to the self-same standard of eternal equality, brotherhood, and wealth. He could not exactly explain what he meant by this, but he had written a pamphlet on the subject, to which he referred the Commissioners. Yes, he intended to go to the hustings as the "people's champion." He was the determined enemy of all that interfered with the people's good. By that, he meant all abuses. He considered that there were a great many abuses in England. Yes, he could name one—half a dozen, if the Commissioners liked. The aristocracy was an abuse. Landed proprietors were an abuse. People with incomes of over £500 a-year were an abuse. He might make an exception by saying that incomes of over £500 a-year resulting from the honest working man's labour and the sweat of his brow were by no means to be regarded in that light. He would vote for the abolition of many things. Among them he would include the Crown, the House of Lords, the respectable newspapers, clergymen generally, clubs, and first-class carriages. He considered this state of things would benefit the working man. He had studied the working man both from a subjective and objective point of view. He meant by that, that he belonged to two friendly societies and a debating club, and had once borne a banner in a procession round Finsbury Circus. On that occasion he wore a helmet and sash, carried a board on his back inscribed "Beware of Cromwell! Finsbury or death," and rode on a cab horse. He addressed the people of England from the Circus railings, and was stifled by the myrmidons of the Crown. If the Commissioners wanted that in plainer English—well, then, he was told to move on by the police. He was unquestionably a great orator. On that account he meant to stand for Wapping at the approaching general election. He had issued his address. No, he was not aware that there was any bad spelling in it. He did not much care if there was. What the people wanted was not morals, education, and all that nonsense, but their rights. He hoped in a couple of years to see England really free. He would soon explain what he meant by "free." A working man for President, a House of working-men-Lords, Commons to match, every coronet on the treadmill, and a fair division of all the money in the Bank. When he had got his share he might possibly retire to Australia, and help them to get their rights there. In conclusion, the witness, on being pressed, somewhat reluctantly admitted that he had been twice through the Bankruptcy Court, and had written several little squibs against Christianity.

The next witness called was the Hon. Barker Waistcourt, M.P. In reply to the Chairman, he said he meant to present himself shortly for re-election. He was the member for Gulpborough. It was a family seat. Lord Brainwood, his father, had put him in, and he was again coming forward as the Conservative candidate. His election cry was simple enough, "No justice for Ireland, and God defend the right." He believed he was a sound Tory. The Brainwoods had always been "sound Tories" since they bought a peerage of James I. As to Ireland, if he had his way, instead of disestablishing the Church he would double the number of bishops. If the Irish did not like it they ought to, because they were a conquered race, and ought to be thankful for the blessings of a merciful toleration which did not even force the truth down their throats. Certainly he would cry out "No Popery!" Did not care what it led to. True, at Eton and Oxford he had been an intimate friend of the priest who did service in the Catholic chapel at Gulpborough, but the man had evidently been a snob all along, or would never have turned out as he did. Yes, if the mob burnt his house about his ears it would certainly serve him right, and it was a glorious thing to teach these men that old John Bull was wide-awake, and was as just and tolerant and re-

ligious a fellow as ever. Meant to say a whole lot to his constituents about the "thin end of the wedge," and show them how Gladstone's unchristian resolutions would very soon touch the Established Church itself, and finally their own pockets. Of course he would be returned by an overwhelming majority. As to its being hearty, he did not care about that. Mr. Disraeli knew what he was about with his Reform Bill as regarded country boroughs, and he might confidently say that Gulpborough was still in the pockets of the Brainwoods. At all events, he should like to see it try and get out. Yes, he would consider anything fair play at an election. Certainly he should advocate the burning of Mr. Gladstone, either in effigy or otherwise, with or without a cardinal's hat on his head, and a Guy Faux lanthorn in his hand. He knew Mr. Gladstone intimately, and respected him immensely, but upon the hustings he felt it his bounden duty to his principles—that is to say, to himself—to describe him as a charlatan, a blackleg, and an atheist. He was a party man, and whatever his party cried he cried too. He was a type of a large class of Englishmen, and he was proud of it. Mr. Gladstone said to the country, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Mr. Gladstone was a fool. The evidence of the last witness, which was throughout given in a very flippant manner, was just concluded as their parcel left.

THE FALL OF TUPPER.

WE are too often painfully reminded that the best of us are but very frail. Some man, before whose purity and strength of character we have bowed our heads in reverent admiration, is tempted, and falls. We can only lament his fall, and strive to learn humility from it. A very painful case of moral declension has occurred lately. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the great moral philosopher at whose feet all England has sat so long and learnt so much, that great and good man who had discovered a new species of poetry which was neither rhyme nor reason but all beautiful pure sentiment, has come down to writing rhyme! Happily he has not yet reached the next stage—he has not fallen so low yet as to incur the suspicion of writing reason. But this abandonment of his principles has been, we fear, the result of bad company, for—our heart breaks almost while we pen the words,—but it is too plain, we cannot shut our eyes to the cruel truth—Martin Farquhar Tupper has fallen into the power of Algernon Charles Swinburne!! He, the purest of philosophers, the chosen minstrel of the Evangelical Church, has been studying the words of the erotic Pagan bard, the laureate of Venus and Faustina! Whether it be that the music of Swinburne's lyric verse, the ringing charms of his alliteration have stolen the eyes as well as the ears of the chaste Tupper, drugging his intellect and lulling to sleep the vigilance of his conscience, or that the vigorous onslaught made by Mazzini's devotee on the Pope has atoned, in the eyes of the Protestant Béranger, for all the hymns to Aphrodite, we do not know; but certain it is, that in the last volume of marvellous verses published by M. F. Tupper we can trace too distinctly the influence of Swinburne in every line. Our space will not allow us to quote many instances. We can safely refer our readers to the volume itself, known as *Tupper's Protestant Ballads*, for the confirmation of our statement. Who will not at once perceive the influence of the author of *Poems and Ballads*, *The Hymn to Italy*, *The Halt before Rome*, &c., in these lines:—

"They witness of Rome as 'always the same,'
Made drunk with the blood of the saints evermore."

Then again—

"They witness the peril that lurks in each priest,
If his craft were a pestilence over the land."

And again, in his ballads on "the Canadian Dominion," Tupper has—

"What a seed of high thoughts, what a root of good things!"

One of Swinburne's favourite similes.

Then for examples of alliteration take

"Let patriot zeal be promoted and praised,
And the name of each lordship be linked to a place."

What but this passion for alliteration could have prompted the now celebrated line

"The birdlime which stuns while it sticks"?

We might go on multiplying instances of the way in which Tupper's mind has become inspired with the spirit of Swinburne's verse; but we are enabled, by a wonderful effort of clairvoyance, to publish a poem which the modest songster of *The Rock* has held back, the charming domestic interest and true Protestant flavour of which must commend it to all admirers of Martin Farquhar Tupper:—

GOING TO THE WASH.

(Lines written on Monday morning.)

By M. F. T.

I really must look to my washing this week,
I must watch how my shirts are got up;
For I feel that in matters like this I'm too meek,
And I don't keep my pluck enough up;
I ought to be brave, and to speak my mind out,
For of sheep, sure the male is a Tup,
And I am a Tupper, so quite to the rout
I must put Mrs. Sarah Hiccup.*

Let me see; five fine shirts as ever was seen,
Five collars (not paper) to match,
With four pairs of socks, some blue and some green,
Will make up a beautiful batch;
Then of handkerchiefs seven seem semblant to see,
And two or three neckties so white!
Every clear starcher's soul will be strangled with glee,
When on my sacred things they set sight.

Stop, I've nearly forgotten two jerseys (quite thin),
And two flannel shirts too I vow!
In this weather it's right to wear flannel next skin,
At least I do truly so trow;
One nightshirt, if modesty lets me to add,
In my list I must also include,
I would mention my nightcap, but soberly sad,
Society sneers that it's rude.

Mrs. Sarah Hiccup now I hope will take care,
And return all the things that I send;
But trumpets of treachery tickle the air
Till I know not where Treason will end!
What if Ritualist robbers should recklessly join
My shirts, to make copes with, to seize;
Or the pattering Papist my parcel purloin
His priests so prehensile to please?

There, we think that this charming poem combines in a wonderful way the lyrical melody of Swinburne with the tender domestic simplicity of the Tupperian muse. But the corruption is still there, and unless the great philosopher can shake himself free from the allurements of alliteration and jingling rhyme we fear that we shall indeed have to witness, with tearful eyes, the Fall of Tupper.

AFTER DARK.

DION the Great, the inexhaustible, the never-to-be-suppressed has again achieved a literary success. Boucicault adds another £45,000 to the account at his bankers'. Dion Boucicault has brought out *After Dark*, and a grateful manager has telegraphed down to Brighton, where the great man is "smoking his cigar (think of that!) on the esplanade" (we quote that well-known orator Mr. George Vining), to say that Dion is again the only champion of dramatic art.

A literary success! Well, of course, if we went into the question of literary merit we might find it difficult to argue for or against; but then, Mr. Boucicault has a way of his own, you know, of putting a piece together, that is quite irresistible. The reader probably never was in the great Dion's laboratory. We will introduce him then without delay.

Mr. Dion Boucicault having half-an-hour to spare, and finding it high time to think about his income for next year, is sitting down with paper, pens, and ink before him, while at his side lies a complete edition of *Le Théâtre Contemporain*. Drawings of "sensations" of all kinds, as produced at London, provincial,

and foreign theatres, are hung round the room and cover the floor.

"Let me see. Vining wants a piece with scenery for Lloyds, a part for himself, and a considerable pile of agony. Let us look through these plays. By the powers! this will do, with a bit from another and an original sensation.

"*Serjents de ville*—Policemen. *Hirondelles*—Night-birds. *L'Elysée, quartier St. Antoine*—the Elysium in Broadway, Westminster.

"This is child's play! I suppose I must put down something for the characters to say; but, really, if Lloyds does his best the piece ought to go in a series of tableaux.

"By jabsers! that was a good sensational scene they had at the Vic., where the express comes down to the foot-lights and stops before it runs off the rails into the orchestra. We'll put in that; it wasn't original at the Vic., for Charlie Dickens got rid of Carkers in that way, so we'll try an express at the Princess's, smash in the Metropolitan, stab the inspector, and tear up the rails with an earthquake.

"Stay! the express and the damage to the Metropolitan will be quite enough this time. I'm on the track. Lo! there it stands. What shall it be called? *Caste* is a good title. Confound Tom Robertson, he took that; and *Society* would scarcely suit. *Blow for Blow*. No! I quite forgot Byron's piece. *Birds of Prey*. That looks like the original too much; and, besides, Miss Braddon might object. *After Dark*. Wilkie Collins won't object; anyhow, I meant to register that title ages ago, and I shall do so now. There it is—*After Dark*.

"ACT I.

- "SC. 1.—Victoria Station, with a real cab.
- SC. 2.—Mews, with real straw.
- SC. 3.—Silver Hell, with really good intentions.
- SC. 4.—Covent Garden Market, with real cabbages.
- SC. 5.—Temple Bar, with real advertisements.
- SC. 6.—The Zoo, with real monkeys.
- SC. 7.—Blackfriars Bridge, with real suicide.

"If Lloyds does this scene well.—(We open a parenthesis to remark that Mr. Lloyds did do this scene particularly well; but it is a remarkable thing that scene-painters never seem to have observed how reds lose their colour at night, and how much better such a scene would be with all bright dresses toned down to a uniform tint.)

"ACT II.

- "SC. 1.—Dry arches, with real spirits.
- SC. 2.—The Lilacs, with real curtains.
- SC. 3.—Greenwich, with real whitebait.
- SC. 4.—Cremorne, with real fireworks.
- SC. 5.—Garden gate, with real Walter Lacy.
- SC. 6.—Green chamber, with real sobs. 'My Eliza Hann!!!'

"ACT III.

- "SC. 1.—Elysium Music Hall, with real break-down, real comic song in all its dreadful reality, real billiard table, &c., dedicated to G. W. M. Reynolds.
- SC. 2.—Crystal Palace, with real acrobats and Mr. Coward on the organ.
- SC. 3.—Wine cellars, with real key-hole.
- SC. 4.—Real curtain.
- SC. 5.—Underground Railway, with real semaphore, real rails, real red fire, real slack lime, and real sensation. Very well managed.
- SC. 6.—Bursting of the locomotive, with real accidents, real surgeon, and real railway director.

"ACT IV.

- "SC. 1.—The Lilacs again, with real curtains as before.
 - SC. 2.—Storming of Magdala, with real Commander-in-Chief.
 - SC. 3.—Attack on Private Junks and fall of Theodore.
- "There, with a little cutting, that will draw."

We agree with Mr. Boucicault. In fact, if Mr. Vining had only engaged Mr. Lloyds to do the scenery and engines, Miss Rose Leclercq to look like Kate Terry and come in with the tableaux, as wanted, Mr. Boucicault need scarcely have given himself the trouble, for so paltry a sum as £45,000, to waste so much good writing on a piece which the public will rush to see for its decorations only.

* A sobriquet for the washerwoman.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE.

THE *Daily Detonator*, having Antwerp *fêtes* and electioneering prospects asking for space, has closed its zoetropic correspondence on "Marriage or Celibacy"—a correspondence which has sold the paper and cost nothing a column to produce during the hot weather. Had the public benefit alone been the motive of publishing individual experiences, the readers would have been saved much wading through a slough of gush by the editor's condensation of the various observations offered as an excellent substitute for marmalade at the morning meal.

Perhaps it would be as well to show by illustration the advantage gained by giving drops of pungent essence instead of gallons of insipid liquid.

MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY.

To the Editor, &c.

LETTER I.

SIR,—Annie is a dear and would live on sixpence a day for my sake, as she can cook, wash, darn, and plays the *Song without Words* on the concertina.

Yours, &c.,

BACHELOR, ÆT. 18.

LETTER II.

SIR,—George is a noble soul, with a strong right arm and £60 a-year in the Post-office. I shall love to welcome him to his plain dinner (cooked by me) of cold lamb and tart as he comes home with a camellia in his button-hole.

Yours,

MAIDEN, ÆT. 19.

LETTER III.

SIR,—Just got a sixth baby. Wife will have Honiton lace on christening frock—so economical it will do for the next! We are always in debt on £800 a-year.

Yours,

PATER, ÆT. 30.

LETTER IV.

SIR,—I am mother of four children after less than five years of married life. Boot-mending comes to £20 per annum; and we are now pinching black and blue to pay the doctor's bill since the hooping-cough. Husband in the City, £120 a-year.

Yours,

MATER, ÆT. 24.

LETTER V.

SIR,—What selfish nonsense men write! I will marry on anything you like to offer.

Yours,

SPINSTER, ÆT. 39.

LETTER VI.

SIR,—Absurd talk of marriage. Can't keep out of Jews' hands on a couple of thou. a-year as a bachelor. How can one think of another?

Yours,

SWELL, ÆT. 27.

LETTER VII.

SIR,—I do not believe Love flies out of the window when Poverty, &c. It is true I have been brought up in Belgravia, but, though I have nothing, Gussy is in the Guards, and surely we ought to live comfortably. I can do without powder on the footmen's hair.

Yours,

SWELLE, ÆT. 21.

LETTER VIII.

SIR,—I earn five shillings a-week by writing *Social Songs* for a comic paper. Maud and I only want a room in a cottage to be superlatively happy. Side by side on a sofa all day we compose our little rhymes and are content. Why do not others do as we do?

Yours,

YOUTH, ÆT. 20.

LETTER IX.

SIR,—I have met Charlie but twice at croquet, and I know by his eye he would slave his life away for me. It is all I ask.

Yours,

MAIDEN, ÆT. 24.

LETTER X.

SIR,—My yearly expenses as a bachelor are:—

	£	s.	d.
Flower at button-hole, 6d. a-day	9	2	6
Ess. bouquet and brilliantine, two bottles a-week	14	0	0
Patent leather boots, at one pair per month	15	0	0
Three hats, at £1 1s.	3	3	0
Two umbrellas, at £1 4s.	2	8	0
Cravats and gloves, at least	10	0	0
Tailor's bill—not sent in	0	0	0

£54 1 6

Allowance from papa, per annum	30	0	0
Clerk's salary in Quarts and Pints Office	70	0	0

Leaves for lodging, keep, dress, and cabs . £45 18 6
or about 18s. a-week!

What should I be without the flower, brilliantine, &c., &c., in Georgina's eyes?

Yours,

A PHILOSOPHER OF TWENTY YEARS.

LETTER XI.

SIR,—If you saw Frank with his Stephanotis and his smooth hair and cambric handkerchief, you would believe with me that he is incapable of a bad action. It would be a bad action to force me to give up my chignons and flirtation for the horrors of a nursery.

Yours,

GEORGINA, ÆT. 26.

LETTER XII.

SIR,—Do as I do. We have a family of four children. For their healths' sake we neither clothe, educate, nor feed them, and they seem to thrive on the dirt. We keep a brougham and three horses, which I never pay for. My wife is a little too fond of dress, but a little whitewash covers a multitude of debts.

Yours,

SCAMP, ÆT. 40.

Surely more practical good sense is to be learnt from this series than from the columns of amateur epistles which have ended in smoke or emigration, to the visible swelling of the *Detonator's* coffers!

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

I.

A scriptural country my first will express;
A homely-bred name which some women possess
Will do for my second; my whole is the name
Of an artist whose works are widespread as his fame.

2.

My first's a short word for a longer name,
To be my second every male may claim,
My whole performer of such wondrous acts
As but for Scripture none would take for facts.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Manhattan. 2. Coffee. 3. Cataract. 4. Prevarication.

ANSWERS have been received from Four Hastings Scaps, Harry Rutley, A Chickaleary Bloke, Bung Chubbles, Esq., Foxy v. Stripes, Ruby's Ghost, General Boum, Silly Tommy, Mabel May, Frs Searle, Imperial, George and Gerty, T. F. B., Herne Hill Jacob, W. McD., Botesdale Guppy, C. R. R., Generalderbesengarde, Veni Vidi Vici, Bobbypeepslopomknaveoclubsfarfetstobyearwighetureumrhumbobooks, Samuel E. Thomas, Three Black Diamonds, The Delirium Solved It, Due Damigelle dil boschetto Settentrional, Delirious Tremens, The Malvern Spooner, F. V., S. Habbit, Henry Pimlico (Brixton), Muchtooeasyforalunatic, Linda Princess, Stob, Two Puppies, Stupid Owl (Forest Hill), Old Bram, Baker's A, A Felpham Fidgets, Three Stray Buzzwings, Elphn, Awful D, Yorkshire Tike, Sine Macula, Cheeky (Brompton), Dixon Sc

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 69.]

LONDON, AUGUST 29, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE TIPPERARY OUTRAGE.

ON the eve of a general election, and at a time when one would think, injured Ireland having found so many unexpected champions, that there would be some attempt on the part of the inhabitants of that country to prove that they deserve the sympathy so lavishly bestowed on them, we are shocked by the occurrence of an agrarian outrage of the very worst description, evincing that universal defiance of law and love of violence which, we were foolish enough to hope, were on the decline even in Tipperary. The event seems to us one of the saddest that could have happened at this time; and the way in which many of the so-called friends of Ireland have commented on it is certainly calculated to increase in every way its mischievous influence, both on the authors, and on the intended victims, of the crime.

Of course our very Liberal friends, who expect to get a seat in Parliament, and the prospective chance of a seat somewhere else, by crying out very loud about the wrongs of Ireland (having no property there), will at once exclaim, "Here is another voice raised in the cause of oppression! another defender of tyrant landlords, who wring the heart's blood from an impoverished peasantry of Ireland, to pay for their luxurious living in another country." Those whose good opinion is worth having, as being based upon knowledge, not upon prejudice, will acquit us of any lukewarmness in the cause of Ireland. But if the ingenuity of all mankind, and devils to boot, were exerted, they could not hit upon any device more certain to increase every affliction under which Ireland labours, than the cowardly semi-approval or semi-condemnation of such crimes as this attack upon Mr. Scully and his party. We are certainly almost in despair at the way in which the whole Liberal Press has spoken of this premeditated and organised outrage upon the law. Well may those who have some real stake in Ireland tremble for the security of their property, and their persons, under the government of those, who are so busy in finding excuses for assassination, that they have no time even to pity the victims, much less to condemn the assassins. Not even the publication of the monstrous conditions, said to be those which Mr. Scully tried to impose upon his tenants, can blind us for one moment to the fact, that such crimes as this must be suppressed by the hearty and united efforts of every subject of this kingdom, who respects law and order, if Ireland ever is to be anything but the battlefield of rival politicians, or the home of idle discontent.

There is no quality more essential to the well-being of any community, than the submission to legally constituted authority. There is certainly nothing more fatal to moral independence, more destructive of internal peace and happiness, more hostile to all progress, more provocative of despotic terrorism, than that abominable assertion of the superiority of individuals to laws, divine or human; that paltry, Brummagem heroism, which nerves the victim of injustice, real or fancied, to be his own jury, judge, and executioner, and triumphantly to vindicate his own innocence by murdering his oppressor from behind the safe shelter of some hedge, or barricaded barn. What true friends of Ireland should do is to strive, by every means in their power, to teach the Irish, that the noblest heroism of which human nature is capable is to submit to any personal wrong, rather than by an outburst of selfish violence to outrage that law, upon the proper maintenance of which the security of the whole community rests.

This may seem a mere truism, but it cannot too often be dinned into the ears of a people, who have never shown any sense of moral responsibility, and who are ever ready to hold their own fancied rights and interests above every other consideration, moral or politic.

Cowardly and villanous as is the act of those who fired upon Mr. Scully, and the bailiff and police who accompanied him, there are no words to describe the conduct of those who, at such a time as the present, can deliberately sit down at their desk, while the demoralising excitement which spreads among the whole peasantry after such a crime is at its height, and pen plausible palliations of that crime; and, in order to make political capital, add to the number of excuses which the devil has already suggested to the murderers and their accomplices. Justice must never be vindictive, but she will fling away her proudest attribute—mercy—if she does not visit with the utmost severity every one concerned in this outrage. As long as the peasantry are allowed to believe that anyone interfering with their rights, real or supposed, may be shot like vermin, so long will every concession to the just demands of the Irish be worse than useless.

What is the real object of those who advocate reform in the laws of land tenure in Ireland? Is it political profit, or the good of the Irish? If the latter, surely the first thing to do before the provident, the industrious, and the sober can be in any way encouraged or rewarded, is to make the law thoroughly efficient to punish the prodigal, the idle, and the dissolute. In other words, the law must be respected by all, and those who outrage it must find no friends among those who strive their best to keep it. It is all very well to say that the law in Ireland was for a long time wedded to injustice and tyranny,—it is not so now; but it would be were a time-serving timidity to spare the guilty at the cost of the innocent, to be lenient to rioters and assassins at the cost of their victims.

Now is not the time to discuss the conduct of Mr. Scully as a landlord. Every word said in condemnation of him is easily snatched at as an encouragement to those, who are ready to hold the land, which they will not cultivate and improve, by violence and bloodshed. That every facility should be offered to those tenants who earnestly try to turn their farms to the best account, we have often before maintained, and maintain now; but how is the state of Ireland to be improved, how is the character and condition of the peasantry to be elevated, if the careless, lazy vagabond who lets his ground go to rack and ruin, or parcels it out among those of his kin more careless and lazy than himself (who all expect the crops to grow, and gather themselves in, of their own accord)—if such idle rascals are to be left in undisturbed possession of the land they are making barren, from fear of assassination? Let Irish and English demagogues say what they will, Ireland's fate is really in the hands of her own people; until that cursed doctrine that a tenant must not be evicted from a farm which he will not improve himself, or allow the landlord to improve, simply because he or his father has held it so many years, is rooted out of the minds of the Irish, so long will the country, which should be one of the richest and happiest portions of Great Britain, remain a disgrace to the Imperial kingdom, a smouldering volcano of insurrection, a home to which self-banished patriots return again, only to spread through its length and breadth the withering fire of sedition, the malignant fever of treason and assassination.

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

COVENTRY.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne arrived in this borough on Sunday morning during the hours of divine service, and at once commenced an active canvass amongst those who, as he flatteringly told them, were not such hypocrites as to go to church. In the evening, he attempted to address a large loitering crowd, consisting of men and women—chiefly the latter, and all very attractively dressed—from the steps of the parish church, inside which the vicar was at that moment preaching. He was interrupted, however, by the police, and informed that he must postpone the public exposition of his principles till the following day. In no case could he be allowed to disturb the respectable portion of the community whilst engaged in their devotions. He protested that his “Songs”—copies of which he drew from his hat and flung amongst the crowd, the female portion of which eagerly scrambled for them—were quite as devotional as Bishop Ken’s hymns, and a great deal more calculated to excite a real “spiritual revival.” He concluded his discourse, in deference to compulsion, by pointing out to the crowd how intolerant Christianity and the English law were, since they allowed a minister of the former to preach inside a church, but would not allow him at the same time to harangue them even outside it. And yet this was said to be a free country! He was sure that this monstrous interference with the liberty of the subject would only endear him still more to the lovers of it, whom he had been attempting to address. To-morrow, however, he would have a full opportunity of expressing his opinions, and developing his principles. Meanwhile, he begged them to spend the remainder of the Sunday evening in reading his “Songs,” as they would thereby gain an introductory acquaintance with his general sentiments.

The next day, Monday, he was formally presented to the electors by Mr. Rosetti and Mr. Walt Whitman. The latter gentleman was in his shirt-sleeves, and seemed strongly disposed to get rid even of them, but it was suggested to him that some of the electors might perhaps not like it, and that he might injure Mr. Swinburne’s chances of success. Thus remonstrated with, he desisted from what he called his “peeling” purpose; but nothing could induce him to put on his coat.

MR. SWINBURNE then addressed the electors. He said he had come to Coventry because the unanimous voice of the community outside it had sent him there. But there was yet another reason. He could not believe but that the town which had produced that grandest and most unrestrained character in English history, Peeping Tom, would at once perceive and acknowledge his own peculiar claim upon its suffrages. He had been grieved to hear that their industry had been sorely crippled by the French treaty, and that fashion had declared against ribbons. For his part, he did not see why ladies should wear anything else, particularly in a high wind, and he had already done his best in his poems to persuade them that their costume could not possibly be too light and airy. As for the French treaty, he was strongly against any foreign country competing with Coventry enterprise; but he knew France and French manufactures very intimately, and there were certain branches of it which he was sure they would agree with him ought not only to be admitted free of duty, but whose introduction and distribution ought to be encouraged by every enlightened Government. He was strongly in favour of the repeal of Lord Campbell’s Act, which was a puritanical and tyrannical measure. Indeed, he thought that he should make this the condition of his support being given to any Cabinet. To speak frankly, he did not care much either for Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone. Both of them were far too respectable for his taste, particularly Mr. Disraeli, who was ridiculously uxorious. Why the man positively absented himself from the House of Commons when his wife was ill. Any intelligent Frenchman could have told him that was the very moment when he could not possibly be wanted elsewhere. Of course, he was in favour of marriage with a deceased wife’s sister,—only he should prefer that it took place during the wife’s lifetime.

Here Mr. WALT WHITMAN made some depreciatory remarks upon Lady Godiva, and said that he did not see that she had done so very much after all. Why, if it would afford anybody the smallest amusement, he would do all and more than ever she did in Coventry, without putting the electors to the trouble of shutting their windows and keeping indoors.

The proceedings had not terminated when our packet left.

ROYALTY IN SLIPPERS.

WE are at last beginning to know for a fact of our own personal knowledge that princes are but men; more even than this, that their Highnesses are sometimes the most common-place of individuals. We do not, for a moment, mean to imply that this has not been the case from time immemorial, but it is only of late years that the public have been granted the opportunity of forming their own opinion on the subject.

Until almost the other day the words, ideas, and actions of Royalty were not allowed to be food for the discussions of common people; a member of the Royal Family seldom opened his mouth to anyone but his own personal attendants, to whom it was more than their places were worth to repeat what they heard, or even thought, regarding the sayings and doings of their august masters. This state of things (the word “things” meaning flunkies) no doubt still exists, but now-a-days Royalty is wont to speak for itself, and princes are as ready to deliver speeches, chat with strangers, or make themselves generally agreeable as they were formerly taciturn, exclusive, or insolent.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief is certainly the most loquacious and hearty of his august family; not only is he in private the most cheerful and unreserved of pleasant gentlemen, but he even extends his easy manners and unstudied speeches to public and official occasions.

Not long ago, His Royal Highness went down to Aldershot to review the cavalry regiments then in camp, and the proceedings of the day concluded, as is usual on such occasions, with a march-past of the whole body of troops. The Duke was well pleased with what he saw, more particularly with the soldier-like appearance of the 4th Dragoon Guards, of whom His Royal Highness observed to the Staff around him, as the corps trotted by (we are quoting from the *Times*), “I say, look here, I never saw a smarter regiment in all my life.”

An opinion expressed in words so terse as the above must give the public a deeper insight into the personal character of the Duke of Cambridge than the study of the *Court Circular* for twenty years. Indeed, so excellent an impression has this little episode created amongst the rank and file of the army, that we have made it our business to collect a few of the speeches of the more important members of the Royal Family delivered on recent semi-official occasions, which, thanks to the faultless organisation of our reporting staff, we are glad to be in a position to make public.

Speech of the Queen on Her Majesty’s arrival at Lucerne, and the principal features of the surrounding panorama being pointed out to her:—“Yes, it is pretty. Which mountain is Mont Blanc?”

Speech of the Prince of Wales on presenting a cheque for a considerable amount to a charitable institution:—“Dear me, I must really find out how I stand at Coutts’s.”

Speech of the Duke of Edinburgh on being assured by the admiral that the Captain of H.M.S. *Galatea* was the ablest officer in the Royal Navy:—“Shiver my timbers, you old mother-in-law of a marlinspike; that’s what I call butter.”

We trust that the foregoing facts—which, however, we are constrained to publish under every reserve—will prove to more unenlightened people who do not believe it possible for Royal personages to express ordinary ideas in ordinary language, that “the Prince and the Peasant” have as much in common when called upon to be unreserved and genuine as the initial letters of their rank and calling.

NEW SONG BY MR. CHARLES READE.—“When Hollow Hearts do wear a Mask then they’ll Remember Me!”

IT’S AN ILL WIND, &c.—The fire at Northumberland House has been a perfect godsend to the penny-a-liners. The *Daily Telegraph* manages to get a column and-a-half out of it on the second day by dint of the old tall talk about the “princely Devereux,” and “Essex House,” the Duke of Buckingham, &c., introducing with great effect that eternal “Clevedon’s proud alcove.” But the finest touch is the periphrasis for the Lion, “The celebrated animal which surmounts the pediment continued to present by the accustomed rigidity of his caudal vertebræ,” &c., &c. This is “lashing the tail” with a vengeance!

DOING THE AMIABLE.

POOR Dr. Pusey is a very unhappy peace-maker. When he addressed his *Eirenicon* to the Church of Rome, his old friend, Dr. Newman, had to inform him that he "discharged his olive branch from a catapult." His efforts to get patronised by the *Record* and the Greek Church were respectively even less successful; and now, humiliation of humiliations, he has been thoroughly well snubbed by a "Wesleyan Conference." Unity-hunting is, therefore, evidently a very dangerous and disagreeable task, though it is greatly to be feared that the rather foggy genius of Dr. Pusey will be slow to take in the fact. Perhaps, however, he might be allowed to be a sort of hanger-on to the various communions he appears so anxious to embrace, would he only make a compromise here and there, for the sake of pacifying the asperity of his opponents and meeting their prejudices half way. At least the idea is worth consideration. Say, for instance, he were to go through the day somewhat in this fashion :—

- 3 A.M.—Rise in the dress of a Greek monk, say matins, and go to bed again.
- 8 A.M.—Imagine himself the President of the Wesleyan Conference for half-an-hour.
- 9 A.M.—Breakfast, and read family prayers in the character of an Evangelical clergyman of the Church of England.
- 10 A.M.—Walk about his garden in a cope and cardinal's hat.
- 11 A.M.—Preach a charity sermon at a Baptist Chapel.
- NOON.—Declare himself an Irvingite angel and then dine.
- 1 P.M.—Hear a confession as a High Churchman and burn a little incense.
- 2 P.M.—Take an hour with the spade in the character of a Trappist.
- 3 P.M.—Give a select Quaker tea-party and talk bad grammar.
- 4 P.M.—Call on a high and dry port wine Tory Churchman and pitch into advanced Ritualism.
- 5 P.M.—Write a leading article for the *Nonconformist*.
- 6 P.M.—Imagine himself a Jesuit and hide in the Underground Railway.
- 7 P.M.—Preach at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.
- 8 P.M.—Do a little more digging.
- 9 P.M.—Evening prayers, vespers, even song in various dresses and characters.
- 10 P.M.—Supper on crab and toast-and-water. Go to bed in a monk's cell, with frightful nightmare, fancying himself a popular Socinian preacher.
- 11 P.M.—Wait till nobody is looking, then come out.
- MIDNIGHT.—Go to sleep and dream sweetly that he is the Patriarch of Constantinople.

If this programme does not satisfy everybody, let Dr. Pusey be quite sure none will. Should he endeavour to carry it out and meet with but indifferent success, he will at least be able to congratulate himself on having spared no sort of compromise to carry out his darling principle. Unity is the trifle he so much wants, no matter how vague its terms, how fictitious its existence. Why does not Dr. Pusey try a winter at Bethnal Green, and then tell us if there is any spiritual work more urgent than writing begging letters to Dissenters, and hanging on to the cope fringes of Greek Archimandrites.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

POSITIVE Virtue is not easily found in these days of sempiternal beauty, but there is a negative Virtue which is quite as marketable, which might properly be called "Vice not found out," like fifteen carat gold with the Hall mark on it.

The War Office Patents seem to us much like the marriage correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*. Ideas are sent in by shoals: many of them well worthy of adoption and an honour to the inventor's genius. The pith is taken to make a sensation article or a rifled rocket, as the case may be; and the maximum of benefit is reaped by the writer or the colonel of experiments at a minimum of exertion and expense.

We met the head of a university at a party last week. Did you ever watch the little eddies on the surface of a river

which has already left its prattling streamhood to glide calmly towards the sea? How they jostle each other, as who would say, "Out of my way, I will be first wave in the ocean!" When they get there, to be lost even as eddies, and become salt into the bargain. Like heads of colleges who, disappearing into what calls itself the world of a great capital, find themselves no longer the gods they were, but something acting with the mass looked at through the small end of the *lorgnette*.

A regency cannot compare with a reigning monarch. Did Mr. Rearden ever observe when the sun quits his throne to visit his dominions on the other side of the world, leaving his viceroy, the moon, to exert a borrowed power over the night, how countless stars, content to dwell unnoticed while the true sovereign is present, now strive to show the earth they have light of their own?

We know a handsome widow in the market who habitually chastens her features with a subdued melancholy, not because she has any sorrow, but because she knows it becomes her style of beauty, like the willow called weeping, which every one knows is admiring itself in the stream flowing beneath its branches.

Now-a-days everybody writes. It is only charity and regard for friends who are authors that prevents everybody publishing. In a few years every one will be *homme de lettres*. It will really be a pity; for then no one will be left to read!

TAKING A BULLFINCH.

THE *Herald*, a paper by the way never at a loss when daring originality is in demand, has propounded a regular poser for those who are mad enough to object to the appointment of Lord Mayo. His Lordship is fit to govern India because "he is an ardent sportsman, and distinguished in the hunting-field even in Ireland." Let anybody reply to that if they can. Of course it is obvious that the thing is unanswerable, although the duties of a Governor-General of India would appear to be of a very extraordinary kind indeed. Time was, we all know it too well, when a thorough acquaintance with the use of the whip was considered a *sine quâ non* in the case of all the fine English gentlemen who aspired to rule the mistress of the East; that peculiar time, however, has now become part and parcel of the past, and nothing remains of this fine trait in the character of old John Company beyond the unchristian and bullying tone assumed by the worn-out and dyspeptic "servants" that one meets scattered here and there about the second-class watering-places of England.

Seeing that this is a fact, some people may object to the appointment of a man to such an important post on no better recommendation than that of his violent sporting tastes. Our Indian policy, it is true, has not earned us a reputation for sticking at much, and therefore, from this point of view at least, there may be something not inappropriate in entrusting its development to a gentleman who is said to be just a little too fond of steeplechasing.

Granted nevertheless that Mr. Disraeli for once knows what he is about, and that the chance of Her Majesty's representative wearing pink at a *darbar*, and greeting a nabob or two with a friendly shriek of "*Yoicks*," is consoling to those who are interested in supporting the dignity of our Eastern Empire, still there is one hole to be picked in the cloth after all. An ex-Irish Viceroy will find himself peculiarly out of place in India. How on earth will he be able to prevent disloyalty, disaffection, and rebellion without the blessed aid of an Established Church?

NEWS FOR BOUCICAULT.—We understand that Mr. Reade hatched the celebrated "*Fowl*" in his "new and original" novel, out of his well-known "*Eg-o*."

BOUGHT AND SOLD.—An advertisement states that the *Daily Telegraph* is sold at all the Kiosques on the Boulevards, &c. We wonder if it is *bought* at the Tuileries.

POLITICS AND PINAFORES.

THE dirty little bit of impertinence for which, even in the face of applauding schoolfellows, young Master Cavaignac ought the other day to have received a sound whipping, appears to have stirred up "political France," of a certain type, to the very dregs. The type, it must be confessed, is not an exalted one, although, with that blundering ignorance so characteristic of Englishmen, it boasts a great many sympathisers on this side of the Channel. Nasty unwashed *grisette*-hunting students, whose chief relaxation consists in talking rank blasphemy over cheap *absinthe*, and fifth-rate literary men who write filthy novels and spout Socialism at Geneva meetings,—these are the elements that go to make up a certain advanced Liberal party in France, and therefore at once command the respect and admiration of a large class of free and enlightened Britons. To these all-swallowing and imaginative specimens among our countrymen, who see in the early vulgarity of a French boy of fifteen an avalanche immediately overhanging the French Empire, we beg to submit the following domestic incidents, to which we have appended the only possible explanations:—

H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, after a fit of lengthy and boisterous insubordination, having been put into a corner by his nurse.

Growing insolence of the democracy under the new Reform Bill, and future perils for the English Crown.

Princess Beatrice having shown her precocity by threatening to upset the ink and box her governess's ears.

Terrible future for England to be expected from the overbearing spirit of the House of Guelph.

The Sultan beaten by his son at a game of Turkish skittles.

Probable abdication of the Sultan at any moment.

The Prince Imperial attending church twice on Sunday, and going to sleep over both the sermons.

Withdrawal of all French support from Rome.

The King of the Greek's baby refusing his bottle.

Fresh sneaking expeditions to Crete.

The heir to the Chinese Imperial throne swallowing a tin soldier.

Expulsion of the British from Canton.

The Infanta of Spain trying a mustard plaster for a cold.

Another revolution.

A row in the Royal nursery at Marlborough House quieted by the production of sugar sticks.

Division of England into four separate monarchies, accomplished by gross bribery and corruption.

But we will not continue the list. However, we trust the few instances we have given will more than suffice to convince susceptible politicians of the immense weight to be attached to the bad manners of a naughty French schoolboy, to say nothing of the questionable taste evinced by his mamma.

HOPEFUL.

HAS anybody followed up step by step the dispute raging between the Bishop of Cape Town backed up by Convocation and the Bishop of Natal sustained by the law? Possibly not: for it must be allowed that a newspaper correspondence on the decay of sermons or the vegetation at the back of the moon is infinitely more interesting and intelligible. However, apparently in disgust at the little commotion it has made outside the circle of an insignificant set, the clerical row seems determined at last to force itself on to public attention. Its *modus operandi* may be stated thus: Bishop Colenso being perfectly secure of his position legally, and therefore as unharmed by the awful thunders of Convocation as a villain in a storm at the Victoria Theatre, his enemies have tried another means of what is technically called "getting at him." Hitherto they have only cursed at the law. It is said that now they mean to break it. So far so good. The idea is bold if not original, and certainly merits at this dull season of the year the most heartfelt thanks at the hands of the daily press. A thoroughly defiant violation of the law just now, from a

newspaper point of view of course, is worth a couple of murders or an explosion of a coal-mine. But the public can hardly be expected to look on the matter from this very pecuniary light, and may possibly be disposed to be rather indignant when they understand exactly what has happened, or at least what has been in contemplation. It is stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury has made formal application that a Royal mandate may be granted for the consecration of a new bishop for Natal, and that the Duke of Buckingham, the Colonial Minister, has given his consent to the issue of such a mandate. That is to say, it is stated that a Minister of the Crown has consented to place its authority at the mercy of an obscure colonial bishop, and endorsed, by a practical step, the mere opinion of a quantity of respectable old gentlemen gathered together in Jerusalem Chamber. In short, the *fiat* of an assembly, which legally has no more weight than the expressed view of the majority at "Codgers' Hall," is to become nothing more or less than law for Englishmen, and override the carefully weighed decision of the established law courts of the land. At this rate of course Mr. E. T. Smith would have a perfect right to appoint the judges, and a stray living or two might be gracefully thrown into the hands of Mr. Bradlaugh. Englishmen generally owe a great debt to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

THE CHATHAM OFFICIALS.

IN the interests of the officers of the Royal Engineers, including the princely subaltern who till lately has been doing duty at the head-quarters of that distinguished corps at Chatham, the following passage, quoted from the "Naval and Military Intelligence" of a morning paper, calls for explanation.

"Before leaving Brompton Barracks, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur presented Mr. Superintendent Strength, of the dockyard police force, with a massive gold pencil case, as an acknowledgment of the attention he had received at the hands of that officer during his residence in the dockyard."

What does this mean? Can it be that His Royal Highness, during his stay at Chatham, required such unremitting surveillance that he himself felt himself constrained to mark his appreciation of the strict sense of duty and disregard of persons by which the Inspector must have been inspired? If this is not the case, what can be the object of the gift? It would have been just as sensible for the Prince to offer a gold snuff-box to the town crier, or a diamond ring to the parish beadle. The fact must be either that Prince Arthur requires a deal of looking after, or that His Royal Highness possesses some very extraordinary tastes. Perhaps, on the whole, on completing the paragraph which announces the gift of the pencil case to the policeman, we should incline to the latter opinion, for the newspaper goes on to state that "Captain W. H. Stewart, C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen and Superintendent of the Dockyard, has been presented with a silver cup as a token of his kindness in placing his official residence at the service of the Queen for the accommodation of His Royal Highness, and that Prince Arthur has likewise presented Captain Stewart with his photograph."

This is indeed a novel method of paying house rent. What would an ordinary landlord say to a tenant who waited on him every quarter day with a Britannia metal spoon and fork and a *carte de visite* likeness instead of ready money? Were it not for Prince Arthur's well-known good qualities, such eccentricities might tend to render him unpopular with the British public, a result deeply to be deplored.

The fact is that, owing to the utter want of discretion on the part of those officers to whose care Prince Arthur was confided during his stay at Chatham, his Royal Highness's course of training at the Engineer head-quarters has proved a complete failure. He is now on a year's leave of absence, at the expiration of which time he will join the Royal Artillery. We trust that Woolwich may prove a better school than Chatham has shown itself.

HOW TO MANAGE BACHELORS.—To Miss-manage them.

MOTTO FOR TOURISTS.—Too many cooks spoil the accommodation.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE IV.

From Florence's Mother to Erica.

FLORENCE is busy with the milliner,
 And will be all the morning ; so I take
 My pen in hand to write to you for her.
 You know how all-important is the make
 Of ev'ry dress ; and so she cannot stir,
 But begs you will excuse her for the sake
 Of her new occupations, now so pressing—
 The very first of which, of course, is dressing.

For when she came to town, she really hadn't
 A single thing, Erica, fit to wear.
 I do assure you, you'd have been quite saddened
 To see her wardrobe. I was in despair.
 But now my heart both lightened is and gladdened
 To see the lovely things on couch and chair,
 Piled in the room in which her maid sits stitching ;
 And as for Florence, why, she looks bewitching.

The news your letter brought her is quite shocking.
 (Those Companies I always had a dread of ;
 I'd sooner put my money in a stocking,
 Or in those secret drawers that one has read of,
 That open with a spring without unlocking.)
 And I can quite believe you're almost dead of
 That dreadful place from which you write your letter.
 Would not Boulogne or Calais have been better ?

I quite agree with you in all you say
 To Florence about mountains being appalling ;
 One's constantly afraid to lose one's way,
 And even with a guide one's always falling.
 I hate the Continent—at least to stay :
 Life to me there appears so dull and drawing.
 Nothing like London, if you want to heighten
 Spirits depressed ; and after London, Brighton.

Now, if you'd been the other side the Straits,
 You might awhile your exile have forsaken,
 And tripped across for a few balls and *fêtes* ;
 For though our house is small, we could have taken
 You in somehow ; and though, of course, one hates
 To have one's household all upset and shaken,
 One needs must do one's best where space is precious.
 And then your presence would so much refresh us.

Florence is broken-hearted at your losses,
 And at your not being here in town to meet her.
 She bids me say your absence quite a cross is,
 And but for which her Season had been sweeter.
 (You know how true and warm a being Floss is.)
 Already scores of suitors at her feet are.
 It's quite absurd to see the way she's fêted ;
 Women and men alike are fascinated.

And, *entre nous*—for I suppose I must
 Tell you in confidence the latest news
 (I'm sure there's no one I can better trust)—
 Some people of great wealth have certain views
 Respecting her that soon must be discussed.
 Their son's, perhaps, not quite what I should choose
 From every point. But, then, a perfect man
 Is, as you know, rare as a jet-black swan.

His father's fortune's something quite enormous,
 And made exclusively from bricks and mortar.
 He built half Croydon, so our friends inform us ;
 And though mere *parvenus*, still they go to Court or
 The noblest houses, and they come and storm us—
 I wish they'd make their calls a little shorter—
 Each day with opera-boxes, invitations ;
 Indeed, they treat us almost like relations.

And that's precisely what they'd like to be.
 They want their son to wed my darling child.
 And though, from all that I can gather, he
 Must be, to say the least, a little "wild,"
 There's nothing in't, as far as I can see,
 But may with marriage plans be reconciled ;
 For ante-matrimonial carouses
 Are, I imagine, common to all spouses.

And mothers can't afford now to be saucy,
 For so few men worth marrying propose ;
 Each of them seems to think himself a D'Orsay,
 And gives his whole thoughts to himself and clothes.
 And those who're not mere popinjays are horsey ;
 And when that's so, lord ! how their money goes !
 So what, you see, with turfits and with tailors,
 Sweet marriageable girls are perfect failures.

Not that the sex superior, my dear,
 Has ceased by lovely woman to be captured,
 But that the present race, you'll grieve to hear,
 By wicked wanton creatures are enraptured,
 Who drag them into debt o'er head and ear ;
 And when the fools have with them ev'ry nap. shared,
 Leave these their beggared victims in the lurch,
 Who're then too poor to take a girl to church.

The Bullions—for that's their name—desire
 To snatch their son from such a dreadful fate.
 He has, I hear, already in the fire
 His fingers burnt ; but cure is not too late.
 They think that they can drag him from the mire
 If they can find him but a proper mate ;
 And feel quite sure that Florrie's youth and beauty
 A sense would give him of domestic duty.

And if a rich young fellow can be snatched
 From spendthrift and disreputable ways,
 And with a lovely pure young girl be matched,
 The wilder he has been, the more the praise :
 Nor should we, when his home is snugly thatched,
 Enquire too much into his outdoor days.
 I'm glad you gave such good advice to Florence
 On want of means. I hold it in abhorrence.

As for the man's not being of noble birth,
 Beggars—such, now, are parents—can't be choosers ;
 Indeed, so great of husbands is the dearth,
 Exacting ones invariably are losers.
 A topic 'tis of universal mirth
 That the old race of feminine refusers
 Is dead, and now their hearts are soft as wax
 To men on whom they once had turned their backs.

And men of noble lineage never dream
 Of marrying a wife without a fortune ;
 Or—and I'm sure you won't me partial deem—
 They would for my child's favour soon importune.
 So does it not, Erica, to you seem,
 Flo' to this chance her inclination ought tune ?
 The man can give her houses, horses, dresses,
 Diamonds, and everything the world possesses.

Now, as I said, all this is *entre nous* ;
 The thing, as yet, is only on the *tapis* ;
 And you can understand 'twould never do
 To make it public, lest by some mishap he
 Should not come forward. Still, I felt that you
 Would like to know what *may* make Florence happy ;
 And as this island's not like that of Crusoe,
 I see no reason why it should not do so.

Of course, a word of this you must not mention
 To Florence in your letters, when you write ;
 I should not think she guesses the intention
 Of our new friends in being so polite,
 And would, if told, pronounce it an invention.
 Now of all this you must be wearied quite,
 So I conclude. Write as you wrote us lately.
 Good-bye, Erica. Yours affectionately.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*



LONDON, AUGUST 29, 1868.

THE WEEK.

As one reads the manifestoes of certain would-be members of the next Parliament, in which they woo again the old love that they have somewhat sprighted during the last session, one cannot help thinking of the resemblance they bear to a husband who has offended his faithful helpmeet, and seeks to propitiate her with a-dress.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Hepworth Dixon, assuring us that the remarks which appeared in our pages a few weeks back about his proposed candidature for Marylebone were not only unfair, but mischievous. He denies that he has ever had "the benefit of personal relations with the body of honest and respectable citizens" composing the constituency of the borough in question. We gladly welcome this assurance, and, under the circumstances, feel real pleasure in tendering to him our best and sincerest apologies. Mr. Hepworth Dixon requires no certificate at our hands to establish his reputation as an accomplished *litterateur* and man of honour. As haters of cant, we can say nothing more; as lovers of justice, we will write nothing less.

A CERTAIN gentleman who styles himself the great Mexican Tragedian boasts that he has received the highest testimonials from Senor Benito Juarez, the President of Mexico. This is an honour, one would have thought, that few men would have cared to parade. However, as the testimony of the great regenerator of Mexico only related to the character of Richard III., he was expressing an opinion on what he really understood. We can imagine that Juarez could sympathise with that enormous villain, though he might not be able fully to comprehend the delicate touches of dramatic art that Shakespeare has shown in this character, any more than the ranting "robustious periwig-pated fellow" who attempts to represent Richard at the St. James's.

SERMONS AND SERMONS!

or,

SWEET LIES FOR WEALTHY SINNERS.

[See CARTOON.]

PREACHING is a trade!

Yes, let us hear no more nonsense about the matter. We are tired of "sentimentality," and are bored to death of "gush." A white tie means a fat living, and a square-cut coat a chance of a seat in the House of Lords. The time has gone by for poverty in the priesthood (save in a few starving curates—and some people *must* starve, you know!), and now the clergy wear

purple and fine linen—very fine linen. Why not? In Queen Anne's reign, the Parson ranked with the Flunkey, and married the Waiting-maid: in Queen Victoria's, he dines with Dives, and drives over Lazarus! Surely, it is better to bluster than to cringe, to ride than to crawl? Allow this, pray, and let's hear no more about it. The Prayer-book is all very well in its way—but is it so important as the Ledger? Scarcely. Way, then, for wealth—we all know that the path to Heaven is strewn with flowers, and abounds with jewels of silver and gold! Knowing this, we have only to enjoy the pleasures of this life and to prepare ourselves for the joys of the next by ordering for ourselves a nice roomy hearse and a most comfortable coffin! Come, that's sense—sense that can be appreciated with a banker's book, sense worthy of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century and the "spirit of the times."

And yet there are fools who would deny this! There are men who say it is wrong to paint vice as virtue, who declare that the woman of the world should never be depicted as a saint, when her heart is as black as coal, and her words are as worthless as ditchwater. They say this, forgetting that the woman of the world pays for her pew with a cheque, and has a right to expect very sweet words for far sweeter money! Poor fools! Poor deluded wretches! You mark the word *poor*!

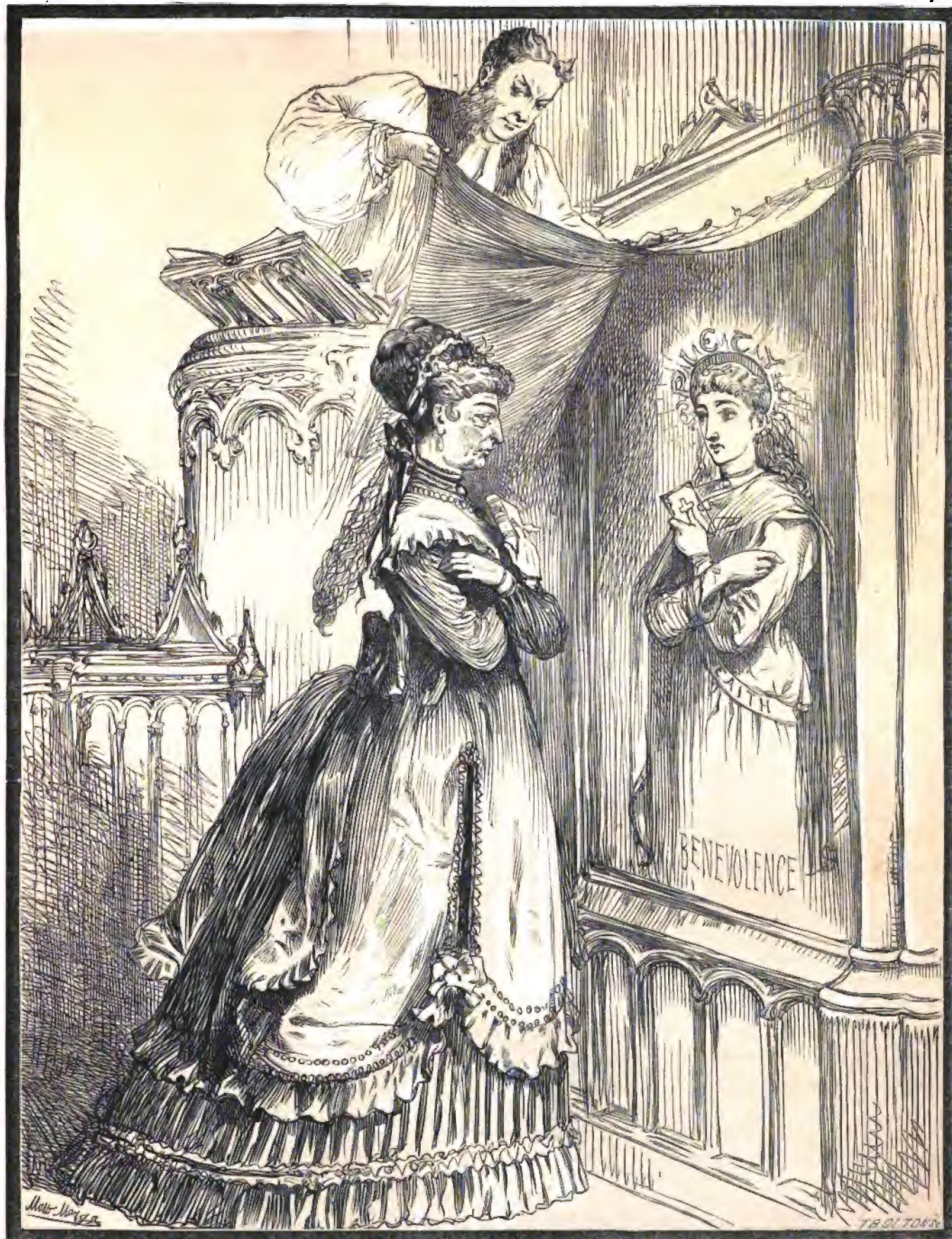
But come, let us hear no more about it. Let the preacher tell of the *gold* harps of Heaven, and the *golden* crowns of the Saints; let the wealthy hear only of pleasant wines and fine dresses. Let him describe to ladies the Land beyond the Clouds as a place where one's rivals are for ever stumbling, and where the Paris Fashions are known just six weeks before they are even invented! Let him tell men of whist, clubs where *all* outside bets are successful, and where one can ride, (or rather fly) one's own races without being pestered by the attentions of pushing ring-men. Let him thus use the eloquence given to him by his Creator to lure away poor (or rather rich) wicked sinners from the Follies of Earth to the Glories of Heaven!

Let him enter his pulpit to utter sweet lies. Let him ignore the fires of Hell, and scent the sins of Earth until they begin to smell as sweet as flowers and as holy as incense. Let him help the halting to stumble, and the tottering to fall. Let him make the broad road to Destruction wider, and assist those who can scarcely see to grow *quite* blind.

And then having done all this, let him brush away the cobwebs from off the cover of the Bible. Let him open and read in God's Own Word that the wages of Sin are Death, and the fruits of Deceit—Damnation!

OH! BASE INGRATITUDE!

IF we want an instance of gross ingratitude, we cannot find a stronger one than the conduct of some of the theatrical managers towards the proprietors of music halls. A regular league was formed at one time, for the purpose of persecuting with prosecutions the unfortunate owners of music halls for infringing the privilege of theatres. Now, mark what has happened since. Many of these theatres have made their most successful hits with burlesques, the whole merit of which consists in the fidelity with which the dancing and comic songs of the music halls are copied. Really, we think the music hall proprietors ought to revenge themselves on the managers. They have indeed much to complain of. At a great personal loss in many cases, they have acted as pioneers to the theatres; they have gauged the depth of degradation and vulgarity to which the taste of the British public has sunk. When they had ascertained this, the managers of theatres instantly availed themselves of the experience thus gained, and produced all the vulgar sensations of the music halls, only with more complete and splendid appointments. And, cruellest cut of all, Dion Boucicault the great, the classical, the original—the pure Dion, who has revelled the music halls with his eloquent tongue, now puts on the stage, in his last original drama, the whole business of a music hall, with niggers and a comic song complete, so that the economical pleasure-seeker can have his theatre and music hall complete in one, for he can do the smoking and drinking at the nearest public-house during the intervals between the acts; the only thing wanting is the peculiarly refined society of a music hall, and doubtless they will be attracted to theatres when they see the superior advantages possessed by these places of intellectual recreation.

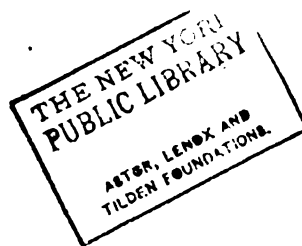


SERMONS AND SERMONS!

OR
SWEET LIES FOR WEALTHY SINNERS.

"There are men who say it is wrong to paint Vice as Virtue and who declare that the Woman of the World should never be depicted as a Saint when her heart is as black as coal and her words are as worthless as ditch-water. They say this, forgetting that the Woman of the World pays for her pew with a cheque and has a right to expect very sweet words for far sweeter money!"

[See Sketch.]



"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER VI.—Our last mutiny. Gunn once more. Desertion of Dubbs. Gunn goes off. The challenge. "We wear swords." The fight with the pistol. The miser duellists. The horrible proposition. The reconciliation. The conclusion, and the Editor's note.

YOU remember where we left off last week? After I had taken the trouble to secure the uniform of an officer, after I had used my utmost exertions to look like a warrior, Dubbs, our private, the very flower of our chivalry, objected to acknowledge me as his chief! The fact was *too* painful, and I watered my ink with bitter tears. But more was to follow. Scarcely had I recovered from the shock of Dubbs's cruelty and ingratitude ere Gunn sprang to his feet—sprang to his feet white with passion and unsteady from beer. He poured forth a flood of eloquence upon our devoted heads—eloquence forcible and unpublishable—eloquence which confounded Cockloft and filled my soul with horror and astonishment. Naturally you may ask, what was the purport of that eloquence? As naturally I may shrink from answering your question. Perhaps you may insist, and then (with my usual good nature) I may comply. Well, then, as it would be impossible to give the speech of the unworthy Gunn verbatim, I may provide you with a *précis*.

Our drill sergeant said that he supposed we considered ourselves gentlemen. That he had seen better gentlemen made of tea leaves. That he had been trodden under foot by us. That he objected to be trodden under foot by anyone, let alone by us. That he wanted to know who we supposed we were? Who Cockloft thought *he* was? Who I thought *I* was? Also wanted to know what we meant by coming down in uniform and trying to order *him* about? Did we call ourselves officers? If we did we were wrong. We were no more officers than he was the Emperor of China—not half so much. Where were our rank and file? Didn't we know that only a company fifty strong could have three officers? Were *we* a company fifty strong? Was Dubbs there a company of fifty strong? What did we all mean by it? He would tell us what *he* meant by it. He should go away and "cut the whole concern." Not only would he do this, but if Dubbs liked to come he would promise to pilot the private home. What did Dubbs say to the idea?

Dubbs had much to say to the idea, but what Dubbs had to say was not very intelligible. As far as I could make out Dubbs seemed to imagine that Gunn was a newly-found and dearly loved relation of his—a relation fit to be cherished and wept over. Accordingly Dubbs not only cherished the sergeant, but wept over him—copiously.

Soon, however, he became calmer, and the Regiment, attended by his drill sergeant, left the room.

A dead silence—Cockloft and I were alone!

"See what your tomfoolery has brought about," exclaimed my "captain" (captain indeed!) angrily.

I said nothing, but rose from my seat. I rose from my seat majestically and put on my shako. I left my seat and approached the door. Approached the door, and was on the point of quitting the place for ever, when Cockloft screamed after me.

"Coward! would you leave me to pay the bill?"

"Eh, and would I, John Cockloft, right merrily, for I hold you to be no better than a paltry poltroon." I said this with great haughtiness and in my best manner. (I have lately been writing an old English story for the *London Ledger*, and always fall into the language of Elizabeth's reign when I grow excited.) I continued: "Wert thou not a miserable knave, I would e'en crack thy goose's pate with a quarter-staff made of oak wood!"

"This is really too much," returned Cockloft furiously. "You must answer for this, Lieutenant Smythe, with your life! We both wear swords—you understand!"

"Don't play the fool," said I, with an uncomfortable smile. "You know I didn't mean anything."

"You must allow *me* to be the judge of what you meant. I repeat, we both wear swords. Be good enough to defend yourself!" With this the *idiot* actually made a lunge at me.

"Hold!" I exclaimed; "the duel is unequal. My sword is blunt!"

"So much the better for me!" replied Cockloft.

"Craven!" I cried, getting behind a table, "would'st murder me? Would'st have thy last moments on the scaffold reported

gushingly in the *Daily Telegraph*, and thy last expression reproduced in wax in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's?"

"Well, then, if you won't use your sword like a man, we must buy pistols," and Cockloft attempted to sheathe his sword with dignity.

Seeing that my "captain" (captain indeed! ha! ha! captain!) was not in a state to listen to *sober* (you mark the sarcasm *sober*) reason, I consented to his proposition.

We left the room together. I turned my back upon Cockloft as he slowly paid the bill. This ceremony completed to the landlord's grim satisfaction, and we left the "Princess Royal" for the High street.

Calmly and sternly we walked along side by side. Little thought the infant "roughs" who jeered at us that we were men marching towards death,—little imagined the one policeman of Burnham Scrubs that in us he saw two determined (*very* determined) duellists. At length I stopped short.

"Cockloft," said I, "where are we to get the pistols?"

"Well," replied my opponent, stroking his moustache, "well, I suppose we must buy them."

"Never!" I exclaimed. "I will never waste my money upon such an useless article of furniture as a duelling pistol!"

"No more will I!"

"Well, then?"

"Look here," said Cockloft. "I tell you how we might manage it. Suppose we pay for half a pistol each and only buy one. We might easily toss up who should use it!"

This was too much for my gravity, and I fairly burst into a roar of laughter. Merriment is contagious, and soon my captain was as merry as myself.

"Cockloft, my boy," I said, "we have been making fools of ourselves, and that's the truth of it. The only thing I regret is that I have bought my uniform."

"Well," said Cockloft, who had now quite recovered his good humour, "I will pay for that—on one condition."

"And that is?"

"You won't be offended?"

"No—of course not. What is it?"

"Well—"

"Go on: you talk like the conversation in Alexandre Dumas' novels."

"That you write an account of our nonsense in the TOMAHAWK."

"NEVER!"

"Well, then, you must pay for your uniform."

"NEVER!"

"Then you will write?"

"I will."

"To the TOMAHAWK?"

"To the TOMAHAWK."

"An account of our nonsense?"

"An account of our nonsense."

"Why?"

"Because I believe—"

"Yes?"

"That this account—"

"Yes, that this account— Proceed, your story interests me much."

"Will prove—"

"I am listening."

"An excellent substitute—"

"For what?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You must mean laudanum."

"Yes, an excellent substitute for laudanum."

"At breakfast?"

"At any time."

And so, gentle reader, my story is finished.

[So much the better, although there are harmless idiots, who seem from their letters to have enjoyed our contributor's "nonsense" quite amazingly. We pity them!—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—In the article entitled "Another Murder at the Haymarket," by a slip of the pen we were made to talk of Miss Frances Bouverie playing the character of "Cymbeline;" it should have been "Imogen."

A CARD!

LOOKING through the advertisements in one of Debre's volumes we came on the following, which we venture to think quite unique :—

"THE ANGEL AND ROYAL HOTEL, GRANTHAM."

Patronised by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, February 23rd, 1866; by King John, 23rd February, 1213; and by King Richard, 19th October, 1483.

DOMESTIC COMFORTS AND BED-ROOM PURITY IN HOTEL,
and excellent Stabling for Hunters.

RICHARD JOHN BOYALL, Proprietor.

Surely such a dazzling combination of historical associations and perfect morality was never known. We suppose the purity is limited to the bed-rooms, and does not extend to the sitting rooms. We shall soon expect to see something like the following :—

"PORK PIE SHOP AND SAUSAGES."

Patronised by H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, 20th May, 1868; by Julius Cæsar, 1st April, B.C. 56; and by William the Conqueror, 2nd March, A.D. 1066.

THE LUXURIES OF HOME AND DRAWING-ROOM CHASTENESS IN
BACK PARLOUR.
Capital Retreat for Cats.

ON TRIAL.—CHARITY MONGERS.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours again this morning.

The first witness called was Mr. OCTAVIUS BUDGEN, M.T.S. He said :—He was the Secretary of a Charitable Institution. He would give its name. It was called the "Distressed and Bedridden Travelling Tinkers' Wives' Benevolent Society." The scope of the Society was conveyed in its title. He thought it a very beneficial and useful Association. He thought it did a great deal of good. Yes, as Secretary he was receiving a salary. He could state the amount. It was £450 a-year. He considered that a useful and beneficial payment. The funds of the Society were not very great, but still respectable. He meant by respectable, their capacity to pay a staff of officials decently and provide for a good annual dinner. The amount of the Society's income from endowment and subscription averaged about £2,673 14s. 11d. He was of opinion that the amount of benefit conferred on indigent travelling tinkers' wives was in all respects satisfactory when set off against the sum he had named. They had at the present moment one bedridden inmate on the books, while no less than five distressed applicants had been recipients of charity during the past six months. No, that was *not* all that they had effected in the last half-year. He was happy and proud to say they had discharged duties even more sacred and solemn. They had coffined and buried two bedridden dependants since the last meeting. Yes, that was the sum total of their labours over six months. It was not his business to analyse the accounts, but of course he could roughly state some of the principal items of expenditure. The one bedridden inmate cost, half-yearly, £9 14s. 2d. The two who had died, having done so early in the quarter, had not cost the Society more than £11 19s. 1d. This sum included their coffins. The five other "recipients of charity" had drawn on the funds of the Society to the extent of £7 11s. Yes, he was aware that this was an average outlay of not more than £60 a-year. The rest of the money went in fees, printing, salaries, and the expenses of the annual dinner. No, he was not ashamed of himself. He had heard it said that the Association did not do quite enough work for the money, and once a newspaper had talked of it as a "bad case." If it was a "bad case," there were many other cases very nearly as bad. He considered the accounts perfectly defensible. The object of all charitable societies might be briefly stated. Their first duty was to provide comfortable and well-paid berths for a large staff of highly respectable officials.

The witness, who gave his evidence throughout in a quiet though surprised manner, was here ordered to stand down.

The Lady HONORIA SHAMWAY was then called. Her Ladyship said :—She was a large contributor to respectable charities. Respectable charities of course meant those which advertised the donations in the *Times* and other papers people

saw. Yes, she considered the system of publishing the names of those who contributed to the maintenance of Charitable Institutions a great mistake. It absolutely obliged people of position to squander a quantity of money that they could ill afford for such trivialities. Last year she had absolutely to reduce the number of her new dresses from 13 to 11, and had to appear twice at the Duchess of Muckborough's *matinées* in the same colour. She could not help herself, however, as even Lady Pennypots and Mrs. Fatwynd figured for as much as she did in all the leading lists. She had spoken to Lord Shamway on the subject, and they had had quite a discussion on the advisability of giving up either the opera box or the charitable donations. The former, of course, was impossible, and the latter was certainly very nearly so. Indeed, she asked Lord Shamway whether he meant her to give up all her luxuries together, including hair powder. The real fault consisted in the publication of the names, for were that once stopped there would, naturally enough, be no subscribers. Her Ladyship had heard of Dives, but could never quite understand why he was—

At this point our parcel left.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;
or,
PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

I.

My first destroyed a world, and yet
'Tis a preserver of our own;
My second is what tyrants do
When hurled by patriots from their throne,
From rivers rapid, vast and deep,
From mountains lofty, wild and steep;
For centuries untold, my whole
Has never ceased its mighty roll.

2.

My first is what both old and young
At times aspire to be,
Perfect in manners and in dress,
And winning gallantry;
Of marriage who go through the act,
My second are sure to contract;
My whole is a charm in God's plan,
Which belongs both to Nature and man.

3.

My first, a letter of the alphabet,
Without my second eggs you'd rarely get,
My third all music's instruments express,
In some a greater and in some a less;
The three together, properly combined,
My whole will furnish in one word defined.

4.

My first's a word that has convulsed the earth,
And to more wrong and bloodshed given birth
Than aught beside; a planet like our own,
Each lunar month my second will have grown;
My whole's a word 'tis odious not to be,
Though few but mourn o'er human treachery.

5.

When people are merry and lively, a word
That describes what they are in my first may be heard,
My second's a low vulgar brute whom all shun,
My third is a letter oft called number one,
My whole is a hero—we have not got many
Still living—but he is a nobler than any.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Canaletti. 2. Samson.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Three Stray Buzzwings, Old John, Awful Duffer, La Bécassine de Brompton, Gulnare and Orpheus (Ramsgate), Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, C. E. Beale, Little Lily (Beckhampton), I. J. Fife.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 70.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

TOMAHAWK'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN,—Some hundreds of declarations of political faith are now being circulated throughout the country, by those anxious to represent various towns, or counties, in the next Parliament. The constituency to which TOMAHAWK appeals includes the whole of our country; no vestries, no revising barristers can decide who is to vote, or who is not to vote, amongst you; wherever the English language is spoken or read, there are those whose suffrages he solicits, whether here at home in our native land, or in the most distant colonies and offshoots of Great Britain, or in foreign countries where English men and women have found a resting-place. To all whom a common language, if not a common love, unites with us; to all who wish, and pray, and strive, for the good and happiness of their fellow-creatures,—yes, to all who love the truth, and hate falsehoods, shams, and pretences of all sort; who prize earnestness and sincerity above expediency and well-seeming; who detest hypocrisy and humbug, though they may be sanctioned by long custom, and cherished by the rich and influential; to all who seek the welfare of the many before the advantage of the few or the indulgence of self, TOMAHAWK appeals for support.

Wearing the badge of no party, pledged to follow no leader, saddled with no prejudices, hampered by no precedents, free to praise or blame as the conduct of persons deserves, not as personal likes or dislikes may dictate; free to fight on whichever side has the right, not the might; free to change opinions but not principles, ready to confess himself in the wrong if he is, but not because the world says he is,—on these conditions, and on these alone, TOMAHAWK seeks your votes.

With regard to the great question on which this election mainly turns, he has frequently expressed his opinion. Anxious to remedy injustice by whomsoever inflicted or suffered, he hopes to see the Protestant Church no longer trying to force itself on a reluctant majority of the people of Ireland. The great principle that everyone is free to choose their own religion, and to exercise it without let and hindrance, is a more powerful engine for conversion to Christianity, than all the Establishments that man can devise or money support. Since we cannot rob the mind of its freedom, let us not try to shackle the expression of its thoughts; in such free discussions more errors are destroyed than are created, and in eternity truth will prevail, though for a time the false may triumph.

The great Reform Bill of 1867 will soon be judged by its fruits. Let those who have received the suffrage show that they know how to use it, and by fighting manfully against all corruption, whatever form it may assume, teach a lesson to those whose privileges they now share, and prove that they are pure leaven which will leaven the whole lump. Those late members of Parliament who fought against purity of elections from their seats in the House of Commons will now give practical effect to their honourable opinions. Let the electors refuse to be made their tools, and by indignantly repudiating their bribes and their promises teach them the lesson in honesty and manly independence which they so much need. Such a lesson may console them for the loss of their seats.

We are told by some that the time has now really come when the Throne and the Constitution are in real danger. There are,

no doubt, some fighting in the ranks of the Liberals who would destroy them: for such, TOMAHAWK has shown, and will show, no mercy. It is not because he has dared to tell his Sovereign the truth, because he has refused to toady and flatter every member of the Royal Family, whether born so or made so, that he loves his Queen any the less, or is less loyal to her and to her Throne. Jealous of the honour of both, he will ever refuse to play the courtier; and not all the scurrilous taunts and malignant slanders of those whose own degraded natures teach them to flatter in public and snarl in private, whose loyalty is a thin and tinselled cloak meant to attract attention and not to stand wear; not all the buzz of this cloud of parasites, nor their paltry stings, shall turn TOMAHAWK from what he knows is his honest course.

There are questions, too, fully as grave as the Irish Church and Electoral Reform before the country now. England is backward in Education, her system is too narrow in every sense; ignorance is ill supplanted by knowledge only half or badly taught. Education is a duty which the State owes to its subjects, which parents owe to their children, which children owe to themselves; and the system of education should be as nearly free as is consistent with morality, and the funds to provide it should be raised from every man in the land according to his means. You may compel a man to send his child to school, you cannot compel that child to learn anything; but by punishing idleness and rewarding industry, you will establish, practically, compulsory education; for self-interest will teach people its value. Education cannot make people moral, but it makes them less immoral by giving them another appetite, that of the mind, to satisfy, in addition to those of the body. Drunkenness, one of the great curses of this country, will be thus, we trust, diminished, more than by any temperance laws. Much may be done to remedy the evils caused by drink, by purifying our national liquors, and training the people to the use of less fiery stimulants than vitriol gin and potato brandy. But drunkenness must be never held as an excuse for crime, and adulteration must be punished as the crime it really is, before any progress can be made towards reform in these matters.

It is to be hoped that the next Parliament will devote more of its time and attention to measures which shall have for their object the real benefit of the people, than to elaborate party manoeuvres and disgraceful personal squabbles. Whatever may be the result of these coming elections, it can scarcely be the return of a House of Commons as contemptible as the last, in which every good measure that was passed was stained by the most unscrupulous audacity of a political adventurer, or the self-interested professions of disinterestedness on the part of a restless ambitious genius, hungering after the power which his own ill-regulated caprice and temper had thrown away. We want men whose convictions are not the offsprings of altered fortunes or momentary impulse, convictions which are not ready to give way to the next crotchet which may attract their unstable fancies; we want men who, having made up their minds as to what is the right course, are determined to pursue that course with single-minded energy, turning neither to one side or the other, courting, not the applause of the mob, but the approval of their own consciences.

It is by the aid of such men that we may hope to gain those ends for which TOMAHAWK has ever striven; a Poor Law, which shall enable the recipient of its bounty to preserve his self-respect, and not feel that he is condemned, without any

trial, for a crime which justifies his gaolers in treating him with every species of indignity and torture, which, at the same time, shall sternly refuse to support in a life of useless indolence the professional vagrant; a supplement to Mr. Torrens's Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Bill, which shall make the packing of the poor into styes of filth and vice a crime as great as the crimes which such conduct produces; a thorough reform of the laws affecting the relations of the sexes, which now give every facility to a designing heartless coquette who is shameless enough to expose her petty affectations of modesty, love, &c., before an open court, in order that she may recover the price of her broken heart as assessed by an impressionable jury, while the same law renders it impossible to punish the man who deliberately seduces some really modest and trustful girl under a promise of marriage, provided he is sufficiently well off to pay the price which is set on such indulgences.

When the future Parliament meets, it is for reforms of this kind that TOMAHAWK will struggle with all his might and main; his weapon will still be raised against all fraud and dishonesty, whether in the petty tradesman or the great financier; against all humbug and pretence, whether in the Court or in the cottage; against all false morality; against all calling of right wrong and wrong right because it suits our convenience, whether in the saloons of the highest society or in the lowest public-houses of the poor. Confident in the honesty of his intention and in the justice of his cause, TOMAHAWK calls for support on you, his fellow countrymen and countrywomen, wherever and whosoever you be.

(Signed)

TOMAHAWK.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE V.

*From Willie to Florence.**[Never received.]*

O FLORENCE! Florence! if you knew the pain,
The heavy-hearted sense and loss of pride,
I carry with me since I broke the chain
Which long has bound me captive at your side,
I think that you mine speedily would gain,
And world and worldlings' frown be all defied.
Falsehood at best is but an inutility;
And I now lie too low to ape humility.

So why should I dissimulate, or strive
Either from you or self to hide the truth,
I have been in your heart as bee in hive,
And there have garnered up the sweets of youth;
Sweets which alone, as long as we're alive,
Can save from wintry Life's long wants and ruth?
Me from that hive you vainly will expel;
My impress will remain in ev'ry cell.

Oh yes! you love me, though you would not speak
The words I late besought with unlocked lips,
But still continued obdurate weak.
But there are truths which suffer not eclipse.
The mouth may close; but through the eye, the cheek,
The shrinking form, the silent passion slips.
I know that you do love me; and you know
You are Life's breath, Life's life to me below.

Why then not curst Convention's fetters break,
And be the God-created thing you are,
And the grand thirst of Nature's instincts slake,
Despite the arms that baulk, the laws that mar?
For none can ever of their rights partake
Who against wrong proclaim not open war.
And Fashion is a coward which will yield
Its vain pretensions if they take the field.

Oh! take it with me, Florence, as my wife.
I have not wealth, but I have competence;
Enough against all possible ills of life,
That thus wise can be fended, for defence.

To wish for more is but to covet strife

Among that vulgar struggling concourse whence
My aim 't has been to snatch you, and to bear you
Where Nature, Love, and I alone may share you.

I should not grudge you to the ambient air,
Or to the starlight, or to your own soul.
You to the Universe yourself should bare,
And commune with the everlasting Whole.
But I do fume to think that each foul lair,
Simply because 'tis gilded, should control
Your steps, and lure you through the painted portal,
'Neath which who pass soon cease to be immortal.

For heed me, Florence, when I say that we
Can kill the soul as well as kill the flesh.
It does not die so soon, so easily;
For, crushed, it long time springeth up afresh.
At last, all efforts maugre to be free,
The body doth the spirit fast enmesh,
And drags it to their common death and doom.
No angel's trump shall ever stir *their* tomb.

Let them not kill you, Florence, thus outright!
Why, look! they want to link you to the dead,
Whilst living—you, a thing of life and light!—
And then to tell you mockingly, "you're wed."
If conscience sleeps by day, in dead of night
Do you not start from dreams, and quake for dread?
Remember, Florence! Heav'n grants no divorce
From what you marry—no, not from a corse!

No superb palaces, no perfumed room,
No gold, no wealth, no splendour, no display,
Can more than but luxuriously inhume
Their tenant, when that tenant is but clay.
Even a temple is but as a tomb,
When the Divinity is scared away;
Whilst Heav'n can make its home within a hovel,
If souls be there which know not how to grovel.

Yes! I conjure you to confront them all,
Parents, and friends, and slaves, and sycophants,
Who would but make of you base Custom's thrall,
E'en whilst they fancy that they feed your wants.
Let no vain terrors your resolve appal!
What courage asks, a craven swiftly grants;
And though it tries to play the hector's part,
Society is craven in its heart.

Defy it—spurn it—leave it—be yourself!
Show how you scorn the things it hugs the most—
Its barren pleasures, still more barren pelf,
And fouler toys wherewith it lives engrossed.
And it will own at last that Love's the elf
Which can alone Contentment's secrets boast.
And we will lead the simplest, noblest life
That e'er became a husband and a wife.

EPISTLE VI.

*From Florence's Father to Willie.**[Containing the above Epistle, returned.]*

HEREWITH I send you back your foolish letter,
Than to write which, although I comprehend
Scarcely a word, you ought to have known better.
Your cousin can no longer be your friend.
As for still more than that—you'll never get her;
The thing's absurd; so let there be an end.
Of this be sure: whatever she may do,
And come what will, she'll never marry you.

THE GAS IS ESCAPING FROM SCOTLAND YARD!—Turn off the Mayne.

MOTTO FOR THE SELFISH SNOBS OF FOLKESTONE.—Sick nos non nobis.

A POWER THAT WANTS CURTAILING.

"BRITONS never, never"—every Englishman knows the rest ; but by this time every Englishman must be aware that whatever his rights once were, he is now the abject plaything of a puny dictator. There is absolutely a man in London, the capital of Great Britain, the metropolis of liberty (whatever that may mean), who, when his Queen is absent, and the Ministers knocking up the grouse, issues edicts and publishes decrees which begin in the first person, and continue in the most arrogant tone it is possible for such a person to assume. The Englishman abroad, or the intelligent foreigner, will probably be under the impression that this individual is a Prince of blood Royal, or a Commander-in-Chief, or at least a Colonel of Volunteers. Not a bit of it ; the self-created Prefect of London is a Policeman. His inexperience and youth have probably turned his head, and led him to imagine that his powers are greater than they really are. Still less near the truth. Our offensive Policeman is an old gentleman of seventy-three years of age, having come into the world he was to adorn under the auspices of Sirius, in the year 1796. Son of an Irish Justice, and brought up at Trinity College, Dublin, Sir Richard Mayne seems to think that, like other Irishmen, he need not apply for permission to promulgate Acts, but simply issues his Bull and looks down from his pedestal on the poor forlorn Britons who have accepted his authority.

If this new Dictator has autocratic powers, where will he stop ? We shall not be astonished to see a proclamation to-morrow to the effect that Inspector Wiggins of the A force is to be made Censor of the Press, and by next week we shall probably receive an intimation informing us that the TOMAHAWK has been suspended, or at least we shall be favoured with a long *communiqué*, to be published at our own expense on our first page, under a penalty of six months' imprisonment and a fine of twenty pounds.

Joking apart, an edict has been issued muzzling our dogs for any time that the Dictator shall settle at his good will and pleasure. It is not a question of dogs' comfort or discomfort now. Youatt, the best authority, will tell you how muzzling affects dogs. But such treatment gives great annoyance to owners of dogs ; and even those who do not possess the faithful animals, and even fear them, must have seen the continual nuisance to owner and passer-by caused by the necessity of holding a dog in leash.

If this aged Dogberry has power to issue such edicts, he may improve each shining hour, the slavery of the subject, and the tyranny of the police. Neither Sir Richard nor his myrmidons are popular, and they know, to their cost, that the people is the stronger when it likes. To the people then we simply say, Don't muzzle your dogs until you are perfectly sure that this Policeman has power of himself to command. If he has, counteract such power at the next elections, and if we are to be slaves, at least let someone else but an Irishman of seventy-three years of age be the man to hold the whip.

We subjoin a copy of a proclamation which it is understood will shortly appear on the walls of this good city of London :—



WE, RICHARD, by the grace of God, Emperor of all the Crushers, King of Scotland Yard, Protector of the Bobbies, Knight Companion of the Bath, and Daily Receiver of the Public Chaff, do hereby will and decree that any person or persons possessing a dog, cat, or other wild animal of domestic tendencies, shall be under the strict surveillance of the Police. Also, that Members of the Force shall be encouraged to enter forcibly, if necessary, all domiciles of such person or persons in order to ascertain whether such dog, cat, or other wild animal be muzzled and otherwise maltreated, according to our last edict (Ric. Mayne 2). Also, that any canary bird discovered without its beak filed and its wings cut, shall be seized and committed to prison during such time as we shall think fit and proper.

Witness our hand and seal,

RICHARD.

Given at Scotland Yard, this September 1st, 1868.

SELF-SACRIFICE !—A "waggish Cockney" informs us that Mr. Du Cane is about to cut his stick !

LOW—TO A DEGREE.

AN age that has produced the girl of the period, endorsed the *morale* of the *Grand Duchess*, and put up with Mr. Disraeli's Government may be excused many foibles on the score of eccentricity.

When virtues that the mothers of another day held sacred are set down as abominable prudery, and parties turn political somersaults rather than let go their hold of the country's purse strings, it may be fairly taken for granted that the day has peculiar tastes of its own. What wonder, then, that when all things are righting themselves upside down, Oxford should suddenly declare itself Radical, and offer the advantages of a University degree to bakers, butchers, and candlestick-makers for a small payment, comprising an entrance fee of £5 5s., and three annual subscriptions of £3 10s.

When pearls of this kind are thrown broadcast, if not to swine, at least to the British public, it is more than probable that a fine crop of genuine snobs will answer the welcome challenge. The superabundant halo investing college life will, it may be imagined, overflow on to the surrounding outsiders, and many a lawyer's clerk or second-class tradesman, who ought to be beating his eldest son into shape by courses of book-keeping by double entry and ledger-balancing, will be sending him up to the University to waste three precious years of his life in unfitting himself for any possible useful purpose now or hereafter.

That nothing could possibly be more disastrous than this, everyone interested in the welfare of England's youth must readily admit, and no body of men ought to be more alive to the dangers it must inevitably involve than the University authorities themselves. Under these circumstances, it is tolerably certain that Oxford, always up to time and equal to any emergency, will meet the crisis by the bold expedient of making her degree dependent on the attainment of useful and practical knowledge. She will, as a matter of course, appoint a whole batch of new professors, and plunge *con amore* into the sweeping torrent of the times. It is useless to offer white kid gloves to a costermonger, for that respectable but roguish member of society would set far more value on a new girth for his donkey or a cup of train oil for his trap-wheels. Bearing this in mind, and with a laudable determination to meet the requirements of the age, let Oxford set to work and forthwith take the matter boldly in hand. When the new race of undergraduates takes the old place by siege, the "*University Intelligence*" must occasionally give the world some such information as follows :—

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—September 1.

At a congregation to be held on Friday next, the 4th inst., a new statute, establishing a new Final Honour School—the subject-matter to be Boot-cleaning—will be promulgated.

The Sydenham Professors of Trousering, Messrs. Samuel, will give a course of twelve lectures on "The Double-breasted Waistcoat, and its Influences on the Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century." These lectures will be delivered at the *Taylor Institute*, every Wednesday and Friday, till the course is completed.

The Regius Professor of Dyeing and Scouring, S. Wilberforce, will continue his series of lectures on "Soap" in the ensuing term.

The Fortnum Mason Prize for the best essay on "Tea Leaves" has been awarded to Mr. Dipworth, of Jericho Hall.

The subject for the competition for the Fitzgibbon Historical Prize for 1869 is "The Rise and Fall of the Price of Butchers' Meat under the Stuarts."

Ambitious Englishmen who think they can turn their sons into fine gentlemen by sending them up to Oxford for the purpose of hanging about college gates are invited to peruse the above intelligence over and over again. When Oxford suits *their* requirements, it will, oddly enough, cease to be *Oxford*.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heathen) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A FEW days since the French police made a raid upon a jeweller's shop in Paris to discover, and appropriate when found, miniature lanterns. We can quite understand the Emperor's objection to M. Rochefort's publication—Napoleon and his doings cannot bear even the smallest light!

IN spite of Mr. Charles Reade's remarks about the "Mock Sample Swindle," which lately were published in *Once a Week*, we cannot call the plot of *Foul Play* original. We know perfectly well that the talented author of *Hard Cash* has great confidence in his own abilities, but imagine that he must have put his trust in another "reed" when he commenced a novel with the aid of a partner. We all know what comes of leaning on "reeds"—don't we, Mr. Boucicault?

THE Great Reformer and Modern Brutus who sacrificed his children to the good of his country (we don't care to print the fellow's name, but it appeared recently in the Police Reports) has forwarded to us a "Defence" in which he admits the soft impeachment made in the House of Commons of having taken part in the proceedings of a disreputable mock-law "Society" flourishing (or rather, let us hope, languishing) in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. He attributes his dismissal by the proprietor of said "Society" to the persecution of the Police. As lovers of Justice, we trust that the "myrmidons" of Sir Richard Mayne will some day be able to make him reparation. Nothing would please us better than to see the worthy Chartist appearing once more before a Judge and Jury!

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours at ten o'clock this morning. As might be expected from the great interest already manifested in the proceedings connected with the present investigation, the room was again densely crowded.

The examination of Mrs. Fitz-topham was continued. She said she certainly considered that the Grawleys were people to be cultivated. Her reasons for this opinion were many and various. She could give some if required. In the first place Mrs.

Grawley was of an excellent family. She was second cousin to Lord Stuffington. Her set too was unimpeachable. One met everybody at her "at homes." By "everybody" she meant everybody worth knowing. Yes, she could give names. The Cabways, Larksbys, Lady Pumbleston, Mrs. Washborough, Sir Harry Grubbs, Colonel Mattigan, and the Bilchers—in fact, *everybody*. No, she had no special regard for Mrs. Grawley personally. On the contrary, she considered her to be a stuck-up, impertinent, and scandal-talking old woman. She did not mean to signify by that that she had no virtues. She certainly dressed well, and had shown considerable skill in marrying her two eldest girls, the one to a retired but extremely successful soap factory, the other to an aged baronetcy and ten thousand a year. No, she did not *enjoy* the evenings at the Grawleys', but she considered it a solemn duty to be seen there. The amusement was of a rather sombre character. She generally arrived at about eleven o'clock, stood either on the stairs or on the landing for one hour and three-quarters, with the thermometer at 86, had a glass of sherry and pink wafer, and then went home. She did not mind spending an evening in this fashion, as she often derived considerable satisfaction from the proceeding. Yes, she was on the whole satisfied with her last evening at the Grawleys'. On that occasion she caught a glimpse of the back of young Sir Charles Foodle's head, received a gracious nod from Lady Bankey, *when* Mrs. Macstinger was looking, and noticed that Young Brodfinch (£2,000 a year and three uncles) took no notice of Flora Stoooper (the banker's daughter), but chatted half-an-hour on the nursery stairs with her own dear Letitia. This was not all her recreation on the evening in question. She had later the gratification of treading on Mrs. Macstinger's yellow train (by mistake) and hearing it crack where it joins the waistband. Yes, she would call *this* a pleasant evening. Season after season she was in the habit of indulging in the same round of gaiety. She used that term advisedly. She could not exactly say what good she hoped to get from it. Of course she received herself, and gave dinners. Her dinners were highly sociable entertainments, and as dinners were great successes. Eighteen people, not well acquainted with each other, sat down in evening dress to a repast, provided at so much a head by the pastrycook (wine included), and served up by the greengrocer and his assistant, in white neck-cloths. This took place at her house six times in the season. No, she did not consider that life would be worth living unrelieved by bright spots of this kind. Could not say that her dinners secured her any real friends. Fitz-topham had made some remark to the effect that their expenditure was too high, and that they were exceeding their income. Of course they could not help it, as it was indispensable they should know the Grawleys. She supposed if worst came to worst, they should travel for a couple of years or so. By travelling, she meant putting up in cheap apartments in an obscure Belgian town, and living on £220 a-year. There was nothing odd or humiliating in this. Lady Tuffins, it is true, gave out that she was going to Rome, but she appeared not to have succeeded in getting farther than Boulogne. She had been seen lately in a back street of that fashionable place, bargaining for two pounds of pork sausages.

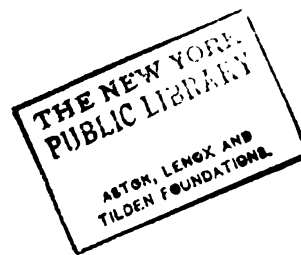
The witness was here requested to stand down.

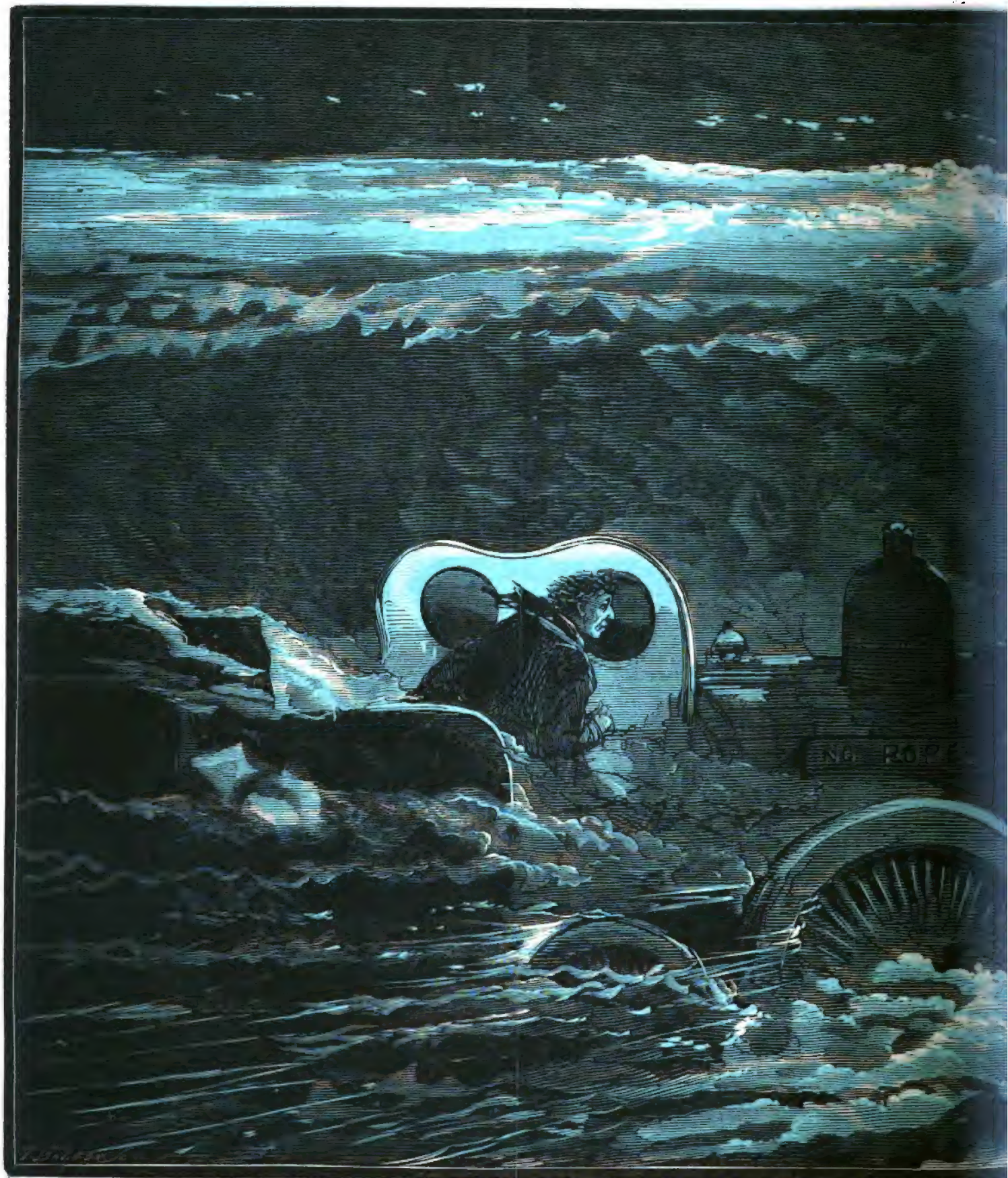
THIEVES, THIEVES!

WE are glad to see that at last somebody is in earnest, and means to cut down the present over-stocked establishments of our Government offices. The newspapers announce that a prize of one hundred guineas is offered for an essay on Kleptomania, "with a view to determine whether kleptomaniacs should be held disqualified for employments of trust and authority under the Crown: also to inquire under what circumstances this mischievous propensity becomes criminal."

Fortunately, the inquiry can have but one result; and the public may confidently expect to find a substantial reduction in the Civil Service Estimates of next year, caused by the dismissal of about two-thirds of the present officials.

To characterise persons receiving large salaries for neglecting their duties or doing absolutely nothing as being under the influence of kleptomania, shows a spirit of gentle forbearance, blended with a strict sense of justice, which, to say the least of it, is uncommon in the present generation.





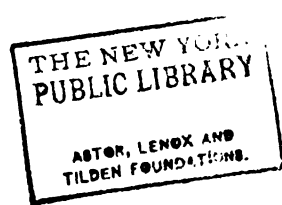
RUNNING II

September 5, 1868.



DANGER !

(DEDICATED TO THE RT. HON. B. DISRAELI.)



OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. Anthony Trollope arrived here yesterday about the same time as the mid-day post, having started from London by the earliest possible train in the morning, and having sat up all night working at a love-story in order to catch it. Mr. Trollope did not appear at all tired by his journey; only he seemed a little put out at express trains being, as he complained, so abominably slow. The carriages likewise shook so, he said, that he had been able to write only during two-thirds of the time. When it was suggested that the *excessive* pace was accountable for that, he answered "Stuff and nonsense;" a reply which caused one or two members of the deputation which had gone to meet him to remark that he talked uncommonly like the female characters in his own books, and that they feared he was rather illogical and hated contradiction. When they offered him some lunch, he answered them in much the same fashion, pulled out his watch impetuously, declared that he wished to commence the campaign at once, and proposed going straight off to the Spa. It was objected that the band was playing, and that the young ladies had not quite done bathing. "Well, they soon will be," he said; "probably by the time we get there. And as for the band, that's the very thing. It will have already collected a crowd for us, and the very sort of crowd I want."

When it was known at the Spa that Mr. Anthony Trollope had arrived, the enthusiasm and curiosity of the ladies on the ground were such as to beggar all description. The bluff, honest appearance of the candidate seemed rather to disappoint them, and there were a good many whispers to the effect that he certainly did not *look* like a ladies' man. But when they heard that he was about to address them, all their interest revived; and so completely did they desert that portion of the Spa dedicated to the band, that the musicians folded up their quadrille books and their galops, and left in high dudgeon.

Mr. Trollope then scowled upon his audience and commenced speaking in the most colloquial but fluent manner imaginable. He wished to tell them frankly that there had been some talk of his standing for one of the divisions of Essex, in which county he lived. (Here some ladies waved their handkerchiefs and cried out "Three cheers for Essex, the county in which Mr. Trollope lives!") He had, he continued, hunted in Essex for a good many winters, thereby losing an awful lot of valuable time, and written some letters on the subject in a twopenny paper, which, however, were not altogether thrown away, inasmuch as he had been handsomely paid for them. These things, he confessed, he had done in order to win the suffrages of the Essex farmers. But it appeared that they preferred a lord, or a colonel, or a somebody or other, and the days he had spent in wooing, in chasing and pursuing, had been wholly wasted, the moral of which was "Put not your faith in fox-hunters." But there was a section of the community in which a man might safely put his trust, and that was the ladies. (Tremendous cheering; young ladies running in from the beach to the Spa with their hair all down their backs to join in it.) But he should be asked, Had ladies a vote? That was a question which appeared undecided. All he could say was that a number of them had been put on the register, and Mr. Disraeli—a wretched charlatan who had also written novels, but far inferior to his own—(loud screams of applause from the young ladies, with some expressions of disapproval among a few of the so-called superior sex)—Mr. Disraeli had refused, through his Secretary, to express an opinion one way or the other. Let the question be tried. He need scarcely say that he was strongly in favour of their having votes; for, without their influence, direct or indirect, he quite despaired of ever getting into Parliament. He had lately started a magazine in which political articles of a strong party character regularly appeared. He begged them to make allowances for these articles, which were inserted when he had hoped to get in for Essex. But he would take care that his magazine should never be spoiled, much less swamped, by such worthless padding. He should always remember the great motto, "The novel's the thing." (Here the audience became frantic with enthusiasm.) He wanted to go into the House in order to obtain fresh materials with which to amuse them. If returned, his very first proposition would be that the ladies' gallery should be carried all round the House; and if more room still was wanted for them, he should be delighted to see them made comfortable in the body of it. He

should consider himself bound, if they returned him to Parliament, to devote himself exclusively to their interests, and therefore to spend the hours lost by other members in listening to wretched debates, almost entirely in the library; and he need scarcely add, in manufacturing an unfailing supply of novels for their delectation. (Enthusiastic screams, and cries of "That's something like a member!") There were, however, two or three measures for their benefit which he should have to advocate in the body of the House. The chief of these was gratuitous and compulsory education. He should certainly press upon the Government the necessity of founding free libraries, of filling them with novels—especially his own—and compelling everybody to read them; inasmuch as he had good reason to think that there was a certain class of people who would never do so, save under compulsion. (Cries of "Oh! oh!" and "Incredible!") Yes, he feared such was the case, incredible as it might seem. Only let them send him to Parliament, and he thought he could remedy so melancholy a state of things.

A committee was at once appointed for securing the return of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and its first meeting was arranged to be held on the following morning in the water, in front of where the ladies' bathing-machines ply. (Members of the male sex rigorously excluded from the committee.) We understand that Mr. Trollope has pledged himself, in case he is returned for the borough of Scarborough, to pay unremitting attention to its local wants and interests, and undertakes to bring out a fresh novel for his fair constituents at the commencement of every sea-side season.

THE PAST OPERATIC SEASON.

THE operatic season, which came to an ineffective conclusion some weeks since, calls for but few remarks, and such attention as it deserves might have been accorded to it in an earlier impression, but, in truth, there is so little to chronicle in a season which has been almost entirely destitute of novelty, that the history of the operatic campaign of 1868 has, up to the present time, given place to matters more worthy of notice in these columns.

With regard to Mr. Mapleson, it must be owned that under the circumstances against which he had to contend, it was very clever of him to be able to get up any opera at all, inasmuch as he had to procure a new theatre, to provide new dresses, and scenery, to obtain fresh scores, and, in general terms, to make up, so far as possible, for the serious damage caused by the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre. Having regard, therefore, to the difficulties which he encountered in mounting every one of the operas which were played at his theatre, we must not blame him too much on account of the non-production of any work new to this country. He was wrong, however, to adorn his prospectus with the names of Auber's *Gustave*, of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and of other novelties, as it can have needed but a slender amount of prescience to foresee that, after re-forming his *répertoire* of standard works there would be left to him scarcely any time for mounting new operas. With regard to *Lohengrin*, which, by the way, was put into rehearsal before the close of the season, we may observe that we have some doubt as to the policy of having selected this work for Herr Wagner's *début* before the English public. That the opera possesses great beauties and a certain amount of poetical feeling few musicians will dispute; but the absence of sustained melody is singularly noticeable, even for a work of Herr Wagner, who, as a composer, is unquestionably deficient in melodic fancy. We are inclined to think that *Tannhäuser*, which, despite all that has been said and written against it, is the best of its composer's efforts, or the *Flying Dutchman*, the story of which is known in England, would, either of them, have been better cards to play than *Lohengrin*. We need not go into this question, however, because none or other of them has been produced here as yet.

With regard to Mr. Mapleson's singers, it may be mentioned that they were much the same as they have been before. The principal ladies were Mdles. Tietjens, Nilsson, and Kellogg, and Madame Trebelli; amongst the gentlemen, the principal names were Signori Mongini, Gassier, Bossi, Foli, Herr Rokitanski and Mr. Santley. We have real pleasure in stating that Mdle. Nilsson has made unquestionable progress since last

year. Her singing and acting in *Lucia* were, alike, admirable, and she deserved the triumphant success which she achieved: she appeared, also, in the *Flauto Magico*, in *Faust*, in *Don Juan*, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, and in *Marta*. She was completely successful in all she undertook, but her best performances were in *Lucia* and *Marta*. Of Mdlle. Tietjens it may fairly be said that, in *Fidelio* and in *Medea*, it would be hard to find her equal; with regard to Madame Trebelli there can be no two opinions as to her being the best contralto now before the public. Mdlle. Kellogg improves and ought to have a good career before her. Concerning the male singers, there is not much to be said; everybody knows what an excellent singer Mr. Santley is, and what a bad singer Signor Mongini is. In one respect, they meet on common ground, namely, in the possession of fine voices—but here ceases all resemblance, for whereas the Englishman makes steady progress, the Italian stays where he has always been; he has never advanced beyond the threshold of his art. He possesses earnestness, however, and declamatory power, and in the present dearth of tenors, it is small wonder that he should have received a cordial welcome at the hands of the patrons of Her Majesty's Opera. From the list of singers whose names appear above, we have omitted the name of Signor Fraschini. This tenor, who sang in England about twenty years ago, has at no time obtained any success in this country. In Spain and in Paris and elsewhere he has been triumphantly received; but we incline to think that the verdict of our countrymen is just, for Signor Fraschini is not, and never has been an accomplished artist. He has (or rather had) a coarse and powerful organ, which, when it possessed the bloom of youth, was doubtless rather a fine voice, but although he has now partially learnt his work as an operatic singer, he has almost entirely lost his vocal means, and with a new public, ignorant of what he may have been in days gone by, Signor Fraschini must not hope for success.

There was also another tenor, one Signor Ferensi, or Ferenesi—we don't know which is his right name, but it does not much signify, as he will probably not sing here again. He sang in the *Huguenots*, and, although he was not utterly bad, he did not contrive to "hit it off" with either the press or the public. Mr. Mapleson brought out some more tenors towards the close of his season, but we did not hear them.

In conclusion, we may congratulate Mr. Mapleson upon an excellent chorus of fresh and resonant voices, upon a capital orchestra, and upon a conductor who, for operatic purposes, is second to none.

We will now turn to Covent Garden, where aught in the nature of novelty was again conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Mapleson, at the rival theatre, opened the ball with *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Mr. Gye, who was determined not to be outdone, mounted *Norma* for the edification of his subscribers, allotting the part of the *Druid Priestess* to Madame Fricci, who, possessing, as she does, certain good qualities, is decidedly a hard and unsympathetic singer. The *Pollio* of the evening was Signor Naudin, the most threadbare of tenor singers; we have, before now, intimated our views as to this gentleman's pretensions, and we can only record our opinion that the position which he is permitted to hold at Covent Garden—the most renowned Opera house in the world—is one of those mysteries which must be left to the wisdom of future ages to unravel. The other tenors at Mr. Gye's establishment were Signori Mario, Baraldi, Fancelli, and M. Lefranc; the last-named singer appeared twice only, in *Guillaume Tell*, and made a *fiasco*. He is not without promise, however, and will probably be heard again; when he sang here he was frightened out of his wits, forgot his music, sang flat, and richly deserved the adverse verdict which he obtained; still he possesses some natural advantages, and will do well, if he chooses to take pains. Signor Fancelli did not sing often, and when he did sing he produced little or no effect. The tenor of the season was (as he has often been before) Signor Mario, and, in the wreck of his once peerless voice, and the possession of ever-improving histrionic means, there is no doubt that his place cannot as yet be filled. Amongst the baritones were Signor Cotogni, a useful and pains-taking singer, Signor Graziani, whose voice is as mellifluous, whose phrasing is as meaningless, and whose acting is as graceless as ever, and M. Petit. The latter is in some respects a good artist, but he has a tendency to exaggeration, and his voice is tremulous to an extent which passes permission; he is in no way comparable to M. Faure. Amongst the basses must

be mentioned Signor Baggagiolo, whose admirable voice promises a good career for its owner, for he is young and likely to improve; M. Coulon (we forget his Italian name—perhaps Signor Coloni) came over here for Meyerbeer's music, and made his first appearance in that most tedious of operas *Robert le Diable*; he is intelligent both as actor and singer, but he made no great effect here.

The list of *prime donne* was not very strong, but the presence of two names—those of Mdlle. Patti and Mdlle. Lucca—was practically sufficient for all purposes. As to Mdlle. Patti, it is a pleasure to write about her, as she has taken public favour in the right way; her first appearance in the *Sonnambula* some years back was a triumphant success, but she has still gone on studying, and improving, until she has now ripened into a brilliant and accomplished artist, richly deserving the good opinion which she has earned in England.

Mdlle. Lucca has a beautiful voice, and an immense amount of talent; she is as earnest as she can be, and, with good advice, her claims should be second to none; her phrasing, however, is faulty, and her execution cannot always be trusted. Still she is a most interesting artist, and evinces, now and then, an aptitude for the lyric stage of the very highest order. A third soprano, Mdlle. Vanzini, was engaged; she has a voice of pleasant tone, and sings reasonably well. We must not forget our countrywoman, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; her claims are too well known to render it necessary that they should be canvassed here; she is, in point of fact, one of the very best singers before the public in this or in any other country. The principal contralto was Mdlle. Grossi, who can boast of a good voice, but not much else.

It will be seen that the list of tenors was extremely weak, and this is more reprehensible inasmuch as the finest dramatic tenor in the world could have been engaged. We allude to Signor Tamberlik, who, in operas such as the *Prophète*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Polliuto*, and so forth, has not his equal. Whilst every real lover of operatic music, in London, was deploring the absence of fine tenors, Signor Tamberlik was sending all Madrid wild by his singing in the works which we have mentioned above. We sincerely trust that Mr. Gye will let us hear this really great artist next year; and, if he will mount *Polliuto* with Mdlle. Lucca and Signor Tamberlik in the principal parts, we can almost venture to predict a great success. The opera, one of the finest which Donizetti ever composed, was performed at Covent Garden about fifteen years ago. It ought not to have been shelved up to the present time.

The production of Auber's delightful *Domino Noir* (one of the promised novelties) was delayed until the last few days of the season; it was then performed with singers other than those which were promised. The general execution was not satisfactory, and it would have been better to put off the production of this charming work until next year.

What may have been the pecuniary result of the season to Messrs. Gye and Mapleson we know not, but the result, so far as concerns the production of novelty or the advancement of music, may be said to be absolutely nothing whatever. Let us hope for better times next year.

CHURCH SNOBBERY.

CAN any possible explanation be given of the appearance in the leader-page of the *Times* of the following paragraph, which we will take the liberty of subdividing?

"ST. MARY-THE-LESS, LAMBETH.—Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone, of Christ Church, Oxford, a son of the Right. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., will be ordained at the next ordination of the Bishop of Winchester, and will serve as curate of one of the most densely-populated districts in the neighbourhood of London."

If this means anything at all, it is this: Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone, who might, from his exalted connection, have revelled in perpetual purple and fine linen, has determined upon a tremendous sacrifice. He is going, like an ordinary clergyman, to visit the poor.

"His 'title to orders' will be given by the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, who, curiously enough, was the Chairman of Mr. Gathorne Hardy's London Committee, on the occasion of the contest which deprived Mr. Gladstone of his seat for the University of Oxford."

Wonderful coincidence, and smacking of brotherly love and

Christian charity! Crying out "hooray" for the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., let us proceed:—

"St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, lies to the south of the Thames, by Vauxhall bridge, and embraces a district called 'Salamanca,' a bone-boiling locality, which few who have ever gone by the boat between Lambeth and Nine Elms piers, when the wind blows from that direction over the Thames, will easily forget."

Terrible news this, and sends a thrill of horror through us as we picture the youthful martyr holding his pocket-handkerchief well over his nose. An ill wind that blows nobody any good must be this "Salamanca" wind. But courage; let us take in the last line:—

"In this place Mr. Stephen Gladstone will commence his clerical career."

In *this* place? No; unsay those awful words! The son of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer in the neighbourhood of bone-boiling! The thing is too terrible—it cannot be!

Soberly, Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone is, doubtless, an excellent young man; but why on earth are these purely private and domestic details thrust into print as matters of public interest? That the future curate of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, will end life as a bishop, possibly an Irish one, is more than probable; but for all that, we do not want ecstasies about a man's doing his obvious duty even in "Salamanca."

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

A STANDING army as a proclamation of peace: a sitting parliament when a general election is demanded: look both like dying attempts to deceive some one or other.

I noticed a young lady condemned by the wind to the ignominy of having her chignon blown away. She could not but look foolish under the trying circumstances. This invention of vanity appears to add brains to some heads on which it is raised; but young ladies would do well to remember that all the vicious bumps are at the back.

Members of clubs are often to be noticed airing themselves on the steps of their co-operative palaces. Were clubs beehives, we might almost take these specimens for drones.

Love certainly ought to be deaf as well as blind, for when he awakes to the reality of his idol, he could then be spared the disparaging remarks made by his friends on the worth of the worshipped and the weakness of the worshipper.

Hansom cabs and express trains are now an absolute necessity for the support of the drama. The stage has now so long been running on Legs, that it is time to try wheels as a mode of progression. When will the turn come for brains to be the motive power?

The police are the servants of the public. I fear we shall have to give them warning before long.

Justice in a free country and law in a despotic land look very much alike. So do smoke and steam, but one descends in blacks which soil all they touch, while the other falls in a gentle rain of mercy.

If hearts are ever broken, the pieces are generally worth mending, and the cement of second love will often make the whole as strong as ever.

THE HOTEL QUESTION.

SINCE London has been on its holiday we have been overwhelmed with correspondence regarding the extortionate demands of the hotel keepers, both at home and abroad. It is not generally our custom to insert such communications, but the following letters so thoroughly expose the imposition to

which travellers on the Continent are subjected, that we have for once departed from the usual course:—

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

Hotel, Jersey.

SIR,—Pray give your aid in putting a stop to the extortionate charges of the hotel keepers. I have been staying for some time in this lovely island at one of the principal establishments, and on asking for my bill I find to my horror that the charge for my bed-room, breakfast, dinner, and coffee averages nearly five shillings a day. I must admit that the prices of the wines and spirits are moderate, but this fact does not nullify the gross over-charge for board and lodging, which is scarcely superior to that in the hotels I have been at in Brighton, Dover, and other English sea-side places.

I am, &c., &c.,

A RETIRED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

Pension —, Vevey, Switzerland.

MR. TOMAHAWK,—The Lake of Geneva is a lovely spot, and Vevey and Montreux are delightful places, but although they both abound in *pensions*, you cannot get taken in at any comfortable house under three francs a-day, while the best hotels charge five or even six francs; and for this they only give you four meals and a bed-room. I can't imagine why the places are so full. I suppose it is because the travelling expenses from London are now pretty reasonable: you can get a return ticket, first class, about £6, and second class about £4; children half-price. If the people about here were not particularly civil and attentive, and the fresh mountain air did not agree with my family, I would not submit to such abominable cheating for another day.

PATERFAMILIAS.

Hôtel de —, Burger-on-the-Rhine.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—I am now enjoying my annual holiday. I made up my mind to spend my two months on the Rhine, as I heard that hotels were cheap, but, instead of this, I find that my hotel expenses, staying a week at each of the usual halting-places, have been about two thalers a-day, which, you know, is six shillings in English money. This, of course, includes the wine of the country. But is it not monstrous? I was tempted to come here because the travelling expenses were so ridiculously insignificant; but I need not say that this is no compensation for the extortion of which I have been the victim.

Believe me, &c.,

A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

Dinan, Côtes du Nord, France.

MY DEAR TOMMY,—People who complain of the extortion of the Irish and Scotch hotels have evidently never travelled in Brittany. Here I am at Dinan, attracted by the beauty of the neighbourhood which surrounds it (which they say is the most healthy in France), and my expenses at one of the boarding-houses (an English one, and therefore the best and dearest) have been, for myself, wife, six children, a governess, and two servants, as follows:—

	Francs.
For one month's pension for Monsieur and	
Madame, 150 francs each	300
Ditto, for six children	350
Ditto, for governess and two maids, 75 francs a-	
month each	225
Wine, beer, &c., &c., about	75
	950

Now, 950 francs is close on £40—£38 is the exact figure. Who can afford such expenses? No wonder people stay at home and draw down their blinds when the London season is over.

Your devoted admirer,

AN IRISH PEER.

Perhaps it would be an advantage to those persons who have been writing to our contemporaries regarding the extravagant prices of the hotels in our own country, to study carefully the facts given by our correspondents, all of whom, with a single exception, it will be observed, date their letters from the Continent. If English holiday-makers would compare their experiences and profit by them, the solution of the great Hotel Question would be a matter of little difficulty.

LADIES MILES.

THE Lords of the Creation will soon have no speciality left to them. At the Isle of Man Regatta the other day a novelty was introduced in the shape of a boat race open to lady competitors only. The prizes consisted of two lockets, as the boats were pair-oared, and a couple of young ladies belonging to the island carried them off. There can be no doubt but that the females are running the males a close race for proficiency in what once upon a time used to be called the manly sports. There are now numbers of ladies who are as much at home in their saddles when following the hounds as their lords and masters, while there are hundreds of fair creatures who can fish, skate, swim, smoke (we almost added drink and swear), as well or better than many of the nobler sex. In fact, there are few feats or accomplishments which of late years the ladies have not attempted, and with them to attempt generally means to succeed. Now that two of their number have managed to overcome the difficulties of pulling a pair-oar, they may fairly consider themselves capable of acquiring the remaining masculine exercises. It is rather late in the season now for an athletic sport meeting, but if next year Lord Ranelagh would lend the grounds of Beaufort House for the occasion (which no doubt his lordship would, for he is a polite nobleman, devoted to the softer sex), some such programme as the following might easily be arranged :—

FEMALE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Meeting to be held at Beaufort House in the Spring of 1869.

EVENTS.

- 1.—Quarter of a mile Flat Race. Open to ladies of all ages. First prize, an emerald ring; second prize, a bonnet.
- 2.—Running High Jump. Open to ladies of the age of forty years and upwards. Prize, a patent sans flectum crinoline.
- 3.—Steeplechase, over twenty flights of hurdles, four feet high, placed twenty yards apart. Open to ladies of all ages. First prize, a gold hunting watch; second prize, a work-box.
- 4.—Boxing Match. Open to ladies of a certain age only. Entries to be made on the ground. No scratching allowed. Three blows out of five to decide the heat. Prize, a dozen pairs of white kid gloves.
- 5.—Four-miles Walking Race. Open to young ladies who have not passed their third season. The boots worn must be of the ordinary description, viz., with heels not more than an inch in diameter and not less than an inch and a half in height. First prize, some diamonds; second prize, a sewing machine; third prize, a copy of Mr. Lawrence's works, neatly bound.
- 6.—Consolation Race, one hundred yards flat. Prize, a plain gold ring.

Admission to the ground five shillings.

N.B.—No gentlemen allowed in the enclosure.

Such a programme as the above would prove attractive, and the ladies might count on a large attendance of the harder sex before whom to exhibit their strength, endurance, and prowess. In truth, the public have had rather too many of the athletic sport meetings latterly, and a novelty would prove acceptable.

A DIRGE.

THE days of the existence of the Colosseum in Regent's Park are numbered, although its walls will not be allowed to crumble and decay into ruin (a fate which lately has threatened them) like its great Italian namesake. Its stones are on the point of being whitewashed into lots, to fall beneath the hammer of the remorseless auctioneer; the bird's-eye view of Paris by Night will be rolled up and disposed of at an immense sacrifice; and neat villas will shortly occupy the spot where Lisbon has been so frequently engulfed in the most terrible of earthquakes. It is a melancholy fact that the Colosseum has long since lost its attraction. The Swiss mountain with the artificial lake are not what they used to be. The mountain, now-a-days, suggests the idea of a weather-beaten canvas screen; while the lake is evidently nothing better than a muddy tank. The

waterfall—there used to be a waterfall once—has dried up altogether; and the very eagle, although, poor bird, he held bravely to his work, is no longer to be seen on his own particular rock. The grotto once celebrated is now but a bad imitation of something of the same kind at Margate; while the dark mystery of the ascending room has long since faded before the numberless "lifts" which are now in ordinary use in all modern buildings that pretend to be tall. The public will no doubt regret the loss of the Colosseum, but there appears to be no help for it; and if blame attaches itself to anyone it is to Londoners themselves, for the want of whose countenance and patronage the poor old Colosseum has been permitted to languish and die.

THE MANIACS COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

What is my first? A merry little devil
Who likes a bit of humour in his evil.
What serial means you all know, I suppose;
Remove the s my second will disclose.
The two together name a rank which boy
As well as man in this strange world enjoy.

2.

My first all carpet factories contain,
You'll know my second by his early strain,
My whole's a toy with which our children play,
And warm themselves upon a chilly day.

3.

My first is a popular engine of death,
One kind of my second is taxed by the state,
My whole is sufficient to take away breath,
And in army and navy its service is great.

4.

My first is a word which is friendly though low,
My second's a card in a game which is high,
My whole is a place to which great people go,
And a word which you'll easily guess if you try.

5.

A fruit of native and of foreign growth,
Though not of equal excellence in both;
Its hue's like that of gold and cheese and flame,
Princes are still distinguished by its name,
And of confections which shopkeepers sell
Those with it made do all the rest excel.

6.

My first is a drink, my second's a tax,
My whole may be taken in stone, paint, or wax.

7.

My first is a river, my second is known
As a passage of iron, of wood, or of stone,
My whole is a town in that part of our land
Where the buildings are most of them spacious and grand.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Waterfall. 2. Beauty. 3. Limestone. 4. Faithful. 6. Garibaldi.
ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Three Stray Buzwings, Old John, Awful Duffer, La Bécassine de Brompton, Guldare and Orpheus (Ramsgate), Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, Annie (Tooting), John S. F., Washperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Alte Volare, Four Hastings Scalps, T. H. N., Our Charlie, A Staunch Jacobite, W. McD., Mabel May, Grannie-pilgrimladdida, W. B. W., Burley, Owl with Toothache, and Baker's Bills.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 71.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO I.—CONCERNING "THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE."

EVERYBODY remembers with delight the humorous pictures in which John Leech satirized the affectations of "servant-galism." Everbody who has had to employ "servant gals" remembers, with anything but delight, what sad truth lay behind that humour. It is much to be doubted whether Leech's satire ever did anything towards abolishing abuses. One very requisite element of satire, particularly in this age of rhinoceros-hided morality, perseverance he certainly possessed. But geniality was in him so irrepressible a quality, that it threw a sunshine over the darkest pictures of human folly and wickedness which he drew; in fact, the satire was so charming, one scarcely wished to abolish the abuse that provoked it.

This by the way; but certain it is that servant girls are none the better for all John Leech's powerful sketches of their vulgarity, insolence, and dishonesty.

This question is one of the most important social questions of the day. It is not limited to such narrow interests as the comfort of householders and heads of families—we may add, of lodgers and bachelors. It is a most serious question for those who profess to be so violently concerned for the physical, and social, welfare of women. Domestic service is the one great branch of industry which lies open, without any restrictions, to women; whether in the higher grades of house-keeper, nurse, confidential adviser of the toilet chamber, &c., or in the lowest grades of kitchen-maid, and drudge-of-all-work. Those philanthropists, whose hearts are wrung by the hideous sorrow that their eyes and ears daily encounter, know that from girls in service the ranks of the vicious and the miserable, who infest our streets, are hourly recruited. How to raise the moral status of this large class of our fellow-creatures is a very difficult problem, but one which everyone, who has any humanity, must yearn to solve.

The ordinary servant girl is not a very elevated creature. The education she possesses is just enough to enable her to read the very vilest trash, and to write as great, if not as vile, trash to her young man, or men, as the case may be. Her moral education has been worse than her intellectual, the ten commandments are summed up for her in the capacious formula—*Always tell a lie and stick to it.* To be found out and punished is the only crime she knows; to be found out and forgiven is to her no encouragement to amend, but to offend again with more cunning. The chief attributes of her character are vulgar vanity, gluttony of admiration, and a dread of ghosts.

She breaks any one of the commandments as easily as she does the china, and with as little remorse, or intention of paying for the damage; but she would not go under a ladder, or into a churchyard after dark, to save her life. If the Protestant religion simply consisted in protesting, she would be a bright light in the Reformed Church, for if you accuse her of a fault, the vigour and apparent solemnity of her protestations are only equalled by their futility and real blasphemy. The fate of Ananias and Sapphira she invokes with frantic readiness; no oath is so sacred, but she can clench a lie with it. Yet she has one redeeming point—she is very fond of dogs and babies; and she shows her fondness by cramming both with the un-

wholesomest stuff she can, her notion of kindness being to poison them.

Her great ambition is, when she goes out of a Sunday, to be mistaken for a lady; to effect which end she ought first to make herself dumb, and then invisible. No man can look at her but she immediately begins to giggle, if, indeed, she waits to be looked at, and does not take the initiative by sniggering, which she takes for an expression of modesty, whereas it is the sort of blind that modesty pulls down to show she is not at home. If she is ugly, she buys her young man, probably a worthless soldier, who trades upon the only soldier-like thing about him, his uniform; or, if she is pretty, perhaps her young man buys her with gaudy bonnets, and sham jewellery. The more ambitious are sensible enough to know the difference between real and sham millinery, and insist upon having everything just like their mistress, real lace, real kid-gloves, &c. How they obtain them with wages of twelve or fourteen pounds a-year, is best known to themselves. Few of this latter kind stay in service long; or rather, they give a month's warning on the slightest provocation, and take a long engagement with —, the gentleman in black.

This may seem a hard and cruel picture; we wish it were not a true one. It is a fearful thing to see the sewer of vice fed from streams that should be pure as crystal. It is not enough to shake our heads at the picture, what can we do to mend it? What can all, whether heads of families or simple individuals, do to rescue the wretched silly creatures who are drifting to the dark ocean where so many of their sisters have been drowned, and, alas! drowned in vain; for though their whitened bones lie on the shore, yet no one heeds their warning.

It is at their home, when they have one in the fullest sense of the word, that the foundation of all girls' moral characters—girls, more than boys,—must be laid. Much of this affectation and vanity is the result of the injudicious encouragement, which well meaning parents give their daughters, to despise their station in life. Go into any farmer's house in the country; there are the old couple bright and clean, but plain and homely as their own kitchen; the father is to bed early and up early, and always working; the mother watchfully superintending everything herself—cooking the dinner, attending to the dairy, cleaning, scrubbing everywhere, never above any labour; surely such parents must have frugal, industrious children. Ask them about their children—their faces glow with honest pride; that portrait of a young man, dressed just like a gentleman, is John, "He is up in Lunnon, ay! he's doing very well, and has a deal of learning,—and that's Jane, that fine young lady, would you like to see Jane's room? Oh! don't be afraid, *she* won't mind." So you go and see Jane's room. And instead of the neat unpretending cleanness of the old folks' room, with its common cheap ornaments, not pretending to be anything but common and cheap, you find tawdry curtains, Brummagem toilet fittings, trashy pictures, false jewellery, everything pretending to be something grander and costlier than it is, aiming at magnificence, and reaching nothing further than vulgar ostentation. Poor old people! it is hard to check the honest smile of admiration that lights up their good faces; they think these trinkets so beautiful; they don't wish to be proud themselves, God help them! but to see their child like any lady of the land—can you bear to change that smile into a blank and hopeless despair? can you bear to break those loving, honest hearts by telling them to what, in nine cases out of ten, this sort

of finery brings its votary? Let us not be misunderstood; the ambition to rise above your station, to make yourself something greater than your father and mother before you is a noble ambition; but none needs greater self-control, and sterner moral courage, to prevent it degenerating into a greedy vanity, and reckless self-indulgence. No doubt, the education which their parents are so proud of being able to give their children, in the case of the girls especially, does them more harm than good; it only teaches them to despise those of their own station, without making them fit to associate with those in a station above theirs. It may seem harsh and stingy in parents to save up their money, and deny to the children, who will ultimately inherit it, the luxuries which they will then be able to afford; but it is the wiser course to teach them first habits of frugality and self-denial, to make certain they are not idle and vicious, before you give them the means of gratifying idle and vicious tastes. A farmer's son, who has received a first-rate education, is none the less superior to his father in knowledge because he does not affect to be superior to him in his dress.

The girls who go into service (from the class of which we have been speaking) would, for the most part, fill the superior places in the household; but as their masters and mistresses have great influence over them, so they have great influence over those below them; and indeed, it is from above, not from below, that the reform of our servants must begin. If a servant sees her mistress care for nothing but dress; if she sees that all the lady seems to live for is for adorning her person in the latest fashion, and that she sets much more value on her new gown than on her baby; that how she looks, not how she acts, is the great question of her life; we cannot expect the servant to make either an honest wife, or a good mother.

In the further remarks, which we propose to make on this subject, we shall consider how the condition of the humbler class of servants can be improved by their masters and mistresses, and by themselves.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE VII.

From Florence to Erica.

It seems to me that I am always busy,
Or, Rica, I had written you ere now.
Besides, I've not been well. My head's quite dizzy
At times, and there's a constant tension on my brow.
I have to take some medicine, tart and fizzy,
Which makes me feel I cannot tell you how.
Moreover, I am almost tired to death;
And all seems Vanity, as the preacher saith.

Of course, you know, I have had lots of fun,
And all of us have been immensely gay;
Still when each bit of gaiety is done,
No pleasant souvenir of't appears to stay.
And then one's kept for ever on the run,
So that 'tis more like business than play;
And though one ever dreads it should be o'er,
Rather a want 'tis, than a wish, for more.

A quiet evening now appears so dull,
'Tis really quite a problem what to do.
Home pastimes used to be so plentiful,
But now, I own, they scarcely help one through.
And when one knows there pleasures are to cull
In the next square, one longs to be there too;
E'en though one oft has culled, and after culling,
Has really found them hardly worth the pulling.

The things I cared for most are now denied.
My poor, bright, bonnie Sunshine has gone lame;
And I confess I *did* enjoy my ride,
Though riding in the Row is rather tame.
To send him home, I hear, they now decide.
I sometimes wish, with me they'd do the same.
I scarcely think his ailments mine surpass,
We might be turned together out to grass.

But he will go, and I must linger here,
And I can't tell you how I miss my canter
I looked for when the Park was getting clear,
And the sunset's rays each moment growing slanter.
I had it ev'ry day with Willie dear,
Who then would halt to sermonize and banter—
Justly, I fear—about my wordly ways.
But there's an end now of those cherished days.

For Willie too has gone. I cannot bear,
Erica love, to think, much less to write, of it.
Oh! it has been a terrible affair,
Although I hardly know the wrong or right of it.
Against him all the family declare;
But I shall always care for him in spite of it.
He is to most as china is to delf:
He's nothing less than nobleness itself.

But nobleness, they say, is oftentimes folly;
And I am young, and they perhaps know best.
'Tis true, it makes one rather melancholy,
And with a sense of hopelessness oppressed.
So, I dare-say, 'tis wiser to be jolly—
At least to seem so, when you're out and dressed.
And why be loftier than other people?
It is not ev'ry church that has a steeple.

Now I must tell you of a certain person,
Whom all the world is plaguing me to—marry.
There! it is out, after a great exertion.
I knew I could not long your questions parry,
And fencing with them is my pet aversion.
His surname's Bullion, and his christian, Harry.
Now you know all about it. Shall I do it?
And, if I don't, d'ye think that I shall rue it?
They tell me that I shall; but that's above
My comprehension. If I really thought
He with me was spontaneously in love,
I should not need by any to be taught.
But him on me, as me on him, they shove,
As though they feared lest neither should be caught.
And so a suit, I otherwise should hate,
Will, I suppose, be solved by them and Fate.

There—quite enough of that. I often long,
For all you say against the hills and streams,
To break away from the gregarious throng
Which in an unjust grip to hold me seems,
And lead, such solitary scenes among,
A life of simple days and tranquil dreams.
Oh! I would barter all my gauds and dresses,
To feel a mountain zephyr's soft caresses.

But I am as a unit in a crowd
And seem to move only by other's will,
And by their brutal strength am crushed and cowed.
Moreover, I'm less hurt by keeping still.
And e'en when hurt, their voices are so loud,
My poor weak screams appear to pierce and fill
No other ears than mine. So 'mid the riot,
I hold my breath, and suffer, and am quiet.

And now I must go driving in the park;
And later, we attend a splendid soirée
Given by the Duke of Alderney and Sark,
Where all the town, like vultures to a quarry,
Will troop in crowds, as soon as it is dark.
Adieu, Erica. Sometimes think of Florrie,
Who, though so changed in most things, loves you dearly,
And signs herself as ever yours sincerely.

P.S.—(Written the following day.)

I open this to tell you that my fate
No longer is in wearisome suspense.
I am engaged, and as they calculate,
Shall be a married woman three months' hence.
We are to have a house at Prince's Gate,
And one place in the country, to commence.
They all seem half delirious with delight;
So I suppose I must have done what's right.

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

In the *Times* of August 26 we read among the Police Reports that—

At Worship street, James Cain, sausage-manufacturer, of 21 Duke street, Bethnal Green, appeared before Mr. Ellison in answer to a summons which charged him with having in his possession a quantity of putrid and unwholesome German sausages and saveloys. The summons further charged him with intending to trade on them. This is the second time within the last three weeks that the defendant has been summoned for having on his premises putrid meat for the purpose of manufacture into sausages. On the former occasion he had been convicted in a penalty and costs which amounted to 18s. Five days afterwards, the inspector "found about half a hundredweight of rotten saveloys and German sausages." The inspector showed by an experiment that the meat from these rotten sausages could be mixed with good meat and re-made into sausages which would appear good for a short time, but that in 24 hours they would become mouldy from the bad meat in them. Mr. Ellison said "it was necessary that the public should be protected from practices of this description. He convicted the defendant in a penalty and costs which amounted together to 29s. 6d. *The defendant left the Court laughing.*

Well might Cain laugh: if he had any sense of the humorous, he must have laughed at the piece of superb bathos with which the magistrate's speech ended, "The public must be protected from such practices." By imprisoning or flogging the scoundrel who had been trying to poison, he knew not or cared not, how many of his poor fellow-creatures, of course; by inflicting on him the disgrace and ruin he deserves—shame he is not likely to be able to feel, but his hide and his pocket can feel. No. There will be a fine, but a substantial one, of course; so Cain hears the terrible sentence that he is condemned in fine and costs amounting to 29s. 6d. Well might he laugh, we repeat, for such is but a very small percentage on the profits he has made by his mean villainy—he can afford to pay the Law that. The publican, the cabman, have to pay for their licenses; why should not the manufacturer of poisonous food for the poor pay for the glorious privilege?

When will the Law cease to play these hideous practical jokes in the name of Justice? When will our sense of what is right cease to be outraged by such glaring inconsistencies, as our miserable penal code daily flings in our face? When shall we be able to take up an English newspaper without finding some case, in which the bestial obstinacy, and callous ignorance, of some unpaid magistrate has condemned a child to a week's association with felons in a gaol for the crime of sleeping under a hedge, or picking up some stray fruit or corn; while on another page we find a heartless scoundrel, like this Cain, allowed to practice what is little better than wholesale murder, with no more punishment to dread than the payment of a very small portion of his gains as a penalty! If the Law is not soon reorganised on some firmer foundation of morality, if the intrinsic villainy of a crime, in its direct and practical effects, is not taken into consideration in the punishment adjudged to it, rather than the mere name or class under which it has been catalogued, all respect for the Law will become impossible; at least, on the part of those who cannot afford to reap the benefit of its blind leniency. Here are we, in the nineteenth century, when civilization boasts that it is in its very zenith, practically little wiser or juster in our system of punishing crime than the savage ancestors for whom we affect such contempt, who priced a man's limbs and his life according to his rank. Had this Cain been branded as he deserved, had he been flogged at the tail of a cart and then consigned to the common gaol, Justice and Humanity would not have been mocked by a laugh, that might well find an echo in the place where fiends do dwell.

EX OFFICIO.

It is announced that Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., is to have a testimonial for his successful efforts to gain for the members of the Civil Service the elective franchise. It is but just that this gentleman should receive some acknowledgement of the trouble to which he has put himself on behalf of the civil servants of the Crown, and we are glad to hear that a committee has been got together to collect subscriptions, the more so as it is stated that the first act of that body has been to stipulate that the amount raised shall not exceed one hundred guineas. The Civil Service electors may be divided into four classes.

- 1.—Officials who as householders have always had a vote and used it. (A small class.)
- 2.—Officials who as householders have always had a vote and have not used it. (A large class.)
- 3.—Officials who never had a vote and never wanted one. (An immense class.)
- 4.—Officials who never had a vote and did want one. (A small but not select class.)

As these last government employées, who are by no means the richest of their tribe, are the only people interested, and, therefore, the only people who can be expected to subscribe to the Monk Testimonial Fund, the wisdom shown by the promoters of the scheme in refusing to receive anything over one hundred guineas is round and farsighted. No failure is more dreary than the failure of a testimonial fund to which subscribers cannot be found. In this instance, the sum required is certainly moderate enough, but nevertheless, it is not unlikely that it will take some time and trouble to get together.

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE proceedings were resumed this morning before a crowded audience.

The Honourable Burt Lollipop was the next witness. On being summoned, he requested that he might be accommodated with a chair, and explained to the Commissioners that he did not think he was equal to the effort of standing up.

On this request being complied with, he said: He was a member of good society. He thought he knew everybody. He went out a good deal. He could not say why. Supposed it was because it was the correct thing. Yes, he could say how he spent his day. His fellow called him at one. (The witness here protested that the examination "bored" him extremely, and wanted to know how long it was going to last. Being, however, rebuked by the Chairman, and pressed upon the point, he said :) He took his breakfast attired in a dressing-gown and smoking-cap. Had the *Post* and *Times* to read, but was not in the habit of looking at them. They bored him very much, especially the telegrams. He dressed before three, and then strolled into the club. This was the worst part of the day, and sometimes it bored him dreadfully. When it was very insupportable he went into Truefitt's and had his hair brushed. Later he did the park. He flattered himself his turn-out was correct. Driving it bored him awfully too. Drove it because it was the thing. Dined somewhere or other at eight. Yes, he often dined at the Club. Dinner cost him about £1 15s. Thought it was dear, but supposed it was the thing. After that, dressed for the evening. Went to several houses where he had invites. Did not know why he went. Hated girls awfully. Thought evening parties the worst bores he knew of. Liked Lady Yamflash's "at-homes" best. They were so crammed that he never was bored by having to go up stairs. Stood on the first flight for five-and-twenty minutes, and then left. Went to Lady Yamflash's because it was the thing. Did about five hours each night in this way. Was free at about half-past two. Looked in at the Blackington and played a little. Once lost £1,280 at *humbug*. That bored him slightly. No, it did not bore him so much, because the Champseys always had their claret too cold, and asked one at seven o'clock. His usual hour of going to bed was four. Considered that his day was well spent. Would like to know how the Commissioners proposed to improve upon it. He had no ambition. Believed he was intended to take the family seat some day. Confessed he did not see it. Thought the House of Commons a vulgar place. Had no predilection for any profession. If he had to choose he could not fix upon anything. He thought he would rather drive a Hansom. Chose that because there seemed less bore about it than about anything else. One would not have to get down, and if one wanted to talk, one had only to open the hole. The witness here refused to proceed with his evidence, and retired apparently much exhausted.

IMPERIAL VULGARITY.—It is rumoured in official circles that the Emperor Napoleon recently observed, *apropos* of "*La Lanterne*," "This is a pitiful affair—there is nothing *miley* about it. No, *this* Rochefort is *not* the cheese!"

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

I NEVER dine with that old millionaire, Nummus, but he tells me what he has saved on his fish bill during the week. This looks like robbing the shrine of Neptune to gild the statue of Vanity.

The question to aeronauts, "Can you guide an air-ship?" never meets with a positive affirmative. That is probably why the proprietors of the *Ballon Captif* can only give a partial ascent.

A medical man at a dinner party never acts up to his prescriptions, and yet he shakes his head most solemnly if he meets the Reverend Michael Macsmallbones driving out on a Sunday.

Did you ever see subalterns at an officer's funeral? You imagine, very likely, they are absorbed in the *Book of Common Prayer*. Not at all: they have got their eye on the next edition of the Army List.

Poor Jack! how readily he falls into the hands of the crimps! The jolly British Tar, whose *terra firma* is the deck of his own ship! Indeed, Jack is only at sea when he is on shore.

How like that lithe plant, the *wistaria*, is to woman! Basking in the sun, creeping round its support with close tendrils, gushing into cascades of blossom, and even showing a second bloom like the later beauty which comes to some, and is hoped for by all between thirty and forty, in spring and summer. Then, you can train it how you will—no! I'm hanged if the simile will go as far as that!

A foreigner of distinction, who wished to see the commandant at Shoeburyness, was discovered attempting to break one of the missiles lying about the ground. He had been told that he must crack the shell to get at the colonel.

I was brought up patriotic. So my bosom swells when I return from abroad and see the white cliffs at Dover. But the sea's bosom does the same, and that does not always agree with my way of bringing up.

A man who objects to wine is not in the habit of continually pouring vinegar into his friends' glasses; yet an atheist is always broaching his blasphemies in public without asking with or by your leave.

Miss Becker looks with hope to the time when fathers will be blessed with the pains as well as the cares of maternity.

The eagerness to father the sources of a success is only to be equalled by the reluctance to husband your resources in a failure.

MOSES IN THE RANKS.

WE are sorry to observe that the mischievous purchase system, which all enlightened military reformers are working so persistently to abolish in the regular army, is on the point of being introduced into the Volunteers. At least from the following advertisement which appears in the *Daily Telegraph*, a modified form of selling out is already in vogue.

"To be disposed of. A Bargain. A Private Uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, consisting of two tunics, two undress jackets, five pairs of trowsers, one great coat, one bearskin, sword and belts, and two undress caps. Apply, &c. &c."

It is difficult to decide if this advertisement augurs well or ill for the prosperity of the volunteer movement. It is certainly satisfactory to observe that a humble member of the ranks should be possessed of such an exuberant wardrobe as detailed above; but, on the other hand, it must be allowed that it looks

bad that the owner should appear in such urgent need of ready money, as it does not at all follow that the aspiring volunteers who will doubtless tender for so dashing an outfit will be of the same stature as the ex-private, whose length and breadth are not stated in the advertisement. Perhaps on the whole it would have been better for all parties, including the Honourable Artillery Company, if the sale had been conducted by private contract.

A NOTE BY THE WAY.

THE publication of new music by an unknown composer at this time of the year is not usually considered to be a promising speculation, but from the following advertisement it would appear that the country possesses one musical genius at least, sufficiently strong of heart to set the counsels of discretion at defiance. We quote from the columns of a contemporary:—

"*The Abyssinian March*.—Dedicated to Lord Napier of Magdala. By Robert Sloman, Mus. Doc. Oxon. Single copies post free for thirteen stamps. This particular march has received complimentary notice from Lord and Lady Napier, and by their special request ten copies have been forwarded to them."

As we have never heard the composition, we are not going to criticise it; but we notice the advertisement, as we are at a loss to guess the meaning and objects of the last sentence. Is it to be understood that the hero of Magdala was so struck with the beauty of Dr. Sloman's march, that being unfortunately unable to afford to buy it in the usual manner, his lordship resorted to the desperate device of begging for ten copies as a gift. Or is it that his lordship's name having been dragged into the title-page, the good-natured hero thought he could not do less than order half a sovereign's worth in acknowledgment of the compliment.

However, whether the work relies for success on Lord Napier's approbation of its musical beauties, or on the happy thought of Dr. Sloman, matters very little, for such clap-trap advertising can have but one effect—to deter the musical public from investing even thirteen postage stamps in a composition which has, on the bare-faced admission of its own author, nothing beyond a popular name to recommend it.

A FORTUNE FOR THE ASKING.

THE military profession is at last becoming quite remunerative. The Bar, the Church, and Medicine have long had their prizes to bestow; but until lately a soldier has had nothing to look forward to but an insufficient income for the best years of his life, with the remote though possible contingency of a regimental colonelcy (worth a thousand a-year) in his extreme old age. Now, however, this is all to be changed. The Duke of Cambridge has announced, in a special general order, that the post of Instructor in Military History, at Sandhurst, having become vacant, officers commanding regiments and corps may send in the names of any officers under their command who may think themselves qualified for the appointment, the salary of which will be £400 a-year, inclusive of all military pay and allowances.

Here is a chance for the twenty thousand or so young men who hold commissions in Her Majesty's army. It is not yet stated what the qualifications for the Professorship of Military History at Sandhurst may be; but whatever they are, we should think that the applications will be pretty numerous. If the army does not become popular as a lucrative profession when an appointment worth £400 a-year is given away without purchase, we can only deplore that we live in an unreasonable age. Unfortunately, there are people who think that the chance of a place worth £400 a-year (the chance, by-the-way, being about 15,000 to 1 against getting it) is an insufficient inducement to warrant them putting their children into a profession which is generally voted as dull as it is expensive, and as prejudicial to morality as it is hopelessly uninteresting. However, we must do the Horse Guards the justice to admit that they have made the most of the little plum which they have been able to rescue from the vortex of patronage.

NEWS FROM THE WEST.—Very like a Wale(s). Coroner Pierce's ability!

A PLEASANT PLACE TO LIVE IN.

PARIS, *au Poste*, Sept. 7.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—My contribution comes late, but if you will look at the head of this letter you will observe that I address you from the police-station. Yes, it has come to this: I am simply locked up. But that is not the worst of it, for I am boiling with rage; not so much at the ignominy which waits on me in this position, but more at the shame which awaits me when I get out—I repeat, when I get out.

I will tell you all about it. The fact is, I have no less than seven duels on my hands, or, as the Parisians would say, on my arms; and, indeed, the successful issue of any one of the seven depends much on the arms, for I have not the practice with the *fleuret* which I should like to have. Seven duels!

Just this way it happened. I naturally, on arriving at Paris, felt a just desire to make the acquaintance of some of the leading French journalists, and as I had the extreme happiness to possess a letter of introduction to that well-known correspondent, Mr. Multumin Parveau, of the *Detonator*, I soon found myself, by his kindness, at the Café Niche and fully introduced to the best Government organists.

I happened to make a remark which might be called facetious, comparing the Organist party and the Orleanist, when M. Paul de Cassagnac felt sure that I meant an insult, and disappeared in great anger with the intention of sending two of his friends to me. I took this pretty coolly, as I scarcely believed the man meant what he said, when, turning round rather hurriedly, to call the *garçon*, I touched M. Emile de Girruette on the coat. "A blow!" he cried, starting up, "And on the boulevard?" I explained in vain and bad French to no purpose; this was to bring duel No. 2. Parveau suggested it would be better to retire to the Grand Hotel, where we probably should meet his friends, the Prince of Castlespanish and the Duke Humphrey.

We paid for our absinthe and absented ourselves accordingly. We were joined by Cramoisie, whose little work, the *Fuste*, has been so run after. He was very satirical; but as I happened to bow to a gentleman connected with the Tuileries who was passing, Cramoisie declared I must have known, how they stood together, and after one or two words No. 3 duel stared me in the face.

Parveau, of course, undertook to find at least a dozen Counts who made it the pleasure of their lives to go out as principals or seconds to the Bois de Boulogne. Only wait till we got to the Grand Hotel.

We stopped this side to look at the photographs at Scabreux's, and an individual, who had the air of a Commander-in-Chief doing amateur detective business, was engaged in examining the photos. too. The heavy brute must needs step backwards on to my toe, and as I unwittingly made use of a forcible expression, informed me he knew quite enough English to understand my meaning, and must beg my card. I had only one left, which he was welcome to. That made the fourth. At the Grand Hotel, as I preferred pistols to swords, and was informed by the small crowd of "friends" (my adversaries' friends), that I was not the party offended, and consequently, had no choice in the matter, my apparent obstinacy on this point brought three more duels from the friends, all journalists, bless you, and ready to write columns about their own bravery after the little affairs were over.

I was going out of the Grand Hotel to choose my arms, when I had them pinioned behind me and found myself shunted into a *fiacre*. It seems that an agent of the police had heard me use the word *Lantern*. (It is true I had said to Parveau that I felt like Guido Fawkes when he was taken with the dark lantern in his hand), and as it was supposed that I was otherwise seditious, having purchased a bunch of iris-blossoms (*Fleur-de-lis*) at the Madeleine flower-market, I was to come along.

I came along and here I am with seven bloodthirsty journalists waiting for me in various parts of the Bois de Boulogne.

It has cost me a bribe of a couple of naps to get this posted.

Yours, till the seventh duel,

* * *

P.S.—You will see all about it in the *Detonator*—probably before it happens.

THE PERSECUTED JEWESS!

WE see with surprise that the name of Madame Rachel has been omitted in a biographical dictionary of living celebrities. As admirers of real merit we beg to supply the slighting omission. MRS. LEVISON (better known as "Madame Rachel"), kept a fried fish shop in Clare market, and in the year 1852 was an intimate friend and near neighbour of a certain David Belasco, who kept a brothel at 31 Hart street, Covent garden, where an ugly "accident" occurred one Sunday morning about two o'clock, which resulted in the same Belasco being placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, on Friday, May 14th, 1852, before Mr. Baron Platt, and convicted by a jury of manslaughter, for which he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Upon that occasion Madame Rachel then, as now, Sarah Levison, was called as a witness to exculpate the accused man. At that time she described herself as the wife of a commercial traveller, in the employ of a Mr. White, of Houndsditch, and as residing at 10 Russell place, not three minutes' walk from Mr. Belasco's. She made a great deal of her respectability, which, if Mr. Huddleston will condescend to remember that he ever practised at the Central Criminal Court, he may recollect as having been utterly and entirely broken down by his cross-examination. At any rate the learned judge entertained such a strong opinion with respect to her evidence, and that of a man named Turner, who was called to corroborate her, that at the close of the case he ordered them both into custody for contempt of court, and they were consigned to a cell in Newgate for reflection. No ulterior proceedings took place beyond a severe caution being administered to them by the judge in discharging them the following morning.

For further particulars see page 72 of the 36th volume of the Central Criminal Court authorised *Minutes of Evidence*.

ALL ABOUT IT.

ALTHOUGH the immense majority of the people who know everything, insist that the Emperor's annoyance at the Queen's omission to leave a card at the Tuileries, means nothing more or less than the immediate avenging of "le Vaterloo," it would scarcely be worth while to examine the social relationship of the European princes, and try from a few stray straws of this kind, to gather which way the evil winds are setting. The little actions of great men we know, often have terrible significance in the eyes of outsiders, and so it is as well at least to be on the look out. When Count Bismarck fell off his horse the other day, confidence in the stability of German unity was shaken, and perhaps not unreasonably through the length and breadth of Europe. However, that wily diplomatist knows even how to fall with his horse on the top of him, and consequently, beyond a good shake, suffered no inconvenience from the feat. German unity, barring of course, any little accident with France, is therefore as secure as ever. The death of a great man who represents a gigantic idea, and is himself the life and soul of the movement he has set on foot, is obviously a very different thing from the private bickerings of sovereigns. The way in which the slightest hospitality, on the contrary, on the part of crowned heads is seized on by the crowd, and straightway conjured into a matter of the gravest moment speaks volumes for the snobbery as well as the credulity of the age. If the Pope looks to the right or to the left, takes a walk, or gets caught in a shower, the press is busy at the Roman question forthwith. The Queen of Spain too is a favourite in her way. She has supplied more general leading articles, especially in the green gooseberry season, than all other European potentates together. We are as well acquainted with her private life and all its terrific political consequences, as we are with the last state of the money market or yesterday's police reports. If the Emperor is at last getting angry with this Government, it is not because the Empress kindly dispensed the Countess of Kent from the obligation of returning her call, but for a very different reason indeed. There is some unpleasant talk of an Anglo-Prusso-Russian alliance, which doubtless would suggest anything but agreeable contingencies to the Emperor of the French. To hold her Majesty responsible for a possible war, and point to her neglect at Paris as its cause, is as stupid as it is unjust. It would be as reasonable to accuse Prince Christian of daring designs upon the English crown, because he thanked the country for their "generous welcome"—over his wine—at the Academy Dinner.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,

VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"

Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.

Order of any Bookseller.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure insertion. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE see that a Miss MINNIE HAWK, from New York, has been singing with success in America, and is engaged to appear in Europe. We are delighted to acknowledge our charming sister. If she has as great a success over here as her brother, TOMMY HAWK, she will have nothing to complain of.

A RUMOUR is "going the round of the papers" to the effect that a certain well-known *litterateur* is shortly to appear as "Falstaff." If this report proves no *canard* we may expect to find other men of talent following in the wake of so illustrious an author as the one to whom we have referred. Always anxious to provide our readers with the earliest information, we beg to give a list of "appearances" likely to come off:—

Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE as "Comus."

DEAN STANLEY as "Sir Pertinax MacSycophant."

Mr. CHARLES READ as the "Fool" (*King Lear*).

and

Mr. DION BOUCICAULT as "Jeremy Diddler."

THE *Times* is determined to atone for the want of loyalty, of which it was accused on account of its articles on the QUEEN's retirement. The other day our facile contemporary published a puff of that mystic obstruction, known as the Prince Consort Memorial, which might have been peened by an ecstatic Court jobber whose head had been slightly turned by an invitation to join the Royal dinner-party. The *Times* is always right; a more valuable or high-principled journal does not exist; for every day's *Times* faithfully reflects what the common people thought the day before; therefore it is gratifying to know not only that the "Prince Consort Memorial" is the most beautiful work of modern art in the world, but that the whole expense (which is pretty considerable) was defrayed from voluntary subscription, and from the QUEEN's private savings—savings out of the income given her by the Nation to support her Royal state. Both these pieces of information are very gratifying; but we must be allowed to live in the hope of seeing, some day or other, a nobler work of modern art even than the Prince Consort Memorial, as we certainly hope we shall not see the account of certain votes, passed by the late Parliament towards the expense of that great work of art, which the Crown has generously, we doubt not, refused to accept.

TOO KEEN BY HALF.

WHO is the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., the rector of Whitby? Has anybody out of Whitby heard of him before? Possibly not. However, having addressed a political pastoral to his flock, and flung himself into notoriety by hanging as it were on to the coat-tails of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, who happens to be canvassing the borough in the Liberal interest, the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., is somebody, at all events, for half-an-hour. Of course he bursts forth in opposition to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and, like most supporters of that beneficent institution, is a little foggy. With true clerical logic he declares that in his spiritual capacity he has no wish to make his parishioners Whig or Tory, though he, at the same time, announces that complicity with the scheme of Messrs. Gladstone and Bright is "a great moral crime, a sin, and sacrilege." If this is the rector of Whitby's view of the matter, why on earth does he not abandon half-measures at once, and excommunicate his Liberal parishioners *en masse*. "Great moral crimes, sins, and sacrilege," need, if not book, bell, and candle, at least some sort of curse; and so, according to Mr. Keene's own showing, he ought to refuse something—say burial—to a Liberal elector. To dispose of the rest of this reverend gentleman's political manifesto would be a mere waste of time; but it is certainly well up to the mark in point of reason, moderation, and ability. Dr. McNeile's *Times* agitation got him a place. Will not Mr. Disraeli look kindly on this tea-cup stir at Whitby? Soberly, we, in common, doubtless with a respectable majority of mankind, know nothing of the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., but we would strongly advise him to study a certain precept of that gospel of which he is a professed minister.

MUSICAL PATCHWORK.

THE novelty for next season at the Grand Opera in Paris has just been announced. *Faust*, which has hitherto been played at the Théâtre Lyrique, is to be produced, and Gounod has undertaken to add for the occasion a new romance for Madlle. Nilsson, a song for Fame, and a ballet to be introduced into the *Walpurgis Night* scene. It cannot be expected, however, that this one "novelty" will be sufficient to carry the management on to the close of the Season, and it is therefore very probable that the following operas, carefully added to and improved upon, will be given during the winter.

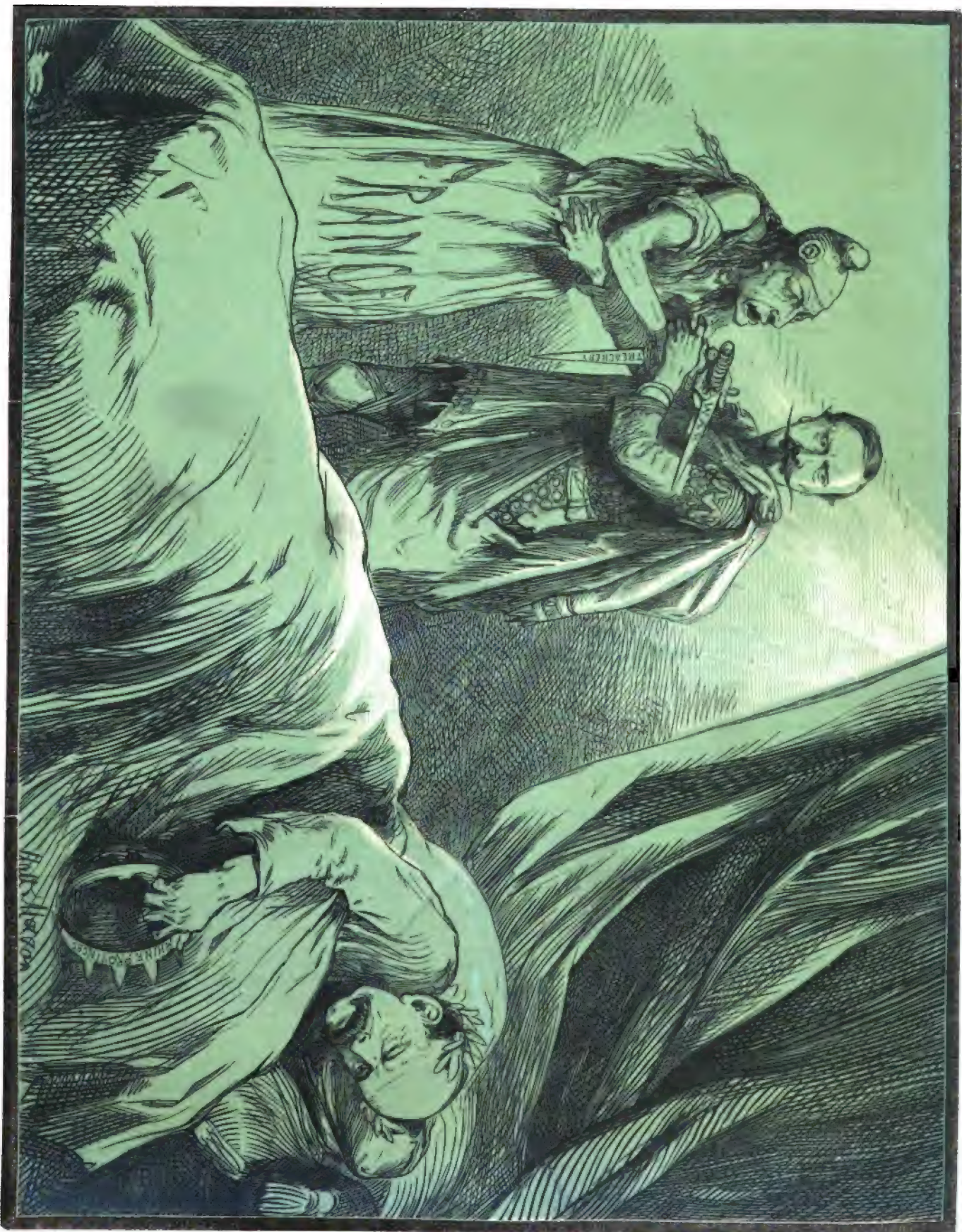
La Sonnambula.—A ballet of chamber-maids will be introduced into the bed-room scene, and half-a-dozen encore *verses* will be added to "Ah non giunge."

William Tell.—A storm with real rain will form the commencement of the second act, and Matilda will sing "Sombres Forêts," under an umbrella.

Martha.—Dogs, horses, and a stag will appear on the stage in the hunting scene, and the chorus, mounted on steeple-chasers, will take the five-barred gate of the beer shop on the left during the finale. M. Flotow has kindly introduced three new songs for the soprano—namely, "Scots wha hae," "Slumber my darling," and "The Death of Nelson."

Il Trovatore.—A new act will be added. It will commence with the marriage of the Count de Luna with Inez, Leonora's waiting-maid, and the only female character living at the conclusion of the opera in its present form. The wedding feast will, however, be interrupted by the arrival of Leonora, Manrico and his mother in a spectre balloon (patented), who will carry off the Count to a grand march, with an entirely new accompaniment of twenty-one aerial maroons from the Crystal Palace, and Inez will be condemned to become a "dama d'onore" in all Signor Verdi's operas for all eternity.

It is quite refreshing to get the promise of anything new at the opera either in Paris or in London, where the stock *opérettes* have of late years been completely used up. Next to something entirely new, the above works, with the proposed touches, may prove acceptable; but it would certainly be more in keeping with the dignity of a vast establishment like the Paris Grand Opera, to provide an opera so veritably new and original for its first campaign.



ON THE VERGE!

LADY MACBETH (FRANCE).

Infirm of purpose!

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULIE CANARD.

[A RECENT article in the *Patrie*, commenting on "The Splashing Houses of London," contains the following startling description:—

"These curious establishments are provided with muds of different counties, but principally of those counties where the hunting is best. They are moreover furnished by way of ornament with a wooden horse and a mirror. The sale of the mud is conducted in the most serious manner imaginable. On the exquisite presenting himself the groom inquires: 'From what county, sir, do you wish it to be supposed you have just returned—from Staffordshire, from Derbyshire?' 'No, from the county of Kent.' 'All right. Take your seat.'

"On this, the pretended sportsman bestrides a wooden automaton pony, which begins to raise his front and hind legs, to trot, to prance, throwing the mud over his rider with the same irregularity as a real horse would do across country. After having been well splashed, the man of fashion pays the account, casts an eye of approbation towards the mirror, and then, with a whip in his hand, goes and exhibits his bespattered costume in Bond street, Piccadilly, or Pall mall, in order that it may be supposed that he has just returned from a grand hunt."

Convinced by the above extract that the French Correspondents in the Great Metropolis are more industrious in picking up facts than the writers of "London Letters" to the Provincial Press, we have secured the services of an eminent Parisian author to contribute a *fac simile* of the article he weekly despatches to the Editor of his own paper—*Le Gamin de Paris*, for our own publication. Without further preface, we allow the new addition to our talented Staff of contributors to introduce himself to the millions who are good enough to peruse these pages.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

To the Editor of the "*Gamin de Paris*."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester Square.
Saturday, 5th Sept., 1868.

MY MUCH-RESPECTED AND WELL-BELOVED REDACTEUR,

See, here I have arrived. Albion the Perfidious, the White-cliffed, has taken me to her bosom, and I rest *au cinquieme* in the hotel of a compatriot. Oh, my friend, what have I not undergone for thy sake! I will not speak of the ill of the sea, of the brutal "*stewar*" with his cry of "*Tic-etes*," of the savage "*captan*" and his "*bol-mutton*." No, I will draw the curtain over my misery—my despair! I will only tell you what befel me at "*Folk-es-tone*."

The steam-boat arrived, and I walked up the ladder.

"Have you anything to declare?" shouted a *douanier*. "Have you cigars, rum, rosbif, wives!"

"Wives!" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes; wives to sell in Smithfield. Have you of them? You must pay the duty. Now appear you sharp witted."

I declared I had no wives for sales (oh, the barbarians!), and was allowed to pass. I then found confronting me a crowd carrying knives and torches, and screaming for my blood.

"See," cried a young "*mees*," with very large teeth, and two long blonde curls. "See! let us attack him—he has poor feet—he cannot defend himself!"

Some "*riflemans*" stepped forward and made a way for me.

"Leave him alone," they said; "he is a foreigner, he must see the custom—he must be crossed with a line."

Upon this the blonde "*mees*" laughed and permitted me to pass. "Ah!" she cried, "his mother knows not that he is abroad, let us murder him!"

I walked along between two rows of rabble, who brandished their swords and torches, and screamed for my blood. "He's pale," they said. "He is a puppy of a '*boule dogue*,' let him be be '*muzzled*' to death!" Still the "*Riflemans*," cried out, with brutal laughter, "He is stranger. We go to show him the '*customs*'—to cross him with a line!" And then the crowd howled with horrid merriment, and followed me.

After five minutes I came upon a long building without windows. The roof was surmounted with several flagstaves, upon which had been spiked the heads of Fenians, "*pic-pockets*," and Directors of railway trains.

"See there the '*Custom*'—it is the Hotel of the '*Beadle*' of *Folk-es-tone*! Enter you, and appear sharp-witted. We must cross you with a line. Come now," and I was hustled in.

It was very dark—this "*Custom*." Sombre as destiny—gloomy as the grave. A long vault appeared before me as I entered. I was hungry, and could see nothing. I felt with my hands for the wall, and touched something which felt like wood.

I cried out "What is this?—oh, tell me! I faint with terror! I am stranger!"

A fiendish laugh echoed through the vault, and then a gruff voice replied, "You have touched the head of a compatriot who died from fright at being crossed with a line! Now it is your turn! Ha, ha, Frenchman, we will now avenge the victory you won at Waterloo!"

I then felt myself bound hand and foot, and saw a light approaching at the other end of the passage. Soon the light grew stronger, and then a procession entered in the following order:

"Polis-mans" "Polis-mans"
to to
Clear the way. Clear the way.

Eight "*Beef-eaters*" (two and two)
devouring
A LIVE BULLOCK!

The Chaplain of the "*Maire of Folk-es-tone*"
drinking Rum.

Eight Cock-fighters (two and two)
drawing a cart of
"PLUM PUDDING."

English "*Noblemans*"
Singing "*O-dam*!"

Sixteen "*Riflemans*" (two and two)
dancing the
"*I-LAN FLING*."

"THE MAIRE OF FOLK-ES-TONE"
(dressed as Neptune.)

Eight Prize-fighters (two and two)
fighting for

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE "*LIGHT-SCULL*."

Eight "*Doctors of Divinity*" (for the wounded.)

Two Hearses (for the dead.)

Eight Beef-eaters" (two and two)
devouring

ANOTHER LIVE BULLOCK!

"Polis-mans" "Polis-mans"
to to
Clear the way. Clear the way.

When this procession had arrived within ten paces of the spot from which I was standing, the "*Maire of Folk-es-tone*," dressed as Neptune, cried out "Stop! Bring forward the stranger, we must cross him with a line!"

Two "*polis-mans*" rushed forward and seized me. I protested, but resistance was useless, and I soon found myself facing the terrible *Maire* in his marine costume.

"Stranger," said the municipal Neptune, "you have never been in Albion before?"

"Never. I am stranger. I am Frenchman."

"Very well, then. I must cross you with the line. It is an old custom of the *Magna Carta*. You must submit!"

"I am prisoner. I am a minority. What would you with me?"

"You must be washed," screamed the "*Maire*" savagely, and the crowd roared with delight.

The blood rushed to my face, and I felt as if some one had struck me, so great was the affront!

"Coward! you insult me!" I cried. "Know then that a Frenchman dies, but never washes!"

"Aha! we shall see—we shall see," howled the "*Maire*."

"Here, *polismans*, bring the soap."

"What is this '*soap*'?" I asked.

They brought a lump of a sort of yellow tallow and thrust in my face. I had never seen it before.

"Now then for the tub!" and they actually produced a huge bath. It was when I saw the bath that the tears began to run down my cheeks. I thought I am a minority. I will appeal to the better feeling of these savages. My sobs will move them.

"I am prisoner," I said, with a voice broken with emotion, "be magnanimous and do not insult me!"

"It is the custom of '*Magna Carta*'" replied the *Maire*.

* Evidently the "*riflemans*" were alluding to that curious custom known by sailors passing the Equator as "*Crossing the Line*."—[ED. TOM.]

"I have no power. The 'Habe-as Corp-us' would behead me if you were allowed to depart unwashed."

"Washing is not the habit of my country," I urged.

"Enough!" cried the Maire. "Polismans, do your duties!"

In a moment I was seized and hurried to the horrid "tub." I saw the "soap" before my eyes. I offered up a prayer, when a loud, commanding voice exclaimed "Stay!"

The next minute and Maire, Cock-fighters, Beef-eaters, Polismans, Prize-fighters, and Chaplain, were all on their bended knees, bowing down to an officer clothed in a magnificent uniform.

It was the Beadle of Folk-es-tone!

The rest of my adventures shall be sent next week.

Receive, my Dear Redacteur,

My most distinguished considerations,

JULES CANARD.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

WITH this number of the TOMAHAWK ceases the "Maniac's Column." Next week we shall commence a series of Acrostics, contributed by a gentleman who, for many years, has given his undivided attention to the "Merry Science." He assures us that they will be "difficult without flippancy, patriotic without sentimentality, joyous without mistakes in grammar." When our readers learn that our talented contributor is well-known in Hanwell as the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green," they will readily anticipate a great and genuine intellectual treat.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

Or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first's a disjunctive, my second a place
Where high and low trees in dense masses you trace,
My whole is a town of which every knower
Likes the one that is neither the Upper or Lower.

2.

My first to evince their applause people do,
My second in cookshops you frequently view,
My whole is a town, with a common close by,
Where the houses and rents are both equally high.

3.

My first's an affair on which anything's hung,
My second a depth down which buckets are slung,
My third is a word for an inlet of sea
Where ships often rest out of danger to be,
My whole is the name of a place on our coast
Which of shrimps in perfection makes annual boast.

4.

My first is a diphthong; my second a word
That tells to whom marvels like these have occurred—
A draught of rank poison, a trip to the moon,
A skate upon ice-ponds in middle of June,
A dinner off crocodile, breakfast off snake,
Hippopotamus cutlets in lieu of beefsteak,
A leap from the summit of Westminster Hall,
And a bound at one spring to the top of St. Paul,
A swim to America, leap to Japan,—
In short, all that cannot be done, by this can;
My whole is a wife whose affectionate arms
Were left by her spouse for superior charms.

5.

The work of senates—female's name
(A queen of England bore it),
Will make a town in Switzerland,
With Alpine heights before it.

6.

Without my first the miller's trade were nought,
My second is what brigands are when caught,
My whole is that which mariners at sea
Are often doomed but never wish to be.

7.

My first is a beast that is very nice eating,
My second a place where the horse wets his feet in,
My whole is a town where our learned folk meet in.

8.

My first's a vermin oft crushed by our feet,
Nasty to look at, nastier still to eat;
Yet of it once a diet was ordained,
Of which great men partook and ne'er complained;
So well indeed they relished the repast,
For many days they strove to make it last.

9.

A blessing of Nature to man and to beast,
Though oft is the want of it felt in the east;
Its might is tremendous and oft 'tis the grave
Of the infant and adult, the timid and brave;
Yet for the most part it is gentle and calm,
And the sick have found in it a medical balm;
'Tis the foe of the pestilence, life of the might
That gives railway cars and steam-vessels their flight.

10.

My first precedes an army, and my second
In towns besieged a useful thing is reckoned;
My whole's expressive of a painter's name,
Than whom are few of more distinguished fame.

11.

Nought heavier the earth can bear,
Nothing so light floats through the air,
Paler than death itself to view,
No swan can boast its stainless hue,
Many have perished in its arms,
Yet it less terrifies than charms,
Guilt has been often by it traced,
And rocks and rivulets displaced;
'Tis colourless, yet has been known
To make the gazer blind as stone;
The summer kills it, and a day
Will sometimes drive it all away;
It has its seasons and its times,
But is eternal in some climes;
'Tis Nature's gift, but not its best,—
And now my riddle may be guessed.

12.

My first is a root that we often devour,
My second a letter without any power,
My third helps to form many nice things we buy,
And my whole is a name which in music stands high.

13.

My first is the name of a street,
My second is never cold,
My third as the world is old,
My whole is a name soon told,
And that of a well-known isle
That's distant many a mile.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Imperial. 2. Shuttlecock. 3. Gunpowder. 4. Palace. 5. Orange. 6. Portrait. 7. Cambridge.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Wushperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Samuel E. Thomas, A Staunch Jacobite, W. McD., Three Stray Buzwings, Annie (Tooting), Gulnare and Orpheus, Mabel May, Our Charlie, Slodger and Tiney, Skin and Bone-Hag, Granniepilgrimlardidida, Greenover, Flouncy and Turco, The Savage, Molly, The Wendover Wonders, Missing Letter, W. B. W. and W. W., Arthur's Pet, Four Hastings Scalps, Derfla Rellef, Real Annie (Tooting), Edenkyle, Annie of Tooting's Lover (W.I.C.R.), The Glorious Company of Lunatics (Limited), Little Daddy's "Eva" by Yank out of Mischief, Old John, Choque, Sauerkraut, A True Conservative, Kate A. Thomas and J. Franklin, Mad Whilk, Walter Logan, Typholus, Kleinigkeit, Brandon, Dublin, Burley, Number Nip, Theonesidedheelwardowner, G. M. S., John Moore, Ulmus, E. W. B. S. (Bayswater), An Escaped Partridge, A. L. D'A. C., Old Brum, Hugo von Bomsen, Palmetto, Two Black Diamonds, Sweet Lad, John S. F., E. L. Orton, A Party Called Johnson, Chum, The Prince's Dock and the Painted Ball, Awful Duffer, Renyard, I. A. T. (Eastbourne), One Black Diamond (Guy's), North, Samohit Llatse.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 72.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

No. 2.—"OUR ACTING DEPUTY MOTHERS."

THERE is one strong incitement to do all that we can to improve the condition of servant girls, which ought to make all women especially, most energetic in this good work, and that is the fact that the physical and moral health of our children are so much in the hands of their nurses. We fear that the offices of maternity are not fashionable amongst the higher classes; after the labour of producing children, the delicate natures of the mothers of the period demand a long rest, before they are again capable of the heavy responsibilities and onerous duties of a mother. Most children are reared by deputy, and they run the gauntlet of nurses, nursemaids, and governesses, till, if girls, the mystic ceremony of "coming out," or if boys, the "going to school," releases them from the thralldom of the nursery and the schoolroom. Up to this period girls see but little of their fond parents; if they are pretty children they are occasionally paraded before friends and acquaintances, or taken some stray expedition of amusement, when they won't be in the way; but mothers who watch their daughters, from the first budding of the cradle to the full blossoming of "the first ball," are few and far between in Society. This being so, and, presuming that maternal love is the strongest passion in the female breast, and one which it is not indecorous to indulge, we can only conclude that all mothers in Society must be anxious that the persons, to whose care their dear children are necessarily entrusted, should be, as far as possible, worthy of so great a trust.

To begin with the earliest stage of deputy motherhood, the office of wet nurse (an office which, by the way, is threatened by that great enemy of human nature, the bottle), who are the women who fulfil the duties of this most important vicarship? We will be very careful in touching on this delicate subject, but it behoves us not to shrink in pointing out the great evils which affect the condition of wet nurses in the present day. That a mother should, if possible, perform the duties which nature has attached to the joys of maternity, no one will deny; but supposing it impossible, to whom is she to look to supply her place? Is she to rob another child of its natural nutriment in order to feed her own? is she to repair the robbery of death by giving the bereaved mother another's child to nestle to the aching breast? or is she to turn the error of the vicious, or of the betrayed, to a good account? The choice is difficult; no married woman can really separate herself from the ties of her home for long. The absent husband, or still more the child left to some stranger's care, always fills her thoughts; in fact, those who are mothers know well the difficulties which encompass the question. So marked is the preference for single women as wet nurses, that it is a well-known fact, at the lying-in hospitals, that poor women who are really married, but whose husbands are away, or too poor to support their wife or child, will sometimes say *they are single*, in order to obtain a situation more easily. The matrons of these excellent institutions do not, as a rule, receive the same girl twice, so as not to encourage profligacy, and they are always most kind in giving them good advice; but no one, who has not gone into this subject, can tell the amount of misery and crime that is often compressed into the small waiting-room at one of our large lying-in hospitals.

Supposing, then, that a wet nurse has been selected from

among the single women, how serious is the responsibility which her mistress has undertaken! Do ladies who employ wet nurses think sufficiently of this? Do they reflect what a golden opportunity is now opened of reclaiming the erring girl? Do they try to make her avail herself of it to the utmost, and themselves aid her in the hard task? It appears to us that, supposing the system of vicarious nursing to be spreading, there lies in it one of the most glorious chances of rescuing from a life of vice and misery the victims of others' deceit or of their own folly. But we must content ourselves with urging most earnestly on all those, who may find themselves the employers of such girls, to leave no effort untried to save them from themselves; and not, when their duties are fulfilled, cast them forth on the streets without a hand to hold them back from slipping down the hill, but give them a chance of redeeming their fault in an honest and upright life. It may be a hopeless task; the mistresses may find their patience sore tried by sullen apathy or cunning deceit; but we entreat them not to fear failure, but at least to try; and thus diminish one fruitful source whence the miseries of our streets are fed.

When we are impatient and cross at the crying of a child, it would be well to reflect that crying is the sole way in which the infant can express its suffering, or relate its wrongs. And no one, who has not studied the habits of nurses and nursemaids, can possibly imagine the amount of torture that deliberate cruelty sometimes, but far oftener ignorant stupidity or careless neglect, inflicts upon babies. No one would suppose that the nurse who before the ladies and gentlemen is all loving smiles for "dear, darling baby," was not devoted, heart and soul, to her charge. Let them watch that nurse when nobody is looking, when she is waiting near the beloved barracks, and her gallant warrior is not to be seen, not even to be grinned and sniggered at: if baby is troublesome then, woe betide him! Down he goes on the damp grass or the cold stones, and there he may sit and cry till he is tired. What does it matter if a string is cutting him, or a pin pricking him? She sits with supreme indifference, and goes on with her work, or her penny "Screamer." The foundation of much nervous suffering, and sometimes of fits, is laid in infancy by the thoughtless cruelty of nurses. Mothers wonder why dear baby is always crying; fathers say with some asperity, "Bother that child! it's never quiet." But they don't suspect that the nurse has upset the child's food, and is too lazy to get it any more; or has drunk its milk, and so the poor little thing is obliged to be content with water. Yet these things happen, and not rarely, in families where only one nursemaid is kept; where there is an upper nurse, with attendants under her, matters are generally better; but no money can secure kindness and intelligence, so let not the rich flatter themselves that with what we say they can have no concern.

We must pause here in order to add the moral to which our remarks point.

The true province of woman lies in those duties which man cannot, even if he would, perform.

The true heroine is the mother who brings up her sons and daughters so that they are the strength, the pride, the glory of their country. They need not reach the highest honours, they need not win the wealthiest prizes of the world to be all this. The real strength of a state is in the courage of her sons, her noblest pride in the virtues of her daughters, her brightest glory in their unspotted lives, in their unassuming obedience to

the calls of duty and honour. What but the ever-watchful love of a mother can hope to build up the intricate framework of such characters? But how can any mother hope to reap honour and praise in the person of her children, if she leaves them from their earliest years to the care of mercenary attendants, who have little love for their charge and less pride in their duties?

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE VIII.

To Willie from his Friend.

MY dear old Willie, though you gave me strict
Orders on certain topics not to write,
And though I would not wantonly inflict
Fresh pain, when pain you seek to ease by flight,
Still now I irresistibly feel pricked
To seize my pen and an account indite
To you of something that has just occurred,
Of which it is not likely you have heard.

It is not pretty news I have to tell,
Though I, for one, can't look on it as bad,
And everyone must think 'tis just as well.
At first 'twill make you desperately mad;
But, once subsided anger's natural swell,
I'm much mistaken if you won't be glad;
So glad indeed, I'm sure that I had better
At once approach the subject of my letter.

The plain truth is, that Bullion has bolted,
Not with your cox, old fellow, but without her;
His fat old governor after him has jolted,
And they are all in such a state about her.
No one knows when he started. But the dolt did—
As though he positively wished to flout her—
Not say a word to her before, though she
Would but too willingly have set him free.

But such a wretched creature is this boor,
This beast, this ass, this moneyed miscreant,
That he had no design, you may be sure,
To outrage or insult her. His whole want
Was to elude an atmosphere too pure
For him to breathe. It made his coarse lungs pant.
He felt that it would kill him. So, in fright,
This clumsy son of Dives took to flight.

What by pursuit his father thinks to gain,
I can't imagine, now the thing is ended.
Henceforth she will inflexible remain,
And that's why I rejoice he has offended.
So if you only can yourself contain,
Fate and this fool have notably befriended
You and your hopes. For she is free once more,
And will not be their plaything as before.

You must not judge her harshly for the past.
What can a poor girl do by self-assertion,
When the whole world conspires to bind her fast,
To baulk her will and baffle her assertion?
For all the choice she had from first to last,
She might as well have been a Turk or Persian.
You'd be a fool to lay the slightest stress on
What must have taught them all a right good lesson.

They do not know the worst though; and I trust
That they will never know it, but the truth
Is elsewhere freely mentioned and discussed,
Therefore in spite of your impetuous youth,
And my own sense of loathing and disgust,
I now must tell you what will whet your tooth
For vengeance on this despicable cur,
Who on fair things has cast so foul a slur.

He did not go alone, but with him went
A certain creature, very much the fashion;
With sots like him. Now give your feelings vent;
And if you long his back to lay the lash on,
I neither will dissuade you nor prevent,
But gladly aid your meritorious passion.
Speak but the word, old boy, and I'm your man;
And we will catch this caitiff if we can.

Moreover I would bet that we shall find him
A vast deal sooner than his gouty sire.
And once, I think, you fairly get behind him,
You will, inspired by fine poetic fire,
Strike some sharp notes, for ever to remind him
That grubs, though gilt, should never quit the mire.
Now you know all, my conscience is quite clear.
Good-bye, old boy. You'll always find me here.

A LITTLE IRRITATING.

WHO is Mr. Seton Karr? Telegrams from India are full of his name. It would appear that this person has been appointed Foreign Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and as the post is worth something handsome, his friends are pleased, and his enemies—*i.e.*, other people's friends—are sorry. Beyond this little difference of opinion, which does not appear to have had the least effect on anybody, Mr. Seton Karr appears to be an ordinary and unimportant member of the Bengal Civil Service who has just managed to obtain for himself a good place. We here in England take a proper interest in everything of moment that really concerns the welfare and prosperity of our Indian empire, but we do not want to be worried by the squabbles and jealousies of the little great men of a Calcutta coterie.

When a telegram comes from a great distance, newspapers as a matter of course print it in conspicuous type, and the public as a matter of duty read it. Mr. Seton Karr appears to be aware of this, and has taken advantage of the knowledge, together with a probable control over the Calcutta telegraph clerk, to force his name into this country. He cannot really think that people in England have the slightest interest either in himself or his office.

"QUI SEXCUSE —."

WHY is it that English people of degree when they travel in foreign lands deem it necessary to offer to the public some excuse for doing so? The Archbishop of Canterbury, like many others of his countrymen, has been spending the dull season abroad, and the papers announcing his return insist on informing us that "His Grace has received much benefit from his sojourn on the continent." It has never been stated, at least not to our knowledge, that the Archbishop was ailing. And although we must admit we have no special correspondent at Lambeth Palace, the illness of so great a functionary, if anything was seriously the matter with him, could not have been kept a secret.

We are very much inclined to believe that the little sentence above quoted is one more instance of that bad habit of excuse-making which is neither necessary nor honest,—a bad habit, too, which is now-a-days indulged in even by greater folks than archbishops. If people are ill and change of air is necessary for them, let them take it; and even, if they like, they may call on us to congratulate them when they get better; but if nothing is the matter with them beyond a desire to see the world (a very laudable and proper wish)—if they consider it necessary to speak at all, let them frankly give an honest reason for their holiday-making, and not stoop to excuse themselves to the general public, who have neither the right nor the inclination to criticise their movements.

GOING FOR THE COST OF AN OLD SONG!—So "Paris by Moonlight" was bought for £30, and yet this city by day has cost the French nation—who will say how many millions? If Napoleon changes not his policy, we may perhaps find this same metropolis once more going for the price of an old song—the price of the "*Marseillaise*!"

BLOW FOR BLOW; or, MILK AND HONEY.
(A Comic Musical Mélange, produced at the Viaduct Saloon,
High Holborn.)

1ST BLOW : THE BLOW-UP!—Enter CHARLEY SPRAGGS as
"The Comic Clerk."

Song.—O ! what a lark !
I'm a comic clerk !
My name is Charlie Spraggs !
'Tis so, of course,
'Cos I loves a horse ;
Which it rhymes as well with "Nags."

[Comic business with pens and ledgers *ad lib.*]

"Mr. Spraggs will appear again, gentlemen." While he is changing his costume some people get on to the stage and become more or less excited, until eventually one of them, whose appearance might lead one to suppose that he drove a Hansom cab with maritime tendencies, gives a sound caning to another gentleman, who looks like a pew-opener, after which a virtuous old gentleman is handcuffed, and removed to make room for

2ND BLOW : THE BLOW-OUT!—Mr. C. SPRAGGS as "The Comic Speculator," in which character he will be assisted by Miss KITTY WEATHERSBY.

Song.—O, I loves a cup of good tea !
When it comes from the strong Bohea,
With lots of bread and butter !
I've a lottery-ticket bought,
Which to turn a prize certainly ought,
And raise me sky high from the gutter.

[Comic business *ad lib.* with teacups, &c., finishing with a breakdown.]

That extremely sympathetic young actress, Miss Lydia Foote, appeared on the stage for a few moments, but was obliged to withdraw, for "Mr. Spraggs will oblige you with another song."

3RD BLOW : THE BLOATER.—Sir CHARLES SPRAGGS as "The Comic Foxhunter," dressed in the costume of Corinthian Tom. Scene : A drawing-room. Sir C. S. keeps his hat on his head all through the song.

Song.—O ! I've been on the turf all my days ;
But I ain't a bit up to its ways.
I'm all in the mud
As to what is a stud ;
All I know is that ignorance pays.

[Comic business *ad lib.* with whip, sits down on his spurs, &c.]
[Exit to change for next turn.]

An interesting case of identity was witnessed unintentionally by the public at this juncture, but there was no time to understand it, as "Mr. Spraggs will respond once more, ladies and gentlemen."

4TH BLOW : BLOW FOR JOE.—Enter SPRAGGS as "The Comic Flute-player."

Song.—O ! reduced by a swindling brute
To resort to the Germin'g flute,—
It's a hinstrument I despise !
The cornet is nobler far !
The harp or the light guitar !—
I'll blow it no more. Blow my eyes !

[Comic business with a comic serving-maid, who is attached to a beer-jug and door-key. The scene takes place in the middle of George street, Westminster, but owing to the cab strike they are allowed to run on without being run over.]

5TH BLOW : HEADS B'LO-O-O-OW.—Mr. SPRAGGS is much flattered by the recall, and will reappear as soon as he has changed. In the meanwhile Miss LYDIA FOOTE and Miss RIGNOLD give a great deal of unexpected pleasure to a fatigued audience. Miss FOOTE is in danger of a sudden attack of JOHN DRUMMOND, when her convict PAPA, who has been listening outside in Botany Bay, returns, and by way of meriting a ticket-of-leave commits deliberate homicide, by pitching Mr. JOHN

DRUMMOND over the balcony of a three-pair back on to the pavement.

[Enter CHARLIE SPRAGGS as the Comic Aider and Abettor Man.]

Song.—O ! ain't this here a Christian treat ?
We've pitched a chap over into the street,
Where he lies with his collar-bone broke.
To make it more pleasant,
Two Peelers are present,
Who regard the whole thing as a joke.

[Comic business *ad lib.* over the balcony. Dance by the characters.]

CURTAIN.

We had an idea there might have been some good acting by Doctor Parselle, who had stepped out of Savile row ; Mr. J. Cowper, whose *Task* was by no means easy ; and Miss Foote, who is every inch charming ; but the comic entertainment given by Mr. Honey (written expressly for him by H. J. Byron, Esq.) precluded all possibility of criticism.

THE BRILLIANT COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

THE late reception of the Prince and Princess Girgenti at Paris, is said to be due to *pique* at the neglect of Prince Humbert and his bride in not paying a visit to the French Court, while they honoured several German princes with their company. We certainly are surprised at Prince Humbert's turning his back on Paris, for when there before, as a bachelor, even after his visit to our splendid Court, the brilliancy and heartiness of his reception stood the comparison very favourably. But we are more surprised, considering the great sympathy that has always been shown by England for the Italian cause, that the son of Victor Emmanuel did not bring his bride to receive the hospitality of the Court of St. James's. Perhaps some reminiscences of his former visit yet survived in his mind. It will scarcely be believed that, when this prince came to England after the Italian campaign, he was "put up" at his ambassador's, that he was never once entertained at Court, that when he went to see Windsor Castle he was shown over the place like any common visitor, that he was obliged to go to the inn to get any refreshment—in fact, that he was made to feel in every way that he was in the land of the free, where princes were not honoured more than any other men. It is such delicate courtesies as these, on the part of our Court, that make the name of England so deeply respected and beloved throughout the Continent.

A BOARD OF OGRES.

THE London General Omnibus Company pays its shareholders a wretched little dividend of 2½ per cent. per annum, and its directors a salary of £3,000 a-year all told. When the company was formed a few years ago something was said about the salaries of the directors being reducible by 50 per cent., should the profits of the concern at any time sink below an annual shilling in the pound on the paid-up capital ; but at the half-yearly meeting the other day, although the shareholders appear to have been dissatisfied, nothing came of their growls and grumbles. How true must be the maxim that a demand always commands a supply ! If such were not the case, the London General Omnibus Company would think seriously of winding itself up. True it is that our public conveyances are the worst of any capital city in Europe. But, *faut de mieux*, such as they are, we cannot do without them, and the directors of the Omnibus Company appear to be aware of the fact. Does it require ten millions of money and an Act of Parliament to start a new line, or is it that the spirit of opposition has died of exhaustion ? At any rate, under the present monopoly, both the public and the shareholders are in an equally sorry plight.

A GRAVE JOKE !—Undertakers are proverbially jolly. So are all box-keepers who are not prohibited accepting fees.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MADAME ALEXANDRINE BRIS passed her examination as Bachelor of Science at the Faculty of Sciences of Paris a few days ago. Ah! if all ladies who usurp the Rights of Man would only remain "bachelors," we would not grudge them their dignity! It is only when she marries that the Rights of Woman become wrong!

MR. LEIGH PEMBERTON has reduced the argument of *tu quoque* to a system of moral philosophy. He sees no harm in issuing a spurious address signed with another man's name, because, he says, "The Liberals have done many dirty things before at elections in Kent." A study of the Parliamentary contests since 1832 will not show much to choose between the two parties. But this argument, that one dirty trick justifies another, is unlimited in its scope; and Mr. Leigh Pemberton's gentlemanly and refined "squib" may furnish the justification of some Liberal forgery on a future occasion. Mr. Leigh Pemberton has yet to learn that most essential of all Conservative principles—to conserve his honour.

THE correspondent of the *Pall Mall* in Paris is responsible for the following anecdote:—Among the excuses put forward lately by the Imperialist writers for the massacres of December, during the *coup d'état*, one is that "it was all a mistake." General St. Arnaud had a very bad cold at the time, and when the aide-de-camp dashed up to him for instructions, "the Boulevards were up;" St. Arnaud, who could not speak for coughing, exclaimed, "Ma sacrée toux!" which the aide-de-camp interpreted, "Massacrez tous." Hence the blood which stains the Imperial purple. This is rather too much. We knew that the sycophants of the present dynasty always made light of those terrible massacres, but we did not know that there were men brutes enough to make a vulgar jest on them.

So we are to have another cable laid down between Europe and America. This is most gratifying intelligence. Two have already been constructed between Great Britain and the United States—we beg pardon, *three*. We must not forget the third, that living cable between the two countries, Mr. Charles

Dickens. We had to pay for the first two,—the Yankees had to "stump up" (to quote from their refined vocabulary) for the remaining one. Our readers will remember that the farewell dinner of Charles Dickens was worthy of finding a record in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. The English author provided a sumptuous repast of "butter" for his admirers, while they watched him gleefully as he proceeded to *eat his own words*! We trust Charles Dickens found his dish of humble pie agreeable to his palate—the pill he swallowed was gilded!

"THE MIGHTY VOICE?"

THE smell now localised in all warm weather between the Alexandra Hotel, Knightsbridge, and Park Lane, is as decided as ever. It has, however, been a popular abuse for seasons.

The Serpentine is a beautiful but putrid green. It has been frequently cursed without avail.

Four-wheel cabs are still a necessary abomination. Where is the new company?

Park lane is still a good joke!

The "Palace of Justice" has been handed about from site to site. Who will bet that it is not at this hour about to be commenced on the *wrong* one?

The only *really* useful thing now near completion in the metropolis is the Albert Memorial! And yet people say that the voice of Public Opinion is not a mighty one! Mighty! It *hauks* splendidly in penny newspapers, but it *does*—next to nothing!

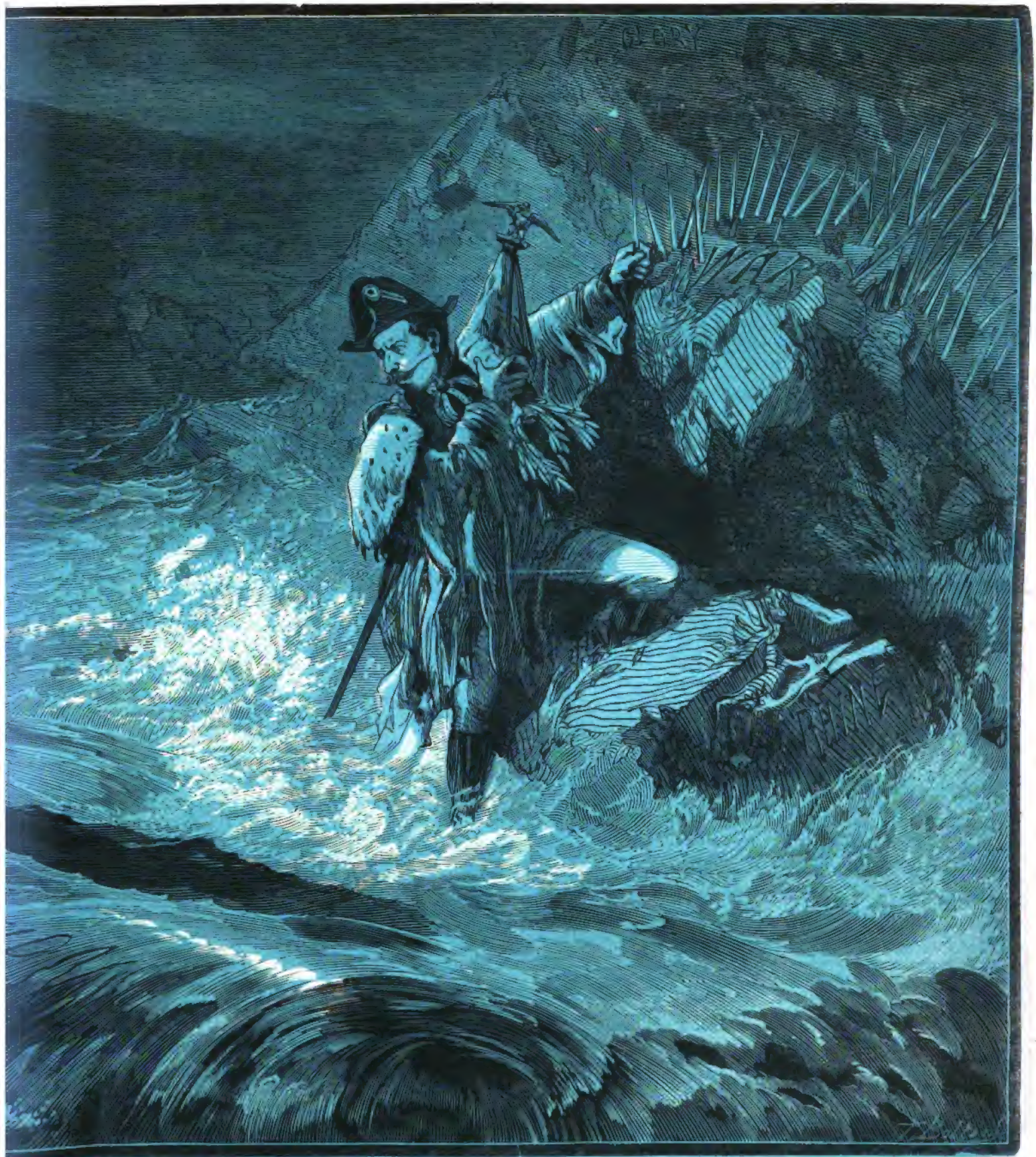
NOT A DOUBT OF IT!

POSSIBLY the dull season, but more likely the everlasting tittle-tattle of scandal-mongers, may be responsible for the fact; but fact it is, that we have been treated to a tremendous amount of political small talk of late. Under such circumstances it would be unreasonable to suppose that Her Majesty's passage through Paris, on her way home from Switzerland, could escape comment. French papers have already warned us of the tremendous significance to be attached to such usually harmless and ordinary events as a drive through Lucerne, a tour round its lake, or an ascent of the Rigi. Our senses, therefore, have been pretty well sharpened; and if hidden meanings escape us, we must be very dull indeed. A sort of reconciliation, so it is said, was to have taken place between the French Emperor and the Queen of England. More,—exchanges of the most friendly compliments were to have been followed by acts of the most startling generosity. The Isles of *Yer-see* and *Gurn-c-see* were to have been given up to France, together with two dozen of the dirtiest patriots, picked by the French police where they liked, out of Leicester square. Waterloo bridge was to have changed its name to "*Le Pont Prince Impérial*," and Nelson was to have been quietly removed from his column at Charing cross to make way for an allegorical statue of "*L'Alliance*," standing on one leg, and holding a bottle of *Palale* in one hand, and a case of sardines in the other. France was not on her part to have been backward in substantial concessions. A new Boulevard was to have been named after *Mees Bull*, and a site selected in the new *quartier* near the *Invalides* to be known hereafter as "*O-yes-dam-Squarr*." The French army was to have been fed on *rosbif-tripe*, and India was to have been left in our hands for six months longer, at least. Indeed, the *entente cordiale* was to have been perfect.

Unfortunately for the peace party through Europe, nothing in this programme was settled after all, for we now know what good reason we have to feel disappointed with the result of the promised meeting, and how terribly the funds have gone down in consequence. As we had occasion to observe some weeks ago—if a trip taken by the "Countess of Kent" means all this, what pregnant results must there not spring from the movements of a *real* Prince! Let the world look out, for we see that our most well-beloved and trusty Christian has just come over in the Dover packet!

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.





E TIDE !



FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER II.—*The Secret Society—The Familé Dinnare—The Departure for London—The Deserted Train—A View in "holland"—A Frugal Feast—A Custom of the Country.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
12th Sept., 1868.

MY HONOURED AND WELL-BELOVED REDACTEUR,

You may possibly remember that when I last wrote to you I furnished you with an account of my adventures from the moment of my arriving on English ground to the second in which I found a rescuer from the persecutions of the Maire and Corporation of "Folk-es-tone" in the person of the Beadle. I beg to make a continuation.

"Release the prisoner," cried my friend to the Beef-eaters, who had been forcing me towards the hateful "tub" with the intention of washing me—of making me undergo the custom of "Crossing the Line." "Release him!"

The Maire and Corporation of "Folk-es-tone" looked undecided. They had been awed on the appearance of the Beadle by his magnificent uniform, but by this time they had become accustomed to his cocked-hat and richly-laced frock-coat. So (as I have observed before) they looked undecided.

"Slaves!" roared the Beadle, "Disobey my orders, and you shall have the Income Tax!"

At this dreadful threat the Maire and Corporation rushed away, shrieking wildly, to the Vestry Hall, and I was left alone with my protector. I fell upon one knee, and tried to kiss his hand.

"Nay brother, do not that," said he gently, raising me up from the ground. "I saw that you belonged to a Secret Society."

"How?"

"Did you not give me the sign, showing me that you were a Patriot—a Son of Freedom?"

"What sign?"

"What sign! why the sign of all Foreign lovers of liberty and their countries' good—the noble scorn of water, the honest hate of soap! When I saw you refuse to wash, I knew you were one of us. Am I not right?"

"Yes," said I, unwilling to lose his protection. "Yes, you are right."

"Come, then, my friend," cried out the Beadle heartily, "you must dine with me."

We left the "Custom," and walked through the streets of Folk-es-tone until we came to a magnificent church with three spires and two domes. The Beadle took out an immense key from his pocket, and opened the door. We entered the holy building, and passed by some places looking like the waiting-rooms of a French Railway Station.

"What are these?" I asked.

"They are 'pews,'" replied the Beadle. "You see they contain cushioned seats—the seats are for the congregation to sleep upon when the sermon of the curate commences."

"What, they sleep at the sermon! Ah! these people are not such barbarians, after all," I thought; and from that moment felt a greater respect for the English.

We now entered a small building attached to the church, called the Vestry, which proved to be the beadle's house. Waiting in a magnificent hall, made of marble, were several retainers, clothed in black, wearing long coats, and with black silk scarves wound round their hats.

"Fetch up the banquet," said the beadle to these men (who, I afterwards heard, were called "Mutes"), and, bowing me to a seat, my friend removed his cocked hat and prepared for the dinner.

As I have promised to give your readers a faithful account of England as I found it in the year of grace 1868, I can scarcely do better than furnish you with the *menu* of our meal. Millions in England eat the same food day after day, and year after year. It was what is called "The Familé Dinnare."

After waiting for about five minutes we heard a great beating on the gong, and loud noises from the "Mutes." Evidently a

frightful combat was going on. At length the uproar ceased, and a "Mute," pale and panting, threw open the door and cried:

"Milor! milor!"

"Speak, slave," bellowed the Beadle. "What would you with me?"

"We have served the Familé Dinnare."

And here is the *menu* :—

MENU OF THE FAMILÉ DINNARE.

(For Two Persons.)

1ST COURSE.

Portar-bierre.	Plum-pudding (hot). Shrimps. Crumpets (souche). Pea-soup. Marmalade.	Gin.
----------------	--	------

2ND COURSE.

Ginger-bierre.	Plum-pudding (cold). Roast-beef. Pork-chop. "Cat-is-meat." "Peppermintdrops." Le Mince Pie.	Ginger-bierre.
----------------	--	----------------

DESERT.

Tea.	"Gingerbreadnuts." "Toffee." "Turkis-sherbert." Eggs. "Little glass" of "Stout."	Cocoa.
------	--	--------

And this is the dinner that millions of Englishmen eat every day of their lives!

After dinner the Beadle escorted me to the Railway Station, and I took my ticket (third-class—it is the most aristocratic) for London. As I did not leave Folk-es-tone until half-past eleven o'clock on Saturday night, I was very fatigued, and wished to go to sleep. Fortunately for me, there was no one in my carriage, so I lay at full length on the seat and slumbered.

I dreamed of the happiness of beautiful Paris, of the stability of the throne of my gallant Emperor, of the bravery of his noble cousin Prince Napoleon; I dreamed of the enormous circulation of the "*Gamin*," and the money I knew would reward my exertions on the behalf of its proprietors. At last I woke with a start, and found the things that I had been thinking about were indeed a dream!

The train had stopped, and the daylight was streaming through some brown holland covering the windows. I shook myself together, and pulled out my watch—half-past eight. By the Railway Guide I should have reached London hours before. I opened the window, but couldn't see through the brown holland. I shouted, but all was as silent as the grave.

Getting alarmed, I opened my pen-knife and cut a hole through the covering, and put my head out. What a sight met my view!

As far as I could see there was nothing but brown holland! The trees were encased in this material, and all the hedges were covered over. The cows were standing in attitudes under glass cases, and the birds were confined in small cages. All the flowers were clothed in cotton wool, and the grass itself was strewn with strips of old floor-cloth. The train I had been travelling in had stopped on the slant of an incline, and engine, tender, vans, and carriages were one and all swathed in brown holland cases!

I shouted, but no one came near me. I couldn't get out of the carriage because the doors were locked, and I found that there were bars to the window.

I sat down and thought until I gradually dropped asleep. When I woke, I found that it was five in the afternoon, and that I was very hungry. I bellowed once again, but with no better success. There were the trees, and the animals, and the grass in covers as before—the place was still as silent as the grave.

I grew hungrier, and hungrier, and hungrier, and at last

thought of eating the seat of the carriage. I found it made of deal, and not unpalatable—something like a cake I had once tasted in Scotland. Then I grew thirsty, and again rushed to the window and shouted. I bellowed and screamed like a mad bull.

At last my efforts were crowned with success. An old man in tattered clothes reeled up to the carriage window. I looked out in my English dictionary for the words I wanted, and then asked—

"Who are you?"

"Who'm I?" he replied thickly, and swaying from side to side, "I'm farm lab'rer."

"Can you tell me, please, why all the trees are in brown holland covers, why the birds are in cages, and the oxen under glass cases?"

"Course I can—'cos it's Sunday!"

"And you won't feel offended if I put to you another question?"

"Can't 'fend me, master, as long as yer gives me the price of a pint o' beer."

I threw him out half a franc, and then, looking him steadily in the face, said, "Why, friend, why are you drunk?"

"'Cos it's Sunday!" replied the fellow picking up the money.

"In England drinking's the only pleasure the rich allow the poor on a Sunday, and a werry nice pleasure it is!"

I was about to reply when I heard a loud whistle; I looked up the line, and to my fright found an engine on our rails approaching us at a fearful speed! I—but you shall hear more from me next week.

Receive, my dear Rédacteur,

The distinguished consideration of

JULES CANARD.

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE Commissioners appointed to inquire into the condition of this important institution concluded their labours this morning. The room was densely crowded.

The last witness summoned was Miss Beatrice Playfire. She said she had met the last witness, Mr. Lollipop, on several occasions. She considered him a fool, and never would allow her mamma to ask him. Yes, her objection to him was a rational one. He had only £450 a year, and no expectations. If the Commissioners liked they might regard her as a "girl of the period," but she considered the term stupid, and the subject used up. As to her evening dress, she did not see what business it was of theirs. It was entirely her own affair, and she might as well say at once that if it were the fashion to dress like an Indian nautch girl, she certainly should follow the fashion. Modesty was not innate. She considered it sometimes an accomplishment, sometimes the reverse. Marriage—that is to say, at least £3,000 a-year—was the great end of girlhood, and if maidenly reserve led to that, no one would be mad enough to object to it. The worst of marrying for £3,000 a-year was that it obliged the recipient to take the husband into the bargain. (*The witness here gave a great deal of her evidence in the most flippant and objectionable tone. On being called to order by the Chairman she proceeded.*) Yes, she did know somebody she rather liked. He was an officer in a line regiment, whom she met at Lady Trickjaw's croquet parties. She supposed he was what the world would call "honourable, good, and true," and she believed he was desperately in love with her. Very foolish of him of course, for he had nothing but his pay and two hundred pounds a year to add to it. She was obliged, therefore, to cut him for young Lord Turfington. Yes, he drank, and was certainly very ugly, and people told dreadful things about him, but her mamma said that one must not mind a few scratches on a coronet, for it looked just as well at a distance. They would meet young Turfington at Dieppe, for he was there with his yacht. Dieppe was an expensive place—rather too expensive for her mamma; but everybody went there, so it could not be helped. Their apartments there would be £46 a week. She had seventeen new costumes ready, and one sweet one now making. Its chief beauties consisted of the hat and petticoat to be worn with it. The former was three-cornered, with a bunch of different coloured feathers at each angle, and the latter was of a bright

yellow satin, and showed the leg nearly to the knee. Yes, she thought the whole a "charming quiet dress for a young English maiden." Did not quite see what the Commissioners were driving at, but begged to inform them that last year *Madame Fanfotierre* and *La Misette*, both of the Grand Opera, wore the same. Her mamma pointed them out to her. Surely the Commissioners did not expect her to be less conspicuous than the celebrities of the *demi-monde*!

The witness was here sternly requested to stand down, and the Chairman declared the proceedings at an end.

"WHEN A BODY MEET A BODY."

A GREAT deal has been said lately about the growing spirit of extravagance amongst the younger members of English society. Time was when drags, yachts, moors, and such like luxuries were only indulged in by persons of ample means and matured experience, but now-a-days any ensign and lieutenant in the Guards or younger son with a £500 allowance considers himself morally justified in setting up a team, ordering a brand new schooner, or leasing a tract of country for one-and-twenty years, just as whim or fancy may suggest. Any of the above imbecilities may be condemned as ruinous and unsatisfactory enough, but none of them can vie with the last new extravagance, indulged in principally, but not always, by young men of Scottish extraction, of setting up a clan in the Highlands.

In the account of the Braemar gathering, which was held a short time ago (of course in the pelting rain), there was a graphic description of the arrival of the various clans officered by Lord This or Mr. That, of somewhere-or-other, and the whole tone of the report was calculated to make us believe that the fine old system of the young laird surrounded by his trusty retainers was just as green and vigorous as in the days of the Wallace or the Bruce. People who know anything of Scotland, or even those who do not, but take the trouble to think the matter over, may see at once that at the very most the clansman stands in the same position towards his chief as a tenant to his landlord, and that if the small farmers and their ploughboys are content to don the kilt, it is not at their own expense, and that they would not be likely to give their services at Highland gatherings for nothing. The fact is that, at the present day, the clan is usually a body of men clothed at the cost and paid from the purse of their officer, who, as a rule, is more at home in St. James's street than on his native heather, and the secret of whose exuberant nationality most often lies in the possession of a presentable pair of legs.

If young men with Scottish blood in their veins want to muster their clans around them and play the chieftain, it need not be so expensive an amusement as it is at present. A monopoly is always a mistake, and moreover it is not fair that the natives of the north country should have the whole clan business to themselves. Let us advise the lairds who want to take their men to the next Braemar gathering to enter into an arrangement with some transpontine theatrical manager, who would be happy to contract for the supply of any number of faithful adherents willing to recognise the rightful, or on liberal terms the wrongful, heir—for a moderate weekly salary for the dead months of the London season, and moreover would bring their own dresses. A return ticket by sea to Edinburgh costs next to nothing, and as the clansmen, from their previous training, would be well up to their duties, the gatherings would go off with greater *éclat*, and cost much less than it does at present.

A GLEAM OF CONSCIENCE.

WHEN Murphy, "the defender of the Irish Church," as his supporters style him, was released on bail the other day, the newspapers stated that his sureties were an Irish clergyman, named Burke, and a Manchester gentleman, who declined to let the reporters know his name, much to the disgust of those myrmidons of the Press. Let us be just. The public are wrong in implying any censure either on Murphy or his friend for the latter's desire to veil his name in obscurity. Both persons have a good deal to answer for, and if the "Manchester gentleman" who has lent a hand in once more letting Mr. Murphy loose on society is ashamed of his share in the transaction, so much the better. It is a point in his favour rather than otherwise.

LIBERALISM RUN MAD!

NOTHING illustrates better the constitutional dishonesty of some politicians, than the arguments brought forward against the "Representation of Minorities." Mr. Bright is hopeless; misrepresentation has ever been his only argument against schemes which did not suit his fancy, or come within the scope of his comprehension. Nothing can be falser than to say, because Birmingham is to have three members—one of whom may be returned by the minority, if they can number a third of the votes—that, therefore, Birmingham is reduced to the level of a town with one vote. Mr. Bright has an innate partiality for bellicose illustrations: supposing he were a general commanding an army, if one division of that army were employed to hold in check, and so neutralise the power of a division of the enemy's army, would he consider that division of his army as of no use, or not existing at all? If representation means anything but the unlimited tyranny of the party which happens to number most votes, surely nothing can be more just than that all shades of opinion should be represented as much as possible. A Parliament would be a curious body which consisted solely of one party. It is bad enough when there are two recognised parties, but Heaven help the Government in a House of Commons consisting solely of members of its own party! Mr. Bright will of course say that it is unfair that "three-cornered constituencies" should be limited to a few of the great towns; but this limitation was a concession made to the opponents of the bill; and it is highly desirable, in the interests of justice, that the system of the representation of minorities should be extended throughout counties and boroughs alike. As for the address of the four members for the City of London, it proceeds on the assumption that there are only four men fit to represent that constituency. With regard to the present *square* of great men, on whom that honour has devolved, we may quote the words of Hamlet slightly altered:—

"A *square* which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
'And ever three parts'—not wisdom."

The calm, self-satisfied tone of the united address is so beautiful as to induce us to believe that, for this time at least, it was Mr. Goschen's turn to speak.

THE BATTLE OF THE VESTRIES.

Ho guardians! sound the cornet,
Ho beadle! clear the way,
The parish pride to-day hath hied
To see the mud-pumps play.
The legates of the Vestries
Have gained the river boat.
The legates of the Vestries
Are all in state afloat.
The legates of the Vestries
Defying aqueous ills,
Have reached the land by Stratford's strand,
Where stand the Abbey Mills.

Fair are the bowers of Stratford,
Its coppices and clumps,
And fair the Pumping Station
Which Tamesian sewage pumps,
And fairer yet by long chalks
That cold collation is,
Which Vestrymen have brought in train,
Of ham and beef and fowl amain,
And ale and stout and cheap champagne:
The Vestries term it "fiz."

They saw the Abbey Mill Pumps
Work grandly up and down,
Which save the mud and garbage
Infecting London town;
And when they had inspected,
With noses satisfied,
Down sat they to a banquet sprent
O'er a white table in the tent
Pitched over Stratford side.

But ere they sat to dine there
On fowl and beef and tongue,
They, on the steamboat fore and aft,
The wine and bitter beer had quaffed,
Till, in the language of their craft,
Each Vestryman was "sprung."

Now dinner barely over,
With more drink doled to each,
Higgins the noble shopkeeper,
Arose to make a speech—
Higgins who all the noblemen
Of Clerkenwell supplies;
And near him sat brave Podger, who
The letter H defies,
But Higgins when in liquor
Of speech is somewhat thick,
Yet dealeth he in chaff which is
Extremely apt to stick.
At Higgin's blurred periods
Stout Podger hurled a sneer,
And Higgins answered with an oath
Meet for a Vestry's ear.

Now by the crest of Mary,
Mary surnamed Le Bone,
The ire of Podger swiftly rose
To hear the scoffer's tone.
An empty bottle wielding
He aimed it at his crown,
And with unerring fleetness
Tumbled his foeman down.
Then flamed the wrath of Vestries,
And blows and curses sped,
And fowl-bones flew and H's dropped,
But still undaunted Podger whopped,
With champagne bottles that had popped,
Prone Higgin's bare head.

The battle now grew general:
Boggle at Hunks let fly;
Hunks aimed a blow at Boggle
That caught him in the eye;
While Grigg and Globb and Blenkinsop
Around dealt broken pates;
Still Podger's stick smote many a blow,
Till mastered by the numerous foe
That hurled him far and laid him low
Among the knives and plates.

The Ilford beaks look sternly
Upon a Guardian's fault;
The Ilford beaks fined Podger
Five pounds for each assault,
Still let us sing in triumph
With all a minstrel's power,
How Vestrymen behave themselves
In the brave days of ours.

LAW AND LAW.

A CONTEMPORARY, in commenting on a case recently disposed of by the presiding magistrate at the Southwark Police Court, has called attention to the very shameful shortcomings of English law, in its method of dealing with and punishing a certain class of offences. *Exempli gratia*, in the case in question a secretary of a poor man's provident society, who had embezzled about £87 from the funds under his control, was simply required to refund the amount, pay a fine of £20, and defray the lawyer's costs of twenty shillings. Were a common thief to take £87 out of a gentleman's pocket-book, and not out of a charitable society's drawer, there would be no doubt about his fate. The offence against a society is therefore a civil, that against an individual is a criminal, one. The injustice of this distinction is obviously monstrous. It, however, boasts an excellent parentage, and as long as England is, as indeed it is, and that *par excellence*, a rich man's country, there is not the remotest probability that it will disappear.

A state of things which admits of the gigantic swindling daily at work in our midst, is not likely to be too hard on a borrowing secretary. Were the thieving of thousands sterling to be as bad a business in the eye of the law as the thieving of half-pence, there would be a sudden halt in the commercial world, and a flight of some of the finest-feathered birds in the City. Good honest old John Bull, precious old humbug that he is, is a bit of a Spartan as well as a bit of a snob. He says to everyone: "Rig as you like, job as you like, beg, borrow, steal, swindle—to any extent; but by Jove, sir, do it handsomely—and take care you are never found out." To this encouraging language we owe railways, debentures without dividends, and other tolerably expensive wonders.

Gentlemen manage these things *en masse*. It is the poor man who had better look out what he is about in honest old England!

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

BRITANNIA rules the waves! Could she not manage them to keep down the British swell on the continent, who is always throwing the remark into the faces of foreigners until they are sea-sick of it?

Who was Saint Leger? and why does he patronise races? Surely, there must be a mistake in the calendar of saints and racing! He should be the patron of the tribes of young ladies who are met with along the French coast at watering places.

Faithful love or fast friendship in this world to meet,
A difficult thing, man allows is,
Yet in the church-yard you may find at your feet
By hundreds, real friends and true spouses!

A poor starving woman told me she had heard "a stitch in time saves nine." She was never behindhand when she got work to do, but all her eight children were dead. Proverbs are proverbially false.

Astronomers will go any distance to find spots in the sun—so will their wives to find spots in a neighbour's daughters.

A mad world, indeed! So would you be, if you had been whirled round and round for the last six thousand years.

BETRAYED BY THE LUNATIC!

A TALE OF HORROR.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT will be remembered that last week we promised our readers a "rich intellectual treat"—a treat such as to tempt even the "Ghost of a Ruby," to say nothing of the "Love of a Flute." We informed the millions who greedily devour the acrostics we are good enough to set before them, that we had secured the services of a literary man well known in the shady walks of "Hanwell the Intellectual" as the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green" to cater for their amusement. We made this announcement with a sigh, for we felt that we had work to do far nobler than the mere stringing together of doggerel lines—a purpose with a greater end than the entertainment of the thoughtless and the lazy. However, having made the concession, we deemed ourselves pledged to our word. "The Lively Lunatic" was secured at some little expense, and we trusted this week to be in a position to supply our readers with several first-rate acrostics. Unhappily, our wish has not been realised, owing to the scandalous (we repeat the word—scandalous) behaviour of the "Lunatic" himself, who has treated us in a manner that, were it not for the prejudices of the nineteenth century, could only be "forgotten" IN BLOOD! But here we will our plain unvarnished tale unfold, and allow the public to judge between us.

Wishing to show courtesy to the new acquisition (?) to our staff, we invited the "Lively Lunatic" to our house. The first day passed off very well, if we omit the little incident of the "Lunatic" insisting upon playing cricket in the drawing-room, with the soup-tureen and the footman—very well indeed. We regret we cannot give as favourable an account of the succeeding day. When he came down to breakfast, the "Lunatic" declared his intention of "sitting down to work." He insisted upon our sending all our children to school, locking up our wife in the coal-cellar, and muzzling the cat. These measures, he said, "would keep the place quiet." He then asked that a ream of foolscap, a quart of ink, and a bushel of pens should be carried into the library, together with three dozen of champagne, a couple of bottles of brandy, some ice, a tumbler, and a corkscrew. Having complied also with this request, he thanked us, went into the library, and locked the door after him.

Extracts from the Editor's Diary.

11 A.M.
I have been to his door. Quite quiet, evidently hard at work. I ask him "how he is getting on?" He says "splendidly, but he hasn't quite done yet." I hear a pop, which sounds like the opening of a bottle.

11.30 A.M.
Again ask how "he is getting on." Reply in thick voice, "Gettin-on—wonderfoolishly. Written conundrum." Ask him to let me see it. Reply, "By'an'bye. All-rightish." Pop! Pop! Pop! Surely he's opening champagne.

12 NOON.
Third visit. "Can I come in?" "No, I can't. Res'pec'ble lit'ry-man. Nevercareofsuchathing! Disgraceful! Schandalous! Shamed o'self!" and some very bad language! I break open the door and find the "Lively Lunatic" with a blank sheet before him. He has a tumbler in one hand and a champagne bottle in the other. His state is easier imagined than described. I rate him soundly, and he declares that he has made a capital riddle. He asks

"WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?"

"Why, miserable mountebank," I scream, "every idiot knows that the answer to that riddle is

"WHEN IT'S A JAR!"

"NO!" shouts the "Lively Lunatic," absolutely yelling for joy, "YOU ARE WRONG!"

"WRONG!" I exclaim, "then what is the answer?"

"What," observes the Literary Man, with a bitter smile, "you must find out for yourself."

And now, indulgent Public, we throw ourselves upon your kindness. The "Lively Lunatic" positively declines writing an acrostic until his pupils have mastered what he calls "the elementary part of the subject." So as you love us, answer this question by next week:—

"WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?"

Remembering that the reply, "When it's a jar," is incorrect.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Norwood. 2. Clapham. 3. Pegwell Bay. 4. Aenone. 5. Lausanne. 6. Windbound. 7. Oxford. 8. Worms. 9. Water. 10. Vandyke. 11. Snow. 12. Beethoven. 13. New Zealand.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Wushperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Gulnare (Ramsgate), Walter Logan, Tempesttossedcompassandrudderless, Whissendine, Frederick Douglas, Chie, Liebst du Leberwurst, E. M. B. S. (Bayswater), Skin and Bone-Hag, Granniepilgrimage, Winterbourneskinnerclark, Treblig, Tomfool, S. E. V. H. E. V. J. L. B., Two Black Diamonds, Real Annie (Tooting), J. A. T. (Eastbourne), Four Hastings Scalps, Adontote N.G.E., Mr. Blood or Dan A Horse, Samuel E. Thomas, W. B. W. and W. W., Forest Hill Owl, The Major, Recubans sub tegmine fagi, Elsie Un, The Glorious Company of Lunatics (Limited), Towhit, Annie (Tooting), The Wendover Wonders, Two Enterprising Earwigs, F. North, Greenover, Stick in the Mud, Old John, D.C., Queen Wasp of the Moon, Camden Town Tadpole, C. Jones, Flying Scud, Tommy and Joey, G. G. (Croydon), Frances, Two Brums, B. L., Florence, The Welsh Nightingale, J. M. (Woolwich), The Terror of Wandsworth, A. B. (Chatham), Adam Bede, J. B. (Bristol), A Staunch Supporter of Mr. Gladstone, The Dublin Boy, Fair Ellen, Twopenny, An Aboriginal Australian, Two Malvernites, Honest Jehu, Clara Bell, Marion (Cheltenham), Fairplay, F. C., and S. Sansom.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 73.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO. III.—ON SUNDRY VARIETIES OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

THERE are many species of Female Servants which we have not yet attempted to describe. The Housemaid, for instance; that form of torture which literary and scientific men so justly dread, who insists upon "tidying your papers," as she calls it, a process which results in the utter confusion of all your memoranda, notes, unfinished MSS., &c., and not unfrequently in the sacrifice of your most valuable documents to the flames, under the comprehensive title of "rubbish."

This word, "rubbish," includes everything of which the housemaid does not understand the value; that is, everything except trinkets and things good to eat or drink. One must be a naturalist, fully to appreciate the ruthless destructiveness of these female Goths. That beautiful mineral specimen, that rare insect, that fern procured at the risk of your life, that flower which you walked miles to find,—on all these, should you leave them anywhere within her reach, swoops the relentless barbarian, and hurries them all into that premature grave of so many precious things, the dust-bin. Then the miraculous passion for self-destruction, with which valuable ornaments become endued under her touch, is very trying both to the purse and the temper. It is hopeless to think of ever educating the housemaid up to the level of a luminary of science, or a connoisseur of china, but we may hope to teach her at least to leave things alone.

The Cook, again, is a being armed with terrible powers of rendering one's life miserable. Everybody, except those *lusus nature* of the human species whose stomachs have been constructed on the same plan as the ostrich's, which digests a pocket-handkerchief or a halfpenny without any inconvenience; everybody, except these fortunate phenomena, knows the agony which bad cooking inflicts upon man. Some people affect never to care what they eat, and swallow the grimy ashes of a martyred steak with apparent gusto: for these, that leathery shaving of dried up something-or-other, disguised in a thick coat of greasy, black, bread-crumbs, calling itself a cutlet, is a delicious morsel; but punishment for such wicked indifference, though slow, is sure, and these are the very persons who, in later years, mad with the pangs of dyspepsia, clutch wildly at such comestibles as Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, or Norton's Camomile Pills. The worst species of domestic poisoner is the "professed cook," whose art is founded on a stock of barbarous precepts, and iniquitous traditions, by force of which she perpetrates enormities sanctioned, indeed, by the custom of ages, but ages of culinary corruption—enormities at which the educated palate and the pure-minded stomach become congealed with horror, or burn with fiery indignation. The "professed cook" will never learn even the rudiments of her profession, for that involves the unlearning all she has been taught; and if you venture to make any suggestion, or find any fault, you are met by a lofty scorn and a colossal self-confidence such as experienced ignorance only can assume. It is better to have an inexperienced person that will learn, than one, whose only experience has been in continual error, and who will not unlearn. Bad cooking may seem rather a trivial matter after some of the more serious evils of which we have spoken in relation to servants; but this is

most certain, that not only does good health depend on the juices of the meat being properly preserved in the process of cooking, but that there is greater extravagance and more inexcusable waste committed by a bad cook with the plainest materials, than by a really good one, though he or she send up every day the most *recherché* of dishes. In the latter case everything is turned to the best account, in the former it is turned to no account at all.

There yet remain many of the upper female functionaries of the household who would feel deeply insulted by being classed amongst servant girls. The airs with which "the Room" looks down upon "the Hall" have often furnished materials for the satirist. The assumption of superiority on the part of the housekeepers and the ladies'-maids would be more justified, if they tried to set their inferiors a better example. The most paltry tyranny is practised in many cases on the humbler servants of the establishment by the mistress of the keys and the store cupboards. Indeed, the word "family" is quite losing its old and precious meaning,—when the head of the house was something more than master, and all the members of the household were knit together by the tie of a common affection for their home, and those in it; when familiarity bred, not contempt, but respect and devotion; for the intercourse between master and servants could be truly friendly without injury to the dutifulness of the one, or the dignity of the other. When young people are removed from the influences of their own home, it surely behoves those, under whose roof they live, to do all they can to supply the place of parents to them. To encourage them in good by example, as well as by precept, to shield them from evil by kindness, as well as by strictness, is an office which masters and mistresses need not be ashamed to exercise towards their servants. Those rich heads of families, whose time hangs so heavy on their hands, that they have to rack their brains for some idle amusement with which to fill it, would find ample and more wholesome employment for those faculties and energies, which they now fritter away on frivolous excitement, if they would take as much pains to perform the duties which they owe to those whom they employ as they do to exact to the uttermost the duties that are owing to themselves. We might hope then to find as great an improvement among our servants as they would among their masters and mistresses.

The position which Ladies'-maids occupy is becoming, in the present age, one of such importance and confidence, that we must not be surprised if they are sometimes too presumptuous and overbearing for their station. The abigail now knows all the secrets of that wonderful effort of art, a lady in full evening dress. She knows all the elements, insignificant, perhaps, in themselves, that go to make up the entity before which we fall down and worship. What wonder if she avail herself of the knowledge, and, encouraged by the success of the lady amongst her equals, practise the same amiable deceptions amongst her own. The astonished but admiring housemaid imitates abigail at a respectful distance, and Betty, the scullerymaid, on her Sunday out, struts majestically along in all the pride of cheap rouge and a second-hand chignon. And so the system of false pretences spreads downwards, and the follies and vices, which the lady has discarded for newer ones, are still preserved in the tardy but faithful imitation of the humblest of her servants. It would be worth while trying, at least, whether this sincerest form of flattery could not be extended to good as well

as to evil customs. It would be an experiment which, if pretty universally adopted by Society, would certainly have all the charm of novelty. It is by the influence which they exercise on their fellow-creatures that men and women will be judged; they are angels or devils in proportion as they elevate or debase those with whom they live. A man may be loved by his dependants for his very faults; but if he is loved and respected he can wish for no better epitaph than the record of such a fact. Respect is a plant of slow growth compared with love, but it is hardier; and though it may not blossom till after our death, it lives the longer.

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

NOTTINGHAM.—After the retirement of Lord Amberley and Sir Robert Clifton from Nottingham, this famous borough long appeared unable to find candidates to its liking, though, as our readers are aware, several gentlemen have offered themselves to the electors. Now, however, it would seem almost certain that Nottingham has got hold of at least a couple quite after its own heart. Early on Monday morning the walls of the town were literally covered with placards, half of which called upon the electors to "Vote for Goss and our Protestant Constitution," and the other half invited them to "Vote for Allen and Everlasting Smash." At first people were completely puzzled, no one being able to recognise these two names as appertaining to persons celebrated in the political world. The enigma, however, was soon solved, and immensely to the satisfaction of the good folks of Nottingham. The new candidates were declared to be Mr. Joseph Goss and Mr. Henry Allen, the distinguished prize-fighters, whom Sir Thomas Henry has recently bound over in heavy recognisances to keep the peace for the ensuing twelve-month. The announcement threw the entire borough into a state of joyfully-delirious excitement, which culminated when, at one o'clock, the candidates presented themselves in the market-place, and expressed their intention of at once addressing their future constituents. The lambs of the town mustered in great force, and it was difficult to decide whether "Goss and our Protestant Constitution" or "Allen and Everlasting Smash" had engaged the affections of the greater number of them. Probably the sides were exactly equal.

Mr. HENRY ALLEN, having won the toss, first addressed them; but the enthusiastic reception which he met with, apparently from both factions, drowned his opening remarks. As soon as we were able to catch what he said, he spoke to the following effect:—He reminded them of the recent interference of the police with his liberty and that of his respected rival—against whom he had not a single word to say, except that he would do his best to thrash him on all occasions—and the declaration of a metropolitan beak, that "the Government was resolved to put down prize-fighting." Now, what was prize-fighting? It seemed to him that those notorious pugilists, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, were prize-fighting at this very moment. (Loud cheers.) So that if Government was really resolved to put down prize-fighting, it seemed to him that Government was resolved to put down Government—which was absurd. (Tremendous applause.) That, at least, was his way of looking at it. He might not be such a crack logician as Mr. Gladstone, but it seemed to him he had proved *that* proposition. (Cries of "That you have, my boy!" "Clear as mud!" "Knock along, governor!") That being so, it had occurred to him that the only way in which he and his respected opponent could keep their word with their backers and the general public, after Sir Thomas Henry's interference with their original project, was for them to go into the House of Commons and fight it out there. Of course, for this scheme to be successful, both of them must be returned for Nottingham. And why not? Nottingham had two members. Why not return them both, and so keep everybody else out? If half the electors plumped for himself and half for Mr. Joseph Goss (shouts of "We will! we will! That's exactly what we'll do!") it was evident that nobody else would have any chance against them. (Immense cheering.) He was quite sure the electors would not expect them to make any more speeches. He was not accustomed to public speaking, and he didn't much like it; but he could fight. (Indescribable commotion.) What he proposed, therefore, was

that Mr. Goss and himself should remain in Nottingham till the election came off, and should give free and gratuitous pugilistic entertainments every evening in the various public. (Enormous cheering.) Of course they would have to wear gloves, and to refrain from doing each other any bodily harm, and the fights would be sham ones; but he felt confident that the electors would appreciate even such modified illustrations of the noble art of self-defence. He was not a lawyer, but he believed bribery was forbidden. He trusted, however, that the gratuitous entertainments of which he had spoken would not be considered illegal on that score. He concluded, amid cordial cheering from all sides, by saying he thought it was time he gave Mr. Goss an opportunity of addressing them.

Mr. JOE GOSS then came forward, and his reception was fully as hearty and as general as that of Mr. Allen. He said they could not expect him to be as original as his rival, for the latter having won the toss, had anticipated him in almost anything he wished to say. He agreed with every word that had fallen from the preceding speaker. He adhered to the proposition about the nightly entertainments—(great cheering)—and about their being called upon to make no more speeches. He was quite sure that their pugilistic encounters, even though but sham ones, would be quite as real as most of the political contests to which either Nottingham or any other constituency was in the habit of being treated. (Laughter and applause.) Of course it was absolutely necessary, as Mr. Allen had pointed out, that they should both be returned; and it had been made as plain as a pikestaff that there was no difficulty about it. (Cries of "None at all," and "We'll return you both.") The only doubt in his mind was whether, when they were returned, their struggle for mastery in the House of Commons would not be construed into an evasion of the law, and whether their recognisances would not be forfeited. But he believed there was something or other about "privilege" when a man became an M.P.; and that was, he supposed, the reason why Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli were not summoned before Sir Thomas Henry and bound over. He confessed that he should very much like to have that privilege. (A laugh.) He thought that if they were once in the House of Commons they might teach that assembly a thing or two worth knowing. (Cheers.) They might inspire it with a little more pluck, and a little more fairness. (Renewed cheers.) There was not quite so much fair stand-up fighting there as he should like to see, and he fancied there was a good deal of hitting below the knee. (Loud cheering, mingled with laughter.) They all knew how Mr. Disraeli had congratulated himself on there being a broad piece of furniture between him and Mr. Gladstone when the latter gentleman was swearing like mad and trying to get at his opponent. Well, he called that cowardly. (Cries of "So it was.") Again, Mr. Gladstone was constantly insinuating and getting his backers to insinuate that Mr. Disraeli had sold the fight; and that he called unfair and malignant. (Hear, hear.) He really was not partial to fighting himself. (A laugh.) It had been said of a conspicuous member of the House of Commons that if he had not been a Quaker he would have been a prize-fighter. Now he believed it might be said of himself, and equally of Mr. Allen, that if he had not been a prize-fighter he should have been a Quaker. (Loud laughter.) He really meant what he said. Only if he had to fight, he liked to fight pluckily and fairly. He believed his name had been coupled with "Our Protestant Constitution," but he begged to assure them that was purely accidental. He and his opponent—he hoped he should soon have to say, he and his colleague—had tossed up as to who should take the side of the Church, and who should take t'other, and they had abided by the fortuitous decision. He knew nothing about the subject, and he did not intend to say a word upon it. In that respect, he should imitate the excellent example set him by Mr. Allen. Only he begged to add—also in Mr. Allen's words—he could fight. (Loud cheers.) And he saw no reason on earth why, if they were only both returned to Parliament, one or the other of them, or rather, alternately one and the other of them, should not eventually be sent for by the Queen to form a Government. (Tumultuous applause, amid which Mr. Goss went up to Mr. Allen, who came half way to meet him, and the two shook each other's hands most cordially.)

We believe election prospects at Nottingham may now be considered as good as settled. It is morally certain that both candidates will be returned, that each will have almost an equal number of votes, and that no other person need dream of

canvassing the borough. The first pugilistic entertainment, alluded to in the speeches, comes off to-night, and will be repeated every evening till further notice. Altogether the election bids fair to be the best-tempered and most tranquil that has ever been known in Nottingham.

AN EDITOR'S COMPLAINT.

WHILE you or I
Get (spite of fights)
Of news not one iota
From all the staff,
The *Telegraph*
Finds fish to fry,
And leaders write
Upon the Yarmouth Bloater.

FOR BECKERS OR WORSE.

To the Editor of "THE TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—My wife has been so bitten with Miss Becker's theories that she has at last persuaded me to accept them in practice. I have given over into her hands the entire management of the household affairs, superintending myself only the dressing and general nurture of the babies, and leaving to her the work of earning a livelihood and supporting the whole establishment. Between you and me, I have not thrown up my Government appointment in the Pipe-clay Department, but am supposed to be taking a holiday; for, in spite of my wife's sophisms, I fear the system won't wash.

My wife not having been brought up to any profession, and really not showing sufficient clearness of reasoning powers to pursue any if she had, is hoping—I say *hoping*, for she spends most of her days in going about calling on publishers, who refuse all her offers—to earn enough to keep up our house in Paddington, myself, four children, and three servants, in ease and comparative luxury, as during the reign of the other sex of man—namely, myself, the husband; as yet she has received one shilling and eightpence for a conundrum from a penny comic paper, which, however, has not appeared in print, and must be looked on as an offering of charity rather than a recompense for literary contribution. I have taken entire charge of the children, who are not perhaps as clean or attractive as before, and are now suffering under a slight attack of mumps, owing to the fact of my having taken them on to the leads last night in their night-gowns to look at the moon, but I shall soon get accustomed to them, and have forbidden my wife's interference at present at any rate. I am thinking about turning off the nurses and cook, and replacing them by men, as their opinions lean the same way as those of their mistress. The children would like this arrangement very much. My wife is not yet quite up to carving at dinner, and makes funny mistakes in the wine cellar, but she will improve. She is beginning to look rather careworn, and I rather fancy has a hankering after the children, but this is unworthy of Miss Beckers's disciple, and I do not doubt she will overcome this feeling before long. I am called away to see the babies who have just broke out in measles—very annoying for me, as I was just succeeding after the fifth trial in making some cherry jam, and my wife has gone out on her usual round of publishers. No more at present.

Yours,
J. S. MILLSON.

Middlesex.

P.S.—My wife has just returned from a fruitless tour through Magazineland, and finding the dear babies full out with measles, has sent Miss Beckers to Jericho on hearing there is not enough in the house to pay the chemist, and has given up the reins unconditionally into my hands, if I will only send for Doctor Senner at once.

ROLLS DOWN.—The bakers declare the remarks about their prices are very *under-bred*.

CLERKS OF THE WEATHER.

THOSE very worthy persons, mostly clergymen of the Church of England, who are in the habit of keeping a daily record of the seasons, and who, during the warm weather two months since, made a point of communicating to the public through the newspaper editors the fact that it was unusually hot, have once more taken to letter writing to let us know that last week it was unusually cold.

This time, however, the philosophers go farther than the mere announcement of facts, startling and incredible as they may have been, and proceed to argue from their long observations and experience that the country is about to undergo an entire change of climate. As it certainly was hot when the philosophers said it was, as surely as it was cold when they announced the fact last week, we are bound to take for granted every word they utter; but as, unfortunately, the wise men do not all agree in the minor details of their theories, and it is, therefore, somewhat confusing to attempt to arrive at any definite idea of what kind of weather we are to look for, we have, for the convenience of the public, employed a scientific person to compare the various prophecies which have for the last few days half filled the newspapers, and although it must be confessed that they do not all hold together on some few unimportant points, he has been able to deduce from them the following statement, which, if it does not contain the precise opinion of every one of the highly intellectual old gentlemen, is something very like what they have all agreed must take place:—

1868.

OCTOBER.

- 1.—Heavy fall of snow. Terrible gales.
- 15.—Great frost. Skating in the parks.

NOVEMBER.

- 1.—Mid-winter. Continuance of the frost. The Thames frozen over.
- 5.—Thermometer at $17\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below Zero. The coldest day on record.
- 19.—Break-up of the frost. Wind S.W. by S. Heavy rain.
- 20.—A hurricane at 2 p.m.

DECEMBER.

- 1.—Return of the warm weather.
- 10.—Extreme heat. The trees in leaf and geraniums living in the open air.
- 25.—Christmas Day. The hottest day on record—thermometer, in the shade, 102° .

1869.

JANUARY.

- 1.—New Midsummer Day. Strawberries 2d. a-pound.

FEBRUARY.

- 2.—Harvest.
- 7.—Thunderstorms. First rain for eleven weeks.

MARCH.

- 1.—Six awful hurricanes—every two hours from 6 a.m. (Supposed to be the equinoctial gales usually due at Michaelmas, 1869.)

APRIL.

- 2.—Another break-up of the weather.
- 26.—Intense cold. Appearance of winter.

MAY.

- 1.—Snow. Thermometer 27° at noon.

JUNE.

- 1.—Commencement of the great frost.
- 25.—The *very* coldest day on record. Thermometer 27° below Zero.

JULY.

- 1.—Old Midsummer's day. The Straits of Dover frozen over. Great rejoicing and international fair on the ice. Bonfire of Folkestone boats, &c.

It is unnecessary to go further than this. We now know tolerably precisely what we may expect. What should we do without the press—were it not for the existence of editors who are only too glad to be addressed on any subject at this dead season of the year, we should probably have been in the dark concerning the extraordinary change of climate to which our country is to be subjected.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ASTLEY'S, September 12, 1868.

THE war at Astley's has now become a matter of history. The causes which led to the sad affair are of too recent a date to need recapitulation. Few of even your youngest readers will have forgotten how rumours of the coming tragedy crept into the newspapers, how after a while hostile playbills appeared upon theatrical show-boards, how "the author of the Battles of the Alma and Waterloo" was engaged to take the command in the fast-approaching struggle, and how members of the Foot Guards were seen moving morning, noon, and night, to the seat of war. For weeks, if not months, the experienced must have noted these excited proceedings, and drawn from them their own conclusions. As for me, I have only to obey the orders you gave me on my departure for the scene of the battle:—to the Macaulay of the future I beg to leave the task of recording the early history of the struggle. Without further preface, then, I will give you a short narrative of my adventures.

Arrived at Astley's I was shown (probably by order of the British General) to a most comfortable seat, from which spot I commanded a view of the country for miles round. My quarters were so conveniently arranged that I could hear and see not only what took place in Sir Robert Napier's tent, but also "assist" at the council of Theodore, King of Abyssinia.

When I made my appearance I found myself in the presence of a gentleman of the name of Abdul, who seemed to be something of a tyrant-libertine. As I took my seat he was ruling over some fifty dirty-faced vagabonds in rather an arbitrary manner. Among the vagabonds were three savage-looking fellows (Haly, Tigro, and Tamet were their names, I think) who each laid a claim to a certain lion's skin, and seemed disposed to arrange matters at the sword's point. Abdul stepped forward, and, to settle the dispute, seized the lion's skin himself. This gave great umbrage to Haly, who confidentially shouted out to me "that a time *would* come!" This piece of information once given, the excited gentleman seemed greatly relieved. As I subsequently discovered that the threat was not in the least hurtful to Abdul, and appeared to afford Haly infinite satisfaction, I regarded it as most beneficial to both parties.

I now made the acquaintance of some very vulgar Englishmen, dressed in the costume of Charles II., who had evidently escaped from a Bal Masqué held in the neighbourhood of Abdul's Camp (say Cairo or the Great Sahara), and they were soon joined by a young gentleman in a blue table-cloth, who *would* insist upon singing songs. After hearing him I must confess I was not at all surprised to find that the British Government (evidently annoyed at the music) had sent a small detachment of troops all the way from Greenwich to Abyssinia to accomplish his murder. These soldiers (dressed in the uniform of George II.) were commanded by the "Lord of Peterborough" (I presume Mr. Whalley) and a gentleman volunteer, who, from his Charles II. cavalier costume, must have been also, I imagine, a deserter from the Bal Masqué in the Sahara to which I have already alluded. I am happy to say that the expedition was a perfect success—the musical prince was thoroughly killed and silenced for ever. Upon this, amidst the glare of red fire and the roar of artillery, Abdul registered a vow of vengeance against the British arms. This little ceremony brought to a conclusion, and we all enjoyed a "truce" of some ten minutes' duration, regaling ourselves the while with "apples, oranges, bottled stout, and ginger beer."

I was very pleased to see a little later that this vow of vengeance came to nothing, as Abdul washed his face, trimmed his beard, and quickly enlisted in the Royal Artillery. The occupation he found in his new duties worked a most beneficial change in his temperament: from a brutal cynic given to rant he became a genial humorist, much addicted to the use of an Irish brogue—from a hater of the British rule he became a firm supporter of Queen Victoria—from a weird wag he changed to a frolicsome droll! I need scarcely say when I noticed this most satisfactory conversion I rejoiced and was exceeding glad.

As it would take too much of your valuable space to describe

everything I saw on the memorable night, I will give you a few extracts from my note-book:—

BRITISH.

"*Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Napier, K.C.B.*"—Chiefly remarkable for his boots, which he wears beyond his knees, indeed up to his thighs, rendering locomotion extremely difficult. Has peculiar notions about military costume. Prefers to wear a tinsel baldric to the regimental scarf. Rather prosy, and much given to making attempts to extemporise *Times* leaders for the benefit of his soldiers. Genial, but injudicious. Example of geniality—permitting "Lieutenant Lightfoot, of the Royal Naval Brigade," to kiss in his presence "Tabitha Bramberry (Maid of Honour to the Queen Theodora)," and ex-maid-of-all-work at a London lodging-house. Example of injudiciousness—handing over the widowed Queen of Theodore to the tender mercies of "Paddy Shannon (a corporal in the Royal Artillery)," the broadly "comic man" of the Expedition.

"*Horse of Sir Robert.*"—An animal with a fund of quiet humour.

"*An Old Man and other Captives.*"—Delightfully grotesque personages. The "old man" had evidently spent the whole of his time in prison, "getting himself up," like *King Lear* in Shakespeare's tragedy. His pantomime on the recovery of his liberty was at once novel and racy. Among the "other captives" I noticed a man dressed in a postman's uniform! The penny post in Abyssinia! Ah! what hasn't civilisation done for us!

"*Timothy Scroggins (a Private in the 4th Foot).*"—A thoroughly useless soldier. How this man escaped the censure of his superior officers I really can't imagine. Not only was he never by any chance at his post, but actually had the audacity on one occasion to burlesque the Queen's uniform by wearing on parade an absurdly large shako with a grotesque cockade, under the very nose of the colonel of his regiment!

"*Lieutenant Lightfoot (of the Royal Naval Brigade).*"—A wild and thoroughly inefficient young officer on easy terms of familiarity with the men of his ship and the women of Abyssinia. He was lucky enough to do Sir Robert Napier a slight service. At the request of that gallant officer, he proceeded to the Court of King Theodore in female costume: what was the object of this waggish but dangerous manoeuvre has ever remained a secret, not only to me but (I shrewdly imagine) to Sir Robert Napier himself. The only work that *could* be said to be connected with his profession that I saw Lieutenant Lightfoot perform was to order the whole of the sailors under his command (just before they "were sent to the front,") to dance a hornpipe with him!—a command which was reluctantly obeyed.

ABYSSINIANS.

"*Theodore (King of Abyssinia).*"—Rather a gloomy gentleman, much given to rant. Taste for dancing. Extravagant and undignified. Example of extravagance—importing at his own expense a large *corps de ballet* from Paris. Example of lack of dignity—condescending to "chaff" his captives and his Prime Minister "Vatrel, (a Cook and Barber)." Imperfect knowledge of the English language. Wished to know, in my presence, "Ow came it that misfortune so doged upon 'is 'eels?" In early youth had evidently taken lessons in fencing at the Victoria Theatre. On very bad terms with his horse.

"*Horse of Theodore.*"—A moody, vicious creature, much given to practical joking. Not devoid of a certain sort of hard humour. From its general behaviour I imagine it must have learned at some time or other to dance a polka on its hind legs. Fond of snubbing its rider. While Theodore was making a speech to the Abyssinian army, the brute insisted upon interrupting his remarks by uttering a series of strange unnatural noises—sounds resembling something between a cough and a hoarse giggle. Deep-rooted hatred for the leader of the band. Apparent favourite food—bits of scenery.

"*A Gorilla.*"—Of all the people I met in the campaign this creature most resembled a man. Certainly it was the most *pleasing* animal I came across—the brute couldn't speak!

"*Theodora, Queen of Abyssinia.*"—An emotional female, who had evidently "married out" of a Surrey Melodrama. The sort of lady who would have defended her virtue, at the "Victoria," to the very death with the aid of a pure mind and a horse-pistol. I found her very gushing, and inclined to dress "at" Lady Macbeth.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Religion of the Abyssinians.—Something between the Faith of the Plymouth Brethren and Bramahism. General belief in Providence, the Koran, "Allah," and the Bible. Vague religious ceremonies frequently held in an apartment (architecture, Early Norman, dashed with a little irregular Elizabethan) known as "the Rock-cut Temple of Dangolo." Said ceremonies include the worship and incensing of an "idol" composed of some sheets and a bonnet-maker's dummy. Ceremonies occasionally alluded to as "The Rites of the Wandering Tribes."

Geography of Abyssinia.—As far as I can make out, Abyssinia is composed of Crim Tartary, a part of Turkey, a small portion of Hungary, and the Isle of Thanet. I feel nearly certain that I recognised in "Annesley Bay and Zoola" a place uncommonly like Broadstairs without the bathing-machines.

Costumes of the Country.—The nobles wear highly-spangled table-cloths and combat-swords. The ladies, dresses of the time of Queen Anne. The poorer classes are less gorgeous. The men wear dirty faces and wooden spears, while the women, strange to say seem to have generally adopted the costume of the Irish peasantry.

And now I think I have told you enough about the Abyssinian Campaign. I had the pleasure of witnessing the entire demolition of Magdala by a mysterious and evidently destructive compound known as "red fire." After this, thinking that my duty had been conscientiously performed, I returned home with no greater ill than a headache. Adieu.

A BORROWED PLUME.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has been taking credit for the War Office Circular just issued, regarding the possible introduction of the volunteer influence into the forthcoming elections. Sir John, addressing the Lords-Lieutenant of the several counties, says:—"I think it right to remind you that volunteers in uniform should take no part in any political demonstration or party meeting, and I have accordingly to request that you will give directions to this effect to the commanding officers of all volunteer corps within the county under your charge. I have further to request that you will also inform them that they are not to assemble their corps for drill, or for any other purpose, between the issue of a writ and the termination of the election, in any county or borough in the neighbourhood of their headquarters."

This is, no doubt, very right and proper, and we should be the last to deprive Sir John Pakington of the honour and glory of having performed one sensible action in the course of his military career; but, unfortunately, the Circular above quoted is but a *fac simile* of a notice issued by the late Lord Herbert of Lea, under similar circumstances, seven years ago.

The other day, when the official Circular was published, few people gave Sir John Pakington credit for possessing so much discretion and forethought,—and facts have proved that the majority were in the right.

A GENTLE HINT.

IT has become the fashion this election for landowners to issue addresses to their tenants, telling them that they are free to make what use they please of their votes; but somehow or other the proprietors generally manage to give a strong hint of what they expect and require. We would be the last to impute any such unworthy motive to Mr. William Rashleigh, a large landowner in Cornwall, and formerly the Conservative member for the Eastern division of the county, for that gentleman, in his notice to the peasantry, specially says, to quote the words of the circular, "It is my wish to leave every one of you wholly free and unbiassed to vote in accordance with your own inclinations and convictions;" but it is certainly unfortunate that in his earnest desire to render himself a nonentity he should conclude his proclamation with the following tirade:—"My own political opinions being strongly in favour of the Liberal party, I should greatly rejoice should our county succeed in returning a large working majority to support Mr. Gladstone in the House

of Commons, and thus combine to save the country from further leaps in the dark by the Disraeli reformers."

Of course, Mr. Rashleigh means nothing by the last paragraph, and it is the idea farthest from his thoughts that he should for a moment be the cause of a single one of his dependants giving an unconscious vote. It is a pity, therefore, that he should subject himself to the imputation of wilfully allowing himself to be misunderstood. If the general public vote Mr. Rashleigh a high-minded gentleman (as no doubt he is), we much fear that the Cornishmen will imagine that they have discovered a disguised hint and a hidden meaning in his address, and will act on their erroneously-formed impressions. Perhaps, taking the well-known stupidity of the Cornwall peasantry into consideration, the next time Mr. Rashleigh wishes to leave his people free to vote for whom they please to represent them in Parliament, he would be more likely to succeed in his laudable desire if he were to keep his political opinions to himself. In the heat of the electioneering excitement which will soon seize upon the country, we should not be surprised if the Conservatives of East Cornwall were to call Mr. Rashleigh "a humbug," with no better warrant for the assertion than the production of his impartial address to his tenantry.

JENKINS AGAIN.

It is satisfactory to Englishmen to know that the Queen is once more safe and sound in her own country. No wonder that on the Royal progress to Balmoral Her Majesty was everywhere received with more than ordinary warmth and heartiness. In describing such matters, however, it is possible to be a little too circumstantial. The *Court Newsman*, in informing us that the Royal party was loudly cheered by those present on alighting on the platform at Perth, where breakfast was prepared, even goes so far as to state of whom the loyal little crowd was composed. It was certainly more select than numerous, for we read that the gentlemen who received her Majesty at Perth were Lord Kinnaird, the Lord Provost Pullar, the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, and the Rev. Dr. Walton. It must have been, indeed, a touching spectacle to behold four venerable gentlemen carried away by their feelings, and capering about the platform in an ecstasy of loyalty and delight. As there can be no doubt of the warm greeting that has been offered to her Majesty on her return from her continental trip, it is a pity that the newspapers should allow their columns to chronicle episodes which are at the least absurd, and if not positively untrue, are exaggerated to a degree calculated to provoke comment and derision.

ONWARDS (?).

GREAT exhibitions, working men's congresses, international obligations, Atlantic cables, free trade, and social science are supposed to be dragging the nineteenth century at a tremendous pace on to the millennium of civilisation. There is not a doubt of it in the mind of any reasonable man. It must, therefore, be a matter of intense satisfaction to hearty enthusiasts in the cause of progress to note its last leap in the matter of fire-arms. The new French rifle makes a hole on entering the body "the size of a pea, but taking a twist in its passage, tears the flesh up to the size of a large saucer" on quitting it. With this useful weapon it is said thousands of men can be disposed of at a fabulous distance at a remarkable death-rate. So much for the humanising triumphs of the nineteenth century! How does this chronological table read?—

- (1.)—1851—Great Exhibition of All Nations (supposed *millennium*).
- (2.)—Interval of universal peace. Bombardment of Sevastopol, &c., &c.
- (3.)—1862—Second great gathering at South Kensington (*supposed millennium*). Great improvements in fire-arms.
- (4.)—More universal peace. Magenta, Solferino, Sadowa, &c., &c.
- (5.)—1867—Great Exhibition at Paris (real millennium—*supposed*).
- (6.)—Peace as before, with immense improvements in fire-arms—and results!

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heston) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

THE WEEK.

FATHER IGNATIUS has been outraging the sensitive feelings of Lombard street by telling its denizens that even Jericho, in its worst days of Mammon-worship, was not as bad as London. They have retaliated by begging him to go to Jericho, and adding that they, for their part, prefer to stay in Jerusalem the Golden.

WE are constantly encountering a paragraph to the effect "that proclamation of outlawry has again been made against the Hon. Richard Bethell." If the son and heir of Westbury the Good goes on being made an outlaw so many times over, he will soon be in himself a second Robin Hood and his merry men. Why does not the law allow him a sanctuary in Sherwood Forest? We should think that as a hermit with pious proclivities he would prove a great attraction.

THE English papers, determined not to be behind the French ones which were so ingenious in discovering reasons for the Queen's visit to Switzerland, have displayed the most elaborate poetical fancy in describing the effects of that visit on Her Majesty. "Similia similibus curantur;" and we may therefore venture to hope that Her Majesty has learned from the example of those mighty mountains, which are always clothed in a freezing, impenetrable covering of snow, not to go and do likewise; but rather to come out of the cold shade of retirement into the gay sunshine of life among her subjects.

A PERSON who describes herself as "a young lady of good family and position in society," advertises in a daily paper for "some occupation." Her qualifications consist in her being "a first-rate horsewoman and speaking French." What sort of occupation can she possibly be in search of? Does she desire to be stud-groom, or to explain to the members, male and female of the establishment in which she procures it, the precise meaning of all the slang words in modern French novels and comedies? On the latter supposition, we do not despair of her soon obtaining remunerative employment.

LORD AMBERLEY is highly satisfied with the result of his

canvassing tour in South Devon. It is so difficult to satisfy the fastidious taste and vast mind of this young nobleman that we cannot doubt that his return is a moral certainty. His lordship has explained that, in advocating small families, he meant small in size, not in quantity; he would have all men even as himself, small in stature but gigantic in intellect. By the way, has Lord Amberley ever denied that he is a supporter of that amiable sect of humanity-worshippers, the Positivists? He could hardly give to this rumour a positive contradiction. However, perhaps the Church of England will recover even the shock of learning that Lord Amberley is not numbered among its flock.

WE condole with the Conservatives on the loss they are about to sustain by the retirement of Colonel Fane from the representation of Oxfordshire. That honey-tongued warrior, to do him justice, was some time before he would take the hint which his ungrateful constituents and his faithless chiefs gave him, that he was the victim selected to be offered up to the Liberal host; but at last, in a speech replete with those delicate flowrets of oratory for which he is so celebrated, he took leave, for a time, of his followers. Colonel Fane is a representative man, and Parliament can ill afford to lose him; but let him not despair: metropolitan constituencies are on the increase, and Billingsgate ere long will doubtless be elevated to the rank of a borough. If the electors do not at once select Colonel Fane as their representative, they will deserve to be disfranchised.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE seems to have nothing better to do with his time than to spend it in devising ingenious methods of petty tyranny over the unfortunate people who live under his rule. The last insulting annoyance which he has instructed the police to practise towards free Englishmen is to disguise themselves in plain clothes and steal any dog that may happen to be outside his master's house unmuzzled, even if it be only on the doorstep. The airs of imperialism which this would-be Minister of Police gives himself have ceased to be ridiculous,—they have become exasperating. We only wish some dog would take the law into his own hands, or rather teeth; perhaps inoculation with madness would produce an attack of common sense in Sir Richard Mayne. This is rather a wild supposition; meanwhile, let us hope that magistrates will not countenance this infringement on the liberties of the subject, and that all constables in plain clothes attempting to seize harmless dogs when with their masters will be treated as any other impertinent person who meddles with other men's property.

BUTE-IFUL FOR EVER!

WHEN young men of wealth and position attain their majority and assume the responsibilities of their lucky position, it is perfectly reasonable that those interested in the proceeding should rejoice and be glad; but the length of absurdity to which the public festivities in honour of the coming of age of the Marquis of Bute have been carried is something more than ordinarily ridiculous. London newspapers have despatched "Special Correspondents" to Cardiff, the scene of action, and columns upon columns have described the decorations, dinners, dances, and orgies which have been incidental to the auspicious event. The only sensible person concerned in the proceedings, to do him justice, appears to be the youthful Marquis himself, who, after having put up with a great deal, at last openly rebelled when they brought out the charity children to sing to him a parody on "God save the Queen," in which the young lord's name appeared, substituted for that of Her Gracious Majesty.

The Marquis of Bute has already made a name for himself as a conscientious and intelligent young man, and his friends have no right to place him in that most disastrous of all positions—the nuisance of looking foolish.



IN BAD HANDS !
OR,
"TUFTS" OF TURE.



FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER III.—*Canard is rescued. The Religion of an Englishman. St. Leger! First appearance of the London Fog. The Dog Star is threatened with "Muzzling." A great Potentate. Office of the Sir-Richard-Mayne. Description of the "Polis-mans." Arrival in London. Its size. Habits of the Nobility. A Bill of Fare. How the Memories of Great Men are Insulted.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Sept. 20, 1868.

MY MUCH HONOURED AND DEARLY-LOVED REDACTEUR,

You will remember that when I last wrote to you my adventures had arrived at the point where I was left waiting, in a third-class carriage on the Folk-es-tone line, the approach of an engine. To make a long story short, the engine arrived, and was attached to my train. As we were on the eve of starting, I called out to the peasant:

"This carriage is cold: let me get away. I would ride on the engine."

The peasant staggered off, and, after a long parley with the driver, returned with the answer that if I would pay fourpence I might be accommodated. I paid—ah! these barbarians, are they not mercenary?

When I had taken my seat in the tender among the coals, and the train was beginning to move, I commenced the following conversation:—

"Tell me, driver, why the train was left all day in the cutting, covered with brown holland."

"Wicked one—it was Sunday. We work not on Sunday."

"Ah, but here it is still Sunday, and yet we are moving."

"Ah, but that is a different matter!"

"Why?" said I.

"Because Sir Smith wishes to come to Town to-night. He has paid extra!"

"But because Sir Smith has paid extra does that make it less Sunday?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"Ah, it is your religion: how strange!"

"Strange—wicked one! I would have you know that we are Christians. We believe in two good books. One of these good books is called the Bible; but there is another which we esteem even more."

"And that is called?"

"The Ledger! The *jour de fête* of this book is known as the 'St. Leger,' or 'Derby Day.' On the morning of the festival a great race is run, called the 'Oaks of Old England,' in which all the Mayors compete. The winner is made 'Milord Mayor of London,' with a salary of £150 a-year.* Now you understand; is it not ingenious? The Ledger takes care of us and directs us on earth—tells us how to live to the best advantage—how to do to others as we expect to be done by."

"And what do you do with the Bible?"

"Oh, that we keep to read when we get to Heaven! Plenty of time to read it then!"

"Ah, it is capital! But have you not Bishops—have they not duties?"

"Oh, yes, to spend ten thousand a-year and wear monstrous lawn sleeves for the benefit of the laundresses!"

With much instructive conversation we journeyed on. The night passed and the day began, and still we were miles away from London. The sun shone brightly, and at last I fell asleep. I was awakened by a jerk. We were nearly in total darkness, and before us was a heavy-looking wall of vapour, as hard as a stone and as black as a coal.

"What is this?" I cried, horrified at the awful sight.

"This is the London Fog," replied the engine-driver; "you must jump out and help me to dig a tunnel for the train in it."

I got down at once and assisted my companion to wield a sledge hammer. For five hours we worked with the utmost heartiness, and yet could make no impression upon the frightful

mass. The more we beat the Fog the denser it grew. At last the engine-driver said to me—

"Mounseer, we have tried strength, it would not do. All that now remains to us is strategy. Wait here while I costume myself."

The engine-driver then entered the guard's van, and remained there some minutes. After a while he returned costumed in the most eccentric style. He had quite altered his appearance. He wore a short blue tunic, with silver buttons in front, and some mysterious letters and numbers on the collar. He had on his head a sort of felt helmet that looked like a hat that (having a taste for the military) had tried hard to get into the Militia without ever quite effecting its object. He carried by his side a truncheon and a waterproof cloak. He wore spectacles and white hair, and seemed to be nearly eighty years old. He advanced towards the vapoury barrier leaning upon a stick. He shook his fist and cried out—

"Move on!"

I watched the Fog narrowly, and saw it tremble, but still it did not move.

"Move on!" shouted the disguised engine-driver. "Do you dare question my authority? Don't you know that I am King of all I survey? Stay here another moment, and I give orders to my myrmidon to muzzle the Dog Star!"

He had scarcely uttered the threat ere the Fog, with the sound of thunder, rushed screaming into the sky!

You can imagine how surprised I was at this adventure. I could hardly speak for about ten minutes—the time occupied by the engine-driver in removing his disguise. When he returned he laughed heartily at my look of astonishment.

"Why," said he, "there was nothing strange in the matter."

"Not strange!" I repeated. "Why, the Fog obeyed your will!"

"Of course. Didn't you see why? The stupid vapour thought I was the Sir-Richard-Mayne!"

When I understood this my surprise was at an end. Most likely some of my compatriots have read of this great potentate. He is, in reality, the King of Great Britain. When you have heard more from me you will understand the Constitution of this strange land better, but I may say at this point of my adventures that the Government of England consists of the Sovereign, the Parliament, and the Sir-Richard-Mayne. The Sovereign acts with the advice of her Parliament, but the Sir-Richard-Mayne is independent. The officers of this great potentate are called "Polis-mans." They live chiefly upon cold meat and rabbit-pies (provided for their benefit by a race of females yclept "Slaveys"), which food encourages them to commit deeds of the wildest daring—such as capturing small boys, reporting publicans who do not purchase their silence with pots of "pale-ale," and muzzling some savage animals known in London as "toy-terriers."

When the Fog had gone we started off again, and arrived without further adventures. At this point I think I should give you a Map of London, as you will then understand better my allusions to the various localities I shall have to mention.* I may say at once that the "Modern Babylon" (as these wretched Islanders call their metropolis) is a very small place, not a fourth of the size of Paris—in fact, utterly contemptible. The English boast very much of their towns; as for me, the only place I saw the whole time I remained in England that I considered at all fine and impressive was a certainly magnificent city about three hundred miles from "Brompton" (a provincial village reached by omnibuses) called "Welch Harp." You will observe that in the centre of London is a spot called "Leicestère Squarr." It is here that I have taken up my abode. My hotel is the finest in London, but very expensive; they charged me on the morning of my arrival eightpence for a bed and breakfast! So exorbitant did I consider the prices that I determined upon getting my meals elsewhere. It is very much the fashion among the *élite* of the English Aristocracy (they are called the "*svel-mobb*," the "*costère-mongère*") to take their meals *al fresco*; so to be in the *mode* I always feed in the streets.

Here is my daily bill of fare:

BREAKFAST.—"Crumpet" (*souche*), "Vinkles," "Bull's-eye," and half-a-pint of "Sparklin-Sarsaparilla."

* I cannot believe this. £150 a-year! Why in our country such a sum would be the salary of a prince!—JULES CANARD.

* We regret that this week we have not the space to insert Mons. Canard's Map of London, upon which three hundred engravers have been engaged for many months. Our readers may expect to see it in our impression of Tuesday next.—ED. TOM.

LUNCH.—"Whilks," Candied-dates," "Toffee," and pint of "Liquorice-water."

DINNER.—"Real-mutton-pie," "Tête-tère," Part of an oyster, "Peppermint drop," "apenny-jam-tart," pint of "portar-bierre," "pine-apple roc," little glass of "Turkish sherbet."

SUPPER.—Rest of the oyster and two bottles of "Gingère-bière."

You will not be surprised to hear that the air of this wretched country on my arrival made me very ill. I sent for the doctor, and after a number of questions was asked, what I was in the habit of eating. Upon affording him the required information, he advised me to give up the "real-mutton-pie," the "apenny jam-tart," and the "pine-apple roc," until I grew accustomed to the country. So since then I have substituted for the comestibles objected to a very nutritious food called "cat-is-meat," which when eaten with a sardine, some mustard, and a little lump of sugar, is very pleasant to the palate.

Before I conclude this letter I must tell you of a conversation I had with one of the waiters of my hotel.

"Alphonse-Auguste," I said, looking out of the window in Leicestère Squarr, "What is that hideous statue in the centre of that desert?"

"Ah *sacrrrrrrr*!" growled the faithful fellow, "*Milles tonnerres*!"

"Why, my friend, what is it that annoys you?"

"Ah! that statue is meant for Napoleon Le Grand—the victor of Vaterloo!"

"No," said I, grinding my teeth, "It is impossible!"

"'Tis too true!" cried Alphonse-Auguste bursting into tears. "These miserable Englishmen when they wish to turn into ridicule the fame of a great man erect a statue-caricature to his memory!"

The waiter was right, all over London have I found this shameful desecration of the dead! I even feel pity for that monster Vellington when I see him *en caricature*.

Receive, my dear Redacteur,

A kiss upon both cheeks and my

distinguished considerations,

JULES CANARD.

DOWN HILL.

WITH a race-horse *alive* at one theatre, two express trains, a steam-boat, and several London haunts freely scattered about at the others, what are we to expect next? Within what limits does the inventive genius of realism propose to confine itself? Apparently within none, for the public appear to have already gone mad over mere "properties," and will in all probability welcome anything, however monstrous, provided only they have seen its prototype outside the house a hundred times a day. Under such a condition of things it must be admitted that the drama had fallen upon evil times. The author is gradually becoming the slave of the machinist. The picture now is valuable only for its frame. Should any young dramatic writer who has looked on ambitiously to those heights where Bulwer and Jerrold once have trod, and in despair feel that the best thing to be done with the pen in these days is to lay it down, let him pause and take heart. Let him peruse the following prize piece. He will find it full of hints, and a perfect model of the new style, 1868.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Knightsbridge at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. Omnibuses, carriages, cabs, foot passengers, policemen, &c., passing and repassing throughout the entire scene.*

[Enter HERO and another man.

HERO.—While I have time let me unfold a piece of the plot.

OTHER MAN.—Never!

HERO.—Nay, you had better hear it while you can. There is a prodigious amount of sensation to be got through before—

OTHER MAN.—Ha, ha! Sensation! I believe you. Know,

then, that I am the very identical individual who times the real omnibuses at the real Knightsbridge Green!

[Curtain descends amidst thunders of applause.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The interior of St. Martin's Baths and Wash-houses. People purchasing tickets, receiving towels, buying penny-worths of soap (extra), and having hot baths throughout the whole of the following scene.*

[Enter HERO and somebody else.

HERO.—Hopeless to seek Lady Feodora here! This must be the gentlemen's second class department!

SOMEBODY ELSE.—It is—and to the life! (*Points to handle.*) You see this handle. It is affixed to a *real* bath.

HERO.—You are? Then let me on with the plot, for I see danger a-head.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Fool! Why bandy words? Your doom is unavoidable. These are the St. Martin's Baths and Wash-houses (*opens a door*), and *this* is a real bath.

HERO.—Great heavens! then I am lost!

SOMEBODY ELSE (*seising him by the collar and tearing his ticket from him*).—In with you: escape is vain (*forces him in and closes door*).

HERO (*from within*).—Your name! Say, bold and mysterious being, who are you?

SOMEBODY ELSE (*laughing wildly*).—Who? I am the real man from the real baths near St. Martin's-lane, and this (*turns handle*) is *real* boiling water. (*Groans from HERO and thunders of applause as curtain descends.*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Umbrella department at South Kensington Museum. Visitors leaving and taking sticks, parasols, and umbrellas throughout the entire scene.* [Enter HERO and a stranger.

HERO (*looking about him*).—No one seems to be observing me. There is, then, really a chance of my getting on with the plot. (*To audience:*) Know, then, that twenty years ago—(*starts*)—ha!

STRANGER.—Silence, miscreant, I will not have this here!

HERO.—And why not?

STRANGER.—Because sensation is the order of the day, and I am really Mr. HENRY COLE, C.B. (*Flight of HERO as curtain descends amidst thunders of applause.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Long ward in the Fever Hospital. Real people, with real fevers, in beds R. and L. Doctors, nurses, friends, and other people catching contagious diseases in motion during the whole of this scene.* [Enter HERO.

HERO.—At last I am alone!—(*turning*)—Ha! this is not bad in the way of sensation. No, no. They can't easily beat this. Perhaps I might now get on a little further with the plot. (*To audience:*) Well, then, twenty years ago— [Enter ANYBODY.

ANYBODY.—How now?

HERO.—I was only trying—

ANYBODY.—To make some progress in the story? Story! Ha! ha! Hold the mirror up to nature! Gammon! This is the kind of thing they want (*produces a sewing-machine, and works it*). Look at that! (*Thunders of applause.*) I told you so. Story? they don't want a story! What ho there! (*Enter four real doctors, who seize the hero.*) To your work once more, and wring down the house! (*HERO is forced into a chair, takes a real dose of castor oil, and then has two real double teeth really pulled out under the influence of real chloroform. Thunders of applause as curtain descends.*)

ACT V.

SCENE.—*Gunpowder Mills at Hounslow.*

[Enter HERO, all the characters, and the AUTHOR.]

HERO (*excitedly*).—At last I think we have got a chance.

AUTHOR.—Then for goodness sake make the most of it (*looks off R. and L.*): as yet we are unobserved. I cannot see either the manager, the machinist, or the property man! (*Produces book.*) Now for it; here is my MS. (*Characters go through a little dialogue hurriedly, while HERO looks out one way, and the AUTHOR the other. A distant shout heard.*)

AUTHOR (*suddenly hiding his book*).—Great Heavens! all is over! they are upon us again.

[*Enter Manager, Machinist, and Property man, thunders of applause.*]

MANAGER (*to HERO*).—What, you defy me? You would get on without these gentlemen (*points to Machinist and Property man*). Never!

HERO.—I would (*groans from audience, and cries of "Turn him out"*). And what is more, I will! Twenty years ago—

MANAGER (*to assistants*).—To your work. We will show them how to end a sensation piece. (*Produces a box of real lucifers. Thunders of applause.*)

HERO.—Twenty years ago, they would not—

MANAGER (*strikes a match*).—This is a real light, and we are standing on twenty tons of real gunpowder. (*Thunders of applause. Manager lights powder. Proportionate explosion, real crash and destruction of everything.*)

VOICE OF HERO (*in the smoke*).—Have stood this humbug!

CURTAIN.

BELLA! HORRIDA BELLA!

WE have received the most alarming news from our Foreign Correspondents, which we hasten to publish, hoping that the dreadful calamities to which they point may yet be averted.

AUSTRIA, *Sept. 22nd*.—Baron von Beust, conversing with an Hungarian gentleman yesterday, said, "You cannot carve well with a blunt knife." Great alarm exists throughout the Slavonian population: it is evident that the Chancellor of the Empire contemplates the wholesale execution of Hungarian patriots.

PRUSSIA, *Sept. 23rd*.—The King of Prussia received a deputation from the milkmen of Berlin to-day. In the course of his reply he said, "French butter is good, especially that which comes from Normandy." Everybody is preparing for the invasion of France from the Norman frontier. Five hundred thousand needle-guns are said to have been manufactured since yesterday.

PARIS, *Sept. 23rd*.—The Emperor paid a visit to Pau yesterday. In addressing the *maire* he said, "What is big is great. Two and two make four. The sun is larger than the moon; but the moon is not so large as the earth. Sheep are useful animals; they have wool, which is also useful. Oysters are shell-fish, but cod-fish are not. The lion is a large beast of the cat tribe. Cats eat mice, but mice do not eat cats. When the sun shines it is generally warmer than when it does not shine. It snows sometimes in winter. Water when frozen becomes ice. I will say no more."

The Bourse is dreadfully agitated; Rentes have gone down to 32 in prospect of immediate war. The *Temps* says that it is plain that the Emperor intends to declare war against England, Russia, Italy, and Turkey; to issue an edict at once forbidding the sale of cats' meat; to seize the King of Prussia when he is in his bath; to ask M. Rochefort to dinner; to blow up the Rhine with benzine collas; to confiscate the property of all foreigners in France; and to seize the Newfoundland cod fisheries; to make the Queen of Spain Regent of France; and to forbid the exportation of French olives. The panic in trade is universal.

A VOID OF ABUSES.

AT a moment when so much is being said, discussed, and written as to the all-important influences which have lately been brought to bear with such ill-disguised alacrity on this engrossing subject, it would be decided indolence on our part were we to allow such a matter to drop without adding our urgent protestations against a continuance of what all reasonable thinkers will decide unhesitatingly in our favour when once they have given their unbiassed attention to its analysis. In the time of the early Byzantine epoch, when the turgid brutality of a domineering fatalism had completely rotted the secret springs of government, it was generally believed by such consistent

sages as an unswerving courage still retained on their pedestals, that the end of all things sublunary must be fatally approaching while such portentous signs appeared to prognosticate a political collapse. We must think now as the wise men of that century did before us. We must raise the standard of infinity, and, with the party cry on our lips of "Develop our tendencies!" spring into the breach which determines the proportionate intensities of self-confirmation, and hurling to the ground the palpitating grossness of opinion, seize the still-warm opportunity to possess the stronghold of abuse. There must be no modification in the primeval mode of proceeding. The flexibility of co-operation must induce the construction of a sounder edifice; the invariability of our attention must evolve the preferment we so much desire. Let there, then, be no dallying with infatuation, no tampering with improbabilities; but at once make up your mind, if you wish to obtain the disruption of idiotic individuality, to find out the meaning of this article.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

WOMAN is always wanting—of course we mean where only men are present. She is actually wanting now to be man, and when in the Darwinian course of things she has arrived at the complete change she makes her aim she will begin to think she has not got the best of it, and will naturally be wanting again to be woman. Man then will be wanting, and not found.

.*

We have swallowed the infernal soup of a Swiss Inn, but we never could digest the chops of the Channel.

.*

Life is so light in Boulogne that there Belgravia may rejoice and the weary from Clapham have visions of paradise. The only foreigner I met there was an Irishman, who wished me cordially "a Boulong life, and a merry one."

.*

Really a Conservative organ is as great a nuisance as an Italian one. Nay! more so, for the latter does change its tune occasionally.

.*

The great political economist who encourages female suffrage must meet with wreaths of smiles from hosts of grateful women. What will be his reward if he brings them to the poll? But will they come to that? Of the two women found grinning at the Mill will not one be mistaken, and the other's left out altogether?

.*

The Babes in the Wood were consoled for their sad end by the robin's gift of strawberry leaves. But they were in the wood. The girls of the present age would go through any privations to be covered with strawberry leaves before they die—but the leaves must come from an earl at least.

HOLIDAY-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

PERHAPS it is as well that Lord Mayo is about to seize upon the Governor-Generalship of India, for he certainly possesses, independently of some administrative ability, a fair share of common sense, a commodity which appears to be particularly scarce in the East just now.

The last mail from Calcutta states that the day of the eclipse of the sun was observed as a close holiday in all the Government offices, and commercial business was suspended by a special Order in Council. It is difficult even to suggest a colourable excuse for turning the eclipse day into Sunday. Sir John Lawrence is not the man to succumb to the religious prejudices of the natives, even if their creed taught them to hold an eclipse of the sun as a feast of obligation; nor can it be possible that it was wholly to suit the convenience of Europeans in Government employ that business was stopped and a day wasted

The phenomenon lasted but a very short time, and but few saw it, as, unfortunately, the rain fell and the sky was cloudy at the moments of the greatest obscurity; but if the weather had been as bright and clear as the scientific men who went to India on purpose to get a good view of the eclipse could have wished, no benefit to science could possibly accrue by letting loose a herd of Indian Civil Servants to stare the sun out of countenance, without either profit to themselves or to anybody else. No wonder his Majesty got disgusted at being made the object of such vulgar curiosity, and hid himself behind the clouds on purpose to disappoint the thousand or so European know-nothings who had made the moon's impolite behaviour to her fiery master an excuse for adding one more idle day to their official existences.

Beyond this, putting every other consideration aside, Sir John Lawrence's Order in Council was not only ridiculous in itself, but dangerous as a precedent. In future, when an eclipse comes due, or a meteor shower is expected, we shall have all the clerks of Somerset House clamouring for a holiday, and in possession of "a grievance" if their request is refused as absurd and unreasonable.

WANTED, A HORSEWHIP.

ELECTIONEERING atrocities are cropping up full early, and the followers of Mr. Gladstone have achieved the memorable notoriety of being the first to disgrace themselves. The Conservative candidate for the borough of Sandwich, one Mr. Henry Worms, happens to profess the Jewish religion, and the electors, on the strength of this fact, have been furnished with the following circular:—

- "1. Who crucified our Lord?—The Jew.
 - "2. Who continues to deny Him?—The Jew.
 - "3. Who declared Him to be a blasphemer?—The Jew.
 - "4. Who will destroy our common Christianity?—The Jew.
 - "5. Who would deceive his father and sell his birthright?—The Jew.
 - "6. Who will 'worm' itself to the surface and have its pound of flesh?—The Jew.
- "We are Christians. Take our Lord's saying, 'Be wise as serpents,' and deny the Jew."

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. Brassey are the Liberal candidates for the representation of Sandwich, but it is difficult to believe that they can have in any way identified themselves with the perpetrators of this abominable insult to Mr. Worms in particular and to the whole Jewish community in general. Mr. Worms happens to be not only a highly respectable but a sensible gentleman, and it is not improbable that such wanton scurrility will do him and his cause more good than harm; but it is really a disgrace to Englishmen that such circulars as that we have quoted should be permitted to be printed and published in "the Christian land of liberty," of which we are all so wont to boast.

THE RIDDLE THAT HAS PUZZLED THE LUNATICS.

LAST week, at the urgent request of some thousands of our readers, we attempted to obtain a solution to a question that has (we understand) given them ceaseless annoyance for a long term of years—we allude, of course, to that great problem of the nineteenth century, "When is a door not a door?" It has been generally felt that the conventional answer "When it's a-jar," is not in accordance with the spirit of the times—times that have given up steam-engines, boot-jacks, and the electric telegraph. This being the case, we begged our readers to "try again," trusting that they would find a better solution than the one to which we have so contemptuously alluded.

They have "tried again," but with questionable success. Some of the answers we have received have been passable, but the majority have been remarkable for an utter absence of point. It has become evident to us from these sorrowful attempts at wit, fun, and waggery, that the rising generation unhappily lack the capability of performing the "quips and cranks" for which our ancestors were so justly famed, and

from which our dear old England has derived such marvellous benefit.

However, as we wish to be just as well as critical, we allow our readers to judge for themselves by giving, *en masse*, the answers we have received. To aid the public in their judicial labours, we have attempted a little classification.

The question was

WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?

And the answers we have received to that difficult problem may thus be arranged:—

CLASS 1.—(PASSABLE).

When it's a-Negress!—Orpheus (Ramsgate), and Old Brum.

CLASS 2.—(ON THE VERGE OF SILLINESS).

When it's va(r)nished.—Midge.

When it is a shut-ter.—C. Weinberger.

When it turns into a street.—W. McD.

When it's aw-shut t-aw.—Hotspur's Poppingjay.

CLASS 3.—(SILLY).

When it is to (two).—Billy-go-Buster, Rose, Isabella S., and Midge.

When it's o-pen (a pen).—Jargon, and Forest Hill Owl.

When it's a-opening.—Maniac Jack in a state of Champagne, and The Cheapside Lunatic.

When it is on the swing. When it is swinging.—Annie (Tooting).

When it's bolted.—Mustard (Lowestoft), Samuel E. Thomas, Midge, Forest Hill Owl, and Peach Stone.

CLASS 4.—(UTTERLY "STOOPID.")

When it is a book (studied with eye-on) *i.e.* *studied with iron*.—One Out on Sufferance.

When there's no door.—Relampago's Ghost.

When it's not there.—Gustave Dore.

When it is not a-door-ed.—Taciturnity.

NEXT WEEK'S PUZZLE.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the escape of the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green." We imagined that he was safe under lock and key on Friday night last, when unhappily we left him with his bed-room window open. In the morning he had escaped. On the dressing-table we found the following painful epistle:—

Written in the shower-bath, with my boots on the mantel-piece.

HA, HA, TYRANT!

I defie ye! I'm free—free as the air to dance away, and to play away until late, until late in the morning! By the time these lines are before you I shall be madly careering to 85 Fleet Street, riding on a towel-horse, and shouting forth my glorious welcome to the moonlit velocipede of the Adriatic!

With my tally-ho! tally-ho!

Hark, hark, and hollo!

With my tally-ho! tally-ho!

It is our opening day!

Yes, thou murderous wielder of Penn the Puritan! know that the home of lunatic literature is situated near Bride's court. What would Mr. Punch do without his correspondent at Colney Hatchney?

So fare thee well, my own traitrous hound!

Fare thee well for a wee;

For the wind it is blowing, and the sea it is cold,

And I am bound for my tea, traitrous hound,

And I'm bound for my tea.

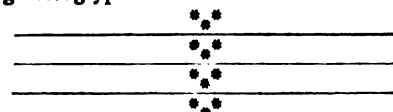
Adieu! adieu!

Yours till death,

THE LIVELY LUNATIC OF CAMBERWELL GREEN.

It is scarcely necessary to say that an expedition was at once fitted out and despatched in search of the fugitive. In the meanwhile we once more must throw ourselves for the second (and last) time on the kindness of our readers, and beg them to accept a puzzle instead of a riddle at our hands.

We implore them to say (or rather write) what we mean by the following hieroglyphic:—



The above, with a little thought, is exceedingly easy of solution. When solved the problem is most pleasing.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 74.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO. 4.—SUMMING UP.

HAVING pointed out some of the principal evils which affect the condition of female servants, we will now endeavour to show how these evils may be alleviated, if not entirely remedied.

As we said before, the mischief begins in early years, in the education which girls receive in their own homes. You cannot expect the daughters of slatternly wasteful mothers to make clean and frugal women. But even in those cases where the parents give their children the best education which they can afford, the system, on which that education is conducted, is rarely one of any practical benefit to them. Most clergymen and Ladies Bountiful think it a great thing to get girls to the Sunday-school. No doubt this is better than no education at all, but it appears to us that there is one great fundamental mistake in our Sunday-school teaching, and that is, that in aiming to teach religion thoroughly, it only succeeds in teaching theology very imperfectly, and morality not at all. Much too great importance is given to Bible history, to the exclusion of the New Testament morality. We will not say more on this subject, for so great is the prejudice in minds of earnest Protestants against any limitation of Bible teaching, and so utterly confused are the minds of the mass of the laity and clergy as regards the true value and position of the Old Testament, that we should incur great danger of being misrepresented, if not of being misunderstood. We will content ourselves with expressing a belief that it is not a wise thing to put unreservedly a book so difficult for the educated to understand into the hands of those, who have had practically no education at all. Great advance has been made lately in the matter of education, but there is still much to be done before our schools for the poor, or for the rich either, can offer that training which is alone of any real use in after life,—a training which, discouraging superficial smartness and the mere varnish of accomplishments, shall instruct the young in those principles which are the foundation of all morality and of all religion; shall enforce those habits without which no character of sterling worth can be formed; and shall imbue the moral nature with that conscientious sense of duty, that noble purpose in life, which finds as full scope for employment in the very humblest as in the very highest positions which this world can offer.

Besides the education at school, there is the more important education at home. As we have pointed out, if there is danger in neglect, in suffering the children to run wild in the streets or fields, and so never learn what self-restraint means, there is the greater danger, in those better off, of bringing up their children to despise the station of their parents, and to aspire to the society of those above them in the world. This rude attempt at "equality" is as common among the higher as among the lower classes; and the persevering efforts to destroy the distinctions of rank and wealth on the part of parents result in the creation of a class of girls, whose only hope is in trading on the charms Nature or Art may have given them; for they are utterly unfit to be at the head of a family, the only thing they know about money being how to waste it. If women really wish to improve the condition of their sex, let them combine together for the purpose of destroying the dynasty of Frivolity which now holds undisputed the throne of Society. We can

imagine no movement more calculated to elevate woman in the eyes of man, than an organised opposition to the practice, now so prevalent, of allowing girls to go to some party or other every night of the week during that elastic period termed "the season." If at least two nights a week were kept sacred to the quiet routine of home pleasures and home duties—if all the daughters of a family were made to learn to manage the house expenses, and superintend the domestic arrangements generally, for a week at a time, we believe that marriage—that goal of all girls' hopes—would be far less difficult of attainment, and when attained, would be far happier than it ever can be as Society is at present constituted. If mistresses were able to manage a household, and to check the expenses properly, the extravagance and affectation of servants would be effectually checked; they would learn to respect their employers when they found that they could not cheat them.

With regard to those girls who fulfil the duties of vicarious motherhood, we have this suggestion to make. Let us give them a home where they will be taught useful labour, where their services will be rigidly exacted in return for the benefits received by them, and whence they can go forth, with a character, to fulfil the duties of wet nurses, knowing that their children will be cared for by the Institution which has sheltered them in the hour of their need, and to which, after their time of service is expired, they shall be able to return, if they cannot get any other situation, there to continue their education in some useful employment. They would, of course, bring characters from the person who had previously employed them; and so any one engaging them from this kind of Institution would be certain of not being imposed upon by false recommendations. Although there would be many difficulties at first in inducing girls to avail themselves of such an Institution, still, we believe that, when they saw how great a chance was given them of recovering their good name, and how a place of safety was assured to them whither to return from their temporary situation, instead of being, as they are now, left to their own resources or to the uncertain charity or enforced contributions of those held responsible by the Law, they would overcome their dislike to proclaim their condition before they were actually compelled to do so. We honestly entreat all, who have any desire to rescue poor girls from a life of degradation and misery, to consider this scheme so roughly sketched.

As to the temptation to which nursemaids especially, and other servant girls, are exposed in our parks or public streets, we will say a few words. The immediate greed of admiration, which characterises these ignorant and silly creatures, no doubt is held by some men to justify the attentions which they proffer. But we would put it to those who wish to be men in something more than name, whether prowling after silly, vain, and empty-headed girls, who are ready to swallow the bait, however plain the hook may show through it, is either a noble or a profitable employment?

Finally, it remains for us all, however small our influence, to do what we can to elevate the condition of those on whose services we so much depend. Something may be done by precept, more by example, most by a quiet perseverance and a watchful vigilance in seeking opportunities for holding out to all those below us the same incitements, the same helps, the same guides which we ourselves have enjoyed, and to which, in a great measure, we owe what superiority over them we may possess.

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.—These classical islands, known to the ancients indifferently as the Cassiterides, Hesperides, and Siluræ Insulæ, having been erected into a Parliamentary group and enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, the greatest possible curiosity has been felt among them as to what distinguished politician was to have the honour of first representing them in the House of Commons. The popular instinct, which in such matters rarely errs, at once designated Mr. Bernal Osborne as the fittest person to sit for the Scilly Isles; but as long as it was uncertain whether that honourable gentleman would maintain his connection with Nottingham, of course nothing could be done. As soon, however, as the report in the TOMAHAWK of last week of what had occurred at Nottingham, and the news that the lambs of that borough had definitively resolved to elect Mr. Joseph Goss and Mr. Henry Allen, reached St. Mary's and its thirty-nine sisters, a requisition was at once got up, inviting Mr. Osborne to stand. We believe that the invitation has been most cordially acceded to; but Mr. Osborne was so exceedingly energetic in his own particular line last session that he has hitherto spent most of the recess in recovering from the effects of his gigantic labours; priming himself for the next one, whenever his health will permit, by a close and fatiguing study of Joe Miller. It is understood, however, that he will soon visit the new marine constituency.

Meanwhile a feeling has been growing up among the more thoughtful and intelligent portion of the electors that, though Mr. Bernal Osborne has very great claims upon their favour, still they have a right to look for a representative even more highly distinguished than himself. In accordance with this view, they tried to discover if there was any chance of inducing Mr. Buckstone, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, to canvass the constituency. Much to their gratification, that gentleman at once expressed himself highly flattered by the invitation, and accompanied the deputation on their return from the metropolis to the islands. Yesterday, he addressed the electors for the first time, and created a most favourable impression. He was dressed in the costume in which he has so often appeared, and with such immense success, before the British public—the costume worn by him in "*Lend me Five Shillings*." He was received with shouts of laughter and applause, which became perfectly deafening when he first applied his forefinger to the side of his nose, then turned his back upon the audience, lifted up his cloak, and exposed a considerable rent in his tall coat. The roars of hilarity and approbation produced by this classical piece of humour having somewhat subsided, he winked several times to the electors, and then commenced speaking. Would anybody lend him five shillings? Would this person lend it? Would that person lend it? He assured them he had spent far more on his railway fare than five shillings, and the deputation had never offered to pay it for him. Now, considering—if he was anything of a scholar—that the inhabitants of the Cassiterides ought to be remarkably well off for tin—(laughter)—he thought it was rather shabby. (Cheers and laughter.) However, he would throw a pall—(the way in which the honourable gentleman pronounced "pall" threw the entire audience into convulsions of laughter)—he would throw a pall over these horrors. But if they would not lend him five shillings, would they send him to Parliament? He should feel thoroughly at home there. In fact, it was the very stage whose boards he had long been burning to tread. Was it not the very home of comedy? Some people said of farce; but that he repudiated. Who had been its most popular leader in modern times? Who but a jaunty Viscount, the most finished light comedian of the day? No—where was a joke, however poor, so quickly and warmly appreciated as in the House of Commons. People were easily moved to laughter in church, and if anybody made a small jocular observation in court, particularly if it happened to be the judge that made it, everybody felt bound to laugh. But of all the cachinnatory assemblies in the world, commend him to the House of Commons. He would pledge himself to keep it in a continual roar. It might be objected that his engagements at the theatre would interfere with his Parliamentary duties; but it was already his habit to sup after his performances, and he could always in future sup at the House. He believed a good deal of heavy political business was done in the tea-room, and

he promised to frequent it faithfully. He should have several opportunities of again addressing them—(cheers)—and therefore, for the present, he would say nothing of his political opinions. But he could not resist at once avowing his adherence to the cause of female suffrage. (Cheers and laughter.) He hoped soon to see women members of Parliament. He should much like to have a lovely woman for his colleague—(laughter)—only the Scilly Islands had most unjustly had but one member conferred upon it. But he should be delighted to share his seat with any woman under forty, and give her a fair half of it. Wouldn't it be comfortable? (Here he punched his proposer in the ribs, and accompanied the gesture with the chuckle so well known to produce laughter. It succeeded admirably on this occasion, sending the audience off into fits of laughter.) He would say no more at present, for he intended to visit every one of the forty islands. He was told that locomotion among them was not easy. But as he was accustomed to paddle his own canoe—(laughter)—he did not expect to experience much difficulty. But would nobody lend him five shillings? (Here he once more displayed the rent of which mention has already been made, and amid shrieks of laughter and loud clapping of hands retired from the platform.)

The return of the honourable gentleman is considered certain. Mr. Bernal Osborne has been telegraphed to, to the effect that it would now be no use coming down to the Scilly Islands. Had Mr. Buckstone refused to stand, he might have had a chance; but against so formidable an opponent it would be impossible even for him to make head.

AN IMPERIAL WAG.

THE long-threatened Chinese Ambassador to this country has at length arrived, and, with his suite, is comfortably installed at the Grosvenor Hotel. We Englishmen are rather given to making a fuss over Oriental dignitaries when they visit our shores. We mobbed the Japanese mission to our heart's content, and it was only the other day that a couple of policemen had to be detached on the special duty of preventing the Abyssinian Prince, "I-have-seen-the-world," from being torn in pieces when his Highness took a walk on Ryde pier.

Curiosity may therefore be aroused by the description of our Chinese visitors. The chief ambassador is Poo-au-cheu Chin-chi-choong-jeu-tacheu, the first secretary is called Boo-choon-aw, and the second secretary's name is Dee-chang. The suite consists of associate ministers, student interpreters, and assistant secretaries in abundance. We have certainly never before received an ambassador from the East on such a large scale. Hitherto, at the most, half-a-dozen flat-nosed individuals of eccentric tastes, and of reported eccentric habits, have been deemed sufficient to constitute an Oriental mission; but surely a couple of palaces would scarcely be large enough to contain the number of great men of the celestial empire which the Emperor of China has accredited to the Court of St. James's. What a fine chance for the Crystal Palace Company! People are already asking for what day the directors have engaged the Chinese ambassadors, and whether five shillings will be charged for admission or if the date fixed will be a shilling Monday, with a display of fireworks thrown in.

We much regret to say that the British sightseer is doomed to disappointment. Evidently the Emperor of China, some day or other, either in disguise or by deputy, has visited the Gallery of Illustration in Waterloo place, for he has most shamelessly adapted a very amusing musical farce, called *Ching Chow Hi*, which had a great run under Mr. German Reed's management not very long ago. Everybody will remember what it was about. The scene is laid in China, at the Court of a native Prince, and it appears at last that all the characters—Prince, Prime Minister, hero, and heroine—are English, driven into their places by circumstances which they have been unable to control, and it is only in the last scene that they find each other out. The Emperor of China's farce is on rather a larger scale than this, for the characters in the play are more numerous. To begin with: it appears that the Ambassador himself, Poo-au-cheu Chin-chi-choong-jeu-tacheu is a Mr. Anson Burlingame, an American citizen, who has been for a short time resident in China; the first secretary, Boo-choon-aw, is an Irishman, rejoicing in the name of Mr. John M'Leary Brown,

and the second secretary, Dee-chang, is a Frenchman called Dechamps. As for the rest of the suite, with a few insignificant exceptions, they are English to a man.

The Emperor of China must have a keen sense of the ridiculous. He has certainly succeeded in "selling" the British nation. To have called the body of gentlemen who are at present staying at the Grosvenor Hotel "Agents for the Chinese Government" would have spoilt the joke; but, in sober truth, now that his Celestial Majesty has had his laugh at us, it must be admitted that they are nothing more.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE IX.

To Erica from Florence's Mother.

HERE we are back again at home, you see,
After no end of grief, expense, and trouble.
Of course my husband lays the blame on me,
Now that our joint designs have proved a bubble.
'Tis rather hard now, is it not? For he
Finds comfort in the coveys 'mongst the stubble,
Whilst I can but the destiny bemoan
Which all our good intentions has o'erthrown.

Florence might just as well be miles away.
I scarcely ever see her save at meals.
She seems to me to grow worse day by day.
If anybody calls, away she steals,
And nothing upon earth will make her stay,
And look on a strange face; as though she feels
They must have come to see and tell their neighbours
How she does bear the load 'neath which she labours.

Indeed sometimes her strange behaviour frightens
My heart into unutterable fears.
For now her colour goes, and now it heightens,
And then she frowns, just as you look for tears.
Nothing distracts her sadness, nothing lightens.
Sense seems to have quite left her eyes and ears,
And back into her inmost breast retreated,
Where grief and she in loneliness are beated.

I thought, at first, the matter might have been
Put right, or at the least all scandal hushed.
But soon, despite my best attempts to screen
The thing from view, my last fond hope was crushed.
The whole world knows it. Then, to make a scene,
As soon as Willie heard of it, he rushed
After the jilt, and coming on his track;
Broke, so they say, his cane across his back.

Then all the papers pounced upon the news,
And some declared it shameful, others silly.
A penny daily, given to comic views,
Turned all of us to ridicule, save Willie.
Him it did neither laugh at nor abuse;
But only said that, though chivalric, still he
In days like these must be uncommon lucky,
If law-courts let him off for being so plucky.

But there's no fear of that; and Willie now
Seems to stand well in each one's estimation.
Even his uncle does his worth allow,
And says his conduct's the sole compensation
For all the hubbub, bother, shame, and row.
In fact, there's little doubt the close relation
That Willie long has yearned to have with Florence,
He would no longer look on with abhorrence.

Really the boy has splendidly behaved.
As soon as he got back to England, he
An audience with his cousin of us craved.
I and his uncle granted it; but she,
As if from woe unwilling to be saved,
Refused to see him most persistently;
And swore she rather ten times death would face,
Than such an overpowering disgrace.

Which is absurd. For no one can deny
She never liked that other wretched creature;
Whilst any one can see, with half an eye,
Her love for Willie beaming in ev'ry feature.
However, I am patient, and rely
For her conversion upon Time the teacher.
I'm sure I've all along done what seemed best,
And will do still; and Heav'n must do the rest.

But just to think of all the lovely *trousseau*,
Dresses and things, and piles of finest linen
Prepared in vain, and for no earthly use! Oh!
I sometimes feel as though there was a sin in
Putting it by. Yet had I not better do so?
Florence is young, and Willie very winning.
And now that both of us have no objection,
She surely will be wiser, on reflection.

But 'tis no use to press the point at present,
For she is almost melancholy mad,
And it would only make things more unpleasant.
But *all* these dresses! Is it not really sad?
The worst too is, that when her grief is lessened,
And she to marry will again be glad,
Long gored skirts may no longer be the fashion,
And big poke bonnets once more all the passion.

I want to get poor Florence to the sea,
But 'tis impossible to make her stir.
Sea-bathing always did, you know, agree
(Although it never does with me) with her.
But you might just as well address a tree.
Now pray don't writing back to me defer.
Good-bye, dear 'Rica. Love and warm caresses.

P.S.

Please tell me what you'd do about the dresses.

MILITARY METHODISM.

THE General who has the command of the garrison at Dover, whose name lies hidden in the intricacies of the monthly Army List, in which obscurity let it rest, has taken the initiative in putting a stop to the unseemly desecration of the Sabbath which has hitherto been recognised as a military necessity at all stations where large bodies of soldiers are massed together. The General directs that from this day "no bands, drums, nor music of any kind are to play the troops either to or from the place of worship, nor is any band or music (*sic*) allowed to play on Sunday, the regular beats and church calls excepted."

We fear that the Commandant at Dover has allowed his pious enthusiasm to get the better of his discretion. When an officer, entrusted with authority, takes advantage of his position to force his silly whims and lower-minded absurdities down people's throats, it is usual for the Horse Guards to take some notice of such behaviour, especially when that august power has, as in the present instance, been entirely ignored and over-ridden by a fanatical Jack in office. It has always been a custom recognised and approved by the Commander-in-Chief for military bands to play to and from church, and on all the usual Sunday relief and parade duties; and for an officer holding an inferior command to take upon himself to rule otherwise, is not only a bit of personal impertinence to the Duke of Cambridge, but a breach of military discipline which cannot be overlooked.

As for the public, they have little interest in the matter. We have long since agreed to accept the taunts of foreigners that the manner of observance of Sunday in England is not only a pandering to maudling bigotry, but an insult to common sense; and therefore we have not to consult the prejudices of other nations. But if Frenchmen, arriving on our shores on a Sunday, have hitherto declared Dover to be a sad and dreary place on the Sabbath, what will their first impressions be now, when even the fife and drum are suppressed in a town full of soldiers?

IMPORTANT!—What is the difference between a Chelsea Bun and one of the Chelsea Candidates? One's only an odger, while the other is a St. Odger (Stodger).

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THEATRES are being built all over London. Our architect tells us this necessitates a new order of architecture, to be called the Stage Doric.

MR. CAVE has brought out *The Scamps of London* at the Victoria. We wonder Mr. Boucicault does not bring an action against him for robbery.

MADAME RACHEL has gained celebrity by creating new skins for waning beauties. Justice thinks she would do more good if she made a clean breast of it.

THE modern fashions have always afforded great encouragement to women to shrug their shoulders; but the latest mode, which places two elegant humps on each side of the waist, makes them look as if they were shrugging their hips.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY, the author of *Mountain Dhu* and other tragedies, has added new incidents (so his announcement states) to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, which is now performing at Drury Lane. This looks like making scot-free with Sir Walter.

BRAVO Tom Brown! The world—that is, so much of it as is cramped up in Belgravia and Mayfair—has tried hard to spoil you, but there's some of the old manly tone left in you yet. We forget the maundering socialisms and drivelling sentiments of "Tom Brown at Oxford," when we see "Tom Hughes of Lambeth" boldly, manfully, refusing to countenance the bill-sticking mode of canvassing, or to patronise the public-house parlours as committee-rooms. *Macte virtute puer* we say, to remind you of your wholesome school-days; may you be returned at the head of the poll! and the new Parliament will contain at least one member, who is manly enough to tell the precious "working man," to whom nearly every Liberal candidate is playing the mean toady, the truth, be it never so unpalatable; and honest enough to scorn every subterfuge, however plausible, by which those, who would bribe directly, if they could be sure of not being found out, are trying to reap the benefit of corruption without any of the penalties attaching thereto. Once more we say, Bravo Tom Brown!

WHAT is there in the air of Avignon which robs philosophers even of their reason? Must we alter the old proverb, *Quem*

Deus vult perdere prius mittit ad—Avignon? Has Mr. Mill been employing his lucid intervals in devising experiments to try how low a man, supposed to be of great intellect and probity, can go, before he forfeits for ever the respect of all those whose respect is worth having, and ceases to excite any other feeling than a sorrowful amazement? To give £10 towards returning a blasphemous demagogue like Bradlaugh was bad enough; and to follow it up by sending a letter to "dear Odger," enclosing £25 towards that seditious spouter's return for Chelsea, is scarcely better. No wonder that these blow-flies of the State fancy themselves lions when such men as the author of the "Essay on Liberty" fawn upon them. Mr. Mill says in one of his essays that "a greater contempt for conventionalities" is required on the part of individuals. Followers always exaggerate the peculiarities of their leaders, but what is left for Mr. Mill's disciples to do, when their teacher shows contempt of decency?

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

THIS is certainly not the Golden Age. Mr. Tupper will acknowledge that fact. Nor is it the Silver Age, for everything is more or less plated. It more nearly resembles the Iron Age, for no understanding seems to be got at between nations without an appeal to cold iron in one form or another; and yet the Iron Age is a thing of the past. This must be the Age of Tinsel; and after that, the only thing worse will be the Female Suffrage.

The amelioration of horses is certainly not the prevailing motive among the patrons of the Turf; yet a noble Earl's speech to his constituents the other day sounded like a mealy oration, though not, perhaps, of horses.

A friend sends me a hamper of partridges while I am out of town: the state of the gift when I return makes me think of the Ritualistic game, which is getting so High now the Archbishops are abroad that it breeds maggots in the brains of the Puseyite parsons.

Who's afraid? Only brave men.

Accidents will happen on the best regulated railways. Just now, accidents seem to be the regulation.

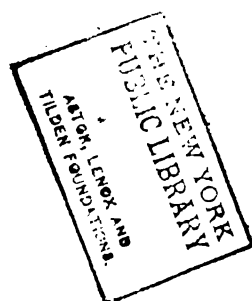
Intramural burying-grounds have been denounced as the hotbeds of miasma; yet ladies are now going for fresh hair to the cemeteries.

VOICI LES SABRES.

It is said that anything or everything may be bought in London, and the following advertisement, which appeared last week in the columns of the *Times*, goes far to warrant the assertion:

THREE Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty CAVALRY SWORDS for immediate DISPOSAL, not being required for the purpose for which they were manufactured. No reasonable offer will be refused. They are of a superior make. To shippers or others who have a market for such goods, there is a margin for a large profit. Samples may be seen at ———.

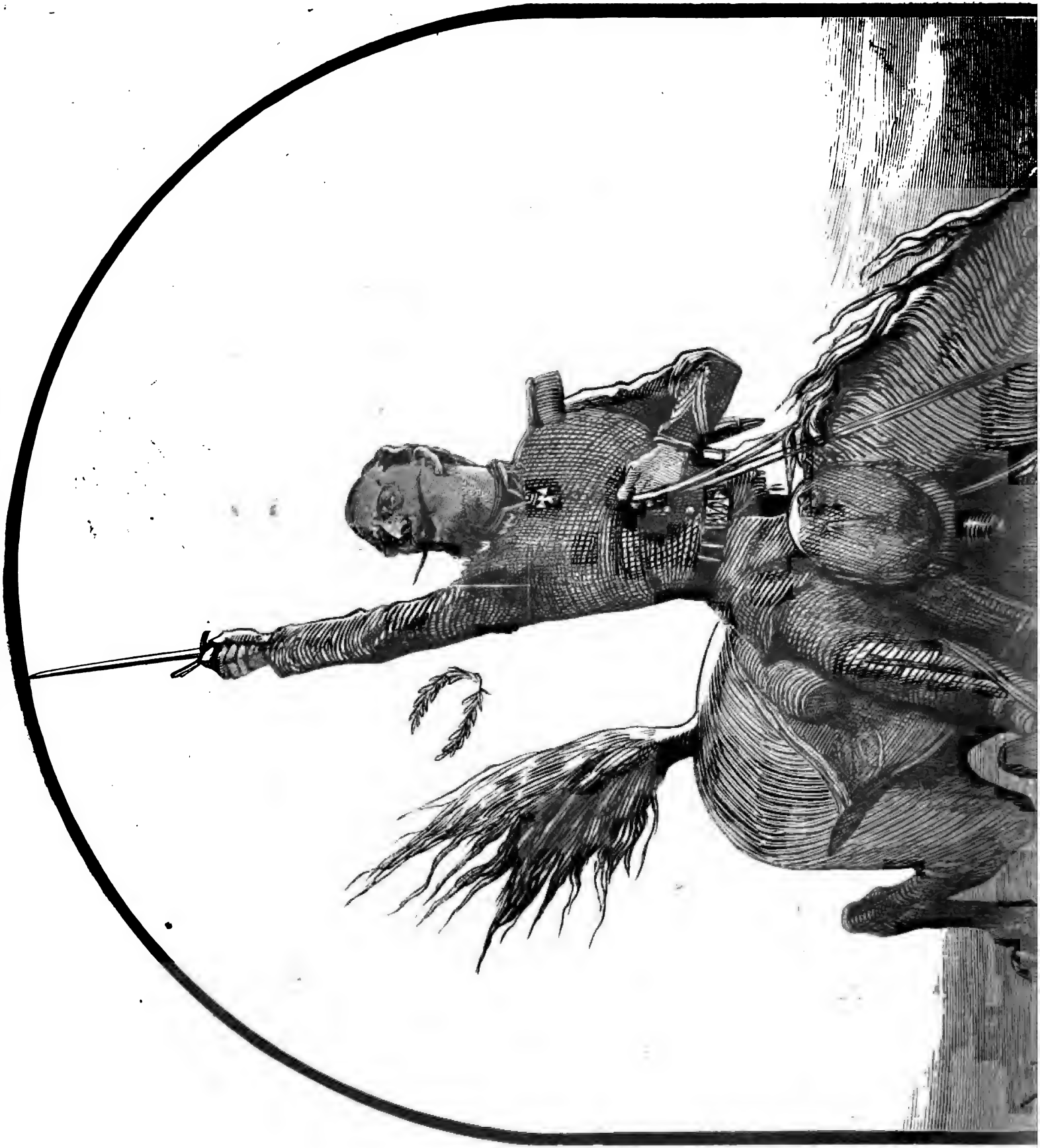
If the arms were revolvers, or even double-barrelled rifles, they might be snatched up as a bargain by the National Reform League, or some such highly respectable society for electioneering purposes; but as it is, we much fear that unless some clever individual can devise a mode of converting a cavalry sword into some article of domestic use, the lot will remain for some time a drug in the market. The owner of the sabres does not publish their history, but from his assertion that they are not required for the purpose for which they were manufactured, it looks rather as if there had been one more War Office bungle. Has Sir John Pakington anything to say on the subject?



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE TOMAHAWK, October 3, 1868.

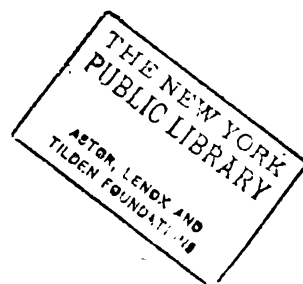




Matt Morgan

"THE EMPIRE IS WAR!"

OR,
THE MODERN CURTAIN



FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER IV.—*Emptiness of London.—The Habits of the Aristocracy.—The Papers of London: their use.—A New Office for the "Standard."—Canard's Map of London. Its value to foreigners. Particulars.—A few of the Monuments of London.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Sept. 26, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND VERY MUCH RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

This is what they call the "dead season" of the year in London. Walk in the fashionable promenade of New Oxford street and you will scarcely meet a "*suet-mob*" ("petit crevé"), or even a "*costère mongère*." Only half the omnibuses run this month, as nearly all the aristocracy have gone to Margéte, the Biarritz of England. I was talking the other day to an "omnibus-cadd" about the population of London, and he assured me, on his honour, that not more than half-a-dozen dukes had sat upon the "knif-bor" (the fashionable part of the vehicle) of his omnibus during the whole of the last six weeks! I suggested that perhaps the expense of the journey (they charge "tupens," or four sous, for the shortest distances!) might have had something to do with this falling off, and he allowed that perhaps it might. Be this as it may, London is very empty, so, as I have no news, I will give you a few facts.

The newspapers of Great Britain are most powerful. As very little is known about them in France, I send you a description of some of the principal. *En masse*, they are called "*The Fourth Estate of the Realm*," because it is well known that nothing is shown up in a penny paper without obtaining immediate reform. When a man says that he will write to the "*Times*," you may know that the abuse (the subject of his letter) is about to become at once a thing of the past. No one ever addresses a paper without doing an *immense* amount of good. But here is my list:—

"*The Times*."—The most consistent paper in the world. It was established by William the Conqueror, and since its foundation has never once changed its politics or opinions.

"*The Saturday Review*."—I was told by an Englishman that this paper was "a journal written by old women for young women to read."

"*The Tomahawk*."—A paper in the pay of the Emperor of the French.

"*The Daily Telegraph*."—A paper which conscientiously and consistently opposes the Emperor of the French whenever an opportunity offers.

"*The Record*."—The best and funniest comic paper in London. It was founded by a well-known divine—the Rev. Joe Miller.

These are the principal "*broad-sheets*" of England: the *Standard*, the "largest paper in the world," is far too big to be circulated in so small a spot as London, and this journal, therefore, will shortly be published, I hear, in a place called "Whalley's Head," which being quite empty and constructed of the hardest wood will afford a capital and roomy office. So much for the present for the Press of London: perchance I may return to the subject at some distant date.

I find by a foot-note which appeared last week in your highly instructive pages that you have been unable to publish my "Map of London." Now as this chart gave me a great deal of trouble, and was drawn up for the convenience of French travellers, I do trust that in your next impression you will supply the omission. I can assure you that I have been particularly careful to be correct in my facts, and can conscientiously declare that my map is as reliable as my information. Without further preface, I submit it once more for your consideration, trusting that this time you will appreciate it at its proper value. You will find all places of interest marked in it, together with all the streets, squares, &c., for which London has such wide-spread fame. I need scarcely say it gives me infinite satisfaction to be in a position to present my countrymen with such a gift. After they have carefully mastered

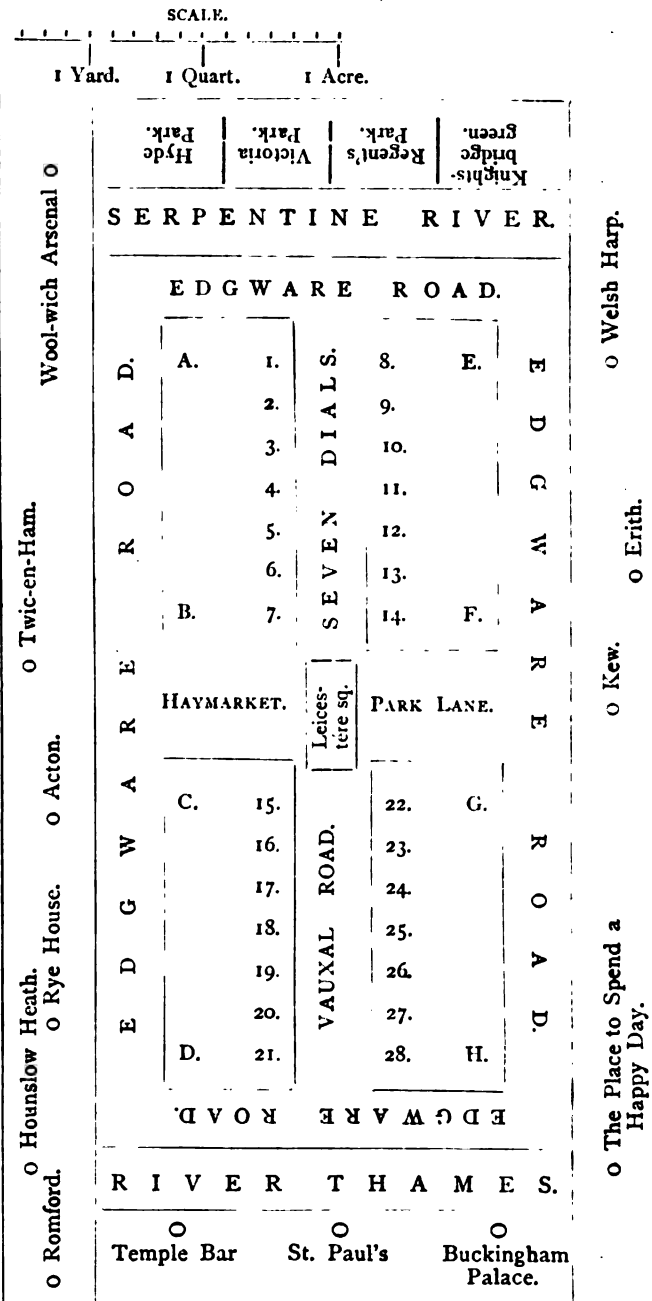
the details of the following map, it will no longer be in the power of the dreadful "cabbé" to overcharge them, or the fierce "omnibus-cadd" to presume on their ignorance.

Map of London.

(For the use of Foreigners.)

BY

JULES CANARD.



MONUMENTS OF LONDON.

1. British Museum.
2. Thames Tunnel.
3. Mansion House.
4. Cremorne.
5. Westminster Abbey.
6. Chelse a Bun-ouse.
7. Weston's Music Hall.
8. Penny ice-shop.
9. Hyde Park Corner.
10. Old Bailey.
11. Madame Tussaud's.
12. Underground Rail-way.
13. Blue Lion Tavern.
14. "Alamode Beef."
15. St. Martin's Baths.
16. Polytechnic.
17. Kensal Green.
18. "Le Baron Nichol-son."
19. Times Office.
20. Clare Market.
21. Evans's.
22. Marylebone Theatre.
23. White's Club.
24. The Shades.
25. Lambeth Palace.
26. Cyder Cellars.
27. The Tower.
28. South Kensington Museum.

THE QUARTIERS OF LONDON.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| A. Belgravia. | E. "Smithfield." |
| B. Hackney. | F. Highbury-barn. |
| C. Queen's Elm. | G. Soho. |
| D. May-fair. | H. Putney. |

Before relating any more of my adventures I wish to give my compatriots a few particulars about some of the principal monuments of London, so that this letter may form a complete guide to what these barbarians call the "Great Metropolis."

St. Paul's.—Open every day but Sunday. An exhibition of ugly monuments. On the payment of a fee you can be taken up to a place called the "visperin-gallery." St. Paul's is large, but meaningless. I am told that when it first was built it was intended to serve as a church, but soon afterwards was converted into its present use.

Madame Tussaud's.—A spot which proves the truth of Napoleon's saying that the "English are a nation of shopkeepers." For centuries it has been the custom of the Sovereigns of Great Britain to sell their old clothes to Madame Tussaud for exhibition to the vulgar. On payment of an extra sixpence you can see the "National Portrait Gallery," of which so much has been said and written. And here is another instance of the innate brutality of these barbarous islanders—all the worthies they have selected for the honour of being produced in effigy have been executed for murder!

The Theatres.—At these places of "amusement" you can see all the pieces produced in Paris: to a Frenchman staying in London this arrangement is indeed a boon. The English are fond of taking their pleasures dismally, and when they visit their theatres to see anything written by their compatriots expect to witness a wretched sort of tragedy called technically "a burlesque." From what I can make out these "burlesques" must have been the "mysteries" originally played by the monks, of which all of us have read in our childhood. Certainly they are a little out of place in a theatre—they would be much more effective in a churchyard. On my arrival in London I went to see a piece of this class written by a certain Sir Halliday (*née* Duff, I think, or Duffer), and it made me weep bitterly—I never felt so miserable in my life.

There, I think you have had enough. I shall tell you more about the monuments of London next week.

Pray receive, my dear Rédacteur,

The most distinguished consideration of

JULES CANARD.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

At a season when nothing appears to be moving in town, and when public interest, turned momentarily away by some fearful convulsion of nature, is only excited by the coming elections, most journals seem to think it necessary to feed the female craving for gossip with incidents of foreign travel or personal adventure bearing on individuals of eminence in one or other circle of society. Miss Becker will tell us that men are just as bad gossipers and scandal-mongers as women. We will try and make her observation just, and here offer our modicum of seasonable chit-chat to any of the sexes who may honour us with their attention.

The Archbishop of York was observed last week enjoying himself immensely at the lovely baths of Splashdashen-Ruinheim. His Grace was engaged, when we saw him, in extracting the soothing qualities which are essential to prelates out of a Trabucos and the last number of *Bell's Life*. We hasten to inform our readers that *Bell's Life* was the only English print which was taken in at the Kursaal.

The stubble is at present covered with sportsmen; and a friend of ours informs us that it is a treat to the select circle now staying at the Marquis of Bute's to watch the devastation which Mr. Spurgeon's breech-loader creates among the coveys. With that delicate refinement which distinguishes the Low-church Star, two brace of partridges and a hare have been forwarded with Mr. Spurgeon's compliments to Dean Stanley, who is much gratified by the little game.

Nothing can be more gratifying to a nation than the traces of

Royal steps in its tourist-beaten paths. Her Majesty has left at Lucerne emotions which will not easily be effaced from the minds of the Swiss. The *rans des Vaches* has been discarded for the *pibroch*, and the national head-dress worn by the merry Swiss girls has been deposed in honour of the Glengarry, which adds a piquant expression to the well-known beauties of Switzerland.

The camp at Châlons has just broken up. Before dismissing it entirely from the memory of our friends it would be not amiss at this time of the year to recall the anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon, when visiting the camp at St. Maur. His Majesty had reviewed the troops, and was going round the Zouaves' quarter, leaving a kind word here or a stern glance there, and generally interesting himself in the proceedings of his army, when a soldier, who was doing duty as cook for the day, passed with a steaming boiler of soup and vegetables. The old soldier stood at attention and saluted, when Louis Napoleon, looking at him, remarked, "I'll have one of your potatoes." His Majesty appeared to enjoy his impromptu repast almost as much as the bystanders did the Imperial quickness of reparte.

Lounging about the quays in Paris, where many a good old volume has been picked up, we were not astonished to meet our two compatriots, Messrs. Dion Reade and Charles Boucicault, who were purchasing there the copyright of original dramas.

Mdlle. Nilsson was, a few days back, practising one of her various siren-spells in her own salon at Baden. Imagining that she was listened to, she left her piano and opened the door of the apartment. On the floor outside she found the valet of Lord Dottango on his knees and in tears. The honest footman's words on seeing the lovely *prima donna* were "Hancor, Hancor." Mdlle. Nilsson graciously complied with the request.

We are credibly informed that Monsieur Gustave Doré has gone with Mr. Edmund Yates to China for the purpose of illustrating the works of Confucius, which have attracted the imagination of that gentleman's inventive pencil. Mr. Yates is an accomplished Chinese scholar, and has volunteered his services as a translator.

A banquet was given by the representatives of the English Press to the Parisian Journalists at Brébant's on Friday. No less than fifteen duels resulted from the amicable meeting, all of which were fought the next morning without any accident occurring to throw a gloom over the festive reminiscences of the feast.

There are one or two journals in London who can do this kind of thing by the yard, and with the gravest face possible. It certainly does not take much time, and very little wit.

TO AN OUTSIDER.

BEST let betting alone; lay no odds. Don't you see
You haven't the pluck—for the swells you're no match?
For they treat you as friends, though betwixt you and me,
They're always in hopes you'll come up to the scratch.

1792 AND 1868.

STIRRING signs of the times abound. A "Freedom and Peace" Congress, whatever that may mean, has been sitting at Berne, and a public meeting has been held near Fitzroy square to commemorate the glories of the great French revolution and affirm the principles of 1792. There is not much to be said about the Swiss manifesto. Its character can very readily be imagined without the slightest reference to what actually took place, and for this reason:—Experience has always shown that when enthusiasts in the cause of "freedom and peace" get together for the purpose of discussion, they generally talk a good deal of nonsense, or blasphemy, or both, and vindicate their opinions by coercing everybody who does not agree with them, and appealing at once to the knife. The Geneva business

is still in the memories of men, and there is very little doubt but that "freedom and peace" in 1868 have been quite up to the mark they scored in 1867. If nothing worse has happened at Berne than a few broken heads, a street row or two, and a slight addition to the cases of "drunk and incapable," the inhabitants of that mild but charming place are to be really congratulated. To scout, therefore, as utterly monstrous and frivolous meetings of this class, where a set of unwashed nobodies spout idiotic nonsense about matters of which they know absolutely nothing, would be almost a waste of words. The thing is evident. But turning from the blessings of freedom and peace, as understood on the banks of the Aar, to the ambitious programme set before the world in the vicinity of Charlotte street, it is impossible not to acknowledge that the latter has a sort of purpose about it. These gentlemen, it is to be presumed, know what they want, while the free and peaceful devotees most certainly do not. A return to the principles of 1792, that is what Leicester square craves for, and hopes, too, to bring about by a little occasional savage spouting and a good deal of indifferent French.

Fortunately for the peace of the world, there is no chance of their being very successful at present. France, according to their views, may not be the pleasantest place to live in: for things are very dear, society generally is bent on being quiet, and gentlemen who are enthusiastic about the guillotine are not much in favour with the Government. It is a matter for congratulation that such is the case. Alphonse, Jules, and Hypolyte are far better off in *le Great-Vindmill-street* and thereabouts than they would be if figuring away in a fresh "Convention" and repeating the atrocities of Barère and the Mountain.

Le Leicester squarr, however, ought to be reminded of one fact. It is very ungrateful. It is allowed to conspire, sell gloves, mark at billiards, and do a hundred and one other little things inseparably associated with *Mossos*, and all this, too, on good British soil. As it happens, then, the principles of 1792 were rather of an unfriendly character to this country. "War to the death against every English soldier," cried Barère to the National Convention. "Humanity consists in exterminating our enemies. No mercy to the execrable English. Such are the sentiments of the true Frenchman. Soldiers of liberty, when victory places Englishmen at your mercy strike! None of them must return to the servile soil of Great Britain; none must pollute the free soil of France!" With *this* principle before us, what wonder that we congratulate ourselves on the fact that patriotism is obliged to relinquish its more arduous duties and take to selling chocolate drops, small *café*-keeping, and other humble but not un lucrative pursuits. Joking apart, if this is the meaning of 1792, it really almost "pollutes the free soil" of Fitzroy square.

THE ABUSE OF CRITICISM.

To pretend a belief in the impartiality or efficiency of the critics of the present day would be a stretch of faith, of which we are not likely to be guilty. We have too often pointed out the sort of pothouse cliqueism which is the first, if not the only, requisite of the literary and dramatic critics attached to many of our contemporaries. We know what Brown's opinion of Smith's play or Jones's novel will be before he writes it; in fact, the wonder is that some bright intellect among these literary stars has not contrived to hit on some simple lithograph form, which could be filled up according to the nature of the work to be criticised, and so save the critics a great deal of unnecessary manual labour. Of course it is very difficult for a writer in the *Saturday Review* to criticise one of Mr. Beresford Hope's speeches or one of Mr. Palgrave's delicious nursery rhymes, with the same impartial and acute judgment as he would doubtless bring to bear on any outsider's work. But partiality is one thing, gross misrepresentation, whether laudatory or condemnatory, is another. At the risk of alluding once more to the Prize Holywell street Novel of the year, we will draw attention to a criticism of "Sweet Anne Page" in a certain periodical, which once was happy enough to number among its chief contributors the Horace of the nineteenth century. Here is the opening paragraph:—

"On taking up 'Sweet Anne Page' we were delighted to find

that it was the work, not of Wilkie Collins, the dull, the prosaic, but of Mortimer Collins, the brilliant, the poetical."

This is pretty good to start with; but all that we will now remark is, that if Mr. Wilkie Collins has as much right to the title of dull as Mr. Mortimer Collins has to that of brilliant, he must be one of the most interesting writers that we possess.

The critic further on defines a good novel, somewhat in opposition to Rousseau's definition which he has quoted:—

"A good novel is, as it seems to us, a novel which has the effect of stimulating the intellectual faculties of the reader." Here it seems, in applying this definition to "Sweet Anne Page," the writer has confused the intellects with the senses. "It may leave him disposed to perform good actions, bad actions, or no actions at all. The essential thing is that it should awaken attention, excite emotion, engender thought." That "Sweet Anne Page" fully comes up to this standard of perfection we admit. It certainly does "awaken attention" most unpleasantly to the fact that such a novel exists as "Sweet Anne Page," and that such an Act exists as Lord Campbell's Act, and that the latter is unfortunately not brought to bear on the former. It "excites emotion" most decidedly, and very strong emotion too, in which two of the elements of passion, fire and water, are mingled, the first result of which emotion is a wish to fling the filthy book into the fire, and the next to fling any amount of cold water on the efforts of its author to force it into notoriety. It "engenders thought," too, of a profound if not of an agreeable kind: it makes us think who the people are that of their own free will read such detestable trash as this book.

We do not wish, bit by bit, to wade through this criticism (!). It is impossible that any man can have read the book, and have honestly written such an opinion of it, unless he is utterly destitute of a sense of purity and truth. Imagine any sane and decent person writing of "Sweet Anne Page" that "for those who can appreciate poetry, every literary form, and every literary grace, there is the entire work, which is interesting, engaging, and, above all, inspiring, from beginning to end." Inspiring! To a healthy-minded man, what can be more depressing than to see a combination of pruriency and ribald blasphemy put forward by a respectable publisher in such a form that it is likely, with its deceitful title, to fall into the hands of the young and the thoughtless, who at any rate ought to be protected from the danger of imbibing such poison under the guise of an "interesting" and "engaging" novel? We have only heard as yet of two journals which have had the bad taste to admit a laudatory notice of this work into their columns; we cannot see without deep sorrow the office of critic so debased, even in such unimportant instances; we cannot allow such a fraud upon the public to be uttered by any print, without raising our voice in protest against a system which allows the mutual toadyism of vulgar boon companions to intrude itself on however small a portion of the reading world, under the guise of criticism. If Mr. Mortimer Collins's friends must review his novels, they would prove their friendship much better by telling the truth, however coarsely, than by encouraging him in such outrages on decency and morality as "Sweet Anne Page."

ON CHINESE AMBASSADORS.

ANYBODY interested in the respective prices of paper lanterns, tea or chop-sticks, must be glad to hear of the advent of *Chin-chi-choong-jew-facheu*. The Chinese Ambassador has, we are glad to say, arrived, and for what we know to the contrary may at this moment be lodging in company with many other worthy and distinguished foreigners at that world-renowned establishment, *l'Hôtel Impérial de Cranbourne et du Louvre*, Princes street, Leicester square.

Where his Excellency will eventually put up, or what will be the nature of his ultimate duties, it might be perhaps at this moment indelicate to hint. But still, bearing in mind the former efforts of a diplomatic character from the Court of Peking, we cannot help indulging in the gloomiest—of course purely from a political point of view—forebodings as to the future awaiting *Chin-chi-choong-jew-facheu*. Doubtless he has come with the most exalted intentions, and has in his portfolio some dozen treaties only awaiting the signature of her Majesty; but who can fathom the destinies of a Chinese Ambassador in England? How long will it be before he appears precisely at a quarter to ten every evening at the Alhambra in the cele-

brated razor and soup-plate feat, as performed at the Imperial Palace of Peking, and before his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and the President of the United States? Who, indeed, will not expect to see him next season at Cremorne, probably helping out real birds'-nest soup at Mr. E. T. Smith's celebrated dinner at six, and swallowing the new regulation, gun, bayonet, and all, at half-past nine?

Such reflections may be aptly, we think, termed gloomy—from a political point of view. But to come to the pith of it. What *has* brought this unfortunate Chinaman here? We have had so many odd "diplomatic" missions of this sort direct from Peking in times past, that we naturally get a little suspicious. For instance, who does not remember the pagoda at St. George's, Knightsbridge, and the two Chinese noble youths who came to England "to finish their education?" They were first announced as "envoys extraordinary," but they gradually toned down into "noble youths finishing their education;" and this they did quite in a peculiar manner. The pagoda doors were thrown open from ten to six, and the youths went hourly through a short entertainment, consisting of a little Chinese comic singing, a little Chinese praying, a little gymnastic exercise, and a little selling of their signatures at sixpence each to a select audience. The admission, too, was only a shilling. What became of the youths we do not know; but it is to be presumed somebody made a good thing of their education, as they were speedily followed by a real mandarin in a real junk. He, too, came with a treaty; but soon neglected diplomatic for social obligations. True to the nautical instincts that induced him to round the Cape in that unseaworthy craft, he became a fixture quietly moored off Hungerford Market, where he underbid the noble youths who preceded him by selling *his* signature *with his portrait included* to anybody for fourpence-halfpenny. Then, we regret to say, spite these friendly relations, came a Chinese war, and for a season diplomatic intercourse was at a complete stand-still. Peace, however, brought its blessings; and one of the most prominent personages at the opening of the Exhibition of all Nations in Hyde Park in 1851 was *par excellence* the "Chinese Ambassador." He is to be seen to this day making a profound obeisance to her Majesty in the very front of that celebrated engraving with which we are all familiar. However, a sketch of him further on in the season would have been less imposing. On the 1st of May he was hustling Ministers of State. On the 1st of August he was taking tea with his family in public in a gimcrack house at Knightsbridge, and playing indifferent solos on the one-stringed *Tanga-ming-long-chin* to a sixpenny audience. Then came a war or two, when peace again culminated in the arrival of the giant *Chang*. His efforts as a statesman are too recent and too well known to need any comment here: suffice it to say that he was very energetic at his work of conciliation, and "did" the provinces like a true diplomatist.

With such a history of the Chinese Embassy before us, it is, we repeat, excusable at least to ask what has brought *Chin-chi-choong-jew-facheu* amongst us. If our only acquaintance with the Turkish Ambassador's finesse as a statesman had been made through a dervish's dance and an afternoon with the *lang-jang*, or were the representative of France, for instance, invariably to burst out into a *matinée musicale*, enlivened by the *can-can*, we might look to new appointments in these directions with much interest. As it is, their diplomacy is of the ordinary type. However, not to be too hard on *Chin-chi-choong-jew-facheu*, whether he means business or—business, we shall be equally delighted. A fresh treaty or a "terrific flight in fireworks on a Chinese dragon" will be both grateful things in their way. And what is more, one will be quite as likely as the other to cement our firm friendship with China.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

IT has been announced that the statue of the Duke of Cumberland, which has for so many years dragged out a weary existence within the enclosure of Cavendish square, is to be taken down, moulded, and recast. As his Highness has long been in a sorry plight, no one would have supposed that any objection could have arisen to the proposal, but no sooner was the po'ishing up process talked about, than a whole army of dissentients arose, and they are now insisting that the effigy of the

hero of Culloden should be removed altogether. Really people might find some more worthy subject to disagree over. No one denies that Culloden Cumberland was not the most shocking of bad characters, but this is no reason that a hundred years after his funeral a dead set should be made at his statue. It may not certainly be a work of art, or even an embellishment to the metropolis, but it certainly is inoffensive, and does no harm in Cavendish square. Those people who are now clamouring for its removal should realise the fearful responsibility they are incurring, for if the statue is not to remain where it is, it is for them to suggest what on earth is to be done with it,—a question of no easy solution.

CHARADE-PUZZLE.

By "THE LIVELY LUNATIC OF CAMBERWELL GREEN."

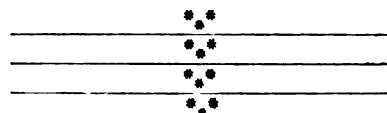
GOD Neptune in his wrathful hour,
My *second*, in each wave he sways,
My *whole* is of my *second's* class;
When ruff'd by the wind's high pow'r
Abounds unseen, till Sol's warm rays
Of dingy red, not unlike glass,

In battle with his wave,
Absorb it on my *first*,
And to the taste the same;
Upon my *first* his fury spends
Then in a hole perchance I lie,
'Tis in appearance like my *first*,

With awful roar, which echo sends
In virgin garments, snug and dry,
Though mariners know which is worst
Down to his sea-girt cave.
To make ye mortals thirst.
Whene'er they hear my name.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

WE have been gratified to receive the following "pleasing" answers to our "Hieroglyphic" of last week. They only show what a little patience will do. *We* didn't know a bit what we meant when we printed the following:—



Still the accompanying answers have been sent to us!

Lines never to be repeated. —Slodger and Tiney.
Our glorious star-spangled banner, Stars and Stripes, —Yankee.
Twelve asterisks and three lines. —Isabella S.
A flock of star lin's (starlings); or, Twinkle twinkle little star(s),
How I wonder what you are. —Jersey Cabbagstalk.
The voice of the stars on the line. Three asterisks (asstricks) under the line. Asterisks (hysteries) on a parallel. Three stars under the line. —Tower Demon Smithfield.
Starlings (star lines). —Maniac-Millie-Crazy-Rita-Insane-Evie-and-Lunatic-Lena.

1.
Three asses-tricks (asterisks) well underlined
Are meant to typify
The plans of three who have a mind
For Parliament to try.

2.
Three-asses tricks well over-ruled
Show how these donkeys are,
For multifarious reasons, fool'd
By voters near and far.

3.
The self-same marks the lines between,
If viewed with care and thought,
Will have to be viewed with care again,
And then again with thought.
The Rantamtoozalum of the Desert.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 75.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

MISS LEONORA LORING, M.P., TO MISS CAMILLA SHARP.

3 Poet's Corner, Westminster,
20th June, 1870.

MY DEAREST CAMILLA,—I promised I would keep you "*au fait*" of our proceedings in Parliament, as I know what *deep* interest you take in the doings of those who have at last succeeded in forcing the *male* creatures to admit them to their proper sphere—the Senate of their native Land! You, my poor darling, are still bravely pursuing your self-elected mission—to diffuse among the brutal tribes of African savages the knowledge of that great divinity, Fashion, and to advocate the divine rights of woman amongst the besotted natives of the Land of the Sun. We, your sisters at home, lolling on the "*fauteuils*" of the House, which we have had such a trouble to enter, do not forget you toiling, poor dear, in those deserts of broiling barbarism. Our hearts leap like the bounding kangaroo across the purple foam of ocean, and skip, like the antelope over the torrid sands, to kiss your cheek, bronzed with the kisses of the amorous Phœbus.

Alas! my Camilla, there have been troublous times in this our island home! Those *horrid* MEN have been at their vile tricks again. But I must not anticipate.

You can imagine the smile of rapture that lit up our faces when we found that we, the nobler and the gentler sex, had a majority in the House. We had agreed to forget the names of Whig and Tory, of Liberal and Conservative, of Aristocrat and Radical, and to range ourselves, a united band of women (that dear Mr. Mill *will* call us *angels*), on the side of our suffering sisters. Till Woman was completely emancipated from the thralldom of the Beast, all minor differences were, by mutual agreement, to be buried in oblivion. It was a solemn sight, Camilla, when, like a gorgeous flock of birds of variegated plumage, we advanced to take the oaths! How different from the noisy, pushing pack of slovenly, sombre-clothed *males*, all jabbering and chattering like a disturbed colony of jackdaws! Shall I confess that your Leonora's heart beat faster and faster as it came nearer her turn? But I acquitted myself with decorum. You, my great and gifted instructress, would have been proud of your pupil. Reverently and slowly I pronounced the awful words; and so, indeed, did we all, even that chit Emily Sunnyface (how any constituency could elect such a giddy girl, I *cannot* imagine!); however, even she managed to conjure up an expression of solemn awe!

Oh those men! If you only could hear the ribald way in which they gabble over the oaths. That clerk, or whatever he is, ought to be whipped! I did propose a motion to that effect, but it did not *come on for discussion*. However, at length we took our seats (the new House is beautiful! such *lovely* Utrecht velvet and embossed leather, all done by Gillow; and then the Ladies' Gallery! why, it's as big as the old House of Lords!). That Priscilla Prim (who pretends to be short-sighted that she may conceal her nasty pink eyes with green spectacles)—she wanted to steal my foot-stool. But Leonora knows how to defend her rights; I gave her such a look. You'll not believe that the horrid old fright got up on the second night of the Session to propose a bill of pains and penalties against flirting, as if men were of any use at all except to flirt with!

Not that I should like to make such an *exhibition* of myself as that Emily did, going on with Mr. Bright, putting her curls (I *know* they are false) right in his face, and doing it all *at* dear Mr. Mill, who is such a darling! I had such a *delightful* chat with him in the tea-room the other night; he said he never had heard such a good *maiden* speech as mine was. I could have kissed his dear old forehead. You remember the majesty of that brow, Camilla. But that Roebuck, who absolutely got in for *some place* or other, I believe only by the very grossest bribery and intimidation (though it was all *hushed up*); but there he was, frowning and growling away like an old crusty curmudgeon as he is. He actually proposed that the female members, as he calls us, should not be allowed to speak more than twice in the same evening, and for no longer than twenty minutes!! But Gladstone soon *snubbed* him. Did I tell you that that great genius is quite with us now? though he did oppose us for so long; but he has such a noble heart; and then you should have seen the love of a waistcoat that dear Miss Becker worked for him, all embroidered with "*fleurs de lis*" and Maltese crosses, to say nothing of the slippers which poured in upon him, and would have set him up in the Burlington Arcade for life. But I am wandering a little from the main point.

Of course, the Address to the Crown was voted *unanimously*, but we added a clause, entreating the Queen to give more balls during the season, and not to let so many people come to the Drawing-rooms. Of course, most of the men opposed the clause, because the selfish creatures hate the trouble of taking us; but we had our friends; and soon settled them, carrying it by an overwhelming majority. I must tell you we've got two lady whips, and they dress in such a beautiful costume, like that pretty flower girl who belongs to the French Jockey Club, and they carry little gold whips, which they crack so sweetly when there is a division—so that everybody knows them at once:—that wicked old quiz, Bernal Osborne, will have his joke, and he calls one of them "*Jockey of Norfolk*," because she is a member for that county—is not that good? I assure you he is very funny. He moved the other day that no honourable lady (you see *he* knows our proper titles) should bring her *train* with her into the House, but should always leave it outside, because he said the Standing Orders allowed no "*followers*."

The other day, when Miss Harriet Martineau made her great speech on the motion for opening the Universities to ladies, all the *dear darling* bishops came to hear her, and there was quite a confusion, owing to all the ladies of the House wanting to shake hands with the Bishop of Oxford, who presented the gigantic petition in favour of the motion—in the other House of course. The Speaker was very rude, and said that if honourable members did not know how to behave themselves they had better adjourn to the tea-room. The old wretch! However, we hope to carry the election of Miss Becker, as Speaker, before next Session, for the present man is going to resign, as he says "it is really too much for him."

I don't think I ever shall get to the serious part of my letter; not but what all this is *very important*. My head is so full of motions and bills (not household bills, thank heavens! Papa does *all that* now), and then, my precious dear, you must be so dull that a little gossip comes to you just as delicious as a glass of claret cup in that country of blacks and dust.

I wish you could see my court dress, it is something *too beautiful*. Don't look vicious my dear, *you* I know care so little about dress, but I must look nice before the Queen. I have got a sword all studded with turquoises, at least the hilt is—it has not got a blade, because you know I am so nervous—but the sheath is *splendid*.

Of course the attendance at prayers is rather different to what it used to be. Now there are always at least 300 members present, and we have choral service—only that dreadful old Speaker cannot sing in tune, and he *will* take some of the solos. However, we shall reform all that, for we mean to carry a motion for allowing clergymen to sit in the House. And then—oh! Camilla dear, just imagine a House of Commons composed of clergymen and ladies! Would not it be a blessing for the country? What holy good people we should all become, and even those horrid men would soon grow civilised, and give up their clubs.

I must really finish now for the present. I have not got to my great news yet—but I will write again soon. I must go down to the House now; the brougham has been waiting; and I have got several petitions to present.

Good bye, my dear old governess,

Ever yours, and yours only,

LEONORA.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—You are already aware that among the various novelties which the restlessness of the present age has introduced to public notice, is the claim of that class of persons who in polite phraseology are called the fair sex, but in legal language are better known by the plainer designation of females, to enjoy equally with males the precious privilege of the Parliamentary franchise. Their influence, or the influence of those who have taken up their cause, is so considerable, that in many of the counties and boroughs in England and Wales the overseers have been induced to include the names of several of them in the lists which it is their duty to prepare. In most places objection has been made to the retention of them on the register, and in a vast majority of cases the objection has been sustained. But in the locality in which I happen to reside, through what I must characterise as shocking negligence, no objection was offered either by one political party or the other; and the Revising Barrister held that he could strike out no names which were not objected to. The consequence has been that between thirty and forty females are entitled to present themselves at the polling-booth on the day of election, and to offer their votes for whichever candidate may have meanwhile contrived to secure their favour.

You will see at a glance, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that under these absurd circumstances it became absolutely necessary to canvass these bewitching creatures; in fact, to treat them with all that dignified consideration which, at election time, we extend even to the meanest males who are above Mr. Bright's *residuum*. I need scarcely say that, being a man of both substance and sense, I am a staunch Conservative, though I am pained to observe that, while you have strong repugnance to wanton Radical innovators, you are not quite so fervent in the cause of our Constitution as I should wish to see you. But you will excuse me for saying that you are yet young, and that much must be forgiven to youth. I entertain little doubt but that, when you have reached my more advanced age, your opinions will more closely resemble my own. I must beg of you not to conclude from this last observation that I am an old fogey. I am no longer young and curly, it is true; but I am still, at least so my friends are good enough to tell me, in the prime of life. You may think that I am wandering from my subject; but again you are mistaken. My age has a good deal to do with the matter I am writing to you about, since it is one of the reasons why I have been pitched upon by the Conservative Committee of my district as a fit and proper person to go and pay those electioneering attentions to the ladies which the appearance of their names on the register necessitated. You are just the man, they were pleased to say. Your political principles are as sound as your heart. You are a bachelor—which I am; you are a man of some consequence in the neighbourhood; you are free from the frivolous address of youth; you are exempt from the garrulous infirmity of age; you have

a blameless reputation, and whilst no woman could object to see you in private, none could esteem your visits as other than agreeable; and though you are a person of unblemished behaviour, the whole neighbourhood regards you as decidedly a ladies' man. You can do great service to your party by undertaking this delicate task; and if, in performing it, you do not make several converts to the Conservative cause, and procure for yourself ample compensation for all your labours, you are not the man we have always taken you for. All this you will acknowledge, Mr. TOMAHAWK, was pleasant enough to hear. Unlike some of your facetious contemporaries, you are a fine scholar, and you know what the classical Doctor Johnson says on the subject of flattery. You, therefore, could not believe me if I pretended not to be gratified by the foregoing compliments to my character, my understanding, and my powers of persuasion; and I trust I am too much of a Christian and a Tory to stoop to such unworthy affectation. I will not deny that, in spite of my state of single-blessedness, I have had my little pleasing triumphs with that portion of humanity who are never so victorious as when they are thoroughly beaten; but you must permit me to add that never, even in the momentary intoxication of feeling myself a conqueror, have I taken any the slightest advantage of the conquered. No, Mr. TOMAHAWK! such unworthy actions I leave to Free-thinkers and Radicals, whom they better become. I would to-morrow drum any man out of the Tory ranks who was guilty of such monstrous inhumanity, even if the result of doing so was to decimate the party and lose the coming Election. But I make sure that all true Tories are as clean as Sir Galahad and myself.

As you will have gathered from my opening observations, I am anything but in favour of conferring the franchise on females. That most—indeed, all true—women are Conservatives I entertain no doubt whatever. But there is something higher than momentary party triumph; and that, Mr. TOMAHAWK, is the security and welfare of society. All this foolery we hear about women's wrongs and women's rights is only another aspect of that pernicious doctrine with which society is now so grievously infected; I mean the doctrine of equality. Not even the hope of leaving Mr. Gladstone in a minority would even induce me to subscribe it. But whilst I object to women having votes, I nevertheless conceive it to be my duty to see, if they are to have them, that they vote the right way. You will, therefore, perceive that I am fully justified in accepting the responsible task my party have laid upon me; and with your permission I propose to apprise you of how I have performed it, and with what success. This I will do in your next number. Meanwhile, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK, I beg of you to believe me your constant subscriber, reader, and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

NOTICE TO DRAMATISTS.

WE hereby give notice, that the following sensational situations and effects have been duly entered and registered according to the Act, that any infringement of the same or any will be followed by immediate prosecution.

(Signed) TOMAHAWK.

LIST OF REGISTERED SENSATIONS.

No. I.

Scene in a Tunnel.—Music Hall flooring above gives way, and the entire audience, with a ballet company, at the time performing, are precipitated on the rails below at the moment of a collision. The heroine is only saved by falling into the funnel of one of the locomotives, the high-pressure steam protecting her from the effects natural to such a fall.

No. II.

Scene on the Thames, beneath Charing-cross Railway-bridge.—A pleasure barge is passing, with a wedding party. The express train goes off the rails on the bridge, and falls over the parapet, crushing the barge and drowning the passengers. Fire-works at Cremorne in the background.

No. III.

Scene, Boulogne Sands.—Characters in bathing-machines.

Sudden storm. Machines carried off by a breaker. The rest swallowed by a casual shark. Dance of fisherwomen.

No. IV.

On the Deck of the Dover Boat.—Fire at sea. Destruction of the steward by passengers. Arrival at Dover, and fall of the cliff. Troops paraded before the Castle.

No. V.

Extra-super-sensational.—Meeting of the rivals on Vesuvius. The brink of the crater. The eruption. Struggle on the verge. Vengeance, and escape of the innocent by Nadar's balloon, which is passing.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

CHAPTER X.

From Willie to Florence.

How shall I move you, Florence? How dispel
The insane sense of unjust self-reproach
Which turns your home to an ascetic cell,
Where even step of kin may not encroach?
True blamelessness—and you must know it well—
Doth not, like jewelled pendant, burnished brooch,
To alien hands and eyes its lustre owe,
But shines, as conscience is its friend or foe.

And in your conscience, Florence, you are 'ware
Of being, spite all misfortune, free from blame.
You thought you might, by yielding, others spare,
And shrunk from making selfishness your aim.
What guilt there may have been, you did not share;
So why now strive you to absorb the blame?
The world should bear the burden, but not you;
And if you bear it, I must bear it too.

For more than ever now your life is mine;
You are to me more precious for your pain;
Brighter than ever in my eyes you shine,
More tempting to pursue, more rich to gain.
Experience hath made you more divine;
For you have thus been able to attain
True measurement of mundane things, and learn
How mortals covet what immortals spurn.

Never again will any own the power
To make your now clear-seeing soul mistake
The shallow shams and baubles of the hour
For gifts which we may all eternal make;
Never Life's true with artificial flower
Will you confound, or that for this forsake.
For now you know what is, what is not, vanity,
What is true joy, and what is sheer inanity.

They did seduce you, darling, from the Good,
But 'twas your very goodness made you yield.
How should you dread their dark and dismal wood,
Who yet had been so little far afield?
But I that journey would not, if I could,
Undo, now that its hurt may swift be healed.
Far other travel take with me, and find
Lands most unlike to that we leave behind.

For we will go where heaven-topped mountains lave
Their feet in deep blue waters; where the sky
Cerulean as its mirror is—the wave;
Where Nature entertainment doth supply
To ev'ry sense, and the soul nought can crave
Or spirit hunger for, that is not nigh;
Where dreams are bright realities, and vision
May ere their time be had of Fields Elysian.

In such sweet scenes we shall forget that we
Have ever lived, or moved, or loved elsewhere.
Enjoyment shall be changeful as the sea,
And yet its presence permanent as the air;

Our thoughts as winds or waters shall be free,
Even Nature than our life be not more fair;
The love of Old, the Future's hopes, sustain
All aspirations of the heart and brain.

Shake off your dismal phantasies, and wake.
A dream it was you passed through—nothing more.
Why do you obstinately nurse the ache,
Now that the cruel noxious nightmare's o'er?
Oh! I abjure you, Florence, for the sake
Of self, and him who doth that self adore,
Hark to me, write to me, call me to your side,
If you still live, and pity hath not died.

JOLLY GIRLS.

THE dirty broom kept in the gutter by a certain weekly review has been brought out continually to bespatter the men of Miss Becker's sex, but on no occasion has the pen been taken up to sing the praises of the Jolly Girl. So the Jolly Girl shall be sung forthwith. The scalping-knife shall be sheathed for a while, and the whitest of swan's quills driven to chant the song demanded.

Who has not one or more Jolly Girls among his acquaintance? A blank is in his existence if they are lacking.

The Jolly Girl is by no means necessarily a pretty girl. In fact, she is usually jollier if she is not too good-looking, for your little beauty may lead you into serious flirtation, whereas your Jolly Girl may be on the best and most friendly terms with you, and never tempt you over the stile into the paths which lead to matrimony, and the consequent dissipation of abstract jollity in the female atmosphere.

If she is too lovely in feature, you see, you begin to think of the face and forget the jollity. Directly you forget the jollity she ceases to be a jolly girl for you; she deteriorates into a dear girl or an angel; the last metamorphosis being a hopeless extinguisher to the feelings which induce social jollity.

There are two classes of Jolly Girls, woman's Jolly Girl, and man's. It need scarcely be recorded that man's is the jollier of the two. When a woman says another is a Jolly Girl, it means that she is not to be feared as a rival, is perfectly satisfied to do no small amount of slavery for her friend, and has a sense of the ridiculous as regards her friend's victims.

A Jolly Girl who has the credit of being so at all hands must essentially be unselfish. She is ready for any party, be it picnic, croquet, or carpet dance. She looks after her friends when she has any command over the local hospitality. She encourages the shy, and can hold her own with the too florid among her admirers. She will give you a gem from Mozart if you feel classical, and she is not above scattering a shower of Offenbach's squibs should her audience feel so disposed. She is adored by the children, who get many a fairy story from her, and know she can sympathise with their rabbits or rootless gardens when called on for advice. She will offer to sew up a hole in a glove, or will volunteer to go in the omnibus when she would have much better preferred a seat in the dog-cart. She will dance all the evening, and waltz as well as any, but she will take care her tall cousin gets a partner, or will find a keeper for her aunt down to supper. She does not draw down the corners of her mouth if you mention the theatre; on the contrary, she will tell you what she liked best in the last new piece; but she will be seen entering the cottage of some sick workman, and will not blush if you refer to the fact.

No one wears a *fichu* with better taste than the Jolly Girl; and though she knows the value of her rounded shoulders, and the dimple which flickers on their polish, she never undresses in public, nor calls attention to too great a *décolletage* in others.

She will make you at home after half-an-hour's acquaintance. She will listen to your stories at dinner, and cap them on occasion. She will go to galleries and like the pictures you like, and find out beauties worth your notice. She will join in a tour with not more than one box and a dressing-bag; she will not squabble about starting early in the morning, and she will take to filleted veal and oil with the greatest good humour.

She is generally in good health, and rarely falls ill. If she does, she holds little levees in her dressing-room; takes all offers of assistance as so many calls on her gratitude, and never forgets the bouquet or the peach which friendship may have

left on her table. Selfishness can never be prominent in the Jolly Girl.

Of course in the natural tide of things the Jolly Girl marries, and marries generally a right good fellow. She loses the prescriptive rights of girlhood, and therefore to a certain extent the power to impart her rays of jollity; but to her husband she is still the Jolly Girl, and that often under trying circumstances. But she is sure to be the mother of more than one Jolly Girl, and not a few jolly little boys.

GENTLEMEN OR CHRISTIANS?

A GOOD deal has been written and said in reference to the now somewhat stale subject of Mr. Lyne and his Lombard street sermons. Still, beyond good British enunciations of sound British principles, we have not read or heard anything very much to the point. There has been the usual twaddle about British freedom, and the true English love of fair-play—a thing, by the way, not at all English, and very seldom to be met with in the three kingdoms. There has been also a vast amount of disreputable smug satisfaction among a certain class of religionists, well-bred religionists too, who love that *ultima ratio* of religious controversy which is represented by pelting an adversary with paving-stones, and kicking him when he is down; on the whole, the business from first to last has been an extremely edifying one, calculated to inspire foreigners especially with an admiration of our well-known national characteristics, to wit, true religious feeling, manliness and generosity. Indeed, we only have to witness a High Church crowd waiting at the door, let us say of Mr. Molyneux's church in Onslow square, for the purpose of hooting at, hustling, and using foul and filthy language to the members of his congregation as they come out after service—in short, we have only to show that the lesson has been learned in other quarters, in order to vindicate our principles completely. Having said this, let us go on to say that we have not the remotest sort of sympathy with Mr. Lyne. His preaching may be of the best or worst, but there is no mistaking his leading features. A man who thinks that by wearing an ugly gown he can constitute himself a real live monk of the Order of St. Benedict deserves as much respect on religious grounds, as on military ones would be due to any enthusiast who might suddenly purchase a general of division's uniform and forthwith style himself a "general." It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Lyne has been described as a very silly person. However, silly or not, he has as much right to the protection of the law—and there his Papa spoke much to the point—as Quakers, Jews, Mormons, or Evangelicals.

It is to be presumed that each of these, in their turn, really believe that the others are teaching the most wicked and pernicious stuff, and would stifle each other if they could in consequence. But the love of life is strong in all, and so they recognise "live and let live" as the motto for religion in England, and only damn each other roundly behind their backs. It is unnecessary to add that Society, in a country where sects are to be counted by hundreds, would be simply intolerable without some such amiable compromise as this.

Popery is not popular in this country—no more is anything that is supposed to lead to it; but when that has been said the subject should be exhausted. A pattern of religion and liberty, a perfect home for freedom of thought and speech, as we are always boasting England to be before the whole civilised world, we ought, at least, to endeavour to support the reputation we cherish. Of course it will be said that a set of roughs and blackguards were at the bottom of the business, and doubtless they were, but people do very extraordinary things sometimes under "religious" influences. The gentleman is only skin-deep where creed is concerned, and a no-Popery youth, who would say the most graceful of graceful things to a Ritualistic damsel in a drawing room, thinks nothing of pushing her into the gutter and calling her by a foul name when she is unprotected and helpless outside a church door. The fact is, there is unfortunately plenty of nasty bigotry about old John Bull, and anything that stimulates it ought to be crushed thoroughly and at once. If we are to have the Star chamber back in our midst, by all means let us acknowledge the principle of persecution, and pinch, maim, fine, and torture each other whenever we get a chance; but do not let us humbug ourselves—do not let us spout frothy nonsense about the blessings of religious freedom,

and then break in men's skulls because they happen to shave them, and take peculiar views about this world in its relation to the next.

Really, the theme is a very old one—one that ought to be too old for the pen; but somehow or other it is not. The remedy, however, to these scandals lies in their publicity, and the Grand Lama himself might be quite sure he would not get more than a week or two of Christian yelling, in a country where the Press is free and liberally inclined.

In the meantime, should young Mr. Lyne again hold forth in Lombard street, we would advise some sort of precautionary measures; and to these the City authorities ought really to look. Beauty and religion smack strongly of the middle ages. Could not chivalry come to their aid as of old? Surely some doughty knight, like Sir Robert Carden, armed *cap-à-pie*, and defying all comers in their sacred cause, would complete the pretty picture. Or if business keeps that terrible representative of impartial East-end justice at home, one of his *confrères* might at least save the City from a repetition of recent scandals. That ladies should be publicly threatened and insulted under any plea whatever, or indeed that a harmless congregation should be annoyed, within a stone's throw of the Mansion House, is a down-right disgrace to the civic authorities.

As for Mr. Lyne, seeing that his views are capable of much expansion, could not he soften the wrath of his enemies by changing his tailor? Surely his excellent Papa would advise him to do this.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

In the Smoking-room of a well-known Club.

FOODLES (*putting down the "Pall-Mall Gazette"*).—There seems to be a regular row in Spain. Great bore, you know; for a fellow can't be supposed to take any interest in a thing of the sort.

NOODLES (*turning his cigar*).—Aw—no, of course not (*pause for three minutes, devoted to smoking and deep thought*). What's the row about?

FOODLES.—Oh, something about the Queen, and that General—what's his name—and—(*hesitates*)—and—you know. It's all in the *Pall-Mall*.

NOODLES.—Aw, yas—I thought it must be something of that kind—yas (*pause, with more smoking and more deep thought*). I say, Fwed—where are you going this evening?

FOODLES.—Don't know exactly. Do a theatre, if you like.

NOODLES.—Yas, a good ideaw, that; yas. Let's have some coffee (*dreamy perusal of dramatic programmes, coffee, more smoking, cab, and departure to do theatre*).

OLD GENTLEMAN (*who has been waiting his opportunity for twenty minutes, seizing hold of "Pall-Mall Gazette"*).—Let's see how they are to-night. Bother it! where are they? Spanish—Spanish (*going down the Money-market column*)—Spanish. Ah! here they are. Confound it, down again! Why don't the vagabonds cut each other's throats faster? By Jove! if this doesn't go on better, I shall sell out (*exit, swearing audibly*).

WARSAW AND WORSER.

IN these days of police oppression it is almost a satisfaction to feel that London is not the only city in Europe where Chief Commissioners and their myrmidons have everything their own way. The Emperor of Russia is about to visit Warsaw, and the authorities have been employed in taking what they consider the necessary precautions to avoid trouble or disturbance. A decree has been published telling the inhabitants that during His Majesty's stay in the city the Poles are not to walk about the streets in groups, not even two together, and they are all to be neatly shaved, and are to wear hats of an uniform shape and colour. They are also strictly enjoined to decorate their houses with garlands of flowers, and above all they are to look cheerful.

Not long ago such facts as these (for they are facts unadulterated) would have roused the British lion, whose anger would have taken the form of a "Polish Police Oppression, Sympathy, and Relief Society," or some such institution, and

the Poles would have made something out of it. But now this is all changed. We begin at last to understand why people allow themselves to be robbed of their personal liberty. In fact, our much oppressed neighbours are in a better plight than ourselves, for there is some reason for taking steps to prevent a disturbance when the Emperor of Russia goes to Poland, and it is absolutely nothing but senile obstinacy which impels Sir Richard Mayne to issue his brutally ridiculous notices and decrees.

It might really be worth while to take a hint from the Poles. They certainly did not give in without a fight for their liberty, and although unhappily they have been unsuccessful, they had an authority more substantial than that of a superannuated policeman to battle and destroy. We have arrived at the first stage of revolution already—exasperation.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

PRINCE ARTHUR is going back to his military duty, but he has deserted from the distinguished corps of Sappers and Miners to which he was in the first instance attached, and is now about to join the Royal Artillery.

Those persons who complained that during Prince Arthur's residence at Chatham the officials of that garrison devoted themselves more to funkeyism than instruction, need not now be alarmed on his Royal Highness's account. This time everybody appears to be in earnest, and although the Royal subaltern is not to join at Woolwich for another month, the *Court Newsman* informs us that everything is already prepared for his reception. To begin with: Lieutenant-Colonel Biddulph, the Assistant-Quartermaster-General, has turned out of his quarters, which, we are told, are "pleasantly situated opposite the barracks." Prince Arthur will occupy these rooms during the day, but it is not intended that he shall sleep there, for the Ranger's Lodge, at Blackheath, is sufficiently near to headquarters to be made available for a permanent residence. As this house is to be the Prince's home the authorities have taken care that it shall be fitted up with every regard to the requirements of a budding Artilleryman. Our friend Jenkins gives such a graphic account of the excellence of the arrangements, that we cannot forbear quoting a portion of his description of the *ménage*. He tells us that—"In order to facilitate the Prince's studies at home, the lodge has been furnished with some beautifully-constructed military models on the system of Captain W. A. Ross, R.A., comprising guns, gun-carriages, Royal Horse Artillery, gunners, &c., so arranged as to represent the actual movements of artillery in the field. The models are on a scale of three inches to the yard, and enable a battery to be drawn up in line at intervals, with officers and non-commissioned officers in their proper places on the field or on the parade ground. Artillery exercises can be carried out as to intervals and distances, unlimbering guns, gunners mounting and dismounting, throwing the batteries into column of divisions, brigade movements, &c. On the order of march being given, the gunners dismount, and are placed in the proper order of march, the men's distance from the gun-wheels being corrected by scale, and they are afterwards placed in positions of detachments right and left. Another portion of the exercise is for the Prince's instructor to call upon him, as captain of the battery, to bring it up as if it were brigaded with other arms of the service to a marked position on the field, at close intervals or otherwise, and to show him a better method should he fail."

This is all very gratifying, no doubt, but the above description of the Prince's course of studies is dangerously suggestive. We can imagine Prince Arthur, mounted, let us say, on a rocking-horse, drilling his little men, and his Highness's military instructors scrambling over the dining-room table to carry out the words of command. How short the winter evenings will seem when the pretty toys are produced after dinner!

One more paragraph must be quoted from the article we have before us, and we have done. It runs thus: "No orders have been as yet received as to what battery of the Woolwich Division Prince Arthur will be appointed to command, this being left with her Majesty." If the last item of news is only true, we congratulate both the Prince and the service to which he belongs on the assurance. The Queen, always wise and far-sighted, and never so much so as when the interests of her children are at stake,

if requested to select the battery his Royal Highness is to command, will most surely reply—"None, until by close attention to his duty he has gathered experience sufficient to justify him in assuming the responsibility."

How is it that the Press have so persistently gone out of their way to make Prince Arthur appear in so many ridiculous lights? His Highness is at present as much too young to command a real battery as he is too old to manœuvre a sham one. Let him put his toys aside and be left unmolested to learn his duty in a sensible manner, or he will never be fit for a Field-Marshal.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

How tiresome the professionally funny man becomes on acquaintance! You fly at last from his forced facetiousness. But there is nothing new in this discovery. The spiders found out the attraction of gravity long before Newton.

John Bull bellows fearfully on a rough passage across the Channel. It must have been on such an occasion that the Poet King complained that "Fat Bulls and Basins compassed him about."

How many a soldier who leaves the service with B. C. on his shoulder, might have put C. B. after his name if he had only been born with a handle to it!

I'll have your hat! as the French Prince said to the dying Cardinal. Not for Nap, as the Pope remarked to the Prince.

Madame Rachel will scarcely agree with Keats that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," at least not for the next five years.

QUARTER AND NO QUARTER.

Queen Isabella had an interview on the 30th September with the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress on escaping from Madrid. This interview is said to have lasted one quarter of an hour.

The following conversation took place in that short period: THE EMPRESS EUGENIE (after embracing her tenderly on both cheeks).—So you are obliged to come to us after all.

ISABELLA.—"Sangre di Ré!" I did not think I should come to this.

NAPOLEON III.—Let me beg of you not to think of it. We sovereigns are always liable to be depreciated.

ISABELLA.—Malediction on the rebel army—the officers who have broken their sworn faith.

NAPOLEON III.—Malediction! Allow me to echo it; for the man who betrays his country when he has sworn to stand by the Government—

EUGENIE.—Don't you think, dear, you would do better to offer our sister Isabella some lunch after her exertions?

ISABELLA (*aside*).—Sister to a Countess of Montijo! Car—well, bygones must be bygones now, and there is still Spanish juice in her veins.

NAPOLEON.—Sister, what a pity it was you did not spend money on boulevards, barracks, and breech-loaders, instead of wasting it on church vestments.

ISABELLA.—Hush! That was for my creed. Fighting is your religion. Please don't talk about disagreeable things.

EUGENIE.—May we hope to see you in Paris?

NAPOLEON.—Yes, sister. Let us receive you in state at the Tuileries. We will do anything for you, sister, if you will treat us as the first of reigning sovereigns.

ISABELLA.—Then take me to lunch, for I have not had a mouthful since I left Madrid.

(End of quarter of an hour.)

PROOF BEFORE LETTERS.—Evidence at a Court-Martial.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



"Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

THE WEEK.

It seems likely that, before long, the only possession left to Queen Isabella in her own country will be a "Château en Espagne."

COMPLAINTS are being raised most justly, because the British soldier is branded, and the British sailor not watered sufficiently. Let Jack Tar have more water; it is for his health and the country's good; but don't take all the spirit out of the Army by branding defaulters with a B. C.

SEVERAL landlords seem to be obtaining great praise for publishing their gracious permission to their tenants to vote as they (the tenants) choose. Surely this is cheaply-earned praise, for their simplest duty seems to be to let their tenants vote as they please, and say nothing about it, before or—afterwards.

THE freaks of the Revising Barristers are becoming more troublesome than amusing. These gentlemen are, we know, always chosen on account of their eminent qualifications for the office, but it seems only fair that they should be asked to give some *proofs* of their knowledge of the law, before they are permitted to revise it.

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S is dead. In the Rev. Henry Hart Milman the English Church loses a golden link between herself and the World which she can ill spare; the World loses one between itself and Religion which it can spare still worse: for he knew how to enjoy the noblest pleasures of earth and yet fit himself for the far nobler pleasures of heaven.

THE good, honest young souls of the Stock Exchange are angry with Father Ignatius Lyne (not Loyola) for comparing the City to Jericho. Considering the amount of puffing that goes on within those golden precincts, the inhabitants are entitled to consider their City very unlike Jericho in one respect; its walls must be trumpet-proof. The Rev. Mr. Lyne can scarcely wonder at the treatment he received. What better can he expect if he will preach to Bears and Bulls?

REFERRING to the argument that the ballot is un-English, the *Spectator* exclaims "So much the better!" Aware how thoroughly un-English it is itself, it evidently is anxious to say

something for its own peculiar position. Suppose it divested itself of its nationality altogether? Few would be sorry, and nobody would then be duped. Of all the shallow and contemptible cant of a canting time, the cant of Cosmopolitanism to the depreciation of Patriotism is the silliest and worst.

MR. GOSCHEN has made a joke. We reproduce it lest any of our readers should have missed it. "It was said that the electors of the City were not so numerous now as formerly. Perhaps there were not so many persons sleeping in the City, but he flattered himself they were fully as wide awake." We now understand why this unfledged Chancellor of the Exchequer was so silent all last Session. We wonder Mr. Crawford was not equal to the occasion, and at the word "wide-awake" did not hit on the brilliant notion of exclaiming, "I'll have your hat."

ECONOMY is especially desirable for all papers at this dull period of the year. We, therefore, suggest that the following paragraph might be always kept set up:—

"The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in London yesterday, and went to the Strand Theatre in the evening."

Nobody can deny that the highest class of Drama, the Burlesque and the Cancanesque, finds plenty of support from Royal patronage. Perhaps the gallant captain of the *Galatea* thinks that the nearest approach to being at sea is sitting at the Strand.

MR. ELLIOTT has earned the respect and gratitude of every person who wishes to see the Law cultivating a closer alliance with Justice, by sentencing three "*highly respectable*" boys for stealing from the stalls at the Crystal Palace to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. It is not likely that these three "*highly respectable*" boys will derive much benefit from their association with the inmates of a felons' prison, but at any rate, thanks to the excellent education that they have doubtless received, they will not suffer more contamination as regards their morals, than poor ignorant boys of the same age.

TO WHAT BASE USES.

THOSE aspiring members of the Established Church who only want an opening to become great have now their chance. There are ever hundreds of highly-gifted clergymen who pine away their existences in country curacies unknown and unappreciated, simply because they have never had the opportunity of appealing to an enlightened London congregation. The following advertisement, which appears in the *Times*, opens the gate to these aspiring divines:—

S. T. GEORGE'S HALL, Regent-street North.—Clergymen and other persons desirous of conducting religious services in this Hall on Sunday mornings and evenings, either with or without the assistance of a first-rate musical choir, can obtain every information of —.

The owners of the Hall are evidently unbiassed by sectarian prejudices. They are ready to set up the pulpit for all comers. Indeed, they go so far as to offer to provide music—first-rate music be it observed—for those ambitious theologians who wish to produce a really attractive entertainment for their audiences, and have, moreover, a little capital to risk in the speculation.

Now that the terrors of obscurity are so easily to be dispelled, the clergy of the Church of England, an ever-complaining body, have scarcely a grievance left to them—at all events, for the present, until the great *English* Church question is dragged on to the *tapis*.

WATERING-PLACES.—Dairies.



ANOTHER SPANISH MARRIAGE !

DON CÆSAR OF SPAIN: I do take thee for better or—for worse !

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER V.—*A Competition. M. Jules Canard and the "New National Anthem for the French." Smith the Republican. "Vive la Gloire!" The Election of the "Lor-Mayor." A pious Fraud. A Great Nobleman. Scene in the Hall of the Common Council. An Accusation!*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 3, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND MUCH HONOURED REDACTEUR,—

I dare say you are aware that the French Government have offered a reward for a New National Anthem to be used instead of the hackneyed "*Partant pour la Syrie*." I'm something of a poet myself, as you know, and have been emboldened to send in "a little thing" of my own composition. Without vanity I may be allowed to say that I consider it much more "soul-stirring" than the hymn of Queen Hortense. I beg to send you a copy.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR THE FRENCH.

BY JULES CANARD.

1 Vers.

Ah, j'aime les restaurants,
Quand on est de jeune âge,
Du pain, deux plats au choix,
Un dessert et potage.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Ce plaisir est Français!

2 Vers.

Vive le Leicester Square,
Et Nicholson le Baron,
Les Shades où l'on se trouve
Avec sa mère—ses parents.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Ce plaisir est Français!

There! I think that very pretty and national. I've composed the music to these words, but not being a musician, have had to trespass on the kindness of my friend Smith. He has been good enough to write the air down on a piece of score paper as I have hummed it over to him. He tells me that he has arranged it for the bassoon. Here it is:—

MUSIC OF THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM
FOR THE FRENCH.

Composed by JULES CANARD, and Arranged for the Bassoon by
CHARLES SMITH.



I consider it very far from bad, and I don't think I am, as a rule, conceited. My friend Smith is something of a poet himself, but far too revolutionary to please the present French Government. I, however, enclose a clever little song intended

(by Smith) to be sung during the next Reign of Terror. The idea is more or less taken from "*La Marseillaise*."

VIVE LA GLOIRE!

Desirous more!* Vive la Gloire!
Adam et Noah † Vive la Gloire!
Criez "law!" ‡ Vive la Gloire!
Chose pour boire! ¶ Vive la Gloire!

Notes by Smith.

* In English—"We want more." This is supposed to be the cry of the Revolutionists clamouring for reform.

† A taunt. The Revolutionists refer in scornful terms to the ancestors of the Aristocrats. Adam was the father of the world *before* the Fall, and Noah *after* the Deluge—hence the allusion!

‡ In English—"You cry law!" The Revolutionists address this cruel sneer to the trembling Aristocrats, who are naturally rather "taken aback" by the production of the guillotine, and express their surprise on its appearance by the exclamation already alluded to.

¶ In English—"Give us something to drink." The aim of the Revolution is attained. The Aristocrats have been decapitated—the Throne is in the hands of the People. Very naturally, the Revolutionists call upon the Nation to give to them their long-expected reward.

But enough of poetry. I must now tell you of a most important event which came off last Tuesday—I mean the election of the "Lor-Mayor of London."

The time has at length arrived for me to write of one of the most dreadful tragedies that has ever happened in English History. It will surprise you to learn that it occurred only a few days ago—at the Common Hall in the City, within ten minutes' walk of the centre of civilisation itself, an easy distance from Leicester Square. To a Frenchman it is unnecessary to explain the duties and rehearse the titles of the "Lor-Mayor of London," but as this paper may fall into the hands of some of the English (who are lamentably ignorant), I will just tell you a little about this mighty potentate.

The first "Lor-Mayor of London" came over to England with "William the Conqueror" in the year 1192. His name was Watt Tyler, surnamed Rufus (or Roofus—a joke upon "tyler," the slang of the period for "hatter"), and he quickly became famous as an author by writing hymns. For these services the Pope (Adrian the IV.) gave him the title of "Defender of the Faith," which distinction to this day the English proudly preserve inscribed upon the coin of their realm. In 1224 Watt invented the steam-engine and the common clock—hence the old English proverb, "Watt's o'clock." He was present at the battle of Agincourt, where the English were so signally beaten. On this inauspicious (for the British) occasion Watt espoused the losing cause of Charles the 1st (surnamed "The Cruel," on account of his murder of Richard III, by putting out his eyes under a staircase in the Tower). He was banished to Scotland, where he made a large fortune by selling cats under the assumed name of "Sir Wittington." Recalled to his native country on the accession to power of the Palmerston Ministry, he quickly secured the Hanoverian Succession, and was the first to take the oath of allegiance to Edward III. For these services he was made Duke of Marlborough and Prince of Wales, and retired into private life with a pension and the sinecure office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in 1303, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Walter Raleigh, who became second "Lor-Mayor of London" in 1304. In the Revolution of Cromwell the Office fell with the Crown, and with the Restoration of Mary (Queen o' Scots) ceased to be hereditary. Since that time the election of "Lor-Mayor" has ever taken place on the 29th of September—a date held in deep reverence by the English. The national "ros-bif" is on this day deserted for a goose, symbolical (I am told) of the ceremony, and hence the saying "cooking his goose," that is, depriving him of his dignity—the retiring "goose," or "Lor-Mayor," is "cooked," or dethroned. In England the "Lor-Mayor" is often called a "goose."

By the kindness of my friend Smith I was permitted to be present at the "swearing in" (these barbarous islanders never do anything without an oath) of the "Lor-Mayor" elect, who will come into office on the 9th of November. I was conducted to a gloomy hall under the "Palais de Newgate," or as the English call it, the "Ole Bailè," where I was received by a guard of "Beef-eaters."

"Who goes there?" cried one of them, bringing his bayonet to within an inch of my breast.

"I am Duke of Putney and Editor-in-chief of the *Bel's-Life*," said Smith (he told me afterwards that this assertion was a ruse—a "dodge").

"Pass, Editor-in-chief of the *Bel's-Life*," replied the "Beef-eater," respectfully.

We passed on, and now came to a magnificent apartment lighted up with gorgeous gas devices, such as "Peace and Plenty," "Welcome, Prince Arthur," &c. Seated on a dais at the end of the room was a handsome man, robed in a magnificent "jockey suit," surrounded by a brilliant group of courtiers and maids-of-honour, who sang a soft "lullaby" to the sounds of a concealed band. Dancing before him were a numerous *corps de ballet*, dressed as *bayadères*. The place was faint with the scent of a myriad exotics, and a thousand fountains splashed down in spray on the marble flooring. I had never seen such a splendid scene in my life.

"Where are we?" I whispered to Smith, who with easy gallantry had knelt down and kissed the hand of the noble under the dais.

"Silence!" he murmured, savagely, "I will tell you when we have left. My lord, let me introduce you to Monsieur Jules Canard, a most distinguished foreigner."

"Glad to know you, I'm shaw," observed the noble, languidly. "Here, some one! get me the last number of the *Belgravia*. Thanks!" he added, as a copy printed on satin of that popular periodical was given to him. "I want to go to sleep!"

He cut the pages with a paper-knife made out of a single diamond, opened the book at an article by a Mr. Walter Thornbury upon the "London Clubs," and in a couple of minutes was snoring.

Smith pulled aside a velvet curtain hiding a door, and ushered me into another apartment.

"And now," said I, "where were we?"

"In one of the apartments in the left wing of the Thames Tunnel!"

"And that distinguished noble—was he 'Milor-Mayor'?"

"That the 'Lor-Mayor of London!'" exclaimed Smith, in a tone of the greatest contempt. "Why that was only one of his flunkies!"

We passed through another door, and found ourselves in the Common Hall (so called to distinguish it from the Sunday Best Hall, which is built of pure gold—the Common Hall is constructed only of silver), and I certainly had never seen before so many dignitaries assembled together in one place.

In the body of the room were all the Dukes of England and some of the better class of Archbishops. Rather above them sat the Heir-apparent to the Throne, who takes the second title of the "Lor-Mayor." In a gallery were the Ambassadors (among them I noticed, in a chocolate suit, our own dear representative—his Excellency the Prince de la Tour D'Auvergne, supported by the Spanish Minister on his right, who looked decidedly blue, and on his left by the American, who was dressed in the colour peculiar to his nation—green); in another gallery were the Royal Family of England, and in a private box, all by himself, was Prince Christian. This last personage seemed deeply gratified by the applause lavished upon the "Lor-Mayor," which applause he took to be personal to himself. In fact, I heard His Highness observe that "his reception in England was most remarkable and delightful;" a speech which was received with boisterous laughter by the bystanders. Why, I know not.

On a magnificent throne sat the "Lor-Mayor," himself clothed in a beautiful suit of armour. He wore his Crown and carried his Sceptre. His Chaplain (the Archbishop of Canterbury) and his Private Secretary (the Lord Chancellor) were in attendance. He smiled gracefully, and slightly inclined his head in acknowledgment of the applause with which his appearance was greeted.

A squadron of the Horse Guards (Black) now rode into the Hall, escorting the "Lor Mayor's" Herald, who made (after a flourish of trumpets) the following proclamation:—

"O yes! O yes! O yes! This is to proclaim that His Grace Milor-Mayor, Prince of Wales, Defender of the Faith, Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, Duke Humphrey and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in England, Lord of the Vinegar and the Isles in Scotland, and Special Constable of Kilkenny, in Ireland, is about to vacate his throne. He calls upon you and

everyone of you to make and to pass a resolution of thanks on his retirement."

Another flourish, and then a gentleman in the body of the Hall rose and said, in a horrible silence it was so intense (here I quote from the *Daily News*):—

That he charged the "Lor-Mayor" with having been singularly deficient in carrying out the promises he had made to the Livery at the time of his election. At the very commencement of his year of office he set aside customs which had been observed, and which had been of great importance in connection with the privileges of the City. As to his hospitality, all he would say was that the Mansion House had presented a beggarly account of empty boxes (hear, hear, interruption, and cries of "No, no."), and the "Lor-Mayor" had shown a meanness of conduct which disentitled him to a resolution of thanks. (Cries of "No, no.") He therefore felt himself justified

IN MOVING AS AN AMENDMENT THE PREVIOUS QUESTION!

The uproar was something terrible to listen to; and every one expected to see the daring "councillor" ordered off for instant execution.

There was a pause—a dead silence—and then—

But as this has been a very long letter, I will continue the subject next week.

Receve, my dear Rédacteur,
The distinguished consideration of
Your grateful contributor,
JULES CANARD.

"IN THE EDITOR'S ROOM." A TRAGEDY FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

PRESENT—THE EDITOR AND PRINTER'S DEVIL.

SCENE.—A room full of books of reference, &c., desk at centre, chair, cupboard. The Editor is hard at work at his desk reading through MS. and proofs, tearing up letters, &c. Enter to him SWELL BORE.

SWELL BORE.—Aw, my dear fellow, glad to see you. (Throws himself into a chair.) Got a splendid notion for a cartoon for you.

EDITOR.—Thanks; no. We don't want one just now. The subject of the cartoon you will see next week was decided upon on Monday, the block finished by our artist on Tuesday, and in the engraver's hands by Wednesday. Not only that, I have never found an outsider's notion worth the paper upon which it was written. Here, boy (*printer's devil approaches*), just take this proof to the Earl of —, and tell him, with my compliments, that it requires toning down a little.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.—Yes, sir. Anything for Marlborough House?

EDITOR.—No, I have sent the proof to Scotland. (*Exit Printer's Devil.*) And now, my dear boy, as I am a little busy, tell me what you want and have done with it. I'm certain you won't think me rude, but the truth of the matter is, nearly all our fellows are away doing their shooting and the Continent, and I have to see to all the work. Too bad of them—often have had to write three-quarters of the paper myself. Beastly selfish of them, keeping a fellow in town all the week though at this time of the year! (*Goes on grumbling to himself as he knocks off a paragraph.*)

SWELL BORE.—Nobody in town. Thought I'd look you up. Have a chat with you about the news.

EDITOR.—All right. (*Turns round in his chair and takes out his watch.*) Now I can just give you five minutes. So fire away, old boy, I'm ready.

SWELL BORE.—Can you give a fellow any liquor? (*Editor motions him to the cupboard—Fizz—pop—guggle—rapid production of a glass of soda and brandy.*) Well, you take a beggar up so sharply.

EDITOR.—Obliged to, my boy. Life is short and newspaper columns long. But come, how about talking over the news?

SWELL BORE.—(*Ponders for three minutes, and then says suddenly.*) Hang it all, I don't believe there's any news to talk about.

EDITOR.—Just my opinion. Good bye, old boy, time's up;

hope you don't think me rude! (*Exit SWELL BORE.*) No news! I should say not; and yet those selfish beggars won't send in any copy! (*A prolonged grumble as the scene closes in.*)

AT THE COUNCIL.

[*Before the PRESIDING MAGISTRATE, Mr. TOM-A-HAWK.*]

Singular Charge—A Patriotic Prosecutor—Mild Sentence.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY, the well-known dramatic author, was summoned before this magistrate, charged with wilfully damaging a novel, called the *Fortunes of Nigel*, by turgid it into ridicule in a dramatic form, by the critic of a certain highly-popular satirical paper. On the charge being read over to him, Mr. Halliday asked by what right the Prosecutor dared to interest himself in the matter: was the *Fortunes of Nigel* HIS property?

PROSECUTOR.—The reputation of Sir Walter Scott should be jealously guarded by every Englishman. (*Loud applause in court, which lasted for some minutes.*)

DEFENDANT.—Yes, I know all that. But come, frankly, is there not a little spite mixed up with your attack upon me?

PROSECUTOR.—No, Mr. Halliday, there is not! Write anything good, and I will praise you. I have every wish to be pleased with your productions, but you never give me a chance of admiring you. No, sir! the man who would raise his pen against a Scottish author (save in the way of friendly censure) is unworthy of the name of a British Journalist. (*Loud cheers.*)

THE MAGISTRATE.—I don't want to interfere; but isn't this conversation a little irregular?

PROSECUTOR.—Well, your Worship, perhaps it is; but believe me, sir, however the wind may rise or the waves bluster, that good old ship, the British Constitution, has enough life in her to weather, ay! even the very wildest storm. (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

THE MAGISTRATE.—Quite so. And now let us proceed with the case.

The first witness called was

Mr. BEVERLEY, who said he studied the novel of Sir Walter Scott with very great care. He had done his best to illustrate it with some magnificent scenery. He had received considerable assistance in painting said scenery, but nevertheless had superintended it himself. He certainly thought that the effect of the scenes was very much damaged by the dulness of Mr. Halliday's dialogue.

Cross-examined: Certainly Mr. Halliday's dialogue gave him time to set the scenery. There was very little action in the piece to take the attention of the audience from off the scenes.

THE MAGISTRATE.—I don't quite see the drift of these questions. The point before us is this: Has Mr. Halliday spoilt the *Fortunes of Nigel*? not has the badness of Mr. Halliday's piece enhanced the value of Mr. Beverley's scenery?

The next witness called was

THE PROSECUTOR, who said he had been a dramatic critic for many years—ever since he was a boy. Had criticised the drama for a "daily," a "weekly," a "monthly," and an "annual," at one time or another; knew his business thoroughly. *King o' Scots*, as a piece, was execrable; as a *spectacle*, very well worth seeing. The scene of Fleet street was capital. He objected to Mr. Halliday's treatment of the *Fortunes of Nigel* on Sir Walter's account. The novel was excellent—the play, from a literary point of view, very bad indeed. It was bad because it was uninteresting and unconnected. It was difficult to follow the plot (if, indeed, the piece had one, which was problematical), and the characters—with the exception of James I.—were commonplace to a degree. To quote one of the most justly influential papers in London, "All that was good was Sir Walter's; all that was bad was Mr. Halliday's." The concluding scene (in spite of the excellent acting of Mr. Phelps) was singularly ineffective. Mr. Halliday, as the author of a tragedy, should have known better than to have ended a melodrama with broad farce.

Cross-examined: The name of Mr. Halliday's tragedy was (he believed) *Romeo and Juliet Burlesque*.

MR. HALLIDAY then commenced his defence. He owned that *King o' Scots* was not likely to prove so successful as his gigantic melodrama, *The Great City*. He would tell the Bench

why. In *The Great City* he was able to introduce a hansom cab; unluckily for him (Mr. Halliday) hansom cabs were not invented in the reign of James I., the period of his new piece. He thought of calling Mr. Phelps to prove that he had put some very telling speeches into the mouth of the "Canny King;" but perhaps his worship would take his (Mr. Halliday's) word that such was the case. ("Certainly," from the Bench.) He might complain that the piece had been badly acted; that the representative of Charles I. had been absurdly stagey; that the lady in the rôle of Miss Ramsay had scarcely looked the character to perfection. But he preferred to plead guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the magistrate. He had attempted to do his best with Scott; and although his manifesto to the Public (signed by himself and Mr. Chatterton) was, he acknowledged, "bumptious," he had no wish to give offence to any one. He had "never done nothing to nobody," and it was very unkind of the Prosecutor to persecute him so. His wants were simple—he only needed peace and quiet, and perhaps a Seat in Parliament, to be quite happy.

THE MAGISTRATE sentenced the prisoner (who had delivered his speech to the Bench with a show of emotion very painful to witness) to read the report of the case in the next number of the TOMAHAWK.

Several "kind friends" of Mr. Halliday undertook to see that the sentence was duly carried into effect.

BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the magnificent summer which England has this year enjoyed, a truly British autumn has set in relentlessly at its usual time, and the country is already as bare and leafless as it ever was in an October.

With the broken weather, and the cold, long nights, those demands on behalf of the distressed and starving poor which are made on our charity as surely and regularly as the seasons themselves come round, will presently set in. That our metropolis is a benevolently disposed city, in which an appeal in a good cause is seldom made in vain, cannot be denied, but we fear that there is very little that is spontaneous about our almsgiving. Year after year the same devices have to be employed to arouse our phlegmatic temperaments into putting our hands to our pockets. We are always ready to do what we can to remedy the evil when it stares us in the face with its hideous stories of want and death, but although long experience has taught us that, as certainly as Christmas arrives, it finds a large class of the deserving poor in an advanced stage of abject want and starvation, we are culpably behind hand in making any attempt to prevent what we know must occur, unless we come in good time to the rescue.

This year the weather-wise have it that the winter is to be severe beyond all precedent. Would it not be a gentle and christian act for those people who are in the habit of subscribing to the East-end charities for once to pay their money, unsolicited, in advance, before the promoters of these good works are driven to make their annual pressing appeals? It is a good deed to drive the wolf from the door, but it would be a better deed to kill him before he gets there. We know he will surely come, so let us be on the alert.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

THE Metropolitan Railway Company has been making a great fuss over the opening of its new line from Paddington to Brompton. It is always satisfactory to Londoners to hear that the different regions of the metropolitan wilderness have been rendered more accessible to each other by any means whatever, but of all apparently useless routes it is difficult to conceive a line of railway less a necessity than the three miles which have just been opened. When the branch is finished to Victoria and so on to the Thames Embankment, there may be something in it; but under the present circumstances, for all the use they possibly can be for business purposes, the termini might as well have been in Kensal green and Brompton Cemeteries as at Præd street and Cromwell road. When immense

sums of money and great engineering skill are lavished on an undertaking, it is a pity that there should be so little that is useful in the result. An underground line from South Kensington up Piccadilly to Charing cross, and thence beneath the Strand and Fleet street to St. Paul's and the Bank, would have been a real blessing to the community, and could have cost but a million or so more (a trifle with railway speculators) than this last new extension emerging, as it does, from a back street of the nastiest neighbourhood about London, and wandering aimlessly by Bayswater, Holland Park, and the Kensington Grammar School into a dilapidated market garden in old Brompton. The new line may be part of a "system," which is now-a-days a sufficient justification for any amount of folly, but beyond this it appears to be an extravagantly wild speculation.

STARTLING ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

A RETIRING young gentleman of the name of Kimber, who, upon reference to the *Law List*, appears to have been admitted an attorney some three years, has presented himself as a "Constitutional Conservative Candidate" to the free and independent electors of Finsbury. The term, presented himself, is used in its true sense, as with a noble contempt for such things as requisitions or invitations from electors this gallant youth has abandoned the privacy of 28 Canonbury villas, N., and quite unsolicited, now courts the notice of the metropolitan constituency before mentioned. TOMAHAWK has seen his first address, which, by the way, is printed in a fashion somewhat suggestive of the old handbill puffs of quack doctors and patent pills, and hardly knows which to praise most, its fearless impudence, or the peculiarity of its literary construction. Kimber likes "truth and righteousness to prevail in the government of the nation," but condemns those politicians "who are seeking to conciliate the favour of their Roman Catholic opponents by giving the priests of their evil superstition a political power and patronage which would make them influential persons in the State." Those persons whose religion is the "evil superstition" mentioned will no doubt be pained to hear that in another paragraph of his handbill Kimber pronounces it "the darkest and foulest error that ever degraded mankind." If Kimber comes out as strong as this in his *first* address, it is difficult to anticipate the flight he will attempt in his second. At the same time it is satisfactory to know that "he will sit below the gangway and favour neither party." A most judicious and considerate promise on the part of this juvenile six-and-eightpence, which will no doubt meet with the approval it deserves. TOMAHAWK pauses here, and reflects—Can it be that Kimber has heard of such a place as Finsbury "Circus," and is bidding for the situation of Clown in the Ring? There can be no two opinions as to his capacity for the place!

NUMERICAL MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

- My 7, 2, 6, 7, 4, 7, 12 was a King of Thessaly, and son of Æolus by Nephele ;
 My 7, 12, 5, 7, 12, 9, 7 was a famous rhetorician of Miletus, also a beautiful woman of Phocis ;
 My 2, 9, 5, 6, 3, 1 was pilot of the ship of the Argonauts ;
 My 4, 9, 5, 6, 9, 2, 9, 1 was an appellation of Juno ;
 My 9, 5, 6, 9, 1 was a daughter of Lygdus and Telethusa, changed into a man on the day of marriage at the supplication of her mother ;
 My 5, 7, 8, 7, 4, 11, 10, 11, 1 was the son of Mauplius, King Æubœa, said to have invented four of the Greek letters ;
 My 7, 3, 8, 7, 1 was the son of Theodamus ;
 My 2, 6, 3, 11, 12, 11, 12 was a son of Pelops and brother of Atreus ;
 My 1, 11, 4, 11, 8, 11 was a daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and the mother of Bacchus by Jupiter ;
 My 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 7 was one of the Graces ;

- My 5, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1 was the son of Neptune and Tyro, and King of Thessaly ;
 My 2, 11, 2, 6, 3, 12 was the daughter of Coelus and Terra, and wife of Oceanus ;
 My 8, 11, 2, 6, 11 is a river in Hell ;
 My 11, 11, 8, 9, 1, 12, 7 was one of the nymphs who attended on Amolthea ;
 My 6, 9, 5, 5, 9, 7, 12 was a philosopher of Elis ;
 My 5, 8, 11, 9, 7, 10, 11, 12, is the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione ;
 My 5, 3, 2, 6, 9, 7, 4 was the priestess of Apollo, and a Pythagorean philosopher ;
 My 5, 7, 8, 8, 7, 12 was a name of Minerva's ;
 My 9, 5, 6, 9, 4, 11, 10, 9, 7 was the wife of Alous, and mother of the two great giants Oreas and Ephialtes, who grew nine inches every month ;
 My 8, 11, 10, 7 was the daughter of Thestius and wife of Tyndarus, King of Laconia, and my whole was a species of bird destroyed by Hercules.

LAST WEEK'S CHARADE-PUZZLE.

IN order that our maniac readers may understand the Charade Puzzle, which we presented to them in our last number, we now print it in its proper shape :—

GOD Neptune in his wrathful hour,
 When ruffled by the wind's high pow'r
 In battle with his wave,
 Upon my *first* his fury spends
 With awful roar, which echo sends
 Down to his sea-girt cave.

My *second*, in each wave he sways,
 Abounds unseen, till Sol's warm rays
 Absorb it on my *first* ;
 Then in a hole perchance I lie,
 In virgin garments snug and dry,
 To make ye mortals thirst.

My *whole* is of my *second's* class ;
 Of dingy red, not unlike glass,
 And to the taste the same ;
 'Tis in appearance like my *first*,
 Though mariners know which is worst
 Whene'er they hear my name.

ANSWER :—ROCK-SALT.

ANSWERS have been received from Linda Princess, W. H. T., Jack Solved It, Pimlico Tom Cat, The Wushperle and her Lunatic Husband, C. F. Brace, J. R. Moor, Brainless Idiot, Yorkshire Like, Taste It, C. Wimberger, Sallie's Awful Duffer, Tower Demon Smithfield, Oliver Twist, Orpheus (Hyde park), Malden Road Greyhound, Railings of the Cobden Statue, Joe, Harry Wharfdale, Crowndale Spaniel, Chinch-choong-jeu-facher, Old Brum, "The Wendover Wonder," Slodger and Tiney, Goodenoughforme, Charles Robinson, Harum-Scarum Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, Happy-go-lucky, Isle of Rockaway, Harris Gibson, George Hayward, Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Cabby on Strike, Nobody's Orphan, Lalla Rookh, Camden Starlings and the Members of the Camden Hunt, Charles Lewis, No Railway Monopoly, Charles Chivers and Johnny Rumbold, Pianissimo, Hampson, B. H. (Hampton Court), Pikehurst, jun., Four Romping Gazelles, Roanmcefidhtuvryfphbfirfi, Charles Edward Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, 'Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick and F. D.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 76.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

LETTER NO. 2.

MISS LEONORA LORING, M.P., TO MISS CAMILLA SHARP.
3 Poet's Corner, Westminster,
30th June, 1870.

MY OWN PRECIOUS OLD DARLING,—It is something to be able to pour out so many endearing epithets to any human being; for I really *do* begin to believe that the world is simply peopled with the descendants of brutes, who originally escaped from some travelling menagerie that Noah, or Alexander the Great, or William the Conqueror maintained at the expense of the country; and that, with *very few* exceptions, all the *men* are only *gorillas* in disguise. But I must not anticipate.

Ah! my dear, I did hope to have continued my last letter the very next day: not that it is any use writing to Africa every day, considering the post only goes once a month, if it goes as often as that; and then for unpunctuality commend me to the Post Office. But what can you expect—all MEN! If women bought the letters, do you think *they* would not put *stamps* on the *unpaid* valentines out of *their own pockets*? Ah! Camilla, my darling old monitress, you see I am as giddy as ever, though how I can smile now, when Ruin (in deep mourning) seems to sit brooding, on a gigantic camp stool, over this devoted land, *I don't know*. We women are wonderful creatures—but I know you want me to get on, and so I must—though my retrospect is the but tinged with a mocking glory which fades as it mixes with beams of the present, and leaves but an amber-coloured storm-cloud lowering over the future of our devoted and noble sex.

Why do I say that hateful word? I do not know—my mind is one gigantic chaos, stirred but occasionally by the omnipotent staff of memory. Camilla, my dear, *sexes* are a mistake! I won't enter into a question at once so deep and so *profound*; but, depend upon it, if Eve had been created first, there would *never* have been any men, or, if there had been, they would have been *very different* creatures to what they are now.

But a truce to these metaphorical conjectures. My business is with the stern area of the present. I but sport with the bubbles of the rivulet, when I should be grinding down the ore over which it ripples.

What I told you in my last related but to the opening week of the Session, when all was amiability, and there were few divisions. It soon became apparent that *we* did not intend to let our majority fritter itself away into capricious caves or fanciful factions. (I hope, my dear old tutoress, you will be spared by the cannibal natives long enough to give me some idea as to how you like my *style of composition*: it is founded on the *best models*, I assure you.) We were determined to close our ears to the blandishments of flattering tongues, and to demand our perfect freedom from the shackles of the infamous laws that had so long oppressed us. About three weeks after Parliament met a notice was put on the paper, that Miss Sophia Singleton would move for "a return of the number of marriageable bachelors at present residing or domiciled in Great Britain and Ireland; and also for a similar return of the number of marriageable spinsters or widows, with a view to abolishing that wicked practice of celibacy which had attained to such *grave dimensions* as to threaten the prosperity of the country." This

motion was vehemently opposed by the Government. By the way, I never told you that our resolution to abolish the distinctions of political parties had resulted in a similar move on the part of the male members of the House, and that the present Government, or rather the then existing Government, was composed as follows:—

First Lord of the Treasury (in Commission).—

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
Right Hon. B. Disraeli.
Right Hon. J. Bradlaugh.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (in Commission).—

Right Hon. G. Goschen.
Right Hon. J. Roebuck.
Right Hon. Sir Morton Peto.

President of the Council.—Lord Commissioner Ker.

Secretary of State for the War Department (in Commission).—

Right Hon. J. Bright.
Right Hon. J. Hardy.
Colonel Fane.

First Lord of the Admiralty (in Commission).—

Right Hon. Sir George Bowyer.
Right Hon. Sir Edward Head.
Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson.

President of the Board of Trade (in Commission).—

Right Hon. Peter Taylor.
Right Hon. E. Moses and Son.
Right Hon. Sir Henry Edwards,
Bart.

There! that is quite enough to show you how all parties have amalgamated to fight the battle of men against the superior part of creation.

Well, this motion which I have mentioned met with a very rude opposition from the above *Happy Family*! However, by a *severe whip* we succeeded in carrying it. This was our first victory; and flushed with the glow of triumph, and irritated by the factious opposition and sneering criticisms of the other creatures, we determined to take a bold step. Camilla, my guiding star! (as Lord Lytton would say) you will, I know, approve that determination.

We held a meeting in the Tea Room (which was exclusively devoted to our convenience for the occasion), and determined at once to bring in a Bill which should enable all unmarried women to propose to any unmarried men of their acquaintance who paid income tax, and that "if the said proposal were rejected on any other ground than that of an impending engagement to some other unmarried woman, that the male person rejecting the proposal should forfeit one-half of his income to the proposer, to be employed by her for her sole use and comfort, as she should think fit." This Bill was opposed in the most virulent way at every step, and the Speaker even stooped so low as to rule several points of order against us; but we triumphed at last, and spite of the cruel desertion of many of our supporters, who had hitherto secretly, or openly, countenanced our efforts at self-assertion, we obtained a majority so decisive as to compel the Ministry to resign.

Mr. Lowe's speech on this occasion I shall *never* forget, and we will NEVER forgive: he compared us to "the crowd of harpies who, swooping down on the humble fare of the Trojan

wayfarers, defiled the provisions that their greedy maws could not devour." He quoted so many Latin verses at us (which we could not understand), that we were nearly driven to desperation; and afterwards, in the Lobby, I almost regret to say, some of the more vehement of our darling sisters set upon the vituperateous wretch, and plucked from his imposing (in more senses than one) brow the white locks which had so long been his boast. Of course the wretched Men took advantage of this generous outburst of enthusiasm, and sentenced to imprisonment in the vaults of Westminster Abbey the most prominent leaders of this vigorous attack. But all such manœuvres proved futile, for a week after the third division on the Bill "for Promoting the Prospects of Unmarried Women" the Government resigned; and oh! glorious triumph, Camilla!—a female Minister assumed the reigns of office for the first time in this poor man-oppressed country.

Here, my dearest friend and guide, I must pause. I fain would leave you some space to enjoy the contemplation of such a heavenly prospect, before I attempt to pourtray the untoward gales to which the bark of the State, spite of the angelic beings who sit at the helm, has been exposed.

With many fervent kisses, believe me,
Your own devoted friend and pupil,

LEONORA.

P.S.—Oh! something so dreadful has just happened; but I must not delay this. Oh, Camilla darling, live and hope. I write again soon.

ON TRIAL.

THE WORKING MAN'S CANDIDATE.

THE Commissioners re-assembled at ten o'clock this morning, when, notwithstanding the prevalent impression that the present inquiry was one capable of exciting the most lively public interest, the room was but poorly filled.

The first witness summoned was Mr. JONAS FREEBOOT. He said he was what was called a working man's candidate. That was certainly what he considered himself to be, though he had not consulted many working men on the subject. His claim to the confidence of his fellows was unquestionable. Yes, he was quite, in his opinion, a public man, and, as such, entitled to come forward as a representative of Scrubbsborough in the new Parliament. He could state what were his pleas for notoriety if required to do so. They were at least three in number, and might be more. In the first place he was the best speaker in the Nine Dials Elocution and Harmony Club, and was generally known in the neighbourhood as "Jawing Jonah." Secondly, he had written a series of anonymous letters signed "Lexibus," in the *Scrubbsborough Mercury*, in which he proved that one working man was worth six peers, and ought to go share and share with them in their landed property, and, to quote his own words, "similar aristocratic baubles." His third plea, however, was that on which he chiefly relied for popular sympathy and support. He had pulled five feet of railings up at Hyde park, harangued the mob—he begged pardon, he should say, Britons who never would be slaves—from the summit of a sweetstuff stall, and made one of a glorious seven who vindicated the liberties of their country by bonneting a policeman when he was not looking. He hoped with such antecedents to be returned to Parliament. His political principles were not quite fixed, but he had no objection to state their leading features. He should go into the House determined to effect five simple reforms. The universal abolition of war would be one; the fair and equal division of property would be another; the imprisonment of dastardly newspaper writers who ran down the working man, as represented by himself, would be a third; the fourth would be to pay all members of Parliament a handsome salary; and the fifth would be the legal equalisation of intellect. He could not well explain what he meant by that, but he felt sure it would work beneficially, and prevent the swells from getting all the pickings. This last sentiment he had enunciated at a public meeting of his friends the other evening, and it was received with vociferous cheers. He was therefore quite certain that it was sound, and he meant to stand by it. Yes, some one did cry out from the other end of the room to ask him how he would "carry it out," and he got a very fitting answer to a question so entirely superfluous. His hat was knocked over his eyes, and he was pitched into the street. That was the way

to treat all political opponents. He would like to knock Mr. Disraeli's hat over his eyes. He would not mind knocking Mr. Gladstone's over his eyes either, or Mr. Bright's over his, for the matter of that. None of them understood the working man and his wants. Only wait till he got into Parliament. (*The witness, who strongly insisted on an Englishman's right to be heard when he had something to say, was here ordered to stand down, and was eventually removed from the committee-room in the charge of two policemen.*)

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE XI.

From Florence's Mother to Willie.

My dearest nephew, Florence bids me say
She cannot possibly herself reply
To your kind letter she received to-day;
But she desires most urgently that I
To you her thanks immediately convey,
And you assure that until she shall die,
Your nobleness she never shall forget,
But deem herself for ever in your debt.

I wish that I could get her to say more;
And more indeed she does say, but it all
Only amounts to what she said before,
And which 'tis scarcely worth my while to scrawl.
One's words, whether to argue or implore,
Might just as well be spoken to a wall.
She would not show your note to me, but kept
Its contents to herself, and o'er them wept.

But what they are, I easily can guess.
You want her still to marry you, I'm sure;
And I, dear Willie, wish she would say, yes,
For that alone her malady would cure.
And though of course she nothing doth confess,
Her love for you doth as of old endure;
And 'tis provoking you are separated
Just as if one the other deeply hated.

I know I have myself alone to blame,
And yet I thought to do it for the best.
A cousin as a husband's not the aim
Of mothers for their daughters, 'tis confessed.
And even had I yielded, all the same
Your uncle would have never let me rest.
Now, he is just as sorry as am I,
Who ev'ry moment am inclined to cry.

And I suspect you think if you had been
A wealthy cousin with pretentious places
In town and country, then we should have seen
The matter differently, and no grimaces
Made about cousinship. If that you mean,
We should; for circumstances alter cases.
But both a cousin and a poor one! How
Could we so easily the thing allow?

And girls are very changeable, you know,
And we supposed her preference was fancy,
And not, as the results appear to show,
A mixture strange of love and necromancy.
How could we guess that things would turn out so?
As for that villain, it was but by chance he
Was chosen, and the choice *might* have succeeded.
All men do not conduct themselves as *he* did.

'Tis no use arguing, I feel; for you
Will always think us grossly in the wrong.
But, Willie, the real world—you know, 'tis true—
Is not quite like the world one reads in song.
The many must be wiser than the few,
Or how could matters have gone on so long?
But, be this as it may, I'm grieved sincerely
For our mistake you should have paid so dearly.

However, put a brave face on't, and keep
Your spirits up ; for girls are fitful creatures ;
And though she vows she ne'er again could sleep
If she beheld your pale reproachful features,
You the reward of constancy will reap
If only you don't let her patience beat yours.
Woman so keen, to start with, in enlisting
In hard resolves, are poor things at resisting.

But for the present she declares she is
Unworthy of you, and she always was so ;
And when I press her hard with that and this,
Answers me in Italian, *non posso*.
She seems to think that something is amiss
With her fair fame and value, just because so
Worthless a scamp as Bullion, when she granted
His people's urgent prayer for him, levanted.

Now 'tis no good entreating her at present.
Either forget her or appear to do so.
Besides, my dearest nephew, 'tis not pleasant
To have your only child and daughter you so
Love—just as though she were a common peasant—
Play a part like the Héloïse of Rousseau.
That cannot be. The thing, whate'er befall,
Must be done properly or not at all.

Therefore, rely on me to bring her round ;
I'll do the very best for you I can.
If anybody does, I know the ground,
And may be trusted to devise a plan.
But at the paper's end myself I've found,
Although I little thought, when I began,
To write a twentieth part of the above.
Good-bye, dear Will. Your uncle sends his love.

EPILOGUE.

So up to date doth stand this precious Drama,
Enacted in a country which doth boast
A Creed more pure than that of Jove or Brama.
Yet is it plain that Fashion sways our coast,
And money is enthroned the British Lama.
Hence our *persona dramatis*, engrossed
In its prevailing worship, by the stress of it
Have for the present made a pretty mess of it.

FINIS.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

WASPS manufacture comb, but have never come into notice
for their honey. Yet a man thinks he has only to make verses
to be a poet.

A man of spirit can always keep his head out of water, but a
coward in difficulties sinks in spirits and water.

"All men are liars." Of course the other sex is not in-
cluded. What says Miss Becker ?

"The Divinity that hedges a king," must have great confi-
dence to back any one to win in the Bourbon Race.

What's in a name ? William Tell would never have come
down to posterity without it.

Birds in their little nests agree that they do not reciprocate
when they hear man "woulding he were a bird." They lay
six eggs to one man would not know how to fly if he had wings.

A woman who has a good figure does not require too low a
dress to make one aware of it : but a badly made girl cannot
suppose that undressing herself will prove what the bare fact
denies.

Motto for ladies in evening dress. "Bare and forbear."

What an extraordinary thing ! as Calcraft said when two
chaplains came to the execution.

The Empire is Peace. That must be the mouth-piece of
war.

Women are like magazines. They must have their little
romance and their padding to make them perfect.

A friend of mine has been put on the staff and sent to Sierra
Leone. This is like being complimented with the command of
a Forlorn Hope, or flattered with precedence at a barricade.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

It may reasonably be expected that now-a-days, in these times
of political Leotardism and buffoonery, nothing will astonish
the public.

The German popular story of the boy who could not shiver—
frighten everyone around him how you might—finds its counter-
part now in a public that cannot be surprised. But while there
is yet a chance of one single shiver existing, may it not be
claimed for a Premier who does not know what are the con-
stitutional functions of a Secretary of State—for a First Lord
of the Treasury who does not know what "my Lords" of the
Treasury have decided and have ordered, and have defended
in Parliament ?

Yet such is the case, taking only one small item of the
marvellous manifesto which, by an "awful dispensation," our
mountebank Minister has lately addressed to the historic county
of Bucks.

"Her Majesty's Government," says M. Leotard, "by placing
in the hands of a single individual a control over the expenditure
of the War Office, commenced a considerable reform during the
late session in the administration of the army." Now everybody
but M. Leotard knows that there has existed ever since 1856
"a single individual" charged with "the control of the expen-
diture of the War Office," viz., the Secretary of State for War.
What, then, is this new creation of the Prometheus of
Bucks ? Is he above the Secretary of State, is he under the
Secretary of State, or is he in lieu of the Secretary of State ? Is
Sir John Pakington abolished, superseded, or assisted by the
new marvel, this omnivorous, clerkivorous, ministerivorous
monocrat !

But M. Leotard is First Lord of the Treasury as well as Prime
Minister. What view have the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury
taken of the appointment of the Controller-in-Chief—the officer
referred to by the First Lord ? "My Lords" were pleased, under
date 29th June, 1868, to be "of opinion that the functions of the
Controller-in-Chief should be kept entirely distinct from those
of the financial department of the War Office," and insisted that
he should have beside him, on the same platform, a financial
officer of the third rank (for this manifested monocrat is him-
self to be only of the third rank in the War Office cosmogony)
who shall review his arrangements, control his control, and
advise their common chief as to his proposals.

But perhaps M. Leotard took no part with "my other Lords"
in the discussions at the Treasury on this subject, not being
aware how important the subject was, and how strong a card
he had in his hand, until he came to play it out when "speaking
to Buncombe"—to Buckingham, we should say.

Even this plea cannot be pleaded, unless Hansard has joined
all the rest of the world in turning against our amusing political
acrobat ; for that hitherto credible witness records the part
taken by the Leader of the House in the debate in the House
of Commons on the subject of this very Treasury letter.

How, then, can the statement now made by the same Minister
be explained ? We cannot accept the solution that in the can-
didate he deems it expedient to forget the Minister—the First
Lord—the Leader of the House ; but we can only conclude
that he knows, as well as everyone else does, that not one word
of what he states is true, and that not one word of what he
promises is possible ; but glories in the cleverness by which he
bequeaths to his heir—now very apparent—this "legacy of
insult."

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THERE is not the slightest truth in the report that Mr. Mark Lemon will shortly give Readings of *Falstaff* "out of (not in) costume," at the Turkish Baths, Jermyn street.

A VERY great Spanish wag, calling himself Don Juan, has taken advantage of the flight of Queen Isabella to inform the world that he considers the moment has arrived for his own abdication in favour of his son, Don Carlos. This is only one claim similar to some dozen others resulting from the fall of the last Bourbon Crown; or, to quote his Royal Highness's own words, "Spanish *fly* is the stuff to bring out the rightful hairs!"

OF course, somebody has offered the Spanish Crown to Prince Alfred, and strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that Gibraltar and £40,000,000 of English money are to go with the young monarch, the idea is not very popular at Madrid. Surely, some more commanding and elderly individual would have had a greater chance of success. Why does not somebody ask Mr. Stuart, the well-known comic-tragedian of the Theatre Royal New Adelphi? He would, we have no doubt, look the thing to perfection, and do it cheerfully for half the money.

HEADS AND CROWNS.

THOSE enthusiasts who have been exulting over the success of the revolution in Spain have already commenced to modify their prophecies as to the bright future in store for that very unsettled country.

A republic is all very well in theory, but as far as the Spaniards are concerned, it has even now been voted an impossibility in practice; and those who professed the deepest pleasure in the turn events have taken during the last month, are already uneasy about the difficulties which are beginning to present themselves in the remodelling of the dislocated Constitution. On one point all are agreed—viz., that a sovereign is wanted; and although one would have supposed that a great many very eligible people would be ready to accept the throne of Spain, if it were offered to them, yet, as a matter of fact, the Spanish chair of state does not promise to offer any great comfort or repose to its occupant, and the eligible people in question are

already showing unmistakable signs of shyness in having anything to do with it. However, the alarmists need not at once despair of providing a fitting sovereign for the vacant place. Although the Emperor of Brazil, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a few other miscellaneous princes have hinted their intention of declining with thanks any overture that might be made to them, yet there are numbers of Royal personages holding inferior positions, or out of place altogether, who would be ready at a moment's notice to make any number of promises, swear any number of oaths, or undertake any amount of responsibility. Indeed, we happen to be in the possession of exclusive information concerning the persons who have expressed their willingness to fill the Spanish throne; and while we regret our space does not permit us to reproduce the whole number of applications which have been sent in to the Provisional Junta, we are constrained to publish the following, which have been selected from the list, as possessing some interest for the British public.

Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein.—Speaks German and a little French. Knows the King of Portugal. Would make himself generally agreeable. Hates the English.

Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands.—Is highly moral. Middle aged. Of economical tastes. Would annex her present territory if required.

The Maharajah Duleep Singh.—His Highness is of pleasing appearance. Understands nigger driving. Would find his own regalia and coronation robes. Address D. Singh, Esq., 199 Onslow square, S.W.

Prince I-have-seen-the-world, of Abyssinia.—Considers himself well suited for the place. Feels himself rather in the way in England, and does not want to be educated in the family of a clergyman of the Established Church.

Mr. Henry Cole.—Is just the man wanted. Knows all about everything. Is a C.B. Has lots of sons.

It will be at once seen that the alleged difficulties of finding a fit and proper person to succeed the ex-Queen Isabella have been exaggerated. With such a choice as we have enumerated, if a bright future is not in store for Spain, it is her own fault.

EPIGRAM BY A TIMID LOVER.

YOU may tell, dearest Lucy, when sleep takes your mother,
My heart's in my face, though I'm small, by my sighs:
Yet 'tis useless my cowardly feelings to smother;
My heart's in my mouth when she opens her eyes.

VERY CONSCIENTIOUS.

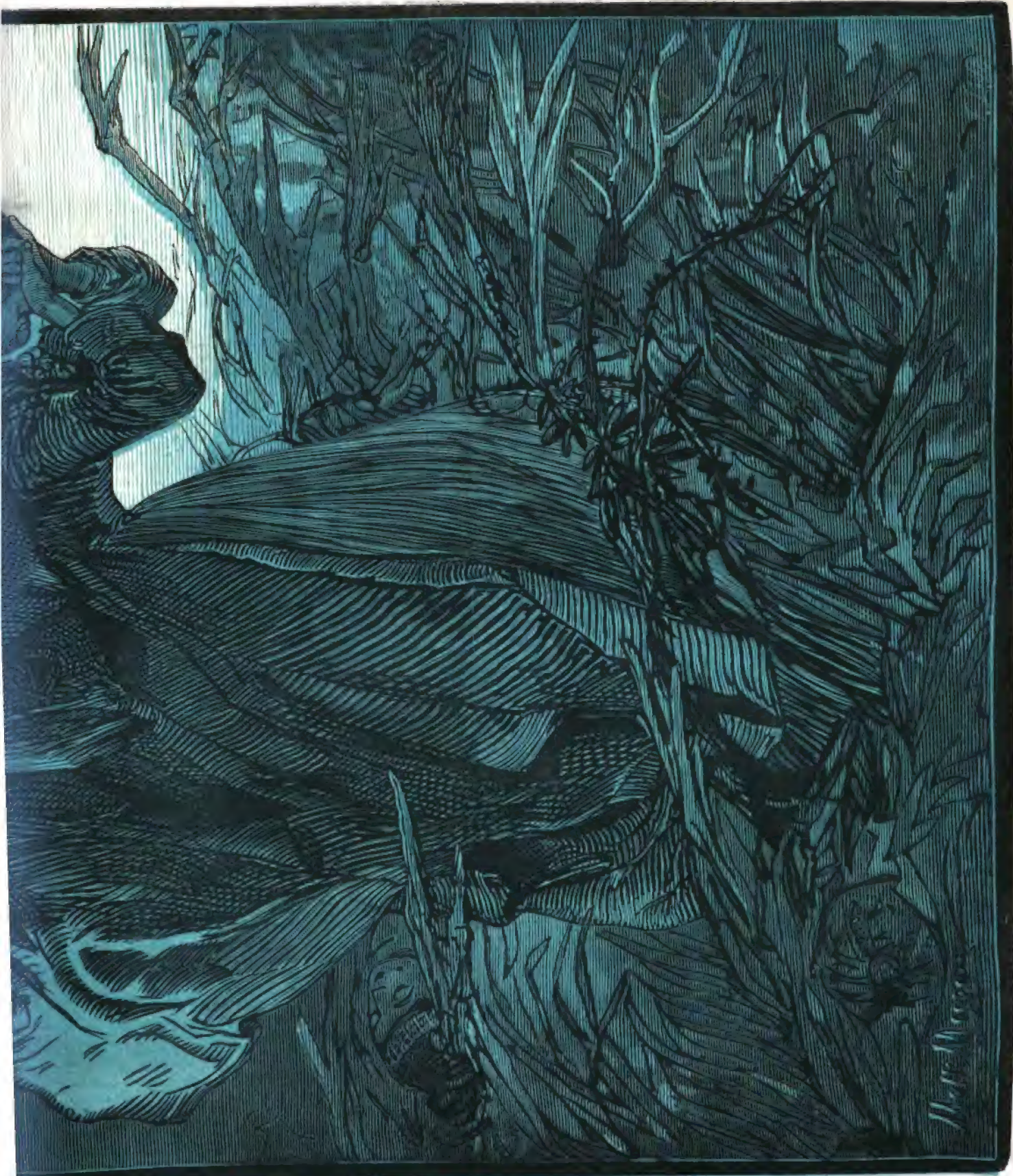
MR. WARD HUNT, when he succeeded Mr. Disraeli in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, seems to have inherited some of the ready effrontery of his predecessor. The other day, in the course of a speech at an agricultural dinner at Wellingborough, he said that his friends had often asked him why he had taken such an active part in the cattle plague debates in the early part of the session of 1866. His reason had been, he assured his audience, that as Northamptonshire was the county which made itself the most prominent in clamouring for legislation on the subject, he considered it to be his bounden duty as one of its representatives in the House of Commons to ventilate the question.

Evidently Mr. Ward Hunt counted on his hearers having forgotten the part he played on the occasion of which he speaks. Happily, the cattle plague is past and over, and its very existence has almost gone from our memory; but if we succeed in calling to mind the proceedings of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons at the period to which he so boastfully refers, they would certainly tend to show that the honourable gentleman was actuated rather by the spirit of petty opposition to any proposal emanating from the other side of the House, than by a sense of duty to his constituents. However, let Mr. Ward Hunt take all the credit to himself that he can obtain. He is not the only member of the late House of Commons whose respect for the truth is weaker than his anxiety for re-election, nor is he the only member of the present Government who has adopted "Popularity at any price" as a motto.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





THE LAST OF THE BOURBONS!

OR,
LIBERTY AVENGED.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER VI.—*Canard's Illness. A Day's Shooting. Costume of the Chase. Extracts from a Diary. How to Shoot. Results.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 10, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND MUCH RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

You will remember that when I last wrote to you I described in my letter the election of the "Lor-Mayor of London," at the Common Hall. You will recollect that I left off at the point where a presumptuous "counsilor" had the audacity to impeach the City magnate. What followed was so horrible that it brought on an immediate attack of brain fever. I was laid up for two days, and when I returned to consciousness remembered nothing but the fact that my salary was in arrears (please see to this). But to return. I have had a great deal of pleasure lately. I have been staying at a most charming country house (I was ordered to Herts for change of air after my illness) and have enjoyed myself immensely. On Monday I went out sporting, and on Tuesday assisted at the great "Cesarewitch-gentlemans-jockey-race" at "Nu-markêt." First about my day's shooting.

I rose very early and dressed myself in the costume of the chase as worn in England. I give you a description of the garments and accoutrements.

—Red tail. Blue cuffs. Yellow facings.

—*lets*.—Silver.

—*vers*.—Yellow cord.

—"Hors-gar."

—Steel. Long.

—"Gentlemans-jockey." Red plume.

—Sword. Carbine. Large French horn. Pistols.

—net.

B. *es*.—A "boule-dogue," two "Kin-Charles," and a "toy-terriere."

Habited thus I left the house of my host at five o'clock. I said to myself, "These insolent islanders are born 'gentlemans-jockeys,' they are 'sporting-mans' from their infancy. As for me I belong to a nation of soldiers. I know more about *la gloire* than the *perdrix*. I will practice this 'rifle-shootin' by myself, where no one can see me, where no one can smile at my failure." I said this, blew a loud note on my horn, and started for the "cover." I give you some notes from my diary.

6 o'clock.—I have very nearly shot something! I passed by a hay-stack and saw something moving to my left. As the "something" was at least five yards off, I thought my carbine would not carry so far, so I didn't fire. If it had been nearer I certainly should have shot it!

6.5 a.m.—The something turns out to be a boy. So as it happens, it was lucky I couldn't get up near enough to it. The boy, for sixpence, has taught me how to load my carbine. In England they do *not* put in the shot first! Ah! these Englishmen, are they not strange?

6.10 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! I've let off my gun! I pulled the trigger, and it went off suddenly with a loud explosion. I am not killed, but the "boule-dogue" is shot through the head. Ah, this sport is grand!

6.15 a.m.—I'm putting in the powder.

6.20 a.m.—Powder in. I'm putting in the first wad.

6.25 a.m.—Wad in. I'm putting in the shot.

6.33 a.m.—Shot in. I'm putting in the second wad.

6.40 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! The carbine is once more loaded! See, I'm a "gentleman's-jockey" already. Ah, Englishmen, it is Jules who will surprise ye!

7 a.m.—I'm passing by a wood. I've just got to a gate. The farmer's boy told me always to put my carbine "haf coc" when I go over a gate. I am to hold the lock and pull the trigger. Well, this manœuvre is difficult, but I will surmount it.

7.2 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! Again my gun has gone off!

It was unexpected, but it was grand. I am still alive, but I've killed both of the "Kin-Charles." Three "Tales of game" in one hour! Come, this is *le sport*! However, in making the "haf coc," I burnt my fingers. This manœuvre is painful, but pleasing.

7.20 to 8.20 a.m.—Loading my carbine.

8.25 a.m.—I have not met a single bird. I have tried to shoot the "toy-terriere," but he bit my leg as I was taking aim. Who could shoot a dog that bites one's toes?

9 a.m.—I am skirting a hedge. There is something moving over there. I shoot! It is dead. Another "tail of game." *Holla, holla, vive le sport!*

12 a.m.—I have let off my carbine three times—each time it went off! I'm now quite accustomed to this shooting. It is quite simple. All you have to do is to support your carbine on the lower part of your chest, close your eyes, turn away your head, and pull the trigger. If you follow out these directions you may be nearly sure of the gun going off. You must not be surprised if you are knocked down. It is the concussion, or as the English call it, the "kic." Until you get accustomed to the sensation of falling it is as well to place a feather-bed behind you.

1 p.m.—I am on a trail. I have read Cooper's novels, and know that when you find a piece of orange-peel you may be sure that you are near something. I follow up the trail, and am close to a wood.

2 p.m.—Yes, there was something! Now Jules for another shot. I place the carbine against the lower part of my chest, and pull the trigger. I fall, and pick myself up.

2.5 p.m.—Heep, heep, heep! I've found it! My shot took effect! Heep, heep, heep! *O gai!* I'VE SHOT A FOX!

2.30 p.m.—I return home in triumph!

Before concluding this letter, I beg to send you a list of the "tails of game" I found in my "game-carpet-bag."

Contents of M. Canard's "game-carpet-bag."

1 Fox,

2 "Kin-Charles" poodle-boule-dogues,

1 English "boule-dogue,

4 Pigs,

and

3 Sheeps.

As I was going into the house I shot a canary I found in a cage to make up the dozen. So my grand total was

TWELVE "TAILS OF GAME!"

Next week I will tell you all about my visit to the "Cesarewitch-gentlemans-jockeys race" at "Nu-markêt."

Till then,

Receive the most distinguished considerations of

JULES CANARD.

ROOM FOR WALKER.

WE are delighted to see that several of the more liberal-minded members of the Medical Profession are aiding the movement to establish female physicians, whose labours shall be chiefly, if not wholly, confined to that province of the art which Nature intended women to perform. No amount of scientific cant, and mercenary agitation can blind us to the fact that, the performance of such duties by men is simply a violation of decency. Women have as steady hands and a more delicate touch than men by nature, and there are plenty of women who can master their feelings when there is need of action. We can hardly believe that those medical men to whom pounds, shillings, and pence represent the only view of their art which they know, will be powerful enough to obstruct a reform which, while it opens an honourable field to Woman's labour and ambition, releases her modesty from a trial, which is as unnecessary as it is severe.

'PAUCA VERBA.'—Some Bath chaps have been introducing pigs' heads into their ritualistic pageants. They would do much better if they studied Bacon, or emigrated to the land of Ham.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—In my last letter I explained to you how it came about that a number of the fair sex have got on to the register in our part of the world, and why I am the person selected for the delicate and confidential but somewhat novel and arduous task of soliciting their votes for the two Conservative candidates. I now propose to give you an account of how I have prospered so far in my interesting labours.

You will readily understand, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that I cannot introduce into my letters the names of the "persons" on whom it has been my duty to call. Some women, it is true, have, now-a-days, a remarkably strong itch for publicity, though I am happy to think that the vast majority of them still contemplate it with the old repugnance; but I should just as little think of gratifying the unseemly taste of the former as of wounding the natural delicacy of the latter. I shall therefore confine myself to a description of the reception I met with at their various hands.

I must confess that my canvassing campaign did not open very brilliantly. The first two names on my list were those of maiden ladies, and the next two of widows; but I equally failed to obtain an interview with any one of them. They were all at home, and I was ushered into their drawing-rooms with perfect urbanity by their domestics; but there my success ended. Why, I will tell you immediately. But I should not be doing my duty if I did not tell you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, how much I was struck, in each of these four cases, with the admirable order of so much of the establishment as I was permitted to see. None of them was a pretentious abode, though all of them possessed that air of permanent comfort which Englishmen associate or used to associate with the idea of home. The approach to them was carefully and even scrupulously kept; you might have dined on the door-steps, so exquisitely clean were their smooth white slabs; a bride need not have hesitated to touch the knocker with her delicate glove; and as for the bell-handle, I declare it shone with such lustrous brilliancy that I saw every feature of my countenance reflected, though, of course, somewhat distortedly, on its burnished concave surface. I was not kept waiting above the space of forty seconds. Indeed, my summons must have been attended to the moment it reached the ears for which it was intended. Nor did the apparition that greeted my gaze as the front door was opened for me in any way belie the marks of a well-regulated household that had already attracted it. The waiting-maid who took my name was as far removed from a hussy as from a slattern. She was dressed with surprising neatness, but she had neither ear-rings nor coquettish airs. I did not fall over her train as she showed me into the drawing-room; neither, as she left me to apprise her mistress of my visit, did she fling me one of those would-be seductive looks as well calculated to upset the virtue of a man as to make him seriously doubt that of a woman. She offered me a seat in grave and deferential tones, and as if with the voice of deputed hospitality, and then, without any loitering, left me to perform her errand. I thus had time to note the inexpressible cleanliness, order, and completeness of the apartment, all of which I thought augured well for the success of my mission. Surely, I said to myself, the woman who rules a house so faultlessly organised, and so admirably regulated as this one, must be a thorough Conservative at heart. I had scarcely arrived at this comforting conclusion when the door opened. I rose from my chair, expecting to see the lady of the house herself enter the room. It proved, however, to be only the maid, who, with my card still in her hand, politely asked me if, as her mistress had not the honour of my acquaintance, I would kindly apprise her of the purport of my visit. There was nothing for me to do but to comply, and the servant once more left me. I now began to think that I had entered an establishment even still more Conservative than I imagined—too Conservative, indeed, for the ends of those who had sent me. My penetration was this time not at fault. The well-behaved domestic speedily returned, and with unchanged courtesy of demeanour informed me that her mistress bade her thank me for my consideration in calling, but that she had been put on the register without any application on her part; that had she known of the intention she should have protested against it; and that under no circumstances should she think of availing herself of a privilege she

did neither covet for herself nor approve for her sex. The message also added that the sender of it was extremely sorry I had been put to any trouble in the matter.

Such, Mr. TOMAHAWK, both in form and language, was the reception I met with at the first house at which I presented myself, but such, in substance, was the result of my application at the next three I have already mentioned. At all four I found an elegant and superintended home, in which cleanliness and order reigned supreme, in which the service was deftly and modestly performed, but where the mistress resolutely refused to entertain the subject of politics, or to confer unnecessarily with a mere political visitor. As a member of the Conservative Committee, and the particular member chosen to canvass the softer portion of the constituency, I, of course, felt baffled and disappointed. But as a member, Mr. TOMAHAWK, of Conservative Society, I felt victorious and exultant. "See," I exclaimed to myself, after my fourth repulse, "how little the dreams of philosophers and the machinations of interested agitators affect the real well-being of the community! Its scum and surface may be cankered, but, thank Heaven! its heart is sweet and sound." How far I have since seen reason, through my later experience as a canvasser of the ladies, to modify this opinion, you shall hear in my ensuing communications.

Meanwhile, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK, I have the honour to subscribe myself your faithful reader, admirer, and friend,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

COMING as we do in the field of criticism a week after every one else, we shall not be accused of enthusiasm, as many of the gushing gentlemen must be who threw off their salvoes of flattering phrases on coming out of the Lyceum Theatre after the performance of Lord Lytton's new play of *The Rightful Heir*, on Saturday, October 3rd. Our readers will, if they take an interest in dramatic literature, have already read in a dozen journals how the new play of *The Rightful Heir* is a phoenix which has arisen out of the grave of *The Sea Captain*, who died after a month's existence some thirty years ago. Every one who has read Thackeray will remember the rattling hail of his ridicule athwart that same captain's doublet, and how Jeames Yellowplush treated the author in the servants' hall.

That immense interest was taken in the old fiasco with a new face was evident by the crowded audience present; though perhaps the live lord in a stage box added not a little to the pleasurable excitement. Literary London was present: that of course means all the gentlemen who "do" the drama for the daily journals, with their friends; the friends of the illustrious dramatist Lord Lytton; and probably not a few friends of the illustrious manager, Mr. E. T. Smith.

Now no one will venture to say that a box-order, or a glass of champagne in the green-room, will give a shade one way or the other to a criticism which appears in our columns, and the mere fact of our speaking our mind proves that we have had no piece accepted at any of the playhouses in London. We have never been asked to dine at any great dramatist's; nor are we writing a burlesque to be produced at Cremorne next season. This being the case we shall perhaps astonish those playgoers who were not present on this occasion, and who have already formed an opinion on the piece through the criticisms of the Press, when we state that a more DREARY, TEDIOUS PIECE, or more common-place acting (with one exception among the actors) we never had the misfortune to sit out.

Having eased our mind of that, we will pass to extenuating circumstances, which are not legion. It is impossible, without reading a piece in blank verse before seeing it acted, to give an honest criticism on the lines spoken. Shakspeare would not bear it. Still less (with all deference to his lordship) Lord Lytton. There is too great a tension on the senses which have to get at the plot, judge the acting and construction of the drama, and think more of the general effect than of ideas or images. There is many an allusion lost, or simile buried, or a poetic creation cancelled altogether by the bad delivery or thick utterance of an actor, or by some external attraction which prevents the fixing of a reminiscence on the memory.

So that not yet having a copy of the play we do not profess to criticise the beauties or failings in the writing. Many a

truism caught up by the crowd at the moment turns out on reading to be simply common-place, while the real poetry contained in a line may only expand by study in perusal.

Take up any paper of Monday, the 5th, and you will find an elaborate outline of the story. There is the hero, Vyvian, repudiated for a time by his mother, Lady Montreville. There is the inevitable young lady, Evelyn, saved from some danger or another, pirates we think, by the hero. There is the wrongful heir, Lord Beaufort, and there is a presumptuous heir presumptive, Sir Grey de Malpas. Add a pirate with his face corked, a military friend (there is always a military friend, who in this case is a naval officer), a seneschal, and a judge, with the usual number of seafaring supers, and men in brass, and you have the ingredients which, under Lord Lytton's manipulation, have been cooked up into the extraordinarily successful play now performing at the Lyceum Theatre.

The five acts and eight tableaux drag their weary weight along like the coils of a sick serpent. There is one good scene which has not actors engaged in it capable of bearing its weight. We did not see Mr. Bandmann in *Narcisse*: we are sorry for it, for honest critics of judgment praise highly some parts of that performance. We went with the hope of finding our stage possessed of another good romantic actor. Mr. Fechter, though not arrived at the highest art, is a good romantic actor. We were sadly disappointed. Mr. Bandmann has a commanding figure but scarcely an expressive face; has not, by any means, a talent for dressing himself; and, though his accent is less noticeable than that of Mr. Fechter, makes such a noise and has such a German delivery that it is very difficult to catch what he says. His passion consists in shaking his head rapidly from side to side as if it were on springs, and his energy is principally evident in profuse perspiration.

He is quite capable of taking a leading part in popular melodrama, but he has no breadth of style and little distinction beyond what his stature gives. In the scene in which his mother repudiates him he goes as far as he can, but it is below the mark; and the thrill imparted to a sympathetic audience by the art of a great actor does not come.

A great actor would never have allowed himself to act while reading a proclamation. Mr. Bandmann does this to such an extent that one almost imagines that, in spite of his excellent English, he does not understand what he is saying. His general delivery smacks too much of the learnt lesson, and his gesture does not always suit the word.

The character which stands out in the play by the efforts of the actor is that of Sir Grey de Malpas. Mr. Vezin has the instinct of the artist in him. He is never offensive, and very often extremely good, as in the scene where he pictures to himself the chances of his inheriting the title. He really merited the applause which followed his exit. We wish we could say as much for all others concerned.

The scenery was flashy, but artistically bad. We speak of those scenes which were new, for we noticed cloths which had done duty in *The Master of Ravenswood*, under Mr. Fechter's management. The costumes, with a few exceptions, had been raised among the authorities of the Bow-street costumiers.

The piece was listened to with great attention; and had it been utterly bad, the same respect would have been shown to the author of *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*. The critics seem all to have carried away the same line in their retentive memories,—

"Bravery leaves cruel deeds to cowards,"—

which, we submit, is scarcely above the average of the Proverbial Philosopher's verses. Cruelty is cowardly and a brave man is not a coward, or *vice versa*, is all you can make out of that line. But there were many lines which will lead us to read *The Rightful Heir* when we get a copy.

Of the popularity of the play we have no doubt. It will not last up to Christmas.

CRITICISM ON "PINDEE SINGH."—Good is NOT the word! THE WAR-CRY OF THE ALDERMAN ON THE WOODCOCK'S TRAIL.—*The Turtle's Hoop*.

AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—The Archbishop of Dublin descended to punning about *noses* and *nose*. Rather undignified for a prelate. He will be known henceforth as the Archbishop of Dublintender.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

A PREFACE.

[Private and Confidential.]

Dashover, Beds, Oct. 13, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR,—A good notion has just occurred to me—to send you the whole thing as it stands. As explanation would be useless, and they are expecting me back in the dining-room to finish the '34, I can only refer you to the enclosed MS., adding at the same time that the main idea was unquestionably the thorough *misunderstanding* of the British people—as a people. But I dare say you will excuse brevity when I tell you I have left my friend, Mr. Banks Johnson, and several leading county men over their wine, to pen this hurried note, and catch the post. Perhaps it would help matters to add also that the conversation turned on the position of the country before Europe, and that I gave them fully my views, and told them of the step I had more than contemplated. "Send it off at once," said every one of them, and then Johnson had up two bottles of '34 port, and we drank success to it. Here is the man for the post, but I will explain more fully to-morrow.

In great haste, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

MONTAGUE ROCHEFOUCAULD BAKER.

P.S.—As the man says there is ten minutes to spare, I will just try and touch up the thing, and put it a little ship-shape. As to terms, I will write about them to-morrow too.

MS.

Before I begin, what do you say to the *Kaleidoscope Reflections* for a title? I haven't time to explain how it might be appropriate, but I think it is better than the "History of Great Britain and Ireland," Banks Johnson's idea. However, take which you like. Mark please that the MS. begins here:—

* Never mind when the idea struck me, but it did strike me once, to write a book about England and her political and social institutions. I felt that she was misunderstood as a nation, not only by foreigners universally, but unhappily also by too many of her own children.

†† I just add a line here to say my idea was to go off familiarly and pleasantly, yet at the same time preserve the dignity due to the subject. If you think the first "struck" is too much, cut it out. On looking over it again I see it is the "did strike me" which gives the familiarity to the passage. However, do exactly as you like about both. N.B. Let the printer understand these bits marked †† do not go in. The MS. continues (.) here:—

(.) Influenced by this feeling, for a long time I confess that beyond sketching out plans, and jotting down a note or two, I took no practical step in the matter, and I have now only consented to do so at the earnest solicitation of a distinguished circle of friends who have assured me that the vindication of the national character is a patriotic and important work.

†† The very words used by Banks Johnson and the leading county men. MS. again * * * :—

* * * I have therefore determined upon at once giving the result of my few days' investigation into the subject to the world, and continuing my labour in the most complete and searching manner. Of design or form in the combination of my materials the casual reader may possibly find little or none, but it is to the continued attention of the many that I look for that appreciation which —

†† Haven't a moment. The man says he couldn't wait, even if Banks Johnson wanted to make his will and catch the down mail with it. I post therefore *all in the rough*. Please see to it, and try and tack the bit I send above on to the rest, and make it fit. More to-morrow. Great haste.

ROUGH NOTES.

Feb. 9, 1867.

NOTES made by Montague Rochefoucauld Baker, Esq., of Pump court, Inner Temple, Barrister at law, M.J.L.S., &c., &c., on the character of British institutions and customs, in relation to their influence on the social, physical, and political education of the people. Heading for first chapter, "The Old Times *versus* the New." Idea to be carried out by contrasting the

"good old" coaching days with the modern system of railway travelling. The subject to be skilfully handled, and eventually worked round to show the genial, hardy, generous, and danger-scoring nature of Englishmen.

Notes continued.

June 1, 1868.

ON reading the above, I cannot see exactly now what I meant by it. It seems to tell the other way on the whole. N.B.—The only method of doing the thing thoroughly is to begin with the Queen and Constitution, and go straight through the list down to the very bottom. Say Chap. I.—The Three Estates, subdivided—(1) the Queen; (2) the Lords; (3) the Commons. Necessity of treating same in an original manner. Try allegorical. Gold head, silver body, and lead legs. Carry out idea fully.

Oct. 4, 1868.

ALLEGORY won't do. Better go straight at the subjects in a familiar manner. Inquire into every matter personally. Do London and the great provincial towns. Look up Banks Johnson and get him to ask some leading county people to meet me. N.B.—Write to B. J. this afternoon.

The subjoined letter reached us when the paper was made up. We, however, publish it in connection with the above:—

(Private.)

Dashover, Beds, 7.30 A.M., Oct. 14, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that some apology is due to you for the unnecessary trouble I fear I may have given you. Under the excitement—I am sure I deeply regret it—of an after-dinner conversation, I forwarded you last night a few materials, together with the design, for a series of papers I once contemplated writing. I need scarcely say that I trust you will kindly regard the whole thing in the light of a pardonable joke, played not wilfully upon you, but rather upon

Yours sincerely, with every apology,

MONTAGUE R. BAKER.

The Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

P.S.—Will you kindly return me my MS.?

O YES! O YES! O YES!

To our faithful and well-beloved Charaders, Enigmaters, Logogriphites, Double Acrosticizers, and all the other Merry Maniacs, greeting:

We have received the following letter from our former contributor of food for your mazy brains, which, spite of its tone of groundless irritation towards ourselves, and equally groundless self-satisfaction, we publish:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—With the true magnanimity of genius, I forgive you your contemptible conduct towards myself; my wrath is appeased by the just punishment which Fate, and not the undersigned, has inflicted on you. So you actually thought you could get on without me. Your pride has been humbled. It was not enough that you should compel me to construct double acrostics, though you knew my aversion to that tricky sort of composition, which nearly every miserable comic paper now doles out to its readers in feeble halting rhymes, and by aid of "Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge." However, I yielded to you on this point, and I even succeeded in reconciling myself to a form of enigma which I saw was capable of poetic and elevated treatment. Sir, as you well know, it has always been my endeavour to instruct more than to amuse⁽¹⁾; and whether it was a charade, an enigma, or an acrostic, I relied less upon the vulgar trick of obscurity than the noble art of poetic diction⁽²⁾. I did not object either to your associating me with a perpetrator of logogriphes, which, though I deem them to be a childish form of problem, yet were treated by your word-twister with some skill. I undertook at last the somewhat difficult task (under the cloak of a pretty fiction) of attempting to instruct my pupils in Abyssinian. The insolent ingratitude with which that attempt was received I do not wish to record. You, Sir, instead of shielding me from the insults of idiots, laughed at

me, and mocked me with petty taunts, and forwarded me letters full of impertinent and vulgar abuse, with ill-disguised satisfaction. You know the consequences. Hurling at you and that ribald crew a Parthian dart of fiery scorn and gleaming satire in the shape of an "acrostic for boys and girls," I turned my back on you, and left you to shift for yourself.

Awful and speedy was the punishment. I have often reflected on the melancholy spectacle afforded by the figure of Hannibal sitting in the ante-room of the Bithynian tyrant, waiting his patron's pleasure to admit him to kiss his hand. I do not mean to compare you, Sir, for one moment, with the mighty Carthaginian⁽³⁾, but still, *parvis componere magna*—I know you don't understand Latin⁽⁴⁾; but some one will translate it for you—still, I say, I cannot help shuddering as I think of you—whom, spite of your many faults, I consider a young man of considerable promise⁽⁵⁾—sitting in the waiting room of our principal lunatic asylums, waiting for a jabbering maniac who might serve your turn. Well! the column for maniacs grew daily weaker and weaker, till at last it collapsed beneath the weight of its own stupidity⁽⁶⁾; then you sent into the highways and by-ways to find a more jovial lunatic, and he produced a charade which you had to print twice over before you could think of the answer; and now you have actually descended so low as "My 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, is a dish of vegetables; my 3, 6, 4, 2, is a bird, &c." Oh, shame! where is thy blush? Why, that sort of thing is even below the *Family Herald* and the *Boys' Magazine*. However, as I said before, genius is magnanimous, and I once more come to your rescue. I have invented a new species of acrostic, about which you shall hear more next week. In the meanwhile I have great pleasure in presenting you with the following

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

By Darwin's theory the mother

Develops further in the son:

Though one too often is the other,

The other never will be one.

The first and dearest word for men.

The Landseer of the classic pen.

The substance of a full AMEN.

LAST WEEK'S NUMERICAL MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.

7, 2, 6, 7, 4, 7, 12, Athamas.
7, 12, 5, 7, 12, 9, 7, Aspasia.
2, 9, 5, 6, 3, 1, Typhis.
4, 9, 5, 6, 9, 2, 9, 1, Miphitis,
9, 5, 6, 9, 1, Iphis.
5, 7, 8, 7, 4, 11, 10, 11, 1, Palamedes.
7, 3, 8, 7, 1, Aylas.
2, 6, 3, 11, 12, 11, 12, Thyestes.
1, 11, 4, 11, 8, 11, Semele.
2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 7, Thalia.
5, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1, Pelias.
2, 11, 2, 6, 3, 12, Tethys.
8, 11, 2, 6, 11, Lethes.
11, 11, 8, 9, 1, 12, 7, Eclissa.
6, 9, 5, 5, 9, 7, 12, Hippias.
5, 8, 11, 9, 7, 10, 11, 12, Pleiades.
5, 3, 2, 6, 9, 7, 4, Pythia.
5, 7, 8, 8, 7, 12, Pallas.
9, 5, 6, 9, 4, 11, 10, 9, 7, Iphimedia.
8, 11, 10, 7, Leda.

ANSWER:—STYMPHALIDES.

ANSWERS have been received from T. H. H. G. H. L. F. O., Java Sparrow, Paffy and Seventeen, H. H. D., J. H. L. Winton, C. B., Sam, Cockroach, L. Becker, Mary Powell, Tommy Dodd, Chocolate Cream, Cinderella, Classical Dic(k), Old John, Ruby's Ghost, J. C. Ashford, A Grecian Crayfish, Hugo von Bomsen, F. C., Samuel E. Thomas, M. T. S., Charles Wren, H. W. Howse, S. H. E. I. L., Buzwig (Ross), Rustic Cheltenham, Dyrba Deyol, Yorkshire Tyke, The Barnet Devils, Barnaby's Kaven, W. M. Robertson, Old Tommy, Linda Princess, A Black Heathen, Oedipus, L. J. Wright, W. L. J., J. R. Moor, L. E. S., Willie and Annie, H. J. T., Eureka, M. W., Marie St. Leger, Relampago, Winged Partridge, Longcoldandhungry.

(1) Quite true!—ED. TOM.

(2) You were quite right. I see you know enough logic to perceive that the greater includes the less.—ED. TOM.

(3) You humbug! It's plain from your writing you had to look this sentence out in your Dictionary of Quotations before you knew whether it was "parvis" or "magna!"—ED. TOM.

(4) Ditto to you; but you never keep your promises.—ED. TOM.

(5) Very well; you will send this to the "Lunatic of Camberwell Green," and look out for your self the next time you go out for a walk in the country.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 77.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

LETTER NO. 3.

MISS LEONORA LORING, M.P., TO MISS CAMILLA SHARP.

3 Poet's Corner, Westminster,
6th July, 1870.

DEAREST CAMILLA,—The storm has come at last! The thunder-cloud which overshadowed us from the beginning has burst at last in all its terrible ferocity, and the forked lightning plays in fitful gleams of fury over the ruined hopes and crushed ambition of your Leonora.

I forgot to mention that ever since we took our seats as members of the House of Commons, a muffled discontent had manifested itself amongst the vile *men*. Curses "deep but low" were heard in the clubs and in the parlours of the public-houses. Groans, and sometimes—oh, the villains!—naughty language assailed us as we passed to and fro from the Senate-house. It was evident to those who knew the "signs of the times," that the natural brutality of Man was ready to burst out into violence at the slightest provocation.

On the accession of Woman to Ministerial power, there were several demonstrations in different parts of the metropolis. We found ourselves face to face with an united and malignant Opposition, smarting under a sense of shame and obloquy on account of their recent defeat. Our friends, like all MEN, had proved faithless. Even the marble brow of Mill was ruffled with menacing anger, while Gladstone was fresh from public meetings, at which he had poured out floods of virtuous indignation against us, and had proved to the satisfaction of all *men* that he had from the first *conscientiously* and *consistently* opposed Female Suffrage.

I only wish I were Mrs. Gladstone, only just for one day; if I did not goad him into a fever, or half-poison him at dinner—why, you might call me a man for ever!

However, I but torture you with suspense. The first measure of importance that we introduced was the "Married Men's Property Bill." This most excellent measure provided that all the property of the husband should be settled on the wife for her own use, except in the case of money earned by precarious labour, in which case two-thirds only should be paid over to the wife; while the husband was to pay all rates and taxes from the remainder. The Bill also provided that all unmarried men were to pay double taxes, in order to relieve the property of married women from too great a burden of taxation.

You will be surprised to hear, Camilla, that this very just and moderate measure excited the very greatest discontent among all the male creatures, and that on the very day on which I wrote to you last a large meeting was held in Hyde Park, which was the commencement of a fearful revolution!

I can best narrate what followed from the notes in my diary:—

JUNE 30.—*Evening*.—The rioters are reported to be 100,000 strong, and to be marching on the Bank of England. All the Guards were ordered to the Bank at once. The Channel Fleet was telegraphed for.

Midnight.—The Guards have all gone to the Bank, but the rioters have seized their barracks, overpowering the few sentinels

left there. The army is reported to be wavering in its allegiance. The Queen is at Balmoral.

JULY 1.—*Morning*.—A beautiful morning. Miss Becker called to say the parks are quiet. Nearly all the rioters have gone to the Crystal Palace.

Afternoon.—Second reading of the "Married Men's Property Bill." The rioters had not gone to the Crystal Palace. St. James's Park is held by them, also Buckingham Palace.

6.30.—Violent speeches by the *men*. The Government refuse to surrender.

7.30.—All the artillery have been sent for from Woolwich.

9.0.—Arrival of the artillery. Hyde Park is full of rioters, armed. All the cavalry sent for from Aldershot.

9.30.—The artillery receive commands to fire on the rioters.

10.0.—The artillery are told not to use any ammunition. (This was fortunate, for they had not got any.)

12.0.—All the balls and evening parties are stopped by the rioters. Coote and Tinney's band have joined them. The clubs are illuminated.

JULY 2.—*Morning Sitting*.—The troops have been withdrawn, and all the public-houses and hotels thrown open to the rioters.

Afternoon Sitting.—Matters are becoming worse. The male members insist on our withdrawing the Bill. Mr. Gladstone and others have addressed the rioters.

5 o'clock Tea.—All London in open revolution. No woman is safe. Miss Becker burnt in effigy at the top of Trafalgar square.

8 o'clock.—Private meeting of the supporters of the Government. Resolve not to surrender. Channel Fleet told to anchor at Westminster Bridge.

9 o'clock.—The troops have thrown down their arms. The policemen in possession of all the kitchens. The mob surround the House.

10 o'clock.—The Government asked what they are going to do. We have sent for the Bishop of Oxford.

11 o'clock.—Furious attack on the Government. Few of our supporters at the House. Vote of censure.

11.30.—Attempt to distribute Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" among the ringleaders of the riot.

12 o'clock.—The Government resign.

On the next day, July 3, a sight was seen which will not easily be forgotten. Miss Becker came down to the House at two o'clock, followed by all her supporters; and after having said that she and her right honourable sisters had in vain tried to legislate for the good of mankind—that the object of this last Bill was only to prevent the wretched men from squandering their wives' and children's bread—she announced that she and the whole of her right honourable colleagues had resolved to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds! Every lady-senator nobly followed their example, and before the evening the Houses of Parliament were once more left to those miserable male creatures. Was not this noble self-sacrifice? True to our principles, we refused to withdraw the Bill, and when we found that the miserable male hirelings of the State would not support the Government, instead of provoking a civil war, we magnanimously retired from public life, never to emerge from our retirement till man, plunging into deeper and deeper misery, in the arrogance of his corrupted heart, shall crawl on his hands and knees before us, craving our pardon for his misdeeds, and

entreating us once more to guide the helm which his trembling hand can no longer direct !

Yes, Camilla, for the present our dream of ambition is over ; but a time will come when Woman's Rights shall be vindicated before all the world. Male government is tottering to its fall, and this crisis will but expedite its utter ruin. When it collapses beneath the weight of its own corruption, from its ashes shall arise as a glittering Phoenix the mild, beneficent, wise sway of Woman, and the world shall be regenerated.

I am hesitating whether to join a convent or marry, but I think I have decided on the latter course. Who knows but the blessing of daughters may be vouchsafed to me, whom I may rear up in those glorious sentiments and convictions which I first was taught from your dear lips. Farewell Camilla, dearest, for the present. You shall hear from me when I have decided on my future course. I am too gentle to feel revenge, but it shall go hard with me if I do not force my husband to repent the disastrous day on which I was compelled to sign myself,

Dearest Camilla,

Yours ever devoted,

LEONORA,

Stewardess of the Chiltern Hundreds.

P.S.—That Bernal Osborne says that we must not be cast down ; all women may hope to sign themselves M.P. if they will only let the letters stand for Maternal Parent.

BRITANNIA AND HISPANIA ;

or,

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

BRITANNIA.—Well, sister, you have really accomplished your revolution very decently. As the guide and model of all free, enlightened, and liberty-loving nations, I shall certainly patronise you, and in fact—

HISPANIA.—Thank you for your notice, but pray pardon me if I scarcely understand you. You wish me to follow in your steps ?

BRIT.—Precisely. Be a happy, contented, pious, good, charitable, moral people.

HISP.—Why, last week I read that three wretched women died of starvation in the very midst of London.

BRIT.—Possibly.

HISP.—Then I have heard that your poor are the most degraded and ill-treated in Europe.

BRIT.—Well ?

HISP.—And as a nation you do not stand high on the score of sobriety. You are the most drunken people in the world, while as to morality—

BRIT.—Excuse me, but I cannot discuss such an improper subject. It is not decent.

HISP.—As you wish, but your piety then ? They say you fatten up societies to convert the heathen beyond the seas, but let infidelity and vice play havoc in your very midst.

BRIT.—The newspapers lie.

HISP.—So your Press is not immaculate ? However, granted that a portion of it tells the truth, you seem to be drifting into a pretty state of things with that Prime Minister of yours.

BRIT.—He is the champion of religious liberty—

HISP.—And would, therefore, force the creed of five hundred thousand people in the face of four millions.

BRIT.—He is preaching the gospel of peace—

HISP.—By stirring up the embers of sectarian hatred ?

BRIT.—He will vindicate the principles of Church and State at any cost—

HISP.—At the cost of riot, or bloodshed, or worse ?

BRIT.—And establish justice and right—

HISP.—By trampling both under foot.

BRIT.—Really, you are incorrigible. I tell you once for all, these are the present blessings vouchsafed to us by English liberty.

HISP.—Then in the name of all that is honest, keep them for yourself. Good morning.

MILITARY REFORM.

"WHICHEVER party may be in power next year," says Mr. Gladstone to the men of Warrington, "one thing I will guarantee you, and that is, that you will have greatly diminished Estimates." And there is no doubt that both sides are agreed that retrenchment shall be the order of the day. Retrenchment in army, in navy, and in civil services. Retrenchment, reasonable or unreasonable, judicious or injudicious ; the only question in the race is, which party shall reach the lowest figure—the lowest sum total.

Well, it is very certain that there is great room for retrenchment, and ample field for the judicious use of the pruning knife. But we confess to having great fears that the reductions will be too hurried to be well considered, too much extorted by party motives to be safe and reasonable. However, although even injudicious retrenchment may be better than none, yet it may be worth while to think over some items of possible saving, which might themselves be benefits to the service, while bringing with them the further blessing of diminishing the public expenditure.

One such measure will occur to the mind of every military reformer. Let this opportunity of reduction be seized to rid the army of all bad characters. The recently published statistics of military imprisonment have revealed to the public some extraordinary specialities of military life. Cases are recorded of soldiers tried by court-martial no less than twenty times in one year. Picture that to yourself, non-military reader ! Realise what that means, thou uncomplaining taxpayer ! It means this : that a soldier may be so bad that he is too bad to be turned out of the service. Fancy one of the Ministers bringing his butler or valet to trial for successive crimes twenty times in one year. Would anyone out of Bedlam,—or in Bedlam, as Mr. Bright says,—think for a moment of so dealing with a servant that he has to pay and feed out of his own pocket. No, the man does not live who would keep a servant in his own house to be thus always *on trial*. And yet there are hundreds of well-intentioned ordinarily-intelligent officers who will tell you that it is an excellent practice as regards her Majesty's servants in the army. In fact, that the service would "go to the dogs, Sir," if you did not insist upon hundreds of soldiers being kept in the army only to be shut up in prison,—if you did not expend £80,000 a-year in supporting 3,650 soldiers in confinement, not to mention the half million of money that you have already spent in building military prisons.

It is true that in the estimates laid before Parliament the cost of the Imprisonment vote is put at £15,000 only, instead of £80,000, and that only £15,000 is voted annually for this service. But this pleasantly modified result is attained by the clever device of deducting from the £80,000 the sum of £65,000, being the unused pay of the 3,650 soldiers always in prison. Thus by an ingenious legerdemain you vote, firstly, 3,650 men more than you want, and £65,000 for pay more than you will pay them, to provide that number of men for perpetual imprisonment, and £65,000 towards the cost of confining them.

Nation of lunatics that we are, would any one venture to ask even the House of Commons for £500,000 to build prisons to shut up badly behaved policemen, and to take £65,000 in the police vote as pay of 3,650 policemen always in prison ? And yet without any whisper of a commission of lunacy, the Secretary of State for War actually so deals with the House every year with regard to the pay of the 3,650 imprisoned soldiers.

Is the case desperate—is it wholly without remedy ? On the contrary, the remedy is in our own hands, and is a perfectly easy one. Let the main punishment in the army be, as in the police force—DISMISSAL. Let the present occasion of retrenchment and reduction be taken advantage of to get rid of all bad and useless men from the army. Let the pernicious system of Bounty be abolished, so that the men thus discharged would have no inducement to re-enlist, and the brutal system of branding men to prevent them re-enlisting would no longer be necessary. Let it be felt throughout the army and throughout the nation that service in her Majesty's army is an honour, to be lost by misconduct, not a penal servitude, to be endured and held to by force ; and for every incorrigible blackguard dismissed the army a dozen respectable young men will be eager to join it, to enter a body of men purged from all that are known to contaminate, and assured that no longer will they be

required to associate with men who are kept in the service because they are too bad to be turned out of it. Then, instead of the whole parish weeping over the lad who disgraced himself by entering the Queen's army, the thrifty farmer, father of six sons, would send three of them to the plough and three to the army; and in a few years the return of those sons, well educated, well disciplined, and accustomed to decent companionship in their regiments, would bring more recruits to the recruiting sergeant in the neighbouring town than all the inveigling, drinking, and bounty-giving of the present system can procure.

Any way, let the plan have a trial. No change can be for the worse. Nothing can well be a greater failure than the present system, with its 3,650 soldiers always in prison, and its twenty courts-martial per annum per man. Let the plan be tried; if it fails, it can be abandoned at any moment. But let it be tried, and never could it be tried at a better moment than the present.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

It seems a silly song about the Honeymoon which begins "Up in a Balloon," but the fact is, it is much more philosophical than appears at first sight.

What elasticity! what aspirations on first starting on the wedding trip! what throwing out of the sand of advice! and how small the foolish creatures on the humdrum surface below! But how soon you want to come down again to the earth, and how lucky if you arrive without an accident!

When Cupid makes use of an old beau he can only hit the mark by tipping his arrows with gold.

The flirt promises, but the jilt compromises.

We heard a poetically-minded gourmand saying his lobster supper was waited on by dreams. These must have been the waiters to the Nightmare and Corporation.

Enamelled Iron is advertised as resisting all weathers. It is to be hoped it will prove a better speculation than the Enamelled Brass which guaranteed its beauty for ever.

WOODEN HEADS AND WOODEN SHIPS.

MAJOR PALLISER is doing good service to the nation in calling attention to the scandalous system of waste which has been, and is probably still, going on in the Admiralty. He has written a letter to the *Army and Navy Gazette* in which he quotes portions of the evidence of the Comptroller of the Navy, taken last Session before the Parliamentary Select Committee on Admiralty Accounts. It is there evident that the Admiralty sold twenty-seven ships, and in each case paid a greater sum of money for the old copper returned than the amount paid for the entire ships. The *Medway*, for example, was sold for £2,180, whilst £4,221 was paid on repurchasing her materials.

What would Mrs. Bull say if John were to sell half-a-dozen pairs of old trousers to Moses for a sovereign, and give two guineas for enough cloth out of the same to make a pair of knickerbockers for his eldest boy? Mrs. Bull might storm, and would certainly have a right to do so, if she knew it. But probably Bull, like the Admiralty, would keep it concealed from the governing power, and would go on wasting his materials as before.

This wooden-headed economy, which economises dockyard labour to add 150 per cent. to Admiralty expenses, is the vice of our administrative departments. But why should it be allowed to go on? Why does a man like John Stuart Mill, who has a head for statistics and the theories of political economy, go pottering about after Woman's rights and Odgers' wrongs, when he might be breaking a lance which would hold him up as a champion whose science was worth having in the House?

Any one of the heads whose brains have imagined this means of reducing a nation's debt would discharge any wretched purser or underling who might be found guilty of such a disre-

gard for common sense as would lead him into spending ten pounds where five ought to be sufficient.

Let us hope, then, that others may follow Major Palliser's example, and, without fear of back-stair disapprobation, boldly lay the finger on the wounds which are nourishing parasites and reducing the pocket of England, without any appearance of healing.

ACCEPTED!

A VISION.

BY AN EMBRYO DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

AT last my great drama was accepted, and was actually in rehearsal—so I was told, for of course I never went near the theatre—for, as Trumpets, the manager, said: "My dear sir, the last man we want at rehearsals is the author, he is always in the way, and he always spoils everything, if he is allowed to, by giving instructions, or suggestions, or advice about his own piece—which he knows nothing about." I submitted at once to his better judgment, for, after all, Trumpets has had so much experience, he must know.

My piece was a great work, at least I thought so; it had cost me a great deal of trouble, and I had tried all I could to make the dialogue brilliant and yet natural. I had studied all my characters from nature, and I wanted to show that a piece of strong interest could be produced which should depend more on the intricacies of human action and the play of human passion than on scenic displays and abrupt sensations. I had called it *Life and Death*, a title which I thought at once simple and forcible.

I had spent nearly a month of feverish anxiety in a lonely country village to which I had retired, denying myself even the luxury of newspapers, lest I should be excited by the announcement of my own piece, trying to concentrate myself on a philosophical work which I was writing—but all in vain. I could think of nothing but the piece, and the applause of a full house was always ringing in my ears.

At last a letter came from the manager, telling me the piece would be produced on the following Saturday, and that I might, if I chose, attend the last rehearsal on that day. I must say I thought it a mistake to tire out the performers by making them rehearse on the same day, but of course Trumpets knew best.

I got to the theatre in plenty of time. I could not resist stopping to look at the large posters outside the door. There was my name in green letters on a red ground—but the piece! What was the meaning of this? They had changed the name!

ON SATURDAY NEXT

will be produced, with Marvellous Effects, Splendid Appointments, &c., &c., the Thrilling Romantic Drama of

GORY WOUNDS!

or,

THE CUT-THROATS OF CASTILLE!!!

I was indeed, for the moment, a dumbfounded Spaniard. What on earth my drama had got to do with Castille I could not imagine. However, after all, Trumpets is a man of great experience, and of course he knows best what will draw.

I got on to the stage, after nearly breaking my neck several times, and there was a scene of fearful confusion! Immense pieces of machinery were lying scattered about; a motley crowd of persons, who appeared to represent every branch of the mechanical arts (except acting), were grouped about; large telegraph posts were driven into the stage, and a big, clumsy "diligence" was waiting at one of the wings. The smell was awful—oil, sulphur, resin, tar, gunpowder, all contributed their choicest perfumes; while the odour of several animals, more celebrated for their strength than their beauty, reminded me of the inside of a menagerie. I was seeking refuge from the turmoil through a door, which led me I knew not whither, when I was seized by the arm, and a rough voice cried—"Take care where you're going, that's the Dromedary's dressing-room." I sat down on a large deal box, quite bewildered. "I would not sit there if I was you, sir," said a curious-looking individual, who looked like a rat-catcher. "The badger is a very useful animal, but sometimes he do bite." I got up hastily and retreated gloomily to the foot-lights. Nobody paid the slightest attention

to me, except the scene-shifters, who asked me for a pot of beer. I gave them a shilling and waited the arrival of Trumpets.

At last he came, and with him some of the chief performers. He never introduced me to them, but began at once shouting directions to the carpenters.

The piece began. I could not recognise a word of the original dialogue, except every now and then a few sentences which were drowned by a most irritating fidgeting with their fiddles on the part of the orchestra, which Trumpets said was music.

When the hero came on I found he was a most indifferent actor, and that he squinted fearfully. I asked Trumpets why he had selected this man for the part. "Why, my dear fellow, don't you see what a capital squint he has got?" I did not see what that had got to do with it. "Well," said Trumpets, "the fact is, the part wanted go, so we introduced a squint, just to give it character—and there you are, Skewken's the very man for it. Everybody alludes to his squinting, and the audience immediately see the squint is real." Before such experienced wisdom I was silent. At last the great scene came. It was a valley in Spain, so Trumpets told me. "You see, he said, we altered the *locale* to give it go." The telegraph posts, with real telegraph wires, ran across the stage; a road led along the top of a precipice on one side; on the other was part of a low inn. In this scene several live animals (besides the actors) were introduced; tame rabbits were placed on ledges of the rock; sheep, tied by the neck to posts, grazed on cut grass; while my friend the badger turned head over heels for the amusement of the guests of the inn. The live dromedary was also introduced, and went through some very mild performances. The scene concluded by a real diligence, with real passengers, being plundered by brigands (also real, I should think), who cut the telegraph wires, and tumbled the diligence, with all its inside passengers, over the precipice on to a fearful bank of feather beds. I was fairly overcome with astonishment. "Good heavens! Mr. Trumpets," I said, "where did you get this from—not from my piece?" "My dear fellow," replied Trumpets, "it's your idea, I assure you, though you don't know it. One of your characters talked of going to Spain, and so it at once suggested the idea. Then you called your hero's house 'The Warren:' that suggested the rabbits, and the dromedary and the badger I got cheap; and you see to-night if they don't rouse the audience to enthusiasm. Reality's everything now-a-days. I had thought of introducing some live fleas—Spain's a very dirty place, you know—but the band objected, and I gave in; perhaps they would not have gone for much after all!"

I went, disgusted, away; but not before I had heard my heroine singing a comic duet with the villain, introduced, as Trumpets told me, "because he had engaged her for burlesque, and he could not let her voice be idle."

The evening came. I got myself up in my best evening clothes. The piece "went" tremendously. The applause was terrific. I practised bowing between the acts, at the back of my box; and when the curtain came down, amidst "terrific enthusiasm," I confess I felt nervous. The audience called the man with the squint, the lady with the comic song; they called the scene-painter, the carpenter, the gas-man, and the prompter. Then there arose a louder shout than all. I got ready to go on. Somebody cried "Come back!" Too late; I was on, and they were *hissing* me! They were calling, not me, but the performing badger!

MR. BOUCICAULT, PLEASE!

MR. J. ARNOLD CAVE has produced at the Victoria Theatre the original of your *original* drama, *After Dark!* TOMAHAWK is obliged to Mr. Cave for "showing you up." You are thoroughly beaten—even the "Express train" (worth to you some £43,000 isn't it?) is surpassed at "Queen Victoria's Own Theatre." Don't poach again Mr. Boucicault—*cave canem!*

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE FROME.—There was a report that Mr. Tom Hughes had gone over to Rome. We need scarcely contradict it, the only foundation for it being that the honourable gentleman had deserted the archiepiscopal precincts of Lambeth for the charms of (F)rome!

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

ON SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISHMEN.

BRITISH LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.

BEFORE I commence in earnest, I think I may say that there is no occasion to enter into any particulars of what has passed between us since the publication of my rather confused correspondence in your last number. Suffice it to say, that I am *now* your recognised commissioner, and that holding that important post, I mean to enter upon my labours at once.

Banks Johnson takes the chair to-night at the large political meeting at West Duffington, and he has asked me to *support* him. I am going to support him, for as he very truly says, freedom of speech is one of the birthrights of every Englishman, and its exercise for political purposes is a privilege and a boon that may well excite the envy and the admiration of the world. As there will be speeches on both sides, B. J. thinks the meeting may be lively, and that I had better take my notebook with me. A grand thing, this honest, manly interchange of opinion, and a credit to the innate justice of the rough but honest-hearted English people! The idea was B. J.'s, but I borrowed it, and you see how I have headed this letter. But more at the meeting. Here is the carriage, and we are off.⁽¹⁾

Just arrived at West Duffington. Have been shown into a small committee-room giving on to the platform. B. J. has introduced me to the mayor and several influential local men. Noticed a great crowd and a good deal of shouting outside the hall as we drove, by a rather circuitous route, to the back entrance. B. J. has just asked the mayor something about the police. I wonder why he did that. Just found out that it is a Conservative meeting, and that they expect some opposition. No use telling B. J. that I am liberally inclined? Better not; it might annoy him. Mayor coming across room, smiling, to talk to me. Speaks rather indistinctly, but certainly said something about "showing somebody what we are made of." Wonder what he meant by *that*? Can't have meant that there might be a row in the hall? Better perhaps hint to B. J. that I don't sympathise entirely with Disraeli. I will. Can't catch his eye. I thought so. They are going on to the platform.⁽¹⁾

We are on the platform. B. J. is in the chair, the mayor on one side, and I am on the other. Behind us lots of local influential men, cutting off all communication with the door. Hall crammed, and uproar terrible. Applause faint and quickly stifled. Hooting, yelling, and hissing almost threatening. Mayor introduces Banks Johnson in dumb show. B. J. rises and bows repeatedly. Uproar on the increase. B. J. tries to speak, but can't make a word of it heard. Turns to me, but I can't hear what he says. Bawls in my ear that I had better get up and bow. I do. Increased uproar, deafening jeers, and shouts of "No London soap." Very dirty but powerful-looking person is getting on a form at the other end of the hall, and flourishing his fist, I think, at me. I wonder what *he* wants? Diminished noise and momentary attention to powerful-looking person who is making impromptu speech. Powerful-looking person says he knows *me* for "a dandy wig-block of an aristocrat," and that I have been "brought from London for the purpose of being forced down the honest working man's throat like a gag, as I am." He adds also that the men of West Duffington do not require any of my "lies, soft sawder, or fiddlesticks." Great confusion at the other end of the hall, and cries of "put him under the pump." Several objectionable-looking people in fustian seem to be making angrily for the platform. I really think they are after *me*. Better point it out to Banks Johnson. I do, but he can't hear me. I have bawled it out to him, and think I must have been overheard. Police *seem* to be interfering, but the fustian is certainly closer than it was. B. J. strongly advises me to speak, and introduces me in dumb show. I say I won't. B. J. says I must, and forces me on to my legs in the midst of renewed yells. I have

(1) Some VERY wild marks appear here. We have reproduced them to the best of our ability. Our current correspondent is evidently a little "strange" to type and printing ink.—ED. TOM.

just experienced a sort of sensation about the forehead, as if I had been struck hard with a well worn kettle drum-stick, and violently but instantaneously shampooed. Somebody has hit me with a rotten egg. I turn to B. J. indignantly, but he suddenly slides off his chair with his glass of water and table-cloth on to the floor. The van of the fustian have got him by the legs. Sticks are now apparently being used freely everywhere, and I struggle with the local influence to get to the door. I have been again instantaneously shampooed, this time in the neck. I tell the Mayor *he* ought to be ashamed of himself, and ask why on earth he does not call out the military. He can't hear me. I wonder what has become of the carriage!

Home again at Dashover. I have a severe contusion on my right eye, and a leech over the left. I notice, too, that both my coat tails are gone. Banks Johnson is having a warm bath, but the doctor says he won't get over the shock for some time to come. B. J. says the meeting was *not* exactly a success, but that it won't be without its results.

B. J. is right. I see I have headed this letter "British Love of Fair Play," and now for my "reflections." None—the thing is all humbug.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—You will allow that the experiences which I detailed to you in my last communication were not very encouraging to me in my capacity of canvasser of the gentle sex, however gratifying they may have been to me as a man of sense and a serious member of society. But invigorating myself with the familiar reflection that "faint heart never won fair lady," at the commencement of the week I resumed my hitherto profitless labours.

The first "Person"—I must request that in future you will do me the favour to print this important word with a capital letter—the first Person to whom I paid my respects on Monday forenoon last was a lady who had lost her husband some two years previously, but whose name, despite the long lapse of time since that grave event, I had never heard mentioned in connection with rumours of a fresh marriage. She lives a quiet, retired existence, and I had always been given to understand that she considered life as robbed of its chief importance for her, when the companion of her youth was withdrawn by one of those inscrutably despotic decrees to which, Mr. TOMAHAWK, Conservatives and Radicals alike must bow. But I am bound to say that she had not on that account abandoned any of the interest in her home which its external appearance had for many years previously led me to see that somebody or other felt in it. In her husband's lifetime its garden and porch had always been models of neatness; and I noticed, as I walked sedately up to its portal, that its grass-plots, gravel-walks, and flower-borders were more scrupulously cared for even than I had imagined.

The interior of her abode was in harmony with the impression that its external aspect was calculated to produce on the observer. In none of the four establishments which I had already visited, and on whose domestic characteristics, you will remember, I thought it my duty last week to dilate, were order, purity, and taste more conspicuous; and the garb and manners of the servant-girl that admitted me were an exact copy of those I have already described. But this time I was destined to have an interview with the mistress.

She entered, with no affectation of ineradicable sorrow on her countenance; but I could see at a glance that sunshine had long departed from her face, and, indeed, from her heart. It was clear that, with the loss of her spouse, she had entered into the evening twilight of existence, and that she was interiorly longing for the blessed night which should restore her to his presence. Nevertheless, she received me with a gracious air, and a look of delicate but unspoken wonder as to what could possibly have prompted my visit. After a brief compliment upon the beauty of some late roses that clambered up her porch, which she accepted with much simple sweetness, I introduced the subject that, I said, had emboldened me to intrude upon her privacy.

"Oh! Mr. Smalltalk!" she exclaimed, "you do not mean to say that they have put my name on the register?"

I assured her that such was the case.

"I had not a notion of it," she continued; "and had I been consulted, I should certainly have used all my influence to prevent anything of the kind being done. I have seen in some of the newspapers that there is a good deal of talk going on about what they call the female franchise; but I quite fancied that the idea was confined to a few fanatical men and a few foolish women. I certainly did not suppose that anything of the sort would occur in this neighbourhood."

I remarked that I presumed she was opposed to women mixing themselves up in politics.

"Indeed I am," she replied. "I am quite sure that my dear husband would have heard of such a practice with horror; and I need scarcely add that, such having been his opinions, they are still also mine."

It was difficult for me, Mr. TOMAHAWK, to argue with a Person with whom I in reality so cordially agreed; but I remembered that I was only an ambassador, and had solely to perform the functions of a deputy. I therefore assured her that, no matter what her private views on that point might be, her name was now on the register, and she was fully entitled to record her vote at the approaching election. Such, I added, being the case, I trusted that she would record it in favour of the Conservative candidates.

I was, of course, about to enlarge upon their personal claims and the indisputable merits of their political opinions, when she pulled me up as short as she had done on first hearing that her name had been so improperly trifled with.

"Vote for the Conservatives, Mr. Smalltalk!" she exclaimed. "That is quite impossible. My dear husband was a Liberal all his life; and I should as soon think of obliterating my remembrance of him as of performing any act, private or public, that could appear to be done in contravention of his wishes or of his principles. I do not want to vote at all, for I feel sure that he would have strongly disapproved of my doing so. But if it is to be a matter of compulsion, and I am forced to vote for one side or the other, I shall assuredly vote for that side which, had he been living, he would have himself supported."

I confess to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that when these words fell from her lips, and she had done speaking, I never felt so much inclined in my life to go down on my knees and propose to a woman as I did then. As I told you the first time I had the honour of addressing you, I am a bachelor, and am generally regarded as an impenitent one; but I believe that I should at that moment have upset all the calculations of my friends but for one deterring consideration, which opportunely came to my aid, and saved me from making a fool of myself. I remembered in time that a woman who was so faithful to the memory of one husband was not likely to take another. I therefore remained for a few moments stupefied and silent with admiration. Ah, Mr. TOMAHAWK! there is something deeper, truer, and more commanding of sympathy than our little Whig and Tory squabbles; for here was I, a Conservative canvasser, on the very point of throwing myself at the feet of a woman because she declared that if she voted at all, she should vote for the Liberal candidate! You may say I am a poor politician and an untrustworthy partisan. But, Mr. TOMAHAWK, *homo sum*, and I am disposed to believe that that is a nobler title than is to be discovered in the whole range of political nomenclature.

"Madam!" I exclaimed, when at length I rose to my feet to take my farewell, "I honour you from my heart. Following the instincts of your own, you can never fail to be right. If I could but think that there were many Persons like yourself, I should still not despair of the Republic."

I fancy the modest creature scarcely understood me, and thought me as extravagant in my parting compliments as she had deemed me unreasonable in my opening request. But, you know, it is of the nature of true virtue to be unconscious of its fine qualities.

I was destined to meet with a rude shock in my next experience, as it was opposed in every conceivable particular to the one I have just narrated. But as this letter has already run to a considerable length, I will reserve an account of it for my next communication; remaining, meanwhile, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your friend and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THERE is a good deal of dry humour about the Spanish Revolution. General Prim, it is said, remarked the other day, in reference to the poll-tax, that it had only been imposed for the purpose of proving to the world that Spain was determined to go *a-head*.

IT is absolutely false that Exeter Hall, following the example set in the case of the Royal Alfred Marylebone Theatre, is to be shortly opened as a rival to the Alhambra, under the title of "The Christian," and under the patronage of a certain Royal jocular and popular Prince.

THE Middlesex Magistrates have once again been playing the fool. At the application for licences the other day, they granted dancing certificates to Cremorne and the Alhambra, the Argyll Rooms, &c., and refused a similar favour to the London Pavilion. Really, every sensible person knows that a man only patronises those places "out of curiosity" (to quote Lord Ranelagh). A fellow only goes to music halls to see the legs of the—tables!

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has very properly refused to become a "Free and Accepted Mason." In this country this brotherhood is harmless enough. The members are all good fellows, and their ceremonies mean more or less "dinner and harmony." Abroad it is different—very often the machinery of the combination is used for spreading revolution and bloodshed. The Heir-Apparent to the British throne will get through life well enough without the aid of sham Christianity and Brummagem "Brotherly love."

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.—*Not the chignon!*
 NEWS FOR THE SOUTH MIDDLESEX RIFLES.—Some of Madame Rachel's friends declare it to be very hard that she should be so severely punished for having been unable to put a new complexion on some of the features of an extremely bad case.

LOGIC FOR LANDLORDS.

"TO BE LET,—A gentlemanly residence." Although one reads this announcement almost daily in the advertising columns of the *Times*, we have often felt puzzled to understand or to realise what is the course of conduct that a house could pursue to qualify for the title of gentlemanly. It has been suggested that as a gentleman might be a brick, if he behaved as such, so a house might be gentlemanly with him; but this we could not see. However, the mystery was solved the other day by a witness at a trial in the Court of Common Pleas, who informed the judge that his landlord had behaved very liberally to him, and "had done up his house like a gentleman."

A LOVERS QUARREL.

THE *Times* has been falling foul of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the well-known "HISTORICUS" and "H." to whom the honours of its largest type are so frequently accorded. Mr. Harcourt has been talking some democratic nonsense at Birmingham, in order to pander to the conceit of the uneducated classes, whose suffrages he is now courting in Oxford city; and for this his great patron has given him a good dressing. Whereupon, Mr. Vernon Harcourt writes a long letter to the *Times* and eats humble pie. He is evidently still sufficiently partial to the educated portion of the community not to wish that the *Times* should drop its "H's."

CREATURES OF RABBIT.

THE electors of East Devon have set an example of some good, sound sense to the county constituencies. Sir Lawrence Palk and Lord Courtenay, the Conservative candidates, last week addressed a monster meeting at Axminster, for the purpose of making an exposition of their views and sentiments. Contrary to the rule on such occasions, the proceedings were of the most orderly nature. Although a large number of Liberals were present, they listened with respectful attention to Sir Lawrence Palk's condemnation of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish Church policy; and they even tolerated a long-winded oration by Lord Courtenay in favour of Sir John Pakington's military administration. Whatever may have been the natural reflections of the Liberal electors who aided and abetted such political heresy, they had agreed to smother their feelings in the knowledge that there existed between themselves and the Conservative candidates a bond of union much nearer to their hearts and homes than that between Church and State. Lord Courtenay's speech, as we have said, was delivered without interruption to a most patient and attentive audience; but when, in conclusion, his Lordship announced that in the "GREAT RABBIT QUESTION" his hearers had nothing to fear, as on his father's estates everyone had a right to kill rabbits when and how they liked, the whole audience became enthusiastic, and it was amidst a perfect hurricane of applause that Lord Courtenay added, that he had reason to believe that his brother candidate had made up his mind to extend the same facilities to his tenants as well.

Although it may sound absurd that an enlightened constituency should be influenced by so low a consideration as rabbits, yet there is something refreshingly practical in the idea. After all, what is the ballot, universal suffrage, religious equality, and every political blessing to the chance of obtaining a good dinner at somebody else's expense? We sympathise with the electors of East Devon. May Palk and Courtenay be returned at the head of the poll!

FOUND NEAR SCOTLAND YARD.

DEAR DIZZY,—You asked me for a riddle the other day. Here is one:—Why is a dog like a woman? Because it wants muzzlin' in the hot weather.

Yours very officially,
 DICKY MAYNE.

THE TOMAHAWK, October 24, 1868.



CALLLED TO THE ARENA!
OR,
OPENING THE DOOR TO REVOLUTION.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER VII.—*Ingratitude. The "Reward" of a Fox-shooter! The "Cours" at "Nu-markét." "Epsom Salts." "Le Ponch Judd." The Race. Why Nelusko was Beaten. Le Perfide Albion.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 16, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND MUCH-RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

To my extreme surprise, the day's sport I described to you in my last communication gave great and general dissatisfaction in the "conté." They called me a "vulpecide"—a "müff"—a "hombog." It appears that the fox is an animal held sacred by the English—so much so that when one is killed (which occasionally occurs) its name and pedigree is at once added to a sort of Koran called "The Foxes Book of Martyrs." As I have said before, the habits and customs of these barbarians are most strange and brutal. Be this as it may, my glorious day's "sport" culminating with the shooting of a fox, brought upon me derision and ignominy, instead of fame and "la gloire!" Ah! I was disgusted!

But come, I have something to tell you. If you will remember, I said when I last addressed you that I had been to see the "Gentlemans-Jocké-Cæsarewitch-Steeple-Chase" at "Nu-markét." It is true, and now the time has arrived for describing it.

These barbarous islanders (who can never enjoy themselves except when they are most miserable) always wait for a wet day before going to a "meetin" of "gentlemans-jockés." Such was the case on this occasion. The rain was pouring down, the fog was as thick as butter, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared when the "drag" was brought round to the door. It was a long black carriage on four wheels. It was heavily draped with black velvet, and had a plume of black feathers at each corner. It was drawn by four black horses, also plumed and draped. I am told that when it is used by any one else but the "gentlemans-jockés" it is called a "hears." Upon this "drag" we climbed, covering ourselves with the universal "mac-intosh" and shielding ourselves from the rain by the use of umbrellas. By and by my friend Smith (who was one of our party) called out to me

"Jules, here is something to drink."

"Nay, friend," I replied, "it is too early in the morning for thy 'gingère-pop'—my head is not strong—I have the 'hot coppères!'"

"Never mind," said he, forcing into my hand a white mixture, "here is something to make thee 'sportin.' Come, drink! It is the 'Epsomsalt!'"

I tasted it; it was nasty. I would have declined, but they urged upon me that one could not be a "gentlemans-jocké" without drinking it. It comes from Derbé wholesale, and is sold retail in hampers at a place called "Fortnum-mason." To become "sportin" I drank it.

To our great chagrin, at about twelve the rain ceased, and, to every one's extreme surprise, the sun appeared. It was the first time I had seen him since my arrival in England!

And now we drove on to the "cours." I have been called upon to witness many horrible spectacles, but I have never seen the like of what now met my gaze. I have been to an execution for murder at the "Ole-bailé," to a "burlesq" of Sir Halliday—still neither of these tragedies equalled in intensity the piece (it was a play) presented, on this occasion, to my notice. Read a little further and say, are not these English brutal babarians?

But wait a moment, I wish here to say something about "Nu-markét." The piece is so terrible that I willingly break off for a moment to delay the history of its horrors. So for a second I speak about "Nu-markét."

As a curiosity, perhaps it will be as well to map out for you the "rac-cours" at this celebrated spot. As you may imagine, it is full of "obstacles." Yes, England may be barbarous, but it is "sportin."

To assist you, then, here is

A MAP OF "NU-MARKET RAC-COURS."

BY
JULES CANARD.

THE START.

Two Miles of Ploughed Field.

1st Obstacle.—The "Bul-finch."

Four Miles of "Mac-adam."

2nd Obstacle.—The "Wir-fens."

Four Miles of "Granit."

3rd Obstacle.—The "Hed-ges."

A Mile of "Dis-tans."

THE WINNING POST.

There, that is a very rough sketch, but it will give you some notion what the "cours" of the "Gentlemans-Jocké-Cæsarewitch-Steeple-Chase Race" is like. Oh! certainly, the English are "sportin!"

But now to return to that horrible spectacle which has already been mentioned. To that piece more terrible than an

Chairs of the Judges.

Chairs of the Judges.

execution for murder at the "Ole Bailé"—more horrible than a "burlesq" of Sir Halliday.

The stage represented a street, with houses and shops, as one might see them in "Pelmel," or "Peckadillie." The principal character was dressed in many colours; his face was sombre and diabolical. Smith told me the rôle was played by a M. Phelps, but I cannot always rely on Smith—he is sometimes traitor. With your permission I will give you the dialogue of one of the tableaux of the piece (which was short), as well as I can remember it. The name of the hero was "M. le Pons," who was discovered on the stage.

LE PONS.—Ah, I am here! Alone! I love it. But see—here comes Madame, my wife.

(Enter Madame le Pons. L.)

MDME. LE PONS.—Ah! Monsieur, how unhappy I am to be with you. Ten years ago you took me away from my parents—from my mother! (Weeps.) It was cruel, Monsieur!

LE PONS.—But, Madame—

MDME. LE PONS.—You do not love me—nor our child, our little one!

LE PONS (with rage).—Madame, be silent! Or is it necessary that I must get my bâton, so that I may beat out your brains?

MDME. LE PONS.—You would not harm me? Nay, Monsieur, think of our child—our little one! (She takes her child to her arms.) See how he smiles! It is thy mother, sweet one, who kisses thee. (She kisses the child.)

LE PONS.—Give me the child! (Movement of Madame.) Madame, it is your husband who commands!

MDME. LE PONS (in tears).—Oh! why was I bought at Smithfield? (She gives up the child.) Here, Monsieur, you see I am obedient!

LE PONS (with joy).—Now for my revenge! (He throws the child brutally to the ground.)

MDME. LE PONS.—Monster!

LE PONS.—Ah! where is my bâton? (He seizes a large stick.)

MDME. LE PONS.—Mercy! mercy!

LE PONS.—It is too late! (He beats her brains out with the stick. Tableau.)

And, would you believe it, these brutal English actually cheered! This disgusting exhibition is called "Le Ponch-judé."

And now we came close to the "cours," of which I have already given you a map. The "ploughed ground" is the best kind of road for a Frenchman to travel upon. It has two merits: it stops your horse from running too fast, and, if you leave hold of the pommel and are consequently thrown, you fall upon soft mud. The First Obstacle, "the bul-finch," means exactly the same thing in French as it does in English, so your readers will easily comprehend the signification of the word. The "wir-fens" is added at the last moment, so that the "gentlemans-jockés" shall know nothing about it. It is invisible to the riders, but dangerous. My map will render any further explanation unnecessary.

The "Gentlemans-Jocké-Cæsarewitch-Steeple-Chase Race" is one of the great "handi-caps" of the year. This word, "handi-cap," is little understood in France; so I think it just as well to tell you its meaning. On account of the ignorance of some of my compatriots, I am certain that many of the great races of my native country are annually carried off by English cab-horses! Of course you know that every "steeple-chase" is won by weight—a fat horse is always the victor. So, to make a race equal, it becomes necessary to make all the horses of the same weight. This duty has to be performed by a naval officer (Britannia loves the sea), who, on account of the effect his decisions are known to have upon the public is called the "Admiral Rows." Just before a race this official goes down to the "paddock," where is hung on these occasions an immense pair of scales. The horses are duly weighed, and if too fat are immediately placed in Turkish Baths until the proper standard has been reached; if too thin they are fed on muffins and crumpets and "Thorley's Food for Cattle" (a very toothsome dish—I frequently dine upon it), until the like result has been attained. On this occasion the horses were exactly the same weight. They got into a line. The band played "Rule Britannia," the "startère" waved the British flag, and they were off!

On they come over the ploughed field like an avalanche, Nélusko (the French horse) doing wonders. The "bul-finch" is soon mastered. Hurrah for La France! Nélusko wins in a "cantère." By this time the hero of the hour is leading by a couple of miles. On, on, on, like a roaring torrent—like a stream of rushing water. But see, here comes the Second Obstacle! Alas! The English set up a hoarse roar as Nélusko charges the "wir-fens" and is cut in half! But see, the "gentlemans-jocké" knows his duty. He jumps off and gives the poor horse a "pil." Hurrah for La belle France! that "pil" of Holloway has saved thy honour! But no, what is this? A "polis-man" approaches. "You go no further," he says. "Nélusko is Frenchman—he shall not win." It is useless—that "polis-man" is the law!

The other horses pass. When they have gone for half an hour Nélusko is allowed to go. Nélusko is third!

It is disgusting!

Oh Perfide Albion!!

Receive the indignant consideration of
JULES CANARD.

A FACT!

or,

CANVASSING THE COUNTRY.

SCENE—An Agricultural Labourer's Cottage.

PERIOD—The Middle of the Nineteenth Century.

ENTER—Rather Unscrupulous and Elderly Lady, of strong modern Tory principles, carrying a Petition to "Her Most Gracious Majesty, praying, &c., &c."

RATHER UNSCRUPULOUS LADY (addressing the assembled household, generally).—Good morning; I am glad I find you in. You have read the little tract I gave you?

VERY SCRUPULOUS HEAD OF FAMILY (truthfully).—Yees, m'm.

R. U.—That is right, and I hope you see fully now what that dreadfully wicked man, Mr. Gladstone, is about?

V. S. (vaguely).—Yees, m'm.

R. U.—You do not wish, then, to have the rack and thumb-screw introduced into your village?

V. S. (not exactly seeing it).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or your little ones burned alive under your very eyes?

V. S. (confused).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or horrid Atheists, Ritualists, and Radicals let loose over this Christian country, seeking whom they may devour?

V. S. (more confused).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or that terrible and impious monster who heads the Liberal party, and is in league with Mr. Bright, Satan, and the Fenians, seizing your wives by their throats and forcing them to worship Baal?

V. S. (more confused still).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or crumbling your beautiful church into the dust, and getting drunk over its ruins in the heart's blood of your rector, quaffed in the golden vessels that have been robbed from the helpless sheep of his flock?

V. S. (quite at sea).—Noa, m'm!

R. U.—Then sign this. (Puts petition before him.)

V. S. (relieved).—Yees, m'm. (Signs.)

(And the business is repeated next door with equally brilliant success.)

SILVER GILT.—Stealing the spoons.

SPAIN'S PAIN!—Geographical question for financiers:—Where is the capital of Spain?

A QUERY.—The Bourbons are at a discount. No country will have them. Their occupation is gone. Would it not be as well if they all took a ship and sought to find a new world where their virtues might be appreciated and their vices unknown?

POT AND KETTLE.

A PRETTY little bit of sparring has been going on between our conceited contemporaries the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Spectator*, which reminds us of the editorial quarrel by the country inn fireside in the "Pickwick Papers." The *Spectator* says that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is "ungentlemanly," and the *Pall Mall* retorts, "You're another." We confess that we are obliged to agree with both of them. The *Spectator's* complaint is founded on the language employed by the *Pall Mall* towards Odger, the working man's candidate for Chelsea; and though we are not such screaming Radicals as to think, with the *Spectator*, that Odger's proper place in creation is the House of Commons, we are certainly of opinion that his attempt to get himself there does not justify the unmanly, to say nothing of the ungentlemanly, insults heaped upon him by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Spectator* adds that the *Pall Mall's* suppression of Professor Fawcett's temperate statement of Mr. Odger's real claims to political confidence obliges it to change its estimate of its contemporary's standard of honour. We must once again allow that if our estimate of the *Pall Mall's* standard of honour had ever been very high, so scurvy a trick would have compelled us also to lower it. But of all the journals entitled to administer such a reproof, the *Spectator* seems to have the slightest qualifications; and in the very number in which it takes upon itself to rebuke the *Pall Mall's* sense of honour, it gives a shocking proof of the ricketiness of its own. One Dr. Inman, whose name even is strange to us, has written a book called "Ancient Faiths," which the *Spectator* reviewed both in a hostile and in an offensive manner. Dr. Inman then writes to the *Spectator*, and the *Spectator* suppresses his letter, giving the following excuse for doing so:—"Dr. Inman, so far from substantiating various misrepresentations of which he complains, so completely misunderstands or perverts what we did say, as to leave us nothing to retract or modify; and his tone is such as would not justify us in inserting his remarks." We wonder what must be the "tone" to which the *Spectator* objects; but it is quite impossible that it should be worse than the accusation of "misunderstanding or perverting," which the *Spectator* flings at the Doctor. In other words, the *Spectator* grossly insults Dr. Inman, and then refuses to let him be heard! And this in the very number in which it accuses the *Pall Mall* of ungentlemanliness and a low standard of honour, for doing precisely the same thing! In making good its case against its contemporary, the *Spectator* has passed a severe judgment on itself; and as TOMAHAWK has noticed of late a very pronounced spirit and attitude of unfairness, to use a mild word under the circumstances, in that weekly journal, he feels himself bound to administer this severe correction. He hopes it will be followed by amendment.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

THAT most prosy but respectable institution, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Foreign Parts, is on the eve of a serious disaster. At its last meeting the sober monotony of its proceedings was interrupted by a noisy discussion on the subject of a grant of £2,000 for the use of the Church in Natal, which it was proposed should be made independently of Bishop Colenso. The Opposition fought hard, but an amendment declining to pledge the Society to any opinion on disputed questions was rejected, and the grant was carried by a majority of 130 to 94. The dissension, however, has not its ending here, for a notice was immediately given for rescinding the vote; and an application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction is shortly to be made.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is a well-to-do institution, and, thanks to its long establishment and a satisfactory balance at its bankers, has hitherto commanded the respect of a large and influential class of the public; but a Chancery suit must weaken the most ample resources, and a party fight must destroy the most legitimate influence. However, the sowers of the seed of dissension, who appear to be in a substantial majority, have but themselves to thank if the funds of their Society are consumed and its prestige is frittered away in a battle of which the public has yet witnessed but the preliminary skirmish.

When the promoters of Christianity (and Christian knowledge we presume to be the same thing) do fight, experience has proved them to be the most bloodthirsty, unappeasable, and remorseless of belligerents; and as they are not in the habit of blessing those who attempt to play the part of peacemakers, we consider it the more prudent course to withhold the excellent advice which we might offer to the members of this hitherto much-respected institution. But at the same time, we cannot forbear the expression of a regret that a Society having for its one object the propagation of Christianity in foreign parts should be so lamentably illogical as to arouse feelings of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in the very heart of civilised England.

OPERATIC MUSIC IN GERMANY.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Would you like to have a few observations on the above subject? I hope so, inasmuch as I have nothing else to write about. I have just reached the end of a brief holiday, and I need not remind you of the feelings of disgust with which one grasps the pen after a few weeks of demoralising inactivity.

I found my way, first of all, to Baden-Baden, where they were mounting Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* with much care. There were ever so many connoisseurs, and opinions were, you may be sure, pretty freely expressed. The first infallible judge you met would tell you that such gorgeous and poetical music has never before been heard; whilst infallible judge number two would contend that *Lohengrin* is not music at all. You will not be surprised to hear that both would, to a certain extent, have spoken truth. I will not go into an elaborate criticism of the merits of this work, because your readers will probably be in a position to judge for themselves, as Mr. Mapleson will produce the piece in London next season. There is unquestionably much in *Lohengrin* that is poetical and interesting, but there are also numerous portions of the work in which the music is strained, wearisome, and exaggerated. I should be inclined to doubt its taking a strong hold on the sympathies of an English audience.

Mdlle. Nilsson was also at Baden, achieving a success which amounted well-nigh to frenzy. The critics came to the end of their superlatives, and the language of adulation was exhausted. Assuredly, if the fair head of the young Swedish songstress can be turned, the mischief has now been done. What a pity it is that men, to whom the guidance of public opinion is entrusted, will persist in bringing the office of critic into disrepute by their blind and unreasoning flattery of the artist of the hour, whoever he or she may be! Were it possible for the public to enjoy the inestimable happiness of again hearing Madame Jenny Lind, in the possession of those peerless resources which were hers in 1848, and were a comparison between her and the singers of the present day to be instituted, the result would be almost laughable. Still, the critics would not be able to find language fitting for one of the greatest geniuses who has ever trodden the lyric stage, which has not been already exhausted in bearing senseless tribute to some one or other of the popular singers of to-day. I am in no way a *laudator temporis acti*, but I deplore the present condition of the musical art, and the entire absence of all promise for the future. As long as the critics are ignorant and the public complacent, we shall stop where we are.

In the fulness of time I left Baden; in fact, to remain long in a gambling place where the bank has a "double zero" at roulette, and a second *après at trente et quarante*, in its favour, is, to say the least of it, somewhat risky! And so I betook myself to Carlsruhe, where I experienced the rich treat of hearing Mdlle. Orgeni in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. I cannot tell you when I have been more pleased. This lady, whether as actress or singer, is alike an accomplished artist. The power and grace of her acting, together with the completeness and purity of her singing, fit her to take the highest position in the ranks of her profession. She was wretchedly supported; but, like a true artist, she sang as though her comrades were her equals, and she was rewarded, as she deserved to be, by the most signal and unmistakable success.

From Carlsruhe I found my way to Homburg. Mdlle. Patti had been prevailed upon to sing in the Theatre of the Kurhaus

at the modest figure of £200 per representation. *Linda* was the opera played on the night of my arrival, and I was almost on the steps of the theatre, when, happening to glance down the play-bill, I perceived that the part of Carlo was to be undertaken by M. Naudin. I need scarcely say that this fact was sufficient to deter me from any further desire to be present at the performance. A night or two afterwards I went to hear the *Traviata*, and was much pleased with the heroine of the evening, who sang and acted charmingly. The tenor part was entrusted to one Signor Achille Corsi, of whom not much need be said. On the other hand, M. Verger, who undertook the part of that heaviest of fathers, Germont, was entitled to much commendation; he has a pretty voice, and phrases well. Subsequently the opera of *Faust* was essayed, and Mlle. Patti's performance of the garden scene confirms my opinion that in that portion of the opera she is about the best of all the numerous Marguerites we have heard. Signor Nicolini was heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, and sang the part of Faust. He is a Frenchman, and has made a great success at the *Italiens*, in Paris. This does not mean very much, however, for it suffices to be a Frenchman to succeed there. This gentleman is a fair actor and a fair singer—really nothing more; he has the fault with which many of his countrymen may be reproached, of "making up" his head rather too much like a barber's block. With regard to voice, it may be mentioned that his four highest notes (say up to B natural) have power and penetrating quality, but the rest of the voice is toneless and uninteresting. In the present dearth of tenor singers he may be accepted, but with reluctance. The general execution of *Faust* was really not bad, considering the resources at the disposal of the administration. The scene which suffered most was that which takes place in the cathedral. They had, of course, no organ, and the harmonium employed had not, so far as I could detect, any "double" on it (forgive the technicality; your musical readers will know what I mean). The result was that the instrument sounded rather like an accordion played in the far distance! M. Verger was an excellent Valentine, and Signor Agnese an indifferent Mephistopheles.

On my way home I stopped at Brussels, where I found *Faust* again, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. M. Jourdan was engaged to sing the tenor music, and a very clever artist he is too. I used to hear him frequently, about ten years ago, at the Opéra Comique. I noticed at Brussels that they announced the production "incessantly" of Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*; this, of course, means little more than that it will be produced some time within the next six months.

Passing through Paris I found this latest work of Auber's in full cry at the Opéra Comique: the part of the Priestess has for the present been abandoned by Mlle. Roze, who made a hit in it in the spring, and is now undertaken by Mlle. Gabrielle Moisset. It is averred that the former lady is hard at work, studying under the guidance of M. Wartel. This is almost too strange to be true, as it is certainly not the fashion amongst singers to continue their training after they have once achieved success before the public.

YOUR MUSICAL REPORTER.

HONESTY!

THE inaccuracies, to use a mild term, which adorned Mr. Gladstone's speech at Warrington, have been ably exposed by many of our contemporaries. The right hon. gentleman's violent paroxysms of honesty and abrupt seizures of conscientiousness are becoming almost as fatiguing to witness as doubtless they are to perform. Let us hope that a good majority will put an end to these tedious exhibitions on the part of the modern Sinon.

TREBLE ENIGMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—So you must be at your games again, must you? Only putting in half my letter, and finishing up with somebody else's Acrostic. I found it out, as I've found you out, by a judicious

display of firmness. I first found out who wrote it, and then told him if he did not tell me the answer I'd "A cross stick" him. The answer is Man, Ape. He ran away before I found out the rest. This, by the way, what do you mean by not giving my signature—I intended to send you—but no matter! I send you now a Treble Enigma, and I'll bet you five pounds nobody guesses it. Meantime I sign myself, for the last time, by special permission, from the great Pyramid,

THE GRANDSON OF THE SPHYNX.

P.S.—I shan't pay if I lose, will you?

I SAT in my study deep wrapt in thought,
And I said to myself, "In this world there's nought
Worth having but what's to be bought with gold;
Love, Fame, and Honour, they're all of them sold"
I have brains to invent, and courage to act,
A tongue to plead, and a mind—in fact
I was born to be great, but the Senate's door
Will not open to me,—for though clever,—I'm poor.

If I had been only stupid and rich,
I had needed no labour to carve me a niche;
In the temple of Fame; I had only to pay,
And they'd set up my statue the very next day;
A Peerage, a seat in the Cabinet,—Pheugh!
That's a very strange smell,—the lamp burns blue.
"Who's that?—get away!—what want you here?
Don't grin at me; for I know not fear."

A little prim gentleman clothed in black
Stood bowing and grinning, and arching his back;
I stared at him as he softly said,
"I beg your pardon, don't be afraid;
I have come to grant your dearest wish,
I daresay you think me a very queer fish;
But I hope we shall be on the best terms soon."
"The devil!" I cried—"No, the Man in the Moon."

Oh! sweet were the visions he conjured up,
'Stead of horrors, on glories he bade me sup;
'Twas soon agreed: on my first we went,
And the very next morning we pitched our tent;
"But the money," I groaned. "Leave that to me;
You find my second, I £ s. d."

I scattered my second on every side,
(I tremble e'en now to think how I lied)
Each girl was a Venus, each man an Apollo,
And as for the babies, they beat Cupid hollow;
Now, none of your second, but tell me the third,
And you'll tell me what yet has not ever been heard.

LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M amm A
A eso P
N am E

ANSWERS have been received from Linda Princess, Jack Solved It, Bridport Maniac, Samuel E. Thomas, Old John, Slodger and Tiney, Isaac Meanmore, Goodenoughforme, Charles Robinson, Harum-Scarum Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, Happy-go-lucky, Isle of Rockaway, Harris Gibson, George Hayward, Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Cabby on Strike, Nobody's Orphan, Lalla Rookh, Camden Starlings and the Members of the Camden Hunt, Charles Lewis, No Railway Monopoly, Charles Chivers and Johnny Rumbold, Pianissimo, Hampson, B. H. (Hampton Court), Pikehurst, jun., Four Romping Gazelles, Roanmcefsidhtuvryfphbfirsti, Charles Edward Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshay, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick and F. D.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 78.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

UN SOUND MINDS.

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward slinks to death, the brave live on."

WHAT is an unsound mind? Can coroners' juries tell us? What is a sound mind? Can doctors tell us? What is the provocation which is held to make self-murder justifiable, at least so far justifiable that man shrinks from insulting the body which self-inflicted death has rescued from all other earthly punishment. A man is in debt; his creditors are pressing; they are always so when all the juice has been pressed out of the fruit, and nothing but the rind is left; the debtor cannot see his way to satisfying just or unjust claims; the law gives him ten days to pay his debts, but he cheats the law by paying one debt, the one that he owed since his birth, first; and his creditors may lay their writs on his coffin as a pall. He "cut his throat when in an unsound state of mind," say the jury; and he adds one more to his never-to-be-paid debts by being buried at the expense of the parish. But another man, who has many debts, and sees not, nor ever did see, or wished to see, any chance of paying them, applies the razor to his chin instead of his throat, and smug, closely shaved, and respectable, goes—bankrupt; he is of sound mind. He passes the court, which is not difficult to pass, instead of appealing to the highest Court, which is difficult to pass, as that foolish fellow did, and so proves that he is of sound mind.

Take another case. A young girl, unmindful of the advice of the Psalmist, "putteth her trust in man," and finds the man as unworthy of the trust as of the love she has lavished on him. She cannot get the trust back, nor the love; she had arranged a certain future, but she had mistaken the past and the present on which she had based her calculations, so she gives up life as a mistake which she had fallen into, not all of her own fault, but which she had all the power to fall out of when she chose, so she murmurs many prayers for him and one for herself, and then buries the troubles she dare not endure in the nearest river—she drowned herself "when in an unsound state of mind,"—so the coroner's jury says. But her wiser sister patiently abides the issue of her troubles, and taking the child in her arms, appears before another and a very different jury. She recites the history of her wrongs, and of the little mistake as to the trustee she had chosen; she adorns with tearful touches the rude incidents of her story; she gives an inventory of the sighs and the sobs which the little mistake had cost her; she tots up, in fact, the sad expenses to which her feelings had been put; and the jury audit the account, and compare the valuation which the counsel of the poor victim put on his client's sufferings, and that which their own generous hearts put on it; they strike the balance, and make the girl, who of course is of sound mind, a handsome present in the shape of damages.

Ah! what a wonderful thing, what a fortunate thing it is, to have a sound mind! That foolish girl, of unsound mind, could not restore her damaged virtue with the water of the river; but the other one, of sound mind, has got a nice little sum towards the needful repairs, and no doubt, in a year or two, the article will be as good as ever!

It is not an easy problem to solve, this one we have set ourselves. It is the *pons asinorum* that many philosophers stick

at. It is a pity that some people were given minds at all, if they prove to be unsound as soon as they are required for use. We once heard of a man who went mad from thinking that he could not think: he had better have left it alone, and sat down and whistled till fortune, or death, came—it would not have mattered which. If he had the first, he would not have wanted brains; the latter would not have cared if he had brains or not.

These people of unsound mind should be kept out of trouble's way; and as for thinking, why that is so dangerous to them that the Law ought to protect them from it. Is it sad, or is it not sad, to see poor creatures jump out of Life as these two girls did the other day, taking off their hats and coats as the only preparation for Eternity? It is very hard to say, had they lived what would have come to them? Probably evil, or they would have gone to it. Death put it out of their power to degrade themselves further in this world: they had their womanhood still,—it was all the treasure they had, and they buried it in the water rather than lose it. The case was plain enough to them: others had been deceived, they had been deceived; others had never had justice done them, they would never have justice done them; others had given it up, and drifted down into infamy; they would have to give it up, and drift down into infamy. Not very close or subtle reasoning, and yet close enough for persons of unsound mind. It is a cowardly escape, surely; and yet to be brave is so difficult. To face ruin, misery, starvation is brave; but how are these to face it? Were they ever taught how? Does this bravery come of instinct? No: they want sound minds.

"Of unsound mind." The words ring in our ears. Will that be the verdict when we who make laws for these poor creatures stand face to face with them and the Great Judge? May it be so, and not, "Of unsound heart!"

AT HIM, BOYS!

THAT very irritating though senile Jack in office, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police (about whom something more will be found in another of these pages), has at last succeeded in arousing the British Lion. The continued oppression of the canine race has led to the foundation of a "Dog Protection Society," which, the prospectus states, has been formed with the following objects:—

1st. To legally obtain the abrogation of Sir Richard Mayne's last order, now in force.

2nd. To legally obtain an alteration in the Act of Parliament which enables any one man, "if he think fit," to cause such an order to be made.

We cordially concur in the scheme of the Dog Protection Society, so far as it goes, but it is a pity it does not go a little farther. Will not the Council or Board, or whatever the governing body of the Society may be styled, add one more clause to its prospectus—some such as the following?—

3rd. To compel the Treasury to pension, superannuate, or otherwise dismiss Sir Richard Mayne, whose brutal decrees and pig-headed obstinacy, being more than flesh or blood can endure, are becoming dangerous to the peace of the metropolis.

We began by calling Sir Richard Mayne a very irritating person. So he is. Even TOMAHAWK is losing his temper over him

CROSSING THE MAYNE.

A SCENE IN THE SANCTUM OF SIR RICHARD.

TIME—NIGHT.

TOMAHAWK (*suddenly entering upon Sir Richard, who is snoozing by the fire in an arm-chair*).—Asleep, of course!

SIR R. M.—Eh! What! Who are you? How have you made your entrance?

TOM.—Don't make a noise; you'll disturb the neighbourhood, and that might be disagreeable, as there are no police about.

SIR R. M.—Dictate to me, the Dictator of this—

TOM.—Metropolis, of course you are going to say. I told you I should not leave you; not long ago. If you suppose that I don't make my appearance where and when I like, you don't know as much I thought you did.

SIR R. M.—This is strange impertinence. I demand to know why this—

TOM.—Offensive intrusion, you are about to say. All right, old gentleman. Don't precipitate your necessary breaking up by getting into a passion. I am here for a little private conversation.

SIR R. M.—If I were only younger, Sir—

TOM.—I sincerely sympathise with you, and wish you well; as it is, you know you are far too elderly. But I did not come here to bandy compliments.

SIR R. M.—Compliments be—

TOM.—No, no; don't forget yourself, Sir Richard; you are only Dictator, you know, as yet. What I want to say I am going to say in as few words as possible, but don't interrupt me, for I won't stand it.

SIR R. M.—I should very much like to—

TOM.—Muzzle me. Yes, we all know that. But you see, Sir Richard, you are not in Austria. But to business. I have observed that the name of "police" is becoming a jest and a jibe in the mouths of the public.

SIR R. M.—A what, Sir?

TOM.—Don't interrupt. You have to carry out certain laws to protect the public against vice and crime. How do you do it?

SIR R. M.—How?

TOM.—Don't argue. There is a law to protect the person against assault and crime in the streets or public highway:—what happens? When a garotter is loose, the policeman is not to be found; when a quarter is infested with birds of prey, your falcons are asleep. There is a law to check the scandal of houses open at all hours as a resort of the infamous of both sexes:—what happens? The police, if they descend on these haunts, be they in Jermyn street or Seven Dials, enter with their eyes closed by palm oil and their lips made smiling with libations to the goddess of the place. There is a law to protect the virtuous gaze from corruption through disgraceful prints and publications:—what happens? No notice is taken of shops now at the back of a newly-built theatre in a street which forms a thoroughfare from Covent garden to Temple Bar. Are you and your police bribed to seize some and let others go, or are you ignorant of these facts? In the first case, you are aiding and abetting those who break the laws of the land; in the second, your inefficiency is a disgrace to the largest and most immoral capital of Europe. What! you can find time to make paltry attacks on the liberty of the subject by worrying his dog, and, what is worse, rendering yourselves liable to fine by positive cruelty to animals, testified to by dozens of reliable witnesses; and day by day, hour by hour, the daily journals fill with complaints against the men you pretend to have formed, your Mayne-myrmidons—complaints which must make your founder, Sir Robert Peel, tremble with indignation in his tomb.

SIR R. M.—By the powers! But I believe you are reading me—

TOM.—A lecture. Exactly; and I do sincerely hope you will listen to the lesson it inculcates. If you don't I shall appear again, and with all the information you may re-

ceive and act upon, you'll not prevent my presence here. Good night. Don't give yourself the trouble to see me to the door. My brougham is waiting below. (*Exit.*)

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

MEN are said to dress "within an inch of their lives." Women may be said to undress within an inch of their knees.

.

Abuse is not criticism. Arrows of wit are not to be found for the asking, but any one can fling mud by stooping for it.

.

The world is a stage; but how few of us who are given a first part escape making fearful exhibitions of ourselves.

.

Charity in London seems to pay more attention to covering sins than to clothing the multitude whose name is "casual." What a blessing for some of those unhappy beggars if they could only be Secretaries or Treasurers to Relief Funds for one week in the year!

.

"How I loathe the modern system of advertising everything!" said Lady Mackles to us. Her ladyship was expanding her person in the midst of a profusion of silk, jewels, and *poudre de ris*. Her ladyship's two daughters had just stood up to sing a German, French, and Italian song one after the other, young Cormac, their tame cat, had been all over the room singing their virtues, and I had seen the name of every member of the family that morning in the *Times* as subscribers to the Pharisees' Mutual Aid Society, and she loathes advertisements!

.

I never heard of a Pharisee keeping a public in a blind alley, but I know a journal which supplies cheap indignation by the column, and yet retains a dirty corner where the million make appointments "for a consideration."

"OVER HEAD AND EARS."

THERE is no greater pleasure after passing weeks of turbulent gaiety and excitement, when your days are taken up with theatres, balls, and parties of all kinds, than that of going quietly to some pleasant country retreat where one or two pleasant men and three or four charming women are passing their simple existence without a thought of London society, or a wish for other sensation than what their country pleasures can give.

Such a change is much what a reader may feel on taking up Mr. Dutton Cook's last novel, entitled "Over Head and Ears," after feeding for so long on the romances of the sensational school and the realistic dramas of the stage.

Nothing can be more truthful and touching than the discovery of the *Mouse* mystery, its elucidation, and final solution. We will not give the plot of the novel, which, after all, is not particularly new, but none the less charming for that; but we will advise every one to read it, and we are sure that only *blasé* readers who require the spice of one writer and the Cayenne pepper of another to excite their mental palates to an appetite, will leave the book before they arrive at the end of the third volume.

PICKED UP AT CARLISLE.—*Close reasoning*.—The Inquisition. MOTTO FOR ISABELLA OF BOURBON.—What's one woman's pleasure is a country Spain.

CHURCH-MILITARY.—The weak point of the Brighton service.—The *Purchase* system.

A VERY ORIGINAL RAILWAY MOTTO FOR M.P.'S.—*Nulla dies sine lineâ*.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—Mr. Mark Lemon's real staff in Fleet street is not nearly so good as his Falstaffe at the Gallery of Illustration.

ON TRIAL.

A PRIME MINISTER.

SINCE the opening of the TOMAHAWK Commission, many very disgraceful facts have been brought to light. Our readers have discovered the existence of many social sores—many miserable shams. Still, we imagine what follows immediately will give them greater pain than anything as yet published. That any man in the State should be had is sad; but that the first power of the land should be given over into unprincipled hands is worse than sad—it is lamentable! But we proceed with our report, leaving our readers to comment upon its details.

The Commissioners assembled this morning at a little after ten o'clock. The room was densely crowded, and shortly after the examination commenced it was almost impossible to obtain even standing room. The first witness being summoned, he said:—

I am what is called a Prime Minister.—(Laughter.) I consider the position a fine one. I am not prepared to say what would be the *ideal* duties of the Prime Minister of a great empire, but I know pretty well what are the actual advantages to be gathered from filling such a post. In England, where the road has been thrown open to the highest offices by the unceasing efforts of Tory Administrations, very humble men may soar above their initial circumstances. I was myself, in my youth, articulated to an attorney, and now I flatter myself—(the witness, who was proceeding with a contemptuous smile at the Chairman and his brother Commissioners, was here sternly rebuked and reminded that he was called to give evidence as a witness, and not to sing his own praises, as if he were delivering a political manifesto. The examination was then proceeded with.) The witness went on:—

I never had any principles. It is to the absence of these encumbrances that I attribute my success. I consider the one great end and aim of a Parliamentary career to be power. By power, if you require me to give you a less enigmatical term, I simply mean—a hand in the public purse. This “power”—(laughter)—should be secured at any cost. As to consistency, the statesman who entered the arena of public life with a moral weakness of that sort might be said, politically, to be in arms. The duties of a Prime Minister are simple in the extreme. Yes, I can give them if you wish it. The first, then, is that which he owes to his own pocket. The second is, naturally enough, an equally solemn one; it is a consideration for the pocket of his relations. As to the third, it has no abstract beauty of its own, but may be regarded as a sort of “contingent” responsibility: I refer to the necessity of an occasional bribe to political friends, whose support enables one to discharge the other two conscientiously and completely. As to any duty due to one's country—that is, in other words, to the mass of the nation—I would ask the Chairman if one can be supposed to be interested in people one does not know?—(Laughter.) No; I take no higher view of my position than that. How can I take a higher view? As to the terms, *Radical*, *Liberal*, *Conservative*, and *Tory*, they are but the different dresses in which a clever actor plays the same part. I am proud to say I have worn them all.—(Laughter.) I do not consider this a place in which I should be justified in giving any hint of my coming programme, but as I am pressed on the point, I can say confidently that whatever happens I shall stay in power. If necessary, of course I shall throw over the Irish Church. I would as readily throw the English Church after it.—(Laughter.) This is only the result of advanced “political education,” and it is quite sound. At the present moment, for instance, I despise the followers who are rallying round me in the country with a loathing that may be faintly gathered from my early literary efforts. I regard their support, however, as useful to my pocket, and therefore avail myself of it. Yes; if necessary I should bring about a revolution in England. As it is, I intend to give the country an exceedingly “merry” Christmas, and there will probably be plenty of bloodshed; but the Government, I flatter myself, know the use of dragoons, if there should be any occasion to introduce *them* into the political question of the hour. My ideas on many things are expansive. I have been, I think aptly, termed by a penny paper, “the man of the day.” The man of the day should, in my opinion, move on with it, and one day, naturally enough, differs from another. (The Chair-

man here handed a paper to the witness, and asked him if it was in his handwriting, and he, in a jocular tone, readily admitted that it was. Its contents, which consisted of a few rough notes jotted down, and were read out by the order of the Commissioners, were as follows:—)

My Private Notes.

THE CROWN.

Work up its High Prerogatives. See Blackstone, &c. The Martyr King and the principles of the Cavaliers. Rub them up. Appeal to innate snobbery of the Anglo-Saxon race. Useful “estate” this on either side of the question.

“The King can do no wrong.” Can't he? Good idea for Radical speech. Get up Cromwell and principles of '92.

N.B.—The Crown ought to be the weapon, not the standard of the Prime Minister. A Prime Minister should advise the Crown. Rather!

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

“Thank God we have one!” (when the Opposition get a majority of 65). Get up usual clap-trap here. Blood, Normans, hoary-headed Senators, Rome of old, &c., &c. Look over *Alarcos*.

Often in the way, but a useful set of fools on the whole. If likely to prove antagonistic, to be smothered by the creation of a new dozen or two. Fine drag on the Constitution. Must look out that they don't upset it next session.

N.B.—Think it would be a good popular move to abolish the Upper House. If things don't go well next session, certainly shall.

THE COMMONS.

Sick of the subject from this point of view. Used up. Perhaps may pick up some novelties as to their dignity from the new Radical members. Wonder, if we get a majority, how a “Large Borough Disenfranchisement” Bill would do? Half a mind to try it. Good sell for Bright.

The pith, marrow, backbone of the nation—and all that sort of thing.

Private Note A.—A wretched, beggarly, ill-conditioned team, to be bought by the score, if there were only secret service money enough to pay them.

Private Note B.—Find out which way the elections are going. Do Gladstone at any price. Draw up a whole bill of abolitions. Church, State, Lords, Commons, anything!

N.B.—Head the majority *whatever* it's made of.

THE PRESS.

Flatter it and pay it. Stupid, and does more damage than good. Wonder why a Conservative paper never can be light and telling.

Note.—Try and buy up a Radical one.

Liberal papers, some of them, vulgar. Respect my genius all the same. Flatter them too. Say I'm one of them. Always pitching into me as a man of no principle.

N.B.—Liberal Press is pretty sharp. *Times*, though, very thick-headed just now. They talk as if I were going to stick to my colours! Stick to my colours? I'll beat them at their own game.

The above notes having been read, the examination was again continued. The witness said:—I certainly jotted down these notes. They were not originally meant for the public eye, but as they have come under it, I decidedly do not repudiate them. I flatter myself I know how to catch the spirit of the hour and turn it to account. I am at this present moment intently watching the spirit of the hour, and I mean to turn it to the very best account. As long as I fill the office of Prime Minister I am not likely to forget my duty to my country, my connections, and myself, and they will best be subserved by my “keeping in.” I shall therefore keep in. It may be necessary to deluge the country in blood, stir up civil strife, pitch the Constitution into the Channel, go to war with Europe, abolish the income-tax, or admit Fenians into Parliament. I am happy to say I shall be prepared for any issue—in short, eager to carry any measure. I mean to be Prime Minister in perpetuity, and this determination does credit to me as a Churchman, a Radical, a Christian, a Conservative, a Patriot, a Poet, a Liberal, a Diplomast, a Gladstonite, a Tory, a Nonconformist, and an Englishman. (The witness here stood down, and retired convulsed with laughter.)

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*



** Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A TORY paper has likened the Premier to Luther. Surely this must have been a misprint. "Lucre" was evidently the word in its editor's thoughts!

We understand that, owing to the asinine conduct of some of the extreme Conservatives in the University, the chief political cry at Oxford is "Nae mo' Bray."

A new distinction has been gradually growing up in High Society. Formerly a person was spoken of either as *bon ton* or *mauvais ton*. But now there is a degree beyond both these, which is known as *Clin-ton*.

Wrapping ourselves for one moment in the mantle of Dr. Cumming, we are enabled to prophecy that Archdeacon Denison will preach a powerful sermon shortly at Oxford on the Irish Church question, his text being from the book of Joel.

"That which the *palmer*-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker worm eaten; and that which the canker worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten."

The application is obvious. The *palmer* worm is Sir Roundell; the locust, Mr. Gladstone; the canker worm, Dissenters; and the caterpillar, Rome! The sermon will do *great* good!

DURA NECESSITAS.

WE have admired very heartily the creditable efforts made by one of our contemporaries in the cause of the British drama. Devoting a large space in its columns to theatrical matters, it has always fought hard against the degrading tyranny of sensation and burlesque. It has also taken very high ground on the subject of music halls, pointing out the extremely low nature of the amusement provided for the public by these places, both in singing and dancing. Thoroughly sympathising with our contemporary in their laudable efforts to purify and elevate the

character of our national amusements, we were pained to read in the *Sunday Times* of October 18, a laudatory notice of Vance. Considering the character of the songs which this musical(?) buffoon shouts out to his admirers nightly, songs vulgar without fun, and prurient without wit, we cannot imagine any paper, which wishes to advance the cause of public morality, treating of such a person in any other terms than those of contempt and aversion. In another part of the paper we find the dancing of Miss Austin favourably noticed, and that young person spoken of as "nightly receiving well-earned compliments." Now, fortunately for ourselves, we have not seen Miss Austin, but we have heard those who have seen her allude to her dancing as being of the very coarsest and grossest nature, in fact, a vulgar exaggeration of the French *can-can*. It seems to us that our contemporary should be careful to award any encouragement in a performance which degrades the performer and audience alike.

Now the moral that we wish to point is this. No one will for one moment question the high character of the *Sunday Times*; no one can doubt in which direction its sympathies lie. There are few Conservative journals which have done so much in the cause of true social reform. We say this without any prejudice, for very undeservedly we have been the subject of severe strictures in its columns. What we would ask is, how is it that an editor is obliged to admit such notices as those we have referred to—written in a spirit diametrically opposed to the professions and practice of the paper which he edits? Is it not the case that too often the proprietors of a journal force upon their editor, at what cost to political or moral consistency they care not, certain matter which they suppose to be advantageous to their pecuniary interests? Now is this fair upon the Editor of a journal? Is it wise? If by inserting puffs of certain individuals they curry favour with a few, do they not lose it with the many? We would earnestly advise all proprietors of newspapers to lay this fact to heart, that it is far better policy to forego the questionable pleasure of pandering to the vanity of any clique, than to offend the body of their general readers. And that such palpable inconsistency does offend them is certain. Honesty in this case is decidedly, in the long run, the best policy.

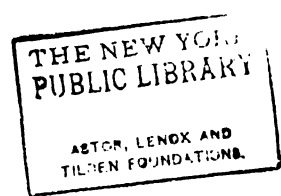
ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT FROM A GOLDEN LILY.

WHEN they whom will this portrait strike
Shall ask with eager word of
The giver, and if it be like
The Lily they have heard of;
If in complexion, feature, it
Be faithful and sufficient,
Perplexed, I shall perforce admit
It is, and yet it isn't.

Is that her hair? Is that her eye?
It is, without their lustre.
Is that her cheek? I can't deny,
No outlines could be juster.
Is it her form? It is, without
Its nameless grace and motion.
Is it her look? Why, just about
The very faintest notion.

But is it like her on the whole—
Her attitude, her presence?
Undoubtedly; without her soul,
Her wit, her self, her essence.
But female beauty scarce could be
More lofty, yet serenest.
Well, as you like; but then, agree,
You haven't—I have—seen her.

NOT FROM THE DEY OF TUNIS.—We understand that a certain horse-trainer, fond of legal proceedings and favourite-scratchings, was heard to observe, a short time ago, that "The Admiral had *roused* the British Lion within him!"





BOUND TO THE STAKE!

CHARACTERS IN THE TRAGEDY:

EXECUTIONER	(in the pay of " <i>Mother (Irish) Church</i> ")	-	-	-	-	by	-	-	-	B. DISRAELI.
REFORMERS	(men who hate " <i>persecution for conscience sake</i> ")	by	W. E. GLADSTONE	and	JOHN BRIGHT.					
ERIN	(the Martyr)	-	-	-	-	by	-	-	-	THE IRISH NA-

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

MILITARY REFORM.

It requires some little courage to discuss, nay, even to reflect upon any measurement of Military Reform after the alarming statement recently made by the "leading journal" to the effect, that men's minds are now agitated by schemes for army "democratization" and "nationalization."

There is an ancient Joe Miller story of the coaching days in which a stout, but highly nervous old lady having made it somewhat difficult for the two gentlemen beside her to find their seats, one of them blandly observed that it didn't signify they should soon shake down and amalgamate. "Lor Sir," the old lady exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that! and is it likely to be fatal?"

It would seem as well to ask the *Times* the same question, for if the processes referred to in those two alarming words mean that the army is to be altogether smashed up and destroyed by any schemes for its reform, then it would be as well to drop the subject altogether. If, however, all those syllables merely mean that the service is to be made popular and its government put on a plain simple footing—then those who wish well, very well, to the service may still persevere quietly and in words of less than six syllables to discuss schemes for Military Reform.

And one measure to make the army more popular—more suited to the feelings of our home-loving people would undoubtedly be to shorten considerably the periods of foreign service.

At present a regiment goes to India or to one of the colonies, there to serve for twelve years. That is, in fact, for the longest period during which the law allows any man to be engaged for the army. Twelve years' banishment from friends and family! For the officer this is mitigated by the power of obtaining a furlough—an expensive luxury, it is true, but yet a luxury. But there are no furloughs from India for the private or non-commissioned officer; no breaking in half of this long period of banishment.

This is "hard lines" for the soldiers, and it is contrasted among the recruit-giving ranks most unfavourably with the constant change of scene and climate which Jack Tar enjoys in his triennial trips across the world. Three years east, three years west, three years north, and three years south, goes Jack the sailor in just the same period of service that Tommy Atkins the soldier has passed in the dull monotony of twelve weary twelve months in burning India.

And a still more important consideration urges strongly the adoption of a system of shorter periods of service abroad—viz., the great saving of human life that would undoubtedly ensue. When, when will it be possible to induce the military authorities to recognise the policy—to say nothing of the duty—of *saving life*! This was the policy of Lord Napier in his glorious campaign in Abyssinia. There the fighting machine, man, was recognised as worth taking the utmost care of. There he was wanted. His enormous value was admitted, and he was most jealously preserved. And this excellent policy should prevail in the long years of peace, as well as in the hour of war.

Let the authorities at the War Office then take up this subject of a long and short period of service in India, and its effects on the health of the troops. Let it be diligently inquired into by a competent tribunal, and on the result of these inquiries let the question stand or fall. All inquiries hitherto made, not with this view especially, but in the general investigation of the health of the troops abroad, point to but one result—viz., that in a body of men proceeding from Europe to India, for the first four or five years the bracing effects of our northern climate serve to protect them against the enervating influences of the climate of India. But after that time the effect wears off, and the protection is gone. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth years of Indian service the sickness, invaliding, and deaths rise to a frightful height, and all, except men of the strongest constitution, succumb and come home,—or die.

If a careful, unprejudiced inquiry serves to establish the truth of this view, then let the period of immunity from disease, and preservation of good health, be adopted as the period for service abroad—viz., five years; and let no consideration of the increased cost of more frequently moving the regiments be allowed to decide the question; for what is that increased cost, in fact, but the price of bringing our men home alive instead of leaving their dead bodies in the sands of India.

"MONTE CRISTO."

TOMAHAWK begs most respectfully to set defiance to the world, the flesh, and—the London Press. With his hand to his heart and his eyes towards the Adelphi Theatre, he begs to declare solemnly and sincerely (in small capitals too) that

"MONTE CRISTO" IS A GOOD PIECE,
WELL ACTED,
WELL PUT UPON THE STAGE.

TOMAHAWK has heard of the *fiasco* of the first night. He has been told how the public took into their heads to laugh and to jeer. He has been informed that there was great cheering when Mr. Stuart, the eminent comic tragedian, died—loud applause when Mr. Phillips, the well-known stage manager, was run through the heart. He has read, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, how the piece was "*damned*," how amusing was the "*damning*."

Having assisted at the first performance of the colossal comic tragic melodrama, y'clept "*Oona*," produced some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, TOMAHAWK knows perfectly well that the public can sometimes be very cruel—very unmerciful. He knows that when once the people laugh, they allow no consideration on earth to stand in the way of their merriment. No thought of the manager's disaster, the actor's grief, ever crosses their minds or interferes with the full enjoyment of their joyous "*waggery*." Failure means the loss of thousands to the lessee,—still they laugh at him; derision means cruel heartburning to the actor—still they grossly insult him! So TOMAHAWK does not *always* endorse the pit's opinion of a piece's worth or the gallery's estimate of a player's acting.

TOMAHAWK knew that "*Monte Cristo*" was a good novel, that Messrs. Webster and Fechter were excellent actors, that Mr. Hawes Craven was a clever scene-painter. Knowing this, he would not believe that the performance at the Adelphi Theatre was utterly worthless. So TOMAHAWK, in spite of the warning of the *Pall Mall* and the sneers of the *Times*, took his seat on the third night of *Monte Cristo* in the Stalls of the Adelphi Theatre.

He does not regret that visit.

From first to last he enjoyed the piece immensely. He was delighted with

Mr. Webster's finished comedy,
Mr. Fechter's charming love-making,
Mrs. Mellon's noble bearing,
Mr. Belmore's admirable drunkenness,
Mrs. Leigh Murray's effective "*intensity*,"
Miss Carlotta Leclercq's heart-rendering pathos,
and

Mr. Hawes Craven's beautiful scenery.

So well pleased was he that he said to himself, "How came it that this excellent piece was damned on the first night?" And then it struck him that the drama must have been too long—that the public, finding nothing at which to hiss, were obliged, from very weariness, to laugh. Let *Hamlet* be played through from beginning to end, and then see what your audience will do. Why the tragedy would be laughed off the stage! Ophelia's singing would be accompanied by the voices of the gallery. Hamlet's duel would be interrupted by the jeers and insults of the pit. Certainly on the first night *Monte Cristo* must have been too long.

Was it too long on the third night? No. Mr. Webster, like an experienced manager, had cut it down, after the *fiasco*, to its proper proportions. And the result? Why, a crowded house cheered the play to the echo.

And now why does TOMAHAWK defend *Monte Cristo*—a piece in which appears an attack upon himself and his order? Why (he repeats) does he defend it? Simply because he loves justice, and hates to see good acting laughed to scorn by the illiterate and the Great Unwashed. *Monte Cristo* is an excellent play, and an excellent play should not be driven from the stage by the jeers of fools or the superficial criticism of prejudiced reviewers.

WHAT ALL MUST COME TO (SOME DAY OR OTHER, LET US HOPE).—Their Senses.

ON THE BENCH.

THE Middlesex magistrates want a little looking after every now and then. The august body is slowly but surely getting itself into trouble with the public. It was only the other day that the magistrates distinguished themselves by voting dancing licences for Cremorne and the Argyll Rooms with such obtrusive unanimity that it almost looked as if their worships considered that in so doing they were fulfilling one of the highest duties of their office. Certain it is that the Bench took something more than a judicial interest in the granting of these licences, a fact which has given an opening for the waggishly disposed to suggest motives for the proceeding scarcely compatible with the dignity and respectability of justice.

The public, however, need not be alarmed on the score of the lax morality of the Middlesex magistrates, for though they are occasionally ready to license a little vice and wickedness in a quiet way (it must always be in a quiet way), they are Churchmen almost to a man, and when a question arises affecting in any way the interests of the Church of England, they are ready to battle and squabble till the danger is averted. An instance of this occurred but a few days ago, when Mr. Northall Laurie moved that, in consideration of the large number of Roman Catholic prisoners usually confined in the Middlesex House of Correction and Westminster Bridewell, whose religious instruction according to their own persuasion is dependent at present on gratuitous and voluntary services of Roman Catholic ministers it be referred to the visiting justices to consider and report their opinions as to the amount and mode of appropriation of a reasonable remuneration to be paid to the Roman Catholic ministers officiating in those prisons. Mr. Laurie, in bringing forward the motion, disclaimed all sympathy with the religion of Roman Catholics, but he made the proposal he said as a matter of equity—Catholics paid their share of the expense of Protestant chaplains in prisons, and why, therefore should the Protestants refuse to share the expense of the Catholic chaplains?

A Mr. Kemshead seconded the motion in a few reasonable words, but a storm of opposition arose on every side. Mr. Woodward objected that under Roman Catholic rule there was no toleration whatever, and argued that, therefore, Roman Catholics should not be tolerated in a Protestant land,—a logical deduction in which Mr. Rashleigh and Colonel Jeakes both fully concurred. The motion found one or two supporters, but when put to the vote it was negatived by a substantial majority of fourteen, and the Roman Catholic prisoners are, therefore, to be left without any religious instruction whatever if their priests are not ready to render their services gratuitously and without reward.

It is difficult to deal with men who are dead to every sense of reason and justice. The Government employs a large number of Roman Catholic chaplains both for the army and navy, and why should a batch of Middlesex magistrates take it upon themselves to uphold a principle which the State has long since abandoned as unconstitutional and unjust? The sooner the Bench is brought to its senses the better. The duties the magistrates are called upon to perform are responsible and important, and they disgrace their office as much by exhibiting a spirit of bigotry and intolerance on the one hand, as they do by pandering to licentiousness and vice on the other.

Who are these worthies who have so much power for good or evil? The names we have quoted are one and all unknown to us. This should not be the case. The Bench should be composed of gentlemen of known probity and discretion, in whom the public can repose confidence: not of nobodies, who command only derision and contempt.

GO TO BATH.—Mr. Bright has recently visited Bath. This was rather an unwise proceeding. The Bathites have a nasty way of pelting their Parliamentary representatives with rotten eggs—a few days ago two of the Liberal candidates were literally deluged with these unsavory missiles at a public demonstration. To judge from this autumn's doings, it would appear that it is not only in the *spring* that politicians find themselves in *hot water* at Bath!

BIRDS OF KNOWLEDGE.

EVERY possible publicity has been given to the various offers that have been so handsomely made right and left by the Spanish Government of its not very popular crown. We are not, however, aware that any of the numerous replies that they elicited have as yet found their way into print, and as some of them may have a special interest for our readers, we take this opportunity of presenting them to their notice.

(1.)
From H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Thank you very much for your kind offer, but I regret that I cannot avail myself of it, at least at the present moment. The fact is, they have just opened a theatre in the neighbourhood of the Edgware road under my patronage, and, moreover, the *Field of the Cloth of Gold* is still running at the Strand. I am sure, therefore, my dear General, you will understand my unwillingness to undertake any further responsibilities upon my shoulders at present. I might add that I am shortly going to sea. Why do you not write to Christian?

Believe me, &c.,

EDINBURGH.

To General Prim.

(2.)
From H.I.M. the Emperor of the French.

DEAR GENERAL,

Revolution is the logic of the people, and the cannon is the argument of Emperors. I cannot, therefore, so far sympathise with the events that have recently taken place in Madrid as to allow our "cousin" to mount the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella. He is young in politics, and youth in politics is the destruction of empires. He moreover resembles too nearly my respected uncle, whom, you are aware, the imperial diadem never thoroughly became, at least, my dear General, not so well as it becomes

Yours devotedly,

NAPOLEON.

To General Prim.

(3.)
From H.R.H. Prince Christian.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should be very happy to avail myself of your generous offer, were it not for the gratification I experience at my residence in this generously hearted country. Ovarions, as I dare say you have heard, follow me wheresoever I move, and I can assure you I would not give up the enjoyments, domestic and public, of this dear England not for the Spanish crown—no, not for a Spanish Princess (were my hand free) and seven thousand a year! There.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

CHRISTIAN.

To General Prim.

(4.)
From H.M. the King of Denmark.

Offices of the General European Throne and Marriage Company, Copenhagen.

SIR,

Please send all particulars at once. I know of several parties in my own family that would be willing to undertake the job. Let me have a line by return. I beg to enclose one of my usual forms, which will you kindly fill up and post forthwith?

Yours faithfully,

CHRISTIAN IX. REX.

P.S.—Please be careful to give full particulars as to income, when paid, &c., and also state what religion is required. Is there any marriage business on hand yet? Please drop a line if there is, as I should be happy to assist you in the matter, and am confident of giving every satisfaction.

(5.)
From H.R.H. the King of Portugal to General Prim.

Declined with thanks.

And depend upon it His Majesty is right.

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By

JULES CANARD.

LETTER VIII.—*Canard's Illness. Disloyalty of "Sportin-man-jockés." The "Welshère." Ma mère. "Sir Paddivick." The "Marquis." The "Earl." The "Admiral-rows." The Duel. The Spider and the Fly!*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 24, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND VERY MUCH
RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

You must not expect me to be very lively or very instructive this week. My dear friend, I have been very ill. If you will remember the last time I wrote to you it was to describe the "Gentlemen - Jockés - Casarewitch - Steeple - Chase Race" at "Nu-markét." Ah! I did not finish the account of my adventures—I did not tell you of my dreadful torture at the hands of a brutal mob! My last letter was gay as a glass of "gingère bierre;" this one must be sombre as a burlesque by Sir Halliday—dreadful as the fun of a Tory comic paper! Yes, my dear friend, I was nearly killed at "Nu-market." Pity me. Before the great race, which has already been described by me, a man came up to me and said:—

"It has arrived for you to take the odds about a horse?"

I replied, "My friend, it is useless for me to bet; it will be disloyal! I know that Nélusko *must* win."

"Nay, then," replied the "bacca" (a species of "sportin-gentleman-jocké"), "I will take you—200 to 1. What say you?"

"That Nélusko *must* win!" and I turned my back upon him, with a haughty smile.

Last week I described the race to you, and you then learned why the French horse did *not* win! I told you how these brutal islanders stopped him within ten miles of home, until his rivals had gone past him! Well, you know of the perfidy of these English—was that not enough? One would think so.

But no—no sooner was the race over, when the "bacca" came up to me, and said:—

"If you please, sare, you owe me a sovereign."

I turned my back upon him, with a haughty smile.

"Will you not pay?" he cried savagely. "Why, then, you are an apostate! You are a radical! You are a tuft-hunter! You are a subject of the Prince of Wales—a 'welshère!'"

At this denunciation there was a loud shout from the crowd. Cries of "Down with the aristocrat, with the subject of the Prince of Wales—with the 'welshère,'" was heard on every side! The mob tore me to pieces because they believed I was loyal to the heir-apparent to the British throne—because I was a "welshère!"

And yet there are some who say that England is loyal!

I fought as well as I could, but what could I do against so many? No, I was soon overpowered—soon thrust to the ground. Perhaps, that you may understand how badly I was treated, I had better give you a list of the clothes I wore, and the damage done to them. I always make it a point of attending the various "meetings," "unting-foxes," exhibitions, &c., of England in the costume worn by the natives. You will now be able to see what is worn at the "meetin" of "Nu-markét."

Coat.—A beautiful light blue tail-coat with golden buttons; cypher "Royal Thames Yacht Club." Utterly torn to shreds by the mob!

Breeches.—The usual yellow "gentleman-jockés-breeches." Covered with mud and hopelessly ruined!

Hat.—The "Forestère." As worn by the "Ordère of ancient Forestère" at the Palace of Crystal. Brim torn off.

Boots.—The "hors-gars-top." Cut about in the most cruel manner!

Implements.—Fishing-rod broken! Butterfly-net torn!! New French-horn beaten out of shape!!!

Epaulets.—Gold, and—

But there I have not the heart to proceed with the list. Enough to say the damage done to me was something terrible.

I had to pay Nathan ten shillings! Why even the "fals-nose" (no one is admitted to the races without a "fals-nose") was crushed!

I write this letter to you from bed, so you must forgive the tone of sadness which runs through it. And I think of *ma mère*! If she were here, would she not pity her little one? But enough—I am a Frenchman. *Vive la gloire! Ma mère, adieu! Adieu, ma mère! Adieu!*

That my letter may not be altogether uninteresting, I wish to tell you a little story about a late turf scandal. You will possibly remember that I mentioned the existence of an official in my last, known as the "Admiral-rows" (on account of his many quarrels). Well, this great "gentleman-jocké" has recently had an altercation with a "sportin-man," known as "Sir Paddivick."

It has been sent to all the English papers, so I am divulging no confidence in telling you the truth of the matter.

Some few years ago William the Conqueror left Normandy to invade England. He took the regular boat from Folkestone to Boulogne. It was a very bad passage, and William (who was on the paddle-box) quite lost his head, and instead of giving the command "E's'er'ed," observed, "Tarn'er arstarn." The result of this order to the crew was most disastrous to the expedition. Instead of going to Boulogne, the steamer suddenly started off for Hastings, where it arrived on the 23rd of February, 1743.

From this date we lose all trace of William the Conqueror until the present summer, when we hear of him keeping race-horses and running them for the "Derbé," under the name and colours of the "Marquis of Hastings." And here we come to the tragic part of the story. The Marquis had a younger brother called "The Earl," who was a very firm friend of "Sir Paddivick." This "Earl" had trusted most implicitly in his friend's sincerity—so much so, that he actually got his brother, the Marquis, to create him "Major-General of the Commissioners." The duty of Sir Paddivick was now to take the command of the race-horses of the House of Hastings. All went well for a while, until the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade, the "Right Reverend Weatherby, Esquire," got mixed up in the matter. I don't know exactly how, but it vexed the "Earl" immensely.

Naturally the "Earl" was very angry. He called upon "Sir Paddivick," and complained bitterly of his conduct.

"What have I done?" asked "Sir Paddivick."

"What have you done?" echoes the Earl—he pulled his quondam friend near him, and whispered into his ear.

"Who told you this?" cried "Sir Paddivick," turning very white.

"The Right Rev. Weatherby, Esq.," answered the young nobleman.

Of course, not another word was said on either side. The next morning they met at "Putné-heath." Swords were the weapons. After a quarter-of-an-hour's fierce fighting the "Earl" fell.

"A mere scratch," observed "Sir Paddivick," wiping his sword.

Upon this the "Admiral-Rows," who had been watching from a hay-rick, exclaimed under his breath, "Ah! this 'Sir Paddivick' will not travel back by the omnibus. *No, the spider prefers the fly!*"

Alas! the exclamation was overheard, and that is the reason why John Day has brought an action against the "Admiral Rows." Now you know all.

And yet there are some people who hint that I haven't the smallest comprehension of sporting matters!

This may be so, but haven't we heard of envy!

Receive, dear Redacteur,

The most distinguished considerations of

JULES CANARD

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—It is with an unwilling hand I take up the pen to execute the promise I made to you last week. I entertain so profound a reverence for women, that I would sooner forswear ink for ever than turn them into gratuitous ridicule. But, Mr. TOMAHAWK, when some of them—Heaven be blest! as yet, but a very few—travesty their own sacred sex

by more fantastic tricks than the most ill-natured maligner of it could imagine, I feel that I have a duty to perform, and I will not shrink from the obnoxious task.

I have already informed you of the ill success I had with all those "Persons" whose homes betrayed at every glance of the eye a scrupulous female supervision. Single or married, they had at least these two features in common: they were admirable housekeepers, and they would not hear of the electoral franchise being thrust upon them. But the sixth Person on whom I called was of a very different stamp from the first five, of whom, you will remember, I have already given you a faithful account. I believe this Person would be extremely gratified to see her name in your pages, even if it figured there somewhat ingloriously; but I shall not indulge her itch for being conspicuous, nor expose you to a rejoinder such as I am quite sure she would be delighted to have a pretext for inflicting on you. No: she was the sixth Person I called on, and by the obscure name of the Sixth Person she shall appear in this narrative.

There was a small strip of garden attached to her dwelling, but it contained not a single flower; neither were the walks in it easily distinguishable from the grass, near which nor scythe nor lawn-mower had ever come during her occupation. I will not trouble you with a description of the exterior of the house; I will only say that the window-panes had evidently not been washed for months, for anything I know not for years; the knocker of the front door was missing altogether; and the bell-handle came off into my hand without performing the office for which bell-handles are intended. I suppose I stood on the door-step—and such a door-step!—for the better part of ten minutes, knocking periodically with the hooked end of my walking-stick, before I was admitted. The janitor was a dirty, dishevelled youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, who seemed so utterly cowed by some malign influence, the nature of which I could not as yet divine, that I had much difficulty in making him understand that I wanted to see his mistress. Whilst I was still occupied in endeavouring to convey to his mind this simple proposition, there suddenly appeared in the passage—

Oh! Mr. TOMAHAWK! I assure you I am as brave as most men, and no one would do wisely to hint, to my face, at least, that I am a coward. Yet I confess the sight of an ugly woman—there are very few ugly women, I beg to remark—does somewhat unnerve me; and the sight of one, at once ugly, dirty, slatternly, and of repellent manners, makes me quake in my shoes. The woman I now saw before me was simply—Terrible. I was of half a mind to run away there and then; and I almost think I should have done so had she given me time. But she did not.

"Well, Sir!" she exclaimed, examining me mercilessly from head to foot, "what may be your pleasure? You want to see *me*, I suppose; and this stupid boy does not understand you. The male sex are so dull. I fear I shall have to hire a girl after all, though inferior employments are not fit for us. There!" she added, glancing at the shivering janitor, "get along with you! You're no use. I might just as well open the door myself."

Herewith she banged it to, and pointed to a room she meant me to enter. I waited for her to precede me; and I appeal to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, whether, considering her sex and mine, I was not right in my manners.

"Forward! Mr. Smalltalk!" she said, glancing at the super-scription on my card. "Forward! if you please. No ceremony, I beg. I suppose you are one of those men who think that the slavery of women can be perpetuated by maintaining outward signs of deference. But allow me to tell you, Sir, that the time for that sort of thing has gone by. We are no longer in the Middle Ages, and George III. has ceased to be King. Go in, and sit down and make yourself comfortable, without waiting to see whether I am sitting or standing; and be good enough to consider me, through the whole of our interview, as neither your inferior nor your superior, but, Mr. Smalltalk!"—and as she said this, she drew herself up to her full height, and, metaphorically speaking, overtopped me by several inches—"as your equal!"

I crouched down in a chair, and looked, I dare say, as crushed as I really felt. Perhaps she perceived my condition, and wished to put me more at my ease; for the next thing she said to me was:

"Do you smoke? If you do, light a cigar at once. Never mind me. I sometimes smoke myself."

I was about to protest against my smoking in the presence of a lady, but I checked myself in time; and assuring her that I would have availed myself of her kind permission had I wanted a cigar, I took courage to stammer her out the cause of my visit.

From that moment to the end of our interview, which seemed to me to last an interminable time, I never got in another word. She assumed that I was in favour of women having the franchise, but she was evidently of opinion that I required enlightening on several other points. I can only say that she did enlighten me most amazingly; but you would scarcely thank me for repeating the string of monstrosities that poured perpetually from her mouth.

"You are canvassing for the Conservative candidates," she said, at length returning to the subject of my visit. "I presume, therefore, they are in favour of the Female Suffrage. No one has, as yet, called on me from the other side, and, therefore, I conclude they are opposed to it."

I felt bound to explain that I could not answer for the opinions of the Conservative candidates on this particular point. I was only commissioned to solicit votes for them. This exposed me to a fresh lecture and a fresh torrent of eloquence, the upshot of which was that nobody should have her vote who did not agree with her in the matter—"and, indeed, Mr. Smalltalk, upon all matters."

How I got away from her I cannot distinctly remember; I only recollect nearly tumbling on my nose, in consequence of being tripped up by a hole in the carpet, and of all but losing my balance after slipping on a piece of orange-peel by the door-step, that had evidently been flung out of one of the windows. I did not secure her vote for my party, as you can well understand, and, whether or not I am a Person in the parliamentary sense of the word, I thank God, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that I am man enough to be highly gratified that I did not.

I do not love the Whigs and I abhor the Radicals, but the perpetual reign of King Log or King Stork, or a bad mixture of both, would be to me infinitely preferable to an outrage upon nature such as would transform women from the holy and useful thing they are, to what I will not trust myself to characterise. Shortly before the downfall of the Roman Empire, women, I believe, wrestled in the circus. I forbear from drawing a parallel or an augury, which must be only too apparent to every intelligent individual.

Always, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your faithful servant and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A PROPERTY which sheep and geese partake;
A liquid used our consonants to make.

Before the dazzling door she stood!
Her task accomplished; her reward she would—
So bends it gracefully to show she's good.

ANSWER TO TREBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

Canvass. Blarney. Return.

INCORRECT answers have been received from Dyrba Deyol, The Two Dearest Girls in Lichfield, Irish Christopher, and Slodger and Tiney, Charles Lewis, No Railway Monopoly, Charles Chivers and Johnny Rumbold, Pianissimo, Hampson, B. H. (Hampton Court), Pikehurst, jun., Four Romping Gazelles, Roanmcefidhtuvryphbfirsti, Charles Edward Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshay, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick and F. D.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 79.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE IMPERIAL MANIFESTO.

PEOPLE OF FRANCE!

Hushed and expectant, one hand to her listening ear, the other grasping her sword, stands Europe, waiting for the voice of France to speak. France speaks through her ruler, whom the People's voice raised to the throne, whom the People's arms still firmly support, whom the People's heart loves and reveres. War recoils, wearied with exhaustion, sick of her bloody work; while Peace, smiling, passes over the land, and heals the wounds which the sword had made. France wishes for peace, France is determined to have peace, and therefore France trains her million of soldiers, and forges her millions of arms; soldiers who are the sureties of peace, arms which are the sceptres of tranquillity.

Though thus peaceful and secure, France keeps her watchful eyes on the nations that surround her. Prussia, merging her identity in a united Germany, gathers under one rule the small States that surround her, till she presents a formidable phalanx of united peoples against the hosts of the invader. But France views this success of her neighbour with no jealous eye; the People's voice has ever been heard in France, and, as Liberty extends its beneficent sway, and spreads its golden wings gradually over the whole of Europe, the grateful thanksgivings of France mount up to heaven, the heartfelt blessing of France falls upon the liberated people! The silken cords of commerce replace the chains of slavery and the glistening links of an "*entente cordiale*" unite with France, the Mother of Freedom and of Liberal Government, the nations released from the desolating darkness of oppression. But the Ruler of France still remembers with sublime prudence the proneness of all human creatures to err, remembers that fair promises may bring forth evil fruit, and that greed of conquest, or lust of power, may turn the friendly neighbour into a fierce invader; and therefore is it that he provides his beloved People with an army of defence, not of attack—with cannons that ensure respect without exciting apprehension. Answering, once for all, the mischievous and malignant cavillings of those who would, by their angry clamour, deform the guarantee of peace into a menace of war, and would ascribe to the calm self-conscious purity of intention, which We have never lost, that crafty dissimulation which is the habit of their own corrupted hearts, We point with a just pride to those evidences of plenty and happy security which meet the eye at every step in France. Founded on the love of the People, and on the rock of order, sanctified by the holy odour of religion, the Third Empire dreads no traitor at home nor foe abroad.

While it needed the bloody field of Sadowa before the build-

ing of Prussia's power could commence, France, by a series of bloodless victories, has enlarged her frontiers to the widest limits that, even in her proudest time, they ever reached. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean guard her on three sides, while on the fourth the great success of our diplomatic efforts justifies us in the hope that the Rhine may soon be the only barrier between us and a free Germany.

Great ends are reached by costly means; and the vast improvements which have been carried out in every department of the State have necessitated the contraction of a loan on the part of the Government. Those who have the ruin of their country so much at heart that they shut their eyes to her prosperity, and imagine their hopes are realised, have commented with their usual venom on this fact. But they could not poison the hearts of our beloved People; and so eager were they to show their trust in their Ruler that nothing but two or three more loans could give any practical estimate of their generous confidence. When the time comes, France may rely that her Emperor will not forget the stores of wealth which she so nobly proffered him.

The advance of knowledge brings with it the advance of freedom. France sets an example which all nations might well follow. Blest with a beneficent and wise Government, which knows how to make the law respected and the law-giver loved, the People of France value useful restraints above dangerous license. Free they are in the highest sense of the term, because their freedom is protected by provisions which prevent its abuse by those who love revolution better than order. The attacks of licentious libellers, who hate the rod that corrects them, will never move us from our judicious firmness; but the just aspirations of those who would see some of the safeguards removed, with which confirmed tranquillity can dispense, shall ever receive from us the kind attention and gracious concessions which they deserve.

It is therefore with sincere pleasure that we announce to our beloved People that a fresh edict, extending still further the liberties of the Press, and giving to our civil and criminal code a still more popular aspect, will be shortly issued by us, in perfect confidence that the People of France value too much that liberty which our sway has assured to them, to abuse the trust which we thus place in them.

At peace with all her neighbours, happy in herself, seeking no aggrandisement and able to resist any encroachment from others, prosperous without and more prosperous within, France remains the admiration of all countries. Let other rulers cower before the shadow of Revolution which threatens them,—we are firmly enthroned in the hearts of a devoted nation.

NAPOLEON III., Emperor.

UNPACKING PACKINGTON.

SCENE—On the outskirts of Lord Harry's Cover. Sir John Packington is alone with his double-barrel and the remains of lunch. To him TOMAHAWK.

TOMAHAWK.—Good day, Sir John. Enjoyed your lunch?

SIR JOHN (from his elevated position on the top rail of a stile).—Who the dashil are you? Have you any preconceived conception of the personage to whom you are speaking?

TOM.—Tut-tut, man, there's nobody near to hear us, so don't talk so pompously or look so big, you know me well enough.

SIR JOHN (slightly pacified at the idea of looking big).—Confound you! What do you want here? Why don't you keep to your columns instead of coming into people's preserves?

TOM.—Well, I do like that! How long is it since you left the chair of quarter session for the pen of State for War, I should like to know?

SIR JOHN.—Gad! I believe you are presuming —

TOM.—No presumption, I assure you. I want a chat with you, and this seems a pleasant spot in the autumn sun. Pass the tippie and get off your high horse. By the way, how comes it that you are not down at Shoebury?

SIR JOHN.—Will you oblige me by not referring to things of which you are —

TOM.—Perfectly ignorant? Why, my dear Sir John, how can you give advice of that kind? You get on well enough as Secretary of State for War, and I should much like to know what you know about war?

SIR JOHN.—This is too much —

TOM.—Oh, Sir John! I fear it would be too little. But as you are so good as to be willing to impart some of your immense knowledge, will you be good enough to explain the Moncrieff Gun?

SIR JOHN.—The what, sir?

TOM.—The Moncrieff Gun—the greatest invention in modern warfare.

SIR JOHN.—You need scarcely continue, sir. The Secretary of State for War is probably aware of the invention.

TOM.—Now, don't be grumpy, but explain. You military men —. You are a military man, I believe, Sir John?

SIR JOHN (coughing).—Ah, yes—slightly so. Lieut.-Colonel of the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry.

TOM.—Exactly. Well, you military men have such a pull over us civilians in understanding things of this sort at a glance.

SIR JOHN (flattered).—I believe you are right. The fact is, I don't think much of this Moncrieff Gun, as they call it. Any-one might have invented it. It's simply the American rocking-chair with a heavy gun attached, the whole rocking in a pit, half-price. I don't see it myself.

TOM.—That's one advantage, Sir John. It's meant to be invisible.

SIR JOHN.—You see, if it is adopted, my work, which is now in the press, will be at a discount.

TOM.—Your work, Sir John?

SIR JOHN.—“On the Advantage of Breech-loading Fortifications as a Counterbalance to Rifle-plated Armour for Ships.”

TOM.—I don't quite catch the title; but it must be a great work. Is it a broadside?

SIR JOHN.—Not exactly. But I had hoped it would have fallen like a shell among the authorities at Woolwich. You see, it might have led to my appointment as Commander-in-Chief of Volunteers.

TOM.—But you don't explain the gun.

SIR JOHN.—Explain? (Aside.) I'll bet he does not know any more about guns than I do. I suppose he won't go till I do explain it.

TOM.—I think you said —

SIR JOHN.—Just so. The Moncrieff Gun, then, is a gun or engine of war, used for the discharge of ponderous weights by the explosive force of gunpowder; and this gun is the invention of an officer named Moncrieff. Confound it, I forget whether he is captain or major in the artillery or engineers, but I know he was in the Crimea, and am certain he was not left dead on the field. By means of a *culasse* adaptation of the existing tompions, a pivot is set working in its own axis, this releases the enormous machine, which recoils on itself; and, by the simple action of an ivory buffer, the gun is laid pointed and rammed home. On

the word “Fire,” No. 3 then takes soap and water, and, applying the lanyard to the capstan —

TOM.—Come, Sir John, you have got back to the Admiralty. “On the word ‘Fire,’ No. 3” —

SIR JOHN.—No. 3 comes to attention, the hammer comes down on the cap, and —

TOM.—And Moncrieff is himself again!

SIR JOHN.—Precisely. I hope that is lucid enough!

TOM.—Quite lucid enough for the public; they ought to be satisfied with the explanation as it comes from you. By the way, when are the volunteers to have the Henry?

SIR JOHN.—Why, you ignorant brute, the army has not got it yet. Now be off, or I'll fire.

TOM.—Fire away; I feel sure your wad went in before the powder!

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO LIBERAL COMMITTEES, REFORM LEAGUES, TOWN COUNCILS, AND ALL BURGHERS.

MESSRS. J. S. Mill, Goldwin Smith, Beales, Bradlaugh, and Co. beg to announce that they have opened their new Registry for Servants, at which persons, with first-rate characters, can be procured to serve in Parliament. Gentlemen of advanced opinions are invited to send in testimonials, specimens of their speeches and writings, and a brief confession of their disbelief. Forms may be had on application. Characters furnished to all such candidates on payment of small fees. Money advanced for expenses on most easy terms. Preference given to sound thorough-going Infidels, with Red Republican tendencies.

Messrs. Mill, G. Smith, and Co. respectfully invite the attention of all Liberal Committees, Town Councils, &c. to their fine assortment of candidates now on view. Can be sent on approval to any place in the United Kingdom. It is not often that such facilities are offered by a firm whose name is a perfect guarantee for the high quality of goods supplied. The disagreeable trouble and anxiety attached to any independent action avoided, and the painful necessity and worry of selecting from the number of candidates who may offer themselves is hereby avoided.

Address,

MESSRS. MILL, GOLDWIN SMITH, AND CO.

(Agents for Political Servants.)

Central Offices, Westminster.

Please to state the sort of candidate, also degree of Liberalism required. These can be indicated for convenience, thus:—A. signifies advanced; V. A. very advanced; O. O. out and outer. No moderates kept.

THE SOONER THE BETTER.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has made up his mind to return to America, and has issued a Farewell Address to his friends and the public. The document, which is dated from “Four Court, Marshalsea,” is in Mr. Train's own peculiarly happy style, and is spiced with a little more than the usual *soupcou* of blasphemy which characterizes his literary productions. “With my fingers on the jugular vein of England,” writes Mr. Train, with an oath, “I will never let go till America becomes America, and Ireland has an Irish flag over an Irish Republic from the — injustice of ages. Revenge is wild justice. Ireland shall be revenged. The payment of the Alabama claims and the release of the American citizens has already been balanced by the national insult to the Chinese ambassador because he happens to be an American.”

Mr. Train must be quite at the end of his resources when he has to fall back upon the Chinese ambassador as a *casus belli*. However, he has started an original grievance, which is something; and the sooner he sets out on his mission of annihilation the better. There is one little obstacle to his proceeding, we are sorry to hear, viz., a little matter of eleven hundred pounds due to a Limited Liability Company, which must be paid before he can get away from his present residence. Will not Mr. Train's friends, his enemies subscribe the amount? Nonentity as he is, it would be worth the money to clear him out of Europe.

ON GUARD.

OF all the military stations throughout the wide world where British soldiers are located, one would surely suppose that the hallowed precincts of "Head-Quarters" would be the pattern of convenience and perfection. Surely under the very nose of His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal [Commanding-in-Chief, the soldier must be properly looked after and cared for—especially as such a choice could entail but very little trouble upon the authorities; for the men of the Household Cavalry, who by twos disport themselves on the pavement of Parliament street, number but a paltry detachment of fourteen troopers at a time, and for the four-and-twenty hours that they are on duty at the Horse Guards do not look for or expect anything but the very simplest description of barrack accommodation. Such a luxury however as this is denied them. Our vigilant contemporary, the *Lancet*, ever ready to open up abuses of every description, has despatched its inspector on a visitation to the guard-room at the Horse Guards, and the result of his inspection is somewhat startling. "We passed along the dark corridor, with the glimmering of gas to replace the daylight we had left," says the *Lancet* commissioner, "until we groped our way into a wretched guard-room, with a miserable fire, and a few bare benches and tables, from which the remnants of dinner had been but just removed. Not a single comfort to be seen. The windows small and dark, and the place more conformable to the back kitchen of a pothouse than to a place where decent men, in a clean and splendid uniform, might be expected to abide. There were thirteen men on guard; two corporals being lodged in separate rooms—one in a solitary cell below, the other in a dirty and neglected room above, where, most erroneously, he is supposed to sleep. Ascending an open staircase, we reached a large and comfortless barrack-room, where several weary warriors were resting on their beds, encased in uniform, not, we may reasonably suppose, in expectation of being called to sudden duty, but simply because the day was cold, and a single gaslight did scant duty for a fire. Nor was their kitchen in a better state. Descending below the surface of the earth, we found ourselves beneath an ancient-looking crypt, reminding us strongly of cathedral vaults. Three coppers and a table constitute its furniture. All the food is boiled, and, to our astonishment, these fine guardsmen, like woodcocks, live by suction, although our Scotch conductor assured us that the soup was 'vera gude.' We were told that an oven had been promised several years ago; but, alas! it was an extravagance beyond the public means."

And this within a few yards of the apartment in which the Commander-in-Chief daily transacts the business of his office! How is it that the Duke of Cambridge, in his annual tour of inspection, which he so punctually performs, omits to walk round the building which is the centre of his duty? Is it not strange that curiosity, if nothing else, should not have impelled His Royal Highness to stroll into the little barrack which he contemplates as he sits in his own comfortable bureau? Do not inspections, like charity, begin at home? and are not the men of Her Majesty's Household Cavalry the soldiers, above all others, who might reasonably expect common attention to their wants and requirements?

We much fear that the Life Guardsman neither commands the respect nor even the sympathy of the general public. He is looked upon in private life as the Don Giovanni of the area steps, and in his public capacity as the very acme of military indolence; but this is no reason that he should be kennelled like a dog. In point of fact, the public judge him harshly. The Life Guardsman has his fair share of hard, not to say of dirty, work, and the hospital rolls of the three regiments of Household Cavalry prove that hanging about the damp streets of London on horseback and in full uniform is not uncondusive to rheumatism, and that chest diseases are very common, and, as a rule, commence in bad colds which owe their origin to the substitution of the cuirass for a great coat, the former article of apparel being an imposing but a somewhat draughty substitute for the warm wrap of the Line regiments. The *Lancet* has done good service in laying bare the Life Guardsman's grievance. Let us hope that the operation may prove successful.

A CRUISE THAT WE HOPE WILL NEVER FAIL.—The cruise of the "Galatea." [This is more to do with oil than butter.—ED. TOM.]

WHO'S FOR SPAIN?

JUAN PRIM has *scarted* his queen, but finds it impossible to turn up a king. The game has been going all his own way, but Spain wants a king! A kingdom for a king! As kings are not to be obtained like governesses, by applying at the Soho Bazaar between the hours of ten and four, the country of the Cid has no head to crown, and Bavioca neighs in vain for a royal rider.

The Emperor would not hear of such a thing as allowing the Duke of Montpensier to ascend that throne or any other.

The Duke of Edinburgh prefers ruling the waves in "*a more absolute throne*," as the *Sea-captain* has it, "*than Cæsar filled—his war-ship*." (The idea of calling Cæsar "his wor-ship."—ED.)

The King of the Belgians has been brought up peacefully, and likes to cultivate his Brussels sprouts without a lot of Spanish flies buzzing round his ears.

The King of Portugal will see Spain further.

Who, then, will appear to settle in that field of thistles which divinity hedges, and which at present is more like an empty pound than a national throne?

There's Plon-Plon—but then he is much more useful at present as a special diplomatist across the Alps than he could be on the other side of the Pyrenees. There's Peabody—but he is too great a philanthropist, and has property in Hungary. Austria might not like that. There's Sala (G. A.), who knows Madrid as well as he does Nijni Novgorod or San Francisco—but he has so many friends all over the Continent, in Jerusalem and Madagascar, that the balance of power would be upset. No, Sala is out of the question. There's Charles Lever—the very man! he has been educating himself and his readers for the highest diplomatic position attainable; he has become an average bore, and—No! he has too many cardinal virtues, and just now the cardinals are not quite so popular in Spain as they might be.

Who, then, is to be King of Spain? Echo answers "Payne!" Of course! as soon as the pantomime season is over, let the vacant throne be offered to old Payne, and just see how he will fill it. As well as most kings as far as appearance goes; and for business—well! we don't know any dummy answering to the name of king who can come near him for business.

Room for El Ré Zapateado! Payne for ever!!

THE BRIGHTON PROBLEM.

OLD Archimedes, engineer, of science picked a dull crumb: Said he, "I'd move the world with ease if you'd give me a fulcrum."

The problem all reversed, is found within the English Church, as
Good Chichester would give the world for power to move his Purchas.

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

"THE GREAT VANCE," as he is pleased to call himself, or to declare that other people call him, is going about the country, giving entertainments, and covering the walls of provincial towns with flaring portraits of his vulgar person, and flaring advertisements of his vulgar songs. However, as the French say, *les murailles sont le papier de la canaille*; and therefore that is all right, and exactly as it should be. But what we want to know is this. Is it true that "The Great Vance" is authorised to parade and recommend himself as, "Under the Distinguished Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales"? He says so, and prints it at the top of his bills. As, however, the Great Vance, in London at least, indulges, in his performances, in the very grossest double-entendres, we cannot believe it to be true. For the honour of the Head of English Society, we should much like this matter to be cleared up. We are quite sure that this wandering clown is taking an atrocious liberty with an illustrious name.

CONSOLATION FOR DOULTON.—More dolt tnan Knave, Eh?

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

It has just occurred to me that I have not yet offered any explanation of the heading I have chosen for these papers. Well, then, here it is. A Kaleidoscope is, as you know, a sort of a scientific toy, in which a few odds and ends of coloured glass, slate pencil, and hair-pins are, by the application of a simple principle in optics, converted into a gorgeous and pleasing hexagonal pattern. In a word, put a shirt button into a Kaleidoscope and it becomes a Cathedral window—you cannot take a better view of it. On this principle, then, it was my wish to look, as most Englishmen always do, at my native country—I hoped to take the best view of everything. I have, I own, made a bad beginning; but I am not disheartened yet, and mean to cling to my original determination as cheerfully as ever. I have granted that "British love of fair play" is a myth, but this, as the Mayor of West Duffington truly remarked, is but one weakness amid a thousand virtues. But to proceed. To-night I dine at "the Hall." Banks Johnson has got me an invite, and says everybody in the county will be there. I shall, therefore, still continue the subject of the "Characteristics of Englishmen," and will please call this reflection,

POLITICAL INTELLECT IN THE COUNTIES.

I shall have a fine opportunity of hearing the freely-expressed political convictions of some of the very first county men, and I can assure you I anticipate a rich intellectual feast. My note-book will accompany me, and I shall post this together with its contents at West Duffington on our way home after the dinner.

N.B.—We have just taken our seats at table. For the sake of precision and clearness, I shall subdivide my notes according to the courses, and begin with,

SOUP.

Nothing particular yet. I am next to a clergyman's wife. Other side of me Lord Something-or-other, I think, couldn't catch his name. Conversation reserved. One cannot expect men of intelligence to waste their words—over mere soup. Elderly gentleman opposite me but five on the other side has said something about Disraeli to Banks Johnson. Couldn't catch it.

FISH.

Sherry all round. Clergyman's wife begins to talk to military man on the other side of her. Sure it isn't politics. I venture a remark to Lord Something-or-other, and he says, "Yes, thanks," and takes the salt away from me. When *will* they begin to *talk*! Wish these asses of servants would pass round the hock; things might then get a little more lively. Somebody at the other end of the table (can't see who) says something about Bright. Can't catch it. Ah! here's the hock.

ENTREES.

Capital hock. Ask Lord Something-or-other what he thinks of Gladstone's last speech. Says he hasn't read it. I express surprise. He says he never reads any of Gladstone's speeches. I hint politely that it's odd, and ask what he thinks of the question of the day. He replies that "Padwick was a great fool to go into print." Don't follow him. Listen to conversation commencing generally all about me. Champagne. Clergyman's wife, fine woman. Dare say, now, she knows a good deal about politics. A good deal more than one would suppose, I'll be bound. Will try her. Talk about Irish Church. Does not say so in so many words, but decidedly hints that Gladstone is the—

ROASTS.

Find myself talking controversy. Champagne. Clergyman's wife a decided fool. Half a mind to tell her so. General and loud conversation all round the table, all about Disraeli and Gladstone. Can't catch anything. Somebody on the other side says *he* will take good care all *his* tenants vote *his* way of thinking. Important to find out *what* he is. Can't. More champagne. Capital wine—wonder where *what's-his-name* gets it! Ask Lord Thingammy. Doesn't know—I don't believe he's a Lord at all. Never could stand the aristocracy. Give him a bit of my mind, and say that Disraeli and his supporters are an "unprincipled crew." Says "Ah! yes," and

talks to somebody the other side of him. Call *him* a politician? Gammon! Military man says Bright's a snob, you know. Argue it out with him across clergyman's wife. Got the best of *that* anyhow.

SWEETS.

Somebody or other says the constitution is in danger. Somebody says it isn't. Everybody talks at once. Fine opportunity of getting general opinion. Take notes as fast as I can. Here come notes. Gladstone says he gets majority, Disraeli don't care twopence if never passed reform bill, if, old Palmerston was the man, Sir, not believe a word of it, Bright, stump oratory, and turn him out for Oxford, pretty piece of business put elections off, buy up *Times* and who's Odger, should like to know? 'Stablish Irish Church firm basis, can't be done, Sir, 'peal country—no argument, not gentlemanly, come now argument's argument, Gladstone's scoundrel, no—exceeding limits, that'll do—grace.

DESSERT.

No use taking general notes. Clergyman's wife says she doesn't understand Irish Church, but's a firm Tory all same. Good that. Like it. Give the idea to old Banky going home. Ladies rise; good riddance; now'll talk politics like one 'clock. Pass port—firs-ra-port—none of your Gladstone's claret. Gladstone no fnancier—eh? Twelve guineas a dozen—that's the stuff. Bet guinea talking politics down there: done. Told you so; old Banky says Dizzy's acrobat! What d'you say, Lord What's-your-name? Beg pardon—Lord—? Fellow's deal's a post. Military man thinks so too. 'Xchange cards. Tells a good story—firs-ra! Cap't'l f'low; 'stands politics too: says knows Dizzy: says not half bad flow when come t'know him. I'bieve him. What's use fighting 'bout Irish Church? What's use o'politics? What's use, that's what I want t'know—what's use?

Coming home. Can't go into matter very well now, but should say, on the whole, the Political Intellect in the counties stands low—that's reflection on spur of moment—b'lieve its sound all 'same. Good night. Old Banky's 'sleep.

THE NIGGER CONTROVERSY.

THOSE original Christy's Minstrels "who never perform out of London" must tremble in their shoes. The Christy's Coloured Comedians, who call themselves the "C.C.C.," because they are the only genuine minstrels in the world, must extinguish themselves without further delay, for the Royal and Original Christy's Minstrels (who, by the way, appear never to perform *in* London), have at length made good their pretension to be *the* Christy's Minstrels *par excellence*. The following advertisement, which appears in the *Times*, is evidently intended to entirely annihilate the rival companies:—

IMPORTANT.—The Royal and Original CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS (Proprietors, Messrs. Willson and Montague) appeared by special command before the Queen and Court, at Balmoral Castle, on Friday, October 16th last, on which occasion Her Majesty was graciously pleased to express to Mr. Montague, through Lord Charles Fitzroy, her unqualified satisfaction with the entire performance, and made a further selection at the termination of the lengthy programme of another plaintive song and chorus. The signal honour thus conferred upon Messrs. Willson and Montague (theirs being the only Company of Christy's Minstrels that have appeared before the Queen) induces them to adopt the Registered Title of Royal and Original Christy's Minstrels.

What a pity it is that the British public is incapable of judging for itself what is good and what is bad! At the present moment St. James's Hall is nightly crowded by enthusiastic audiences, who evince the keenest delight in the entertainment provided for them. But they are quite wrong. Those columns of contradictory advertisements from the three companies, each claiming the title of "The Genuine," which profited the newspapers, but sadly perplexed the public, are now no longer necessary. Her Majesty the Queen has come to the rescue, and has proclaimed the Royal and Original Christy's Minstrels to all the world as the only genuine and original article. What higher authority could we have?

MILITARY REFORM.

It appears to be now admitted on all hands that Mr. Disraeli, in his recent manifesto, made a little mistake in his account of the functions of the new Controller-in-Chief at the War Office.

This mistake was made on the well-known Johnsonian principle of "simple ignorance, Sir," yet there have not been wanting admiring Boswells in the Tory Press ready to declare that no mistake has been made at all, but that M. Leotard, still engaged in his favourite occupation of "educating" his party, had induced the Chancellor of the Exchequer and my other Lords of the Treasury to change their views and to accord to the Military Controller the control of military finance, so earnestly desired by the authorities at the Horse Guards.

Such, however, is not the case. The civilians at Whitehall and in Pall Mall know too well the history of civil control over army expenditure to let any modern party "education" touch a principle so intimately interwoven into our Constitution. Mountebanks may amuse and astonish by their agile *tours de force*, their rapid change of front, their daring manoeuvres, their amusing pretensions; but they seldom shine in old world knowledge, or in understanding the foundations or building up of the platform on which they are performing.

The history of civil control over military expenditure is very short and easily explained. From the earliest time, when Parliament permitted the existence of a standing army and voted the large aids or grants to the Crown to defray the cost of its maintenance, the Commons appointed their own commissioners to examine the accounts of the expenditure of the sums thus granted, and the audit of such accounts was duly reported to the House and earnestly debated therein when fresh grants were asked for. In the course of time, when the Commons found out their really absolute power in the appointment of the Ministers of the Crown, and discovered the King's Ministers were really their nominees, the House came to the conclusion that those Ministers might safely be entrusted with the audit on behalf of Parliament of the grants placed at the disposal of their several offices for the military services, and thus the examination of the accounts by the Parliamentary Commissioners merged into the offices of the Parliamentary Minister.

Under these circumstances, the blindest advocate of military financial control can scarcely fail to see what very dangerous ground he is venturing upon in endeavouring to bring the military element into predominance in the offices of the Ministry, thus acting as trustees, or auditors, for the House of Commons. We need not waste words on the noble Lord who has given notice that if he has a seat in the next Parliament he intends to move that all the civil clerks in the office of the Secretary of State for War should be replaced by soldier clerks. We will only suggest to him to get a return from the Horse Guards of the number of regiments who in their 1,000 rank and file can find a single man fit to take the position of copying clerk in the regimental orderly-room or regimental pay office, and a further return of the number of regimental clerks who are yearly confined for drunkenness. When he has got these returns, he will need no advice from TOMAHAWK to prevent his bringing forward his motion to man a Government office from that class of society. But we may perhaps usefully warn those who advocate military control in finance to beware how they lead the House of Commons to doubt whether military officers are in any way efficient trustees or commissioners of finance *on their behalf*, and if once this mistrust takes possession of the House the recoil against military influence of any sort in the civil administration of the army may prove so severe as to settle for a long time all question as to the *dual government* of the army.

At present, moderate measures have been decided upon. The Treasury letter of the 29th June last is a very remarkable paper. It is remarkable in one special feature, viz., that it goes out of the ordinary Treasury track of merely deciding upon a proposal submitted to that office, and approving it or refusing it. It originates a scheme quite different from that proposed to it, and as superior to the proposed scheme as the official experience of the civil officers of the Crown at the Treasury is to that of the newly created and, on this subject, inexperienced authorities in the control department at Pall Mall.

The Treasury letter enjoins emphatically the maintenance of a high civil financial officer in the War Office. It distinctly affirms the principle that in that office there must be a fit

representative of the original Parliamentary Commission, acting purely on behalf of the House of Commons. The hand that drafted that letter knew better than many recent Ministers the real relation between the House that voted the supplies and the office that administered and audited their expenditure. That letter, despite all the pretended improvements on it suggested by the half "educated" Tory Press, ought to be firmly adhered to by the constitutionalists on both sides of the House. The scheme laid down is the best, the soundest, and the most practical yet proposed, simply because it adheres closely to constitutional principles, and brings back the vagaries of recent changes to the old starting-point and original intentions of Parliament.

One word must be added against a ridiculous idea that has been promulgated in some suspicious quarters, namely, that the Treasury scheme contemplates the appointment, as chief financial officer, of some professional accountant—some certificated actuary—some financier of the modern school. Nothing of the sort is required for the duties of the chief financial officer at the War Office. He need not be a De Morgan, nor a Babbage, nor a Peto. He need no more be a City accountant, acquainted with book-keeping and double entry, than a Lord Chancellor need be competent to engross a deed. What is wanted is a man of good average abilities, not of too amiable or yielding a disposition, of some position in the social world, and of complete independence of military patronage. A man with these qualifications would admirably fill the situation sketched by the Treasury, and would do the State good service, provided one thing is honestly done, viz., that you give him a real position and real power to act. That is the true secret of the weakness of our financial control. Many excellent men are entrusted with the duties, none of them are entrusted with the *power* to enforce their views. Placed in inferior positions, all their abilities are frittered away in vain contests with the superior authorities, and they are left powerless and useless.

So long as the financial authority is tied and overwhelmed by military predominance, so long will it be powerless, and so long will our army accounts continue to exhibit the maximum of expenditure with the minimum of expense.

SCOTCHED; NOT KILLED.

THEY say that burnt children dread the fire; but grown-up people are evidently free from the influence of any such wholesome terror. The feats of Madame Rachel, and the fate of Mrs. Borrodale, are still fresh in the memory of the community; yet, if we are to believe in the law which makes supply and demand almost correlative terms, we are driven to the conclusion that part, at least, of the Jewish hag's trade may still be practised with profit. If not, what is the *raison d'être* of the following advertisement, which we cull from *The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper*?—

"TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND!"

MISS TALBOT, thirty years Lady's-maid in the highest circles of England, Paris, and Spain, will forward full directions in the new and beautiful art of Getting-up the FACE and EYES in the most brilliant style, with other Recipes for the Toilette, standing unrivalled. Thirty stamps. Address Miss E. F. TALBOT, Folkingham, Lincolnshire.

As though the recent loathsome *cause célèbre* had rather advanced than damaged the profession of the criminal, here we have the very phrases of her art, "Getting up the Face and Eyes," used once more, and thrust into notice by the aid of big and prominent type. Another advertisement, close to it, in the same *Lady's Newspaper*, offers "single curls, from 2s. to 30s. each, sent by post to any part, *secure from observation*." This last clause we suppose we must accept as an act of homage paid by vice to virtue. It clearly shows that those who cater to the degraded and degrading tastes of a certain portion of the female public, are aware that the latter are ashamed of their own infirmities. Another of the dirty trade announces that Enamelling is Superseded, by the Queen of Cosmetic, the Tapa Root, "which is now used by *all the Ladies of the Courts of Europe*." In the name of all that's clean, and pure, and womanly, cannot this thing end? Why don't the real ladies of England refuse to subscribe to the newspaper which makes a parade of being especially theirs, until such garbage as the above is refused admittance into its advertising sheets.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A GENTLEMAN advertises "Vegetable Hair, from Algiers." We have not seen the article; but, as we presume that, like other vegetables, it requires a somewhat moist soil, we can honestly recommend it to the notice of people who have got water on the brain.

THE roughs of London are about to present a testimonial to Sir Richard Mayne, as some slight acknowledgment of the manner in which he has assisted them in their violent efforts to get a living. We believe the testimonial will take the shape of a fool's-cap of beaten gold, with a hood to cover the eyes and protect the ears. The bells will be muzzled.

NOTHING so cruel or unjust has ever been said of the working men as has just been said by their friend, Mr. Mill. It is the deliberate judgment of the great philosopher that Mr. Bradlaugh (a coarse blasphemer) "represents the feelings and opinions of the working classes." On this point, surely, Mr. Mill cannot be said to represent the million.

POLITICAL blood seems to be like the waters, regularly on the boil at Bath. A local paper hints that the ill-feeling has grown to such a pitch, that the recorder had actually to sit between the two rival candidates in the Abbey Church the other day. Whether they came to actual blows or only indulged in disagreeable and irritating chaff at each other in a whisper, is not stated, but as the event came off in the corporation pew, perhaps after all it may turn out to be a mere mayor's nest.

MR. LABOUCHERE has been treating the electors of Windsor to some very facetious remarks about Colonel Gardiner, the Conservative candidate, comparing that gentleman "to a monkey on the top of an organ, with a red coat on, and a hole cut behind for his tail to go through." Whether Mr. Labouchere is preparing a burlesque for Christmas we do not know; but if he is he had better keep such wit as he has by him for that occasion. We know nothing about Colonel Gardiner, nor

do we support his candidature; but we do desire to see some regard paid to decency and courtesy by all speakers on whatever side of the question. Mr. Labouchere is a useful man in his way, but he should be the last person to provoke an "argumentum ad hominem." He has not yet succeeded to the family title. Let him keep such taunts till he is Lord Taunton.

WRONG IN THE MAYNE.

WE understand that the rate levied in the Metropolitan District (Sir R. Mayne's) for the police force is now raised to 6½d. in the pound, to which is added 2½d. in the pound from the Consolidated Fund, making the cost of the metropolitan police 9d. in the pound on the rateable value.

The rate for the City of London police force (over which Sir R. Mayne has no authority) has hitherto been 6d. in the pound, is now about to be reduced to 5d., and this is not supplemented by any aid from the Consolidated Fund.

The number of the force provided in the Metropolitan District for the larger rate is less than half that provided by the smaller rate in the city, in comparison to area.

Sir Richard will kindly explain.

THOROUGHLY AT SEE.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following correspondence:—

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Could anything be more unfortunate? Here, on the very eve of the elections, just, too, as I have thrown the last handful of dust into the eyes of all my beloved religious supporters, an Archbishopric becomes vacant. How am I to get out of it?

Say I give it to Samuel (of course, he hasn't a chance of it), why, I should have every Evangelical hound in England barking at my heels.

Take a man of the *Close* type (Heaven forbid!), and then I should lose all these Ritualistic fellows who are going in for rank Orangeism, with their heads (I made it for them), in a bag.

Then there's the third issue—Stanley, or some of his set. That would never do, would it? I should let slip every man Jack of Nos. 1 and 2 at once.

Can you assist me?

Yours ever,
B. DISRAELI.

DEAR DISRAELI,—Nothing could be more unfortunate. However, there is one way of getting out of your difficulty—Advertise. I have drawn up the following, and think it is the sort of thing you want.

Yours ever,
TOMAHAWK.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

ARCHBISHOP.—WANTED, to fill this desirable situation, a decent, willing, respectably-aged Man, who thoroughly understands his work. He must have married into a titled family, and possess no distinct views on any of the important questions of the day. He will be expected on all occasions, whether of a public or private character, when grave religious issues happen to be raised, to give an opinion of any sort whatever. He must be well-instructed in the art of self-mystification, and understand that peculiar use of the language better known as "Archbishop's English," which avoids the subject-matter in hand, and makes up for the omission in vague generalities. He is not required to be a good speaker, able theologian, or profound scholar; on the contrary, an indefinite, indistinct, and generally mediocre turn of mind may be considered an essential requisite from any applicant desirous of filling the post. He should be able to pour a good glass of port wine, give a good dinner, and move in the best society. Salary advantageous. Apply to B. D., Downing street, S.W.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Great thanks. I have tried, and am inundated with applications. How you would laugh were you to see the list of names!

Yours ever,
B. DISRAELI.

THE TOMAHAWK, November 7, 1868.



"NOT FOR JO" (HN STUART MILL),

OR,

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

MADLLE. MINNIE HAUCK.

ON Monday, the 26th, shone forth a new star in the operatic firmament. Madlle. Minnie Hauck made her first appearance before the British public in Bellini's *Sonnambula*; she came to us laden with good reports, and she received (as a new comer always will) an impartial hearing from her audience. It may be fairly chronicled that she achieved a success, and it may be added that she deserved, to a certain extent, her good fortune: her good qualities are her own, and her shortcomings should be laid to the door of others. Those to whom has been trusted the management of Madlle Hauck's career have done ill by their charge in bringing her forward so early; they should have allowed her to live out more of her childhood before calling upon her to appear before the world in a theatre, the size of which is unsuited to her means, and in an opera which must necessarily provoke comparisons between the *débutante* and so many other artists, past and present. We have no hesitation in asserting that a serious and lasting injury has been done to Madlle. Hauck's professional prospects by the precocious training which she has undergone. Her voice has already been unnaturally forced, and in her acting she appears to be doing what she has been taught, rather than to be following the impulse of her own intelligence. In certain tricks of vocalisation, and in portions of her by-play, she recalls the manner of Madlle. Patti, indicating (as we fancy is the case) that the instruction of both *prime donne* springs from the same source.

We have written the foregoing in bare justice to Madlle. Hauck, for she has a rare amount of intelligence, and she might have taken, and we trust may still take, a high position amongst artists. Her voice has but little sonority in the lower and middle registers, but her upper notes are bright, liquid, and are delivered, moreover, without any sort of effort. Her execution is, in some respects, very good, but it ought to be better, for the voice is facile, and to run up and down a scale should be nothing more to her than the signing of her name. In many portions of the opera Madlle. Hauck evinced much sensibility, and in the recitative which precedes the slow movement *Ah! non creda mirarti*, her singing was that of an artist. By the time that she reached the worthless *Rondo* which brings Bellini's otherwise lovely opera to an end, Madlle Hauck had arrived at the limit of her physical means, and failed to do herself justice. Before this time, however, she had done enough to enlist the sympathy of her audience and she was recalled with acclamations.

We would direct the young lady's attention to a fault which is gravely noticeable in her Italian pronunciation, namely, her singing of the closed vowel "e," she renders the words *care compagne* as though they were written *carei compagnei*. Than this no greater fault of pronunciation exists, and any real Italian will be driven out of his mind when he hears it. Madlle. Hauck's articulation and pronunciation are in other respects excellent.

It may seem that we are treating the new *prima donna* somewhat niggardly as to praise, or even encouragement. This is very far from our desire, and we shall watch the career of this promising and talented young lady with genuine interest; still we cannot overlook the fact that results, not processes, are for the world, and we regret that Madlle. Hauck should have appeared in England before years and experience have enabled her to do herself full justice.

Signor Mongini undertook the part of *Elvino*, and the beauty of his voice and the fervour of his singing induce us to forgive him many of his faults. There is one thing, by the way, for which we will not forgive him, and that is the alteration which he has thought fit to make in the first phrase of the duet *Prendi l'anel ti dono*. It is right that Signor Mongini should know that there are passages of Bellini's which neither he, nor any one else can change without destroying, and the phrase in question is one of them.

The general performance at Covent Garden is very good, and is a great boon to those whom choice or necessity has kept in town; but it seems at first, rather strange to see Signor Arditi mount the throne heretofore graced by Mr. Costa, as also to see Mr. Mapleson occupying the box which Mr. Gye reserves for himself!

ONE DECIDED HORN OF THE CHURCH'S DILEMMA.—The *Cornu-cope-ia*!

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By

JULES CANARD.

LETTER LAST (FOR THE PRESENT).—*Adieu to London. The Cause of Canard's Departure. The British Government and the Price of "Cat-is-meet." Anecdotes of the English People. Jones's Hat. A Sly Fruiterer. Madam Chose. Old Wives and Young Husbands. Canard's Song. Conclusion.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Nov. 1, 1868.

MY DEAR AND MUCH-RESPECTED REDACTEUR,

This is the last letter that you will receive from me for perhaps months—may be years. I am utterly depressed by the wretched climate of this miserable country—can no longer tolerate the brutal manners of its barbarous inhabitants. But I would have stayed at my post had the British Government permitted it. Yes, you should have had no reason to complain of him who now addresses you. Jules Canard is loyal. He may have his faults, but it is only when a Tyrant orders that he obeys. So the British Government is afraid of my pen!

It would seem so.

It is wrong to be positive, but then one must not be too confiding!

But there, I can explain the matter in a moment. I have been driven out of London, not by the military, not by the police, but by the Hunger! Yes, I can no longer buy food! I must starve, for "*cat-is-meet*" is now too dear for me. Who raised the price of this toothsome viand?

Was it the British Government? You must tell me: I am not good at riddles!

Then for the present I bid *perfidie Albion* farewell!

I shake the dust off my feet. I kiss my hand to the great "Lor-Mayor," bow a salute to the "Admiral-rows." Yes, in spite of the advice of my friends (who offered to carry me about in state on the 5th of November in recognition of my services), I leave London for the land of the brave and the free. I go to Paris! Joyful news! I see my friends—I kiss their cheeks. I press my Rédacteur to my heart and embrace him.

It appears to me that it will be happiness. Mr. — says "it is good to be happy!" Why does he not add "it is also happy to be good?" Do you know?

But there, I have done. Before closing this letter I give you a few social anecdotes which I have picked up here and there. If they amuse you, read them. If they do not—well, I leave that to you.

It hurts no one to go to sleep! Laudanum is not only used as a poison! At least so says Smith.

.

Brown and Jones were walking down Regent street. It began to rain. As fate would have it, neither of them possessed umbrellas. They entered a shop, but had to leave it. Shop people do not like to shelter men without umbrellas. So they walked on until they got wet to the skin. By and bye Brown began to smile.

"Why do you smile?" asked Jones.

"I was thinking, my good comrade," replied Brown, trying to look serious, "that this seems a bad time for hats!"

Jones wore a hat! Brown, on the contrary, had got on a cap. Was it not cruel? You would not have said this!

.

It is well understood that Madam Smith is fond of chesnuts. If all the world does not know this it is the world's fault, not Madam Smith's.

The other day this excellent lady was in Covent Garden Market. As one might have expected, she asked for some chesnuts.

"I have none," said a fruiterer.

Was the fruiterer speaking the truth?

.

Sir Tennyson has said, "Honesty is the best policy;" but

then everyone knows that Sir Tennyson is a philosopher. The other day Robinson was at a ball at Madam Chose's. It was a delightful evening. Good music, lovely women, an excellent supper. (Ah! who does not like an excellent supper?)

There was one drawback—the rooms were warm; rude people would have said they were *hot*! But then we are not rude people.

Madam Chose (who is very fond of diamonds) sailed up to Robinson, blazing with flashing gems, and covered from "top to toe" in her favourite jewels. He was not surprised. We are surprised at nothing in the Great World.

"You must let me get you a partner," said the hostess to her guest.

"I am a little fatigued," replied Robinson, with a deferential bow. "I have danced every dance, and have come into this conservatory to recover myself."

Now, the conservatory was cooler than the rooms. Is honesty always the best policy?

Woman is sometimes called lovely.

"How can I make myself look pretty?" said an old woman to her young husband.

"Can your toilette glass give you no information?"

It was cruel, but then old women should not marry young husbands!

And with this *piquante* little story I bring my First Series of letters on "London, its Manners and its People" to a close. It is not impossible that when the Season commences I may run over to this inhospitable country once more. I do not relish the idea. "Cat-is-meet" is toothsome, but grows monotonous. "*Toujours cat-is-meet*" is no better than "*Toujours perdrix*."

So now, "*Perfide Albion*," adieu! Adieu, miserable land of shopkeepers and mountebanks! Adieu, cold country of barbarous etiquette and still more barbarous joviality! Jules Canard is *en voyage*. As he leaves thee, O Albion the White-cliffed and the Perfidious, he sings thee a little song written in thine own barbarous tongue:

Good bye, good bye, old England dear,
Good bye, good bye, Ros-bif;
No more I drink the bittère bière—
I leave my "Cat-is-meet."

Till we see one another,

Receive the distinguished considerations of
JULES CANARD.

EPISCOPAL TRUSTEES.

"The connection of religion with the exercise of political authority is one of the main safeguards of the civilisation of man."—*Mr. Disraeli's Manifesto.*

WHILE the people of this country are debating in anticipation, and in fact in dictation, of the debates that are to occupy the coming Parliament relative to the advantages and the disadvantages of an Established Church, it is not an inappropriate moment to look up a few cases in which the peculiar blessings of the system of Church Establishments come out. The following is not a very recent case, but it admirably illustrates the care of their immediate flock—their families—which the present régime enables our bishops and patrons to exercise, and the extraordinary latitude which episcopal trustees feel entitled to take when dealing with the trust funds placed in their hands for the benefit of their Church and the advancement of their religion.

Some years ago an Act was passed transferring from the diocese of Lincoln to that of Oxford the "fat" living of Stoney Middleton, and the Act recited that the transfer was made to enable the bishop of the latter diocese to make better provision for the reward of long and meritorious service on the part of the curates under him.

Not long ago the living fell vacant, and many were the expectations and conjectures raised in the minds of numerous curates, with from fifteen to twenty-two years of good and faithful service, as to the aged Simeon to whom the promotion would be awarded. The number of candidates qualified by

longer service than Dr. Wilberforce had given when he was made a bishop was very great, so great indeed that the good bishop was quite perplexed as to whom to select—there were so many good and experienced men who might fairly look for advancement.

In this perplexity the Episcopal Trustee, unable to determine who was the most deserving priest in his diocese, decided to give it to the least deserving. Unwilling to promote the oldest priest, he made up his mind to promote the youngest, and as luck would have it, the youngest priest in his diocese happened to be his own son. To him, a priest of three months' standing, the father of his flock presented the living; and he is still a standing beacon of paternal affection, and of the probity and justice with which an Establishment bishop of the highest tendencies can establish his family through the admissible institution without which Mr. Disraeli tells us no good government can exist.

TAKING THE WIND OUT OF A SALE.

MESSRS. Christie and Manson will have the honour of selling, at their Auction Rooms, King street, St. James's, early in the ensuing month, the following choice collection of objects of Art and Vertu:—

A Spanish throne, unique; has been thoroughly cleaned and fumigated since the departure of the late occupant; *to be sold cheap.*

A rare specimen of the Salique law in Spanish; *very chaste.*

Pieces of the oath broken on the 3rd of December, picked up in Paris; *richly gilt.*

A Parisian button-hole without the Legion of Honour; *extremely scarce.*

A railway director's conscience; *the only specimen known.*

A portrait of William of Borrodaile; *proof before letters.*

Also several seats in the forthcoming election. Amateurs are informed that this is a splendid occasion for adding to their collections some of the rarest gems of modern or antique art. All will be sold without reserve.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ———.

THE following protest has been addressed to the Editor of a certain (American?) journal by the gentlemen on the staff. The example deserves to be followed, and we are sure that all those who have at heart the dignity and purity of the Press will applaud such a noble and unselfish step on the part of those who are too often accused of sacrificing their principles to their pockets:—

"To the Editor of the ———.

"SIR,—We, the undersigned, being members of the permanent staff or frequent contributors to your journal, beg most solemnly and earnestly to protest against the character of the advertisements which are permitted to appear in the columns of the ———. We have often before, singly and individually, remonstrated with you on the questionable policy, to say nothing of the morality, of affording facilities in one portion of your paper to those very quacks, impostors, and immoral persons whom we, at your invitation, have been vigorously denouncing in another portion. We have repeatedly endeavoured to impress you with a sense of the fact, which many of our contemporaries have forcibly urged, namely, that these traders on the folly and vice of mankind would be unable to pursue their infamous calling, were it not for the publicity which they are able to gain by the carelessness and want of principle on the part of some journals. As you, Sir, have ever boasted that your paper was devoted to the cause of true morality, we feel sure that you cannot wish to continue a practice which is calculated directly to injure public morality.

"But it is chiefly on the aspect of the question as it affects ourselves that we would wish now to dwell. There can be no doubt that advocating, as you do so consistently, those great liberal doctrines and principles which have made this nation what it is, and the support of which has added no little to the circulation of your journal, you must be anxious to have on your staff men of the highest integrity and the most scrupulous

honour. We would ask you to consider, Sir, how we can go on writing the most fervid denunciations of immorality while we know that our readers have only to turn over the page to find some advertisement, the object of which can be nothing else than immoral. What hypocrites we must appear to ourselves, and what a disgrace we must feel it to be that the large circulation, to the establishment of which our humble talents have contributed somewhat, is being employed as a means of disseminating the impudent lies of quacks or shameless communications between women and their paramours. It is impossible that any man of honour can receive money for diatribes written against vice, when he knows that part of that money is derived from those who minister, directly or indirectly, to vice. Now we humbly submit, is it fair on us to expose us to the obloquy of our brethren of the Press on account of an inconsistency the power of remedying which lies, Sir, with you alone? Men who have wives and families to support may be asked to sacrifice some of their prejudices on the altar of Mammon; but even in this age there is a point beyond which no one who deserves the name of man can be expected to go; and it would only be at the price of the utter loss of all self-respect and honour that we could continue to write for your journal, if you persist in admitting such advertisements as justly draw down upon you the animadversion and contempt of all decent and honourable men.

"We are encouraged to utter this somewhat bold remonstrance, seeing that after our contemporaries had frequently drawn your attention to certain advertisements in your journal, you, with a noble promptitude, excluded them, thereby proving that the admission of such objectionable matter arose, not from a sordid desire of gain, but from an unsuspicious nature and a frank carelessness, which, like the blemishes in old china, are testimonies to your worth.

"It is but a few days since two advertisements appeared in the columns of the ——— which were severely commented on by some other journals, and which too manifestly emanated from that class of women whose vices it has been our proud duty to expose and to chastise. Anxious as we are to continue in that course of severe and uncompromising morality which has ever distinguished the contributors to your journal, we feel sure that you will not mistake our purpose when we respectfully demand a solemn assurance on your part that such advertisements shall never appear again in your columns. To lash the follies and sins of youth, to swoop down with relentless ferocity on the young aristocrat who outsteps the bounds of propriety, to moralise over the body of some too confiding young female who has sought in death a solution of the problem of life, to guide our statesmen, and to play the mentor to our ministers—these and such like duties we shall ever be too proud to fulfil on your behalf, and in the widely circulated pages of the ——— but directly or indirectly to countenance any impropriety, much less immorality, is what we can never bring ourselves to do, and what as honest, conscientious writers you, gentlemen, will surely never ask of us.

"Hoping, then, that by a rigorous censorship of the advertisements submitted for insertion you will in future avoid any such scandal as that to which we have alluded, and so, hoping that with perfect honour we may be able to continue our relations with the ———,

"We remain, Sir,

"Your humble, obedient servants,

H. TWADDLE (Politics).

J. GUSHER (Social).

TOM ADAPTER (Drama).

A. ROYALTY (Music).

GIL. BRANDY-NEAT (Reporter).

STEEL MONEY-BAG (City).

TO SOME NORTH WARWICKSHIRE ELECTORS.

A WORD with you, you country sirs!
You've neither heart nor nouse.
What choke a *Temple*, coward curs!
Just try it on the *house*.

THE SONG OF THE STUMP.

Stump—stump—stump—
Through market-place, pothouse, and dirt;
Stump—stump—stump—
With a greasy mob fast to his skirt;
Having changed his coat to secure their vote,
Mr. Gladstone now changes his shirt.
And if he but ends as he does begin,
There is little doubt he will change his skin,
On the stump—stump—stump.

Stump—stump—stump—
Through Ormskirk, St. Helen's, and Newton,
Whilst after him shout a rabble rout
Of electors "Ain't he a cute 'un?"
Stump—stump—stump—
With the aid of rhetorical steam,
Till over his speeches we fall asleep,
And hear him stump in a dream;
Stump—stump—stump—
For ever upon our ear.
Alas! that principle's so cheap,
And office is so dear!
Stump—stump—stump.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

I ALWAYS think the Priest and Levite who passed by on the other side to make room for the amiable Samaritan, must have been staunch Ritualists. They had no time to give to such a trifling case as a brutal assault—when phylacteries had to be ordered and chasubles designed.

Besides, the Ritualistic Faith is candles and mummary, and they are justified by their faith and not their works.

"—Isabella,
With the gingham umbrella."

This must be a satire on Marfori; for the ex-Queen does not seem to put him down though the reign is over.

Take up any Ministerial paper in the morning and read the articles on Disraeli, and you will have a "real substitute for butter at breakfast."

An archbishopric is vacant. How many humble shepherds are praying the Lord of Misrule to give them strength to brave the perils of the See.

"Gush" is generally a sign of youth. There is no harm in the froth which first comes off a bottle of champagne, but sensible men allow it to escape before trying the wine.

Unqualified praise where there is a call for blame is worse than unmitigated censure: too much plum-pudding will hurt a child more than an overdose of rhubarb.

QUESTION FOR THE CLEVER.

Why is the *Rightful Heir* like Mr. Disraeli's Manifesto?
1st Prize.—One Penny.
2nd " —An Original Burlesque.
3rd " —Mr. Whalley.
4th " —Three Elephants.
5th " —Clerkship in the Savings' Bank Department, Post Office.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"When first I knew my darling first,"
 Thus ran my sister's song,
 "I deemed him but a dull old dog,
 But I was very wrong.
 I little knew the noble heart
 That beat beneath his shirt;
 I thought he cared not for us girls
 Because he would not flirt.

"But now I know him as he is,
 And who than him more dear?
 I love him. I could kiss him—Fred,
 I wish you would not sneer."
 "How bravely he has urged our cause!
 I ne'er could have believed."
 That he would prove my second, dear;
 "'Tis true—I know you're grieved."

"Oh Fred! you surely don't mean that?
 It is your envy speaks"—
 "Envy, my dear; you can't have read
 The *Times* for several weeks,
 Or else you must have seen that he"—
 I whispered in her ear—
 "What praise that nasty, horrid—Hem!
 Oh Fred, 'tis true, I fear!"

I.

Alone with all he loves most dearly,
 Yet no word he dares to speak.
 He should be warm; then why so chilling?
 The heart is strong—the tongue is weak.

2.

That quaint old chest, with iron bound!
 That quaint old chamber! not a sound,
 Save sweet soft breath from chaste lips stealing;
 Chaste, though by unchaste kiss soiled,
 Guilt by time shall yet be foiled;
 What though triumphs now his treason?
 Time shall teach thy husband reason;
 Oh then what bitter anguish feeling,
 Shall he his shamed cheek hide
 On the pure breast of his much wronged bride.

3.

I might have won—but then the game
 Was called by your seductive name;
 I never saw how Fortune smiled,
 My eyes *your* witching smiles beguiled.

4.

'Tis what we've always tried to be,
 And yet folks say we're no such thing;
 They're wrong! where true hearts truth would see,
 Their malice pictures treason's sting.

ANSWER TO TREBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

P er I
 E ar N
 N ec K.

ANSWERS have been received from Linda Princess, Jack Solved It, Cinderella, Kitty Broiler, Mr. and Mrs. P., Dobson, sen., Pretty Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, W. McD., Slochd-a-mhadaidh, M. P. N., Le Vienk Adolphe, 13 Bitter Ale Street, S. J. H., Henry George Elgie, Tommy and Joey, F. M., A Dundas, Alice A., Frances,

Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, Happy-tablishment of the Irish Church, Cabby on Strike, Nobody's Orphan, Lalla Rookh, Camden Starlings and the Members of the Camden Hunt, C. E. Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick, F. D., Isle of Rockaway, George Hayward, Charl s Robinson, The Broker, The Corporal, and The Bloomer (Liverpool), G. G. (Croydon), G. (Iver), Florence, The Malden Road Greyhound, Midas, Rataplan, Eugenie, Two Malvernites, The Prophet (Worcester), Christopher Tadpole, T. B. G. (Newbury), Alfred (Torquay), A Stanch Supporter of Mr. Gladstone, M. Stillman Walter (Birmingham), Henrietta (Greenwich), J. M'Gill (Brecon), B. Smallwood, Harry Gough, Louisa (Leamington), Blucher, Charles B. (Cheltenham), Two Chathamites, John and Annie, The Wendover Wonders, Samuel E. Thomas, Grant for Marylebone, The Belle of Scarborough, Bonnie Dundee, Young Snooks, Ned (Manchester), F. Thomas (Liverpool), Pretty Mary Ann, G. Smith, Thomas Evans, W. Young, J. Hyde George Sydney Russell Jackson, (Coleford), Castlebar Terrier, William O'Hara, O. Jumping Moses, The Rattling Skull and Cross-bones of Kensal Green, The Howling Maniac of Harrow and the Parson's Daughter, A Groan from the Cobden Statue (Camden Town), Pero Gomez Phil, A Snivvelerstringaomuesgwrohuv, Dominic for Dublin, Hip! Hip! Hurrah! for the Acrostic Solver, Ich Dien, Charles Livesay, A Cockney Hippophagists, Down with the Reform Leaguers, Patsy Philip on his Way through the Earth, Chronic Lunatic in St. Paul's Churchyard, Madame Rachel and Sweet Jeames, A Crooked Lane is Bad Luck, A Vacant Palace is to be Filled by Mrs. Gamp, W. Hall (Hammersmith), C. D. S., F. D. Lyell, Alfredus (Glasgow), Mouse (Ledbury, Herefordshire), F. M. T. (Croydon), Fiddle, Ned Bags, Diogenes (Dover).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR correspondence has of late become so weighty that it is just as well to administer a little mild snubbing. Some people seem to think that Editors of papers have nothing better to do than to receive the praise of — (well, never mind those who praise), the suggestions of fools, and the abuse of conceited and utterly incapable puppies. To our work then.

A CONSERVATIVE says that we are a disgrace to journalism. Send *real* name and address and we shall be happy to teach you how to deal with a gentleman.

AN ADMIRER OF THE TOMAHAWK.—Keep your admiration to yourself. Thanks for the advice—we have no need of it.

TRUE BLUE.—You are vulgar, abusive, and a fool. You spell badly, and your grammar would disgrace a washerwoman. *Now* are you satisfied?

A HATER OF HUMBUG.—You admire us? *Eh bien, apres?*

SOME FELLOW LIVING IN WARDOUR STREET (!).—So you want to forgive us? *Don't!*

THE TYRANT OF TURNHAM.—If your parents, or the people who are unfortunate enough to be your legal guardians, would charge you sixpence for every sheet of note-paper you used, you would think twice before you sent us ten sides of what you call "advice." We are not at all proud of your admiration; quite the contrary.

ISABELLA WHITING.—You are "a lady," we presume; not a woman, we hope.

OLD TORY.—If our paper makes you sick, why do you read it. You may send the "pickles" without the rod, if you like. We prefer West India.

GEORGE ARTHUR GROGGINS.—Oh you precious fool!

JERUSALEM (Islington).—We send you back your poem, spelling corrected. We shan't charge anything this time.

GERTRUDE, LUCY, &c., &c.—No. The author of Jules Canard is married. Better luck next time.

THE REST OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS WHO PRAISE US.—Rest and be thankful.

THE REMAINDER WHO HATE US.—*Miserable* fools!

There!

(ED. TOMAHAWK.)

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 80.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHERE WILL HE STOP?

OUR friend, Sir Richard Mayne, has, we are informed, become jealous of the name which M. Haussman, the Prefect of the Seine, has obtained for innovations, and is consequently determined that his reign in Scotland Yard shall be marked by a series of acts which shall be henceforth remembered as the Code Mayne. Not being quite certain, after his little repulse in Hyde Park, when the mob returned railing for railing, as to how such an arbitrary proceeding might succeed, he began with the now famous muzzle law, and, extremely pleased at the abject reception of the same, followed it up with the grand conception which is now notorious as the Hoop Arrestation Act. Sir Richard is now drawing up a list of nuisances which he has determined to put down, and, as usual, "from information we have received," we are enabled to present our readers with details of his intention.

1. Whereas it is a notorious fact that horses have been known to kick persons with great violence, and whereas Sir Richard himself had his eye nearly put out by the whisk of a pony's tail, this is to give notice that the police will have power to seize and hamstring any horse, pony, or mule appearing in the public streets without its feet being hobbled and its tail cut off at the root.
2. Also, it having come to his knowledge that many unprincipled women conceal hoops in or upon their crinolines, this is to authorise the police to seize any and all such offenders, and appropriate the hoops thus discovered on the spot.
3. And whereas it is absolutely certain that the present style of hat worn by men is incommodious, ugly, and unmeaning, the police have orders to bonnet any person or persons wearing such hats, or knock off the objectionable head-piece for their own use or profit.
4. Great complaints having been made regarding the abuse of vehicles known as perambulators, this is to give notice that the members of the police force have orders to sit upon all babies taking exercise in such vehicles. Any mothers or nurses interfering will be deposited in the nearest police station till they are called for, and the expenses of their keep defrayed by the owners.
5. Mrs. Mayne having complained lately of the noise made by cabs and omnibuses through the streets of the metropolis, Sir Richard further enacts that any such public carriage appearing in the thoroughfares of London unless at the time used by himself or the force, will be seized, broken up for firewood, and burnt in the different stations belonging to Sir Richard Mayne.
6. Also, whereas a scurrilous paper, called the TOMAHAWK, has dared to criticise the acts of us, the lawful Dictator, attaching ridicule to our name, be it enacted that any person or persons purchasing such paper, or taken in the act of reading such scandalous publication, shall be tattooed at once by the nearest superintendent, and made amenable to the force in a fine of five pounds.
7. It having come to the prominent ears of Sir Richard that Buckingham Palace is at present without an occupant, he has thought good to take up his residence within its

walls until such time as he, in his good pleasure, shall think fit.

8. All volunteers arrested in uniform will be retained until further orders as a guard of honour at the palace.

Given by us,

RICHARD MAYNE,
At our Palace of Scotland Yard.

UTRUM HORUM MAVIS, ACCIPE.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been brought to book by the *Times* for a singularly inaccurate anecdote, by which the great critic Bentley was made to say that there was no better exercise than to turn a page of Gibbon into English. Perhaps the writer meant *Bentley's Miscellany*. However, it does not much matter. The *Pall Mall* retorts with slight asperity: "We hope the time may come when the *Pall Mall* will be always accurate in anecdote and the *Times* will always write politics on principle." This is rather hard on Jupiter senior, who has always acted on one principle, and that the simplest, if not the purest of all—self-interest. But there is no denying that the *Pall Mall* is very carelessly edited. On Friday, October 30th, it published in its summary of news the following appalling fact:—

"An accident has happened to Mr. Barry Sullivan. While acting * * * on Tuesday night, Mr. Sullivan set his right foot down a stage slip; the consequence was that he sprained his ankle."

Now, we are very sorry to hear that Mr. Barry Sullivan sprained his ankle, but of what possible interest can the fact be to anyone but Mr. Barry Sullivan's friends, and a small theatrical circle in which his name, no doubt, stands high?

That a very moderate actor of some colonial and provincial reputation can claim to be a person of such importance as to require the world to be informed whenever he meets with any slight accident, is a supposition more flattering to Mr. Barry Sullivan's vanity than to the importance of the world. We shall next see an announcement in the *Times* that "Mr. John Buggins, the talented grocer of Duffington-cum-wold, cut his finger when at breakfast on Monday morning last." The *Pall Mall* seems to have been conscious that the paragraph wanted a little excuse for its admission; accordingly, in the next number, we read amongst "This Evening's News:—"

"With regard to the accident to Mr. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, reported yesterday, we are informed that, although Mr. Sullivan will have to keep his bed for some time, there is reason to hope that he has sustained no permanent injury."

This is rather baffling. Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the greatest of our young English composers, is not the same person as Mr. Barry Sullivan the actor; and it is rather hard that his very numerous admirers should be agitated by a report of his being confined to his bed by an accident, which accident was nothing more nor less than an oversight of the Editor of the *Pall Mall*. We hope that if this mistake has put Mr. Arthur Sullivan out of temper, it has not put him out of tune.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—I could not muster courage to write to you last week, and now that I take up my pen to inform you how I fared in my further canvass of the ladies, you must really excuse me if I make this my last letter on the subject. It is only the reflection that, were I altogether silent, you might accuse me of no longer reposing confidence in you, that induces me to write these few farewell words of painful confession.

To make a long matter short, I am threatened with two distinct actions, for—what do you think? I defy any man to guess. I could sooner make out fifty of your most perplexing acrostics than you could divine the matter that has entangled me in the meshes of the law. I am not accused of treating, of bribery, of intimidation. No; it is none of these with which I am charged. Will you believe it? The upshot of my canvassing the ladies of my district in the Conservative interest is, that I have to defend a couple of actions for—Breach of Promise of Marriage!

I vow to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, I am as innocent as a babe unborn. I have done nothing, said nothing, looked nothing, to justify this fearful visitation. It is a plot—a plant, a wicked conspiracy—that, and nothing more! Were I not too sadly acquainted with the innate cruelty of the female heart, I should attribute my misfortune to those vile Liberals having sprung a mine on me. Yet why should the latter owe me a grudge? You know how ill I fared in my canvass, and that I have not robbed them of a single vote. No, no; I fear this nefarious plot is wholly due to feminine machinations. Yet, after all, is it not one and the same thing, for was not Eve the first Radical?

Why am I to be persecuted thus? One of my pursuers is a widow of faded charms, though the other, I will own, is a most bewitching little jade. Yet neither of them, I swear to you, did I give to suppose that I entertained in their regard the most distant idea of matrimony. I remember a mighty deal of coquetry on their part; my being asked by them to return, and to return once more, and even yet again, and argue the matter out with them; nor will I deny that I was closeted with each of them on several occasions, and for no short length of time. But I declare I talked politics the whole visit, though the widow has the impudence to declare that I never even so much as mentioned them. She even goes so far as to say that I asked her to be ever at my side, and that I promised to conduct her to the altar; whereas, the very nearest approach to anything of the kind that I can recall, is a request that she would vote on my side—a very different matter, as you will perceive—and a pledge that I would myself see her safely to the polling-booth when the time came for voting. As for the other little minx, she has the audacity to say that I took her hand in mine and warmly fondled it. Why does she not say at once that I took her on my knee? I did nothing of the kind, Mr. TOMAHAWK, though I own I should much like to do so now, though more with the object of paying her certain paternal attentions, occasionally extended to the young by indignant papas, than of showing her any that could possibly be construed into avowals of love. And whilst I am on the subject, why should I not make a clean breast of it? Why should I hide her most unbecoming forwardness, when she charges me most falsely with liberties I never took? It was she, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that seized my hand, and not I hers. She affected to do it in the heat of argument—I saw her, the designing young monkey—as though it were the most natural thing in the world; and how could I, now I put it to you, how could I encounter her would-be innocent familiarity with an unmanly rebuff? I have already said to you *homo sum*, and so I am. I thought her conduct forward, but I should not be honest if I did not confess that it was not altogether disagreeable to me. And then, think of my years and of hers! It is monstrous, atrocious, “infamous and odious,” as Mr. Bright says of the minority clause. And then, to crown all, this unprincipled young creature, whom I went on purpose to convert to sound Christian views and to a proper conception of the utility of the Protestant Establishment, says that I talked of nothing but Church the whole time! And so, too, says the widow. She declares that, in every visit I made, I did nothing but urge upon her the happy union of her and me according to the authorised and beautiful services of our beloved Church. This is what comes of canvassing for Mr. Disraeli and the support of our Protestant Institutions.

Will nothing protect me? Are my long years of celibacy and my blameless life to go for nothing? I can call a whole host of witnesses to character, and I trust that you will allow my previous communications to you to be put in, to show my real sentiments on the subject of matrimony. Yet who can hope to outswear a resolute woman? Besides, there is a maiden aunt ready to take her Bible oath that she saw me, through the key-hole, seated with her niece for full ten minutes, her hand tightly clasped in mine. This is true enough; but I have already given you a complete explanation of that ambiguous attitude.

I have laid the foregoing particulars before our local Conservative Committee, at whose urgent request I undertook the arduous office which has cost me so dear, and have given them to understand that I shall expect them to defend both actions for me, and if I am cast in damages that they will pay them. Will you believe it? They flatly refuse to do anything of the kind; saying, that it would be different if I had been more successful in my canvass, but that as I have not obtained them a single distinct female promise, I have no claim upon them whatsoever. Think of the ingratitude of Party! One insolent young sprig had the face to add that I might well have been so unsuccessful in obtaining votes, seeing the pretty pranks I had been up to. There was a Brutus for you! I am too indignant to write more.

Will you take up my cause, or at least put down these political pretensions in favour of the women? One thing at least is clear, that if women are to be canvassed, women must canvass them. No man is safe. If I am not, I should like to know who is? It strikes me that Mr. Mill is a deeper and shrewder philosopher than I previously gave him credit for. He is all for giving women the franchise; but—note this!—*he refuses to canvass them*. I know he professes to object to canvassing altogether; but I think I have now discovered his real reason. He is afraid of actions for breaches of promise from his pet clients! Would that I had been as wise. Let all canvassers take warning by my miserable example.

From, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your faithfully but much troubled friend and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

P.S.—Do you think I should mend matters by marrying the girl and defying the widow? I should thus get rid of one action. And I confess the young creature's hand *was* very warm and soft, and that sort of thing, and her manner remarkably engaging. Give me your advice; and be pleased to regard this postscript as *private and confidential*, as in case I did not marry her, it *might be used against me* at the trial.

WATTS FOR JO.

How can dear little Fanny J . . .
Improve her Holborn nights,
If only Honey gets the play
And only Byron writes!

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

“A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet.” Practically I fear this is not the case—call it garlic and try.

..

The late enameller to the ladies of Europe has arrived at the honour of being made a Guy of this 5th of November. This is the law of retaliation—though she made fools as well as guys of her clients.

..

An undertaker informed me the other day that he was very particular about the uniform appearance of his mutes. “He liked cemetery in all his arrangements.”

..

When grief comes to an honest man he shows a clean balance-sheet. When a scamp comes to grief he shows a clean pair of heels.

ON TRIAL.

A FEW FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours at an early hour this morning. A good deal of feeling was manifested in that portion of the room set apart for the public, as the enquiry proceeded, but order was, on the whole, efficiently preserved by the Chairman. The first witness being summoned—he said:—I am what is called a Free and Independent voter. I have just been stuck down on to the list under the new Act. I calls that having a voice in the country. I means to use that "voice" too, unless somebody will come down with a five-pun-note for it. No, I should not mind parting with my voice for money. If I sells it, it's my business, ain't it? (*The Chairman here reminded the witness that he had not been summoned to elicit, but to give evidence.*) Well, I wouldnt mind coming down to three-pun-ten, if things wosnt as brisk as they ought to be. By "brisk as they ought to be," I means what I means, and that is lots of agents and plenty of tin about. Would sooner sell my voice to the Radicals, only they don't pay so well as the other parties. Wish I could take my five-pun-note from one lot, and give my voice to the tother—yes, that's why I'm for the ballot. I likes the Radicals becoss they knows what they're after. I have'nt no fixed opinions though, and don't mean to have any, being guided in politics by the commercial value of my voice. If you presses me I can give you the leading points like a free and independent voter ought—Buckingham palace, Windsor castle, and such like places ought to be turned into publics and open all day long on Sundays. There should'nt be no taxes, nor nob's carriages in Hyde park, nor clubs where peers and marquises has their gin and water on the sly, nor 'Ouses of Lords, nor running down of working-men, nor country swells, nor beer over a penny a quart, nor pleecemen, nor kings, Emperors and such like, nor rising of butchers' meat, nor aristocracy in Parliament, nor hanging for murder, nor duties on baccar, nor parsons—in fact, no gammon at all. Yes, though that's my ideas in the rough, I should be glad of a 'andsome offer for my voice. If nothing turns up before the 'lection I shall come the free and independent voter strong. I shall vote with my party, that is to say, with the party that goes in for the most cabs and beer. I hope to have a good spree at the polling shop and knock in a few heads as votes opposite. Mean to heave a brickbat at both of the candidates, 'cos I think it does them good. Hope, however, to sell my voice first, which I will do now at a milder figger. That's what I call free and independent votin'. (*The witness was here ordered to stand down.*)

The next witness being called, said:—I have also a vote under the new Act, but it is of no use to me whatever. I am a tenant of Lord Muzzleborough's. His lordship's agents come and tell me which way I am to vote, and I have to do it. The family is a Tory one, and my views are all for Gladstone and Bright, but that doesn't matter. Of course, it is stifling one's conscience to have to vote against it, and degrades a man to himself, his family, and his friends, but his lordship doesn't care five farthings about that. He sends the notice round, and if we don't poll for his man out we go the first quarter-day he can touch us. I call it rankest bribery. The reason I call it rankest bribery is because he makes your vote the price of the continuance of your tenancy. I should call it worse than a bribe, because a man needn't take that, which is a positive gain to him, while on his lordship's estate you get nothing for your vote, but ruin if you act like an honest man. No, this sort of thing is not new. I could name several places in England where it is being openly carried out at the present moment. I, and many like me, would rather have no vote at all. I think it is better to be without the franchise than to have its conscientious exercise made the price of your ruin. When I do give my vote I do it with my head hanging like a broken man, for I feel myself a sneak. The roof I sleep under, the ground I dig, and the bread I give my wife and children are all the wages of my disgrace and humiliation. It ought to be stopped—somehow.

[*Our parcel left here.*]

LEMON-ADE (NOT SPARKLING).—Mr. Mark Lemon's professional assistants at St. George's Hall.

TO A MODERN MESSALINA.

THE gloss is fading from your hair,
The glamour from your brow;
The light your eyes were wont to wear
Attracts no gazer now.
O'er sunny forehead, smiling lips,
And cheeks of rosy roundness, slips
A cruel, premature eclipse,
Time should not yet allow.

I think of one whose homestead lies
A stone's throw from your own,
Who, spite the sorrow in her eyes,
Hath but more comely grown;
Who, robbed whilst scarce a four years' bride,
Of him, her husband, joy and pride,
Whilst yours still labours at your side,
Is lovely, though alone.

For know, 'tis not from loss of state,
Nor e'en from loved one's death,
Nor any stroke of Time or Fate
That true Grace suffereth;
That Virtue hath a secret charm,
Age cannot wither, sorrow harm,
Which keepeth even Beauty warm
After surcease of breath.

Know, furthermore, that wants debased,
Void restlessness in crime,
Have almost wholly now defaced
What had been spared by Time;
That, soul shut in, while sense ajar,
Joys which, not mending Nature, mar,
Entered, and left you what you are—
A Ruin—ere your prime!

TO A VERY VENERABLE ARCHDEACON.

A PROCLAMATION,

By TOMAHAWK, *Corrector-in-Chief of Shams and Abuses.*

WHEREAS, Mr. Archdeacon, you did heretofore publish a *Book of Sermons*, wherein were divers statements well worthy to be written by any faithful Roman Catholic Teacher.

AND WHEREAS you did declare that you were anxious that the orthodoxy of the same should be tried in the Courts of the Church of England.

AND WHEREAS the said Courts did adjudge the said statements to be not orthodox.

AND WHEREAS you did appeal against such judgment, and did plead that the said proceedings were not commenced until fourteen days after the expiration of the period allowed by law, whereas your own able contentions had caused such delay.

AND WHEREAS it is on record that you have been recently challenged by a body of English Churchmen to republish the said statements, and to have your fitness to remain a paid dignitary of the Church of England tried on the merits.

NOW TAKE NOTICE that, unless you consent to take measures to have the question fairly tried, you are forbidden by US, in our capacity of Corrector-General of Shams, ever again to declare yourself to be anything else than a heretic, UNDER PENALTY of being exhibited as an illustration in our gallery of the blessings of the establishment.

Given in our Wigwam in the Strand this 9th day of November, 1868.

RE-PUBLICANISM.—The réform of the licensing system.
WHAT (W) RITUALISM GENERALLY LEADS TO.—Execution.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.

KCANAMLA KIVAHAMOT
ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
Price Threepence.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heath) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. BRIGHT is going to publish an illuminated History of England, which will throw Mr. Hume's, Lord Mahon's, and all other Tory productions into the shade.

THE *Field of the Cloth of Gold* evidently has made a great impression on His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. He could not even get out of Plymouth Harbour without *Strand-ing* his ship.

NOBODY can say that the representation of minorities is not carried out to perfection in America. General Butler has been returned to Congress, and we question very much whether the minority of scoundrelism could find a more representative man. Mr. Morrissey, ex-pugilist, has been re-elected. We suppose he is known in the House as "the Fancy man." His opponent was George Train, of insolvent notoriety, which may account, in some measure, for his easy victory.

POOR Odgers, the working-class candidate for Chelsea, had the simplicity to suppose that such thorough-going Radicals as Mr. Peter Taylor, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Hughes would prefer him to a baronet! Unsophisticated soul! Their decision in favour of Sir Henry Hoare, Bart., ought to undeceive him. When will he and his fellow-workmen learn that the Liberals require monkeys to pull the chestnuts out of the political fire for them? A Conservative working-man may possibly be a curiosity; but a Radical swell is a sheer imposture.

POLLAKY'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

POLLAKY, the Benefactor of Mysterious Mankind, is evidently under the impression that he is not so well known as he deserves to be. He is consequently publishing in the daily papers condensed romances, which will make hum-drum prozers shudder, and suggest whole plots to the mind of a Boucicault or a Byron. One day we have the startling incident of an elderly nobleman of the British type, with projecting teeth and fair whiskers, running off with a young French lady of engaging exterior: another day brings us intelligence of a heart-rending occurrence on the Rhine, a young lady who plunges into the river from the deck of a steamer—we are left in suspense as to whether she is picked up or remains with the Loreley. What an admirable idea this would be for obtaining stories for a Christmas Annual. Advertise for parties who witnessed such and such fancy circumstances, and immediately you would receive dozens of letters from individuals who imagined they had been witnesses to the acts described. For instance, we insert the following advertisement:

SWALLOWS.—Any lady or gentleman who was present at the Charing-cross Terminus, when a Spanish-looking volunteer, of Herculean mould, swallowed a small black and tan carpet-bag, will be rendering great service to the heartbroken advertisers by forwarding his or her name to Rollicky, Colney-Hatch.

Two days after, a shoal of letters arrives from persons of both sexes who have been witnesses to different acts of deglutition at various railway stations in London. Though, of course, not one has any reference to the absolute fact of a volunteer swallowing a carpet-bag, all detail something more or less curious; and, putting the ideas together, would, in the hands of experienced writers, make very good sensation.

After this hint, if Pollaky brings out an Annual, he will be expected to leave a copy at our office, with the half of any profits in the sale thereof; and should he supply Mr. Dion Reade or Mr. Charles Boucicault with the ingredients of an original drama, perhaps he will let us know at his earliest convenience.

DISORGANISED HYPOCRISY.

A NUMBER of Radical candidates have been endeavouring to work upon the feelings of honest men who are dead to the stale cries of party, by assuring them that Radicalism and Purity of election are synonymous. No one has tried to play this card more boldly than Mr. Thomas Hughes, the present member for Lambeth. Finding that he cannot make head in that constituency against two brother Radicals with longer purses than his own, and not at all minded to be a martyr to his principles, he seeks refuge in a less expensive quarter. Forthwith a Mr. Littler, also a Radical, comes forward at Lambeth to supply his place, and offers himself as a candidate "on Mr. Hughes's principles" of purity of election, no paid agents, no canvassers, no public-house influence, and so on. Under these circumstances what does Mr. Hughes do? Why, he writes to the electors of Lambeth, begging them not to divide the Radical party by voting for Mr. Littler, but to give all their votes to the two Radicals before whom he himself has had to retire because they do the very things he denounces! His reason for this fast and loose behaviour is, that he does not want "Lambeth to be disgraced by a Conservative member!" Lambeth, that returned Mr. Roupell and Mr. Doulton, and will no longer return Mr. Hughes, because he cannot afford to imitate their precious example. If this be not hypocrisy, what is? And Mr. Bouverie's famous "Rabble" seems to be doing the same sort of thing all the country over. But hypocrisy is no better for being disorganised. Indeed, it is rather worse, if possible, for it is more sure of being found out. In fact, we are driven to put this question—"Is there a single politician who has a shred of character left?" Some of them may be desperately wronged; but there is not one of them that may not be convicted on their neighbour's testimony, or—their own. Mr. Hughes clearly comes in the latter category.

A FREE GRANT.—The President (elect) of the United States.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION



WITH THE COURT.

WHICH W
THE LONDON



WITHOUT THE COURT.

ALL IT BE?
OR,
SEASON, 1868-9.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

LUCRE AND LUCREZIA.

SCENE.—Outside the Holborn Theatre after the performance. The author of the play, the author of the burlesque, the author—in fact Mr. H. J. BYRON is setting his face homeward.

TOMAHAWK (taking his arm).—Don't be alarmed, Mr. Byron, there is no violence intended.

BYRON.—Violins! You are not in the orchestra, are you?

TOM.—Come, you know me well enough; and I have a few words to say for you to sleep on.

BYRON.—In that case (pillow case) don't let them be hard words.

TOM.—A truce to puns. I have been to see *Lucrezia*.

BYRON.—Ah! and you found *Lucrezia* bored yer.

TOM (aghast).—Bor—oh! ah! If you continue you shall have Blow for Blow.

BYRON.—No, no, anything but that. What have you got to say?

TOM.—First of all, Do you suppose that such a piece as the burlesque of *Lucrezia* can do any good to yourself?

BYRON.—Do I suppose? Why, it's paid for.

TOM.—So as long as you get paid you don't mind what rubbish, unmitigated rubbish you put your name to?

BYRON.—Come, don't be abusive. Do you mean to say you didn't laugh once?

TOM.—Laugh! Did any one laugh? What was there to make the weakest idiot laugh? Is it funny to keep referring to the names of medicines from the beginning of the first scene to the end of the last? Is it funny to dress up a man with a bass voice in woman's clothes?

BYRON.—Funny! Well! if Honey—

TOM.—Cease, vain jester! Is it laughable to introduce the same young ladies, wearing the identical dresses, or at any rate dresses of the same type as usual, singing the same tedious music-hall songs, with the same choruses which the street boys sicken us with from morning to night? Is it witty to fill your lines with puns which everyone has heard since he knew what a play on words meant? Is it humorous to torture syllables into sounds which they do not possess, in order to make them resemble other words with which they have no affinity?

BYRON.—The daily papers—

TOM.—The daily papers, with the best will, have said more of what they think than they generally do. Even the Popular Pennygaff condemns you with his faintest praise and his shortest syllables.

BYRON.—That proves that you have not seen the *Illus*—

TOM.—That will do. Don't advertise I have seen the only criticism which speaks with absolute favour of the performance; but we should probably discover that the critic wrote burlesques himself, and then what would his notice be worth?

BYRON.—But isn't it a good notion to make the chorus at the finale turn out to be nigger minstrels?

TOM.—So very new. Why, the nigger has been so used on the burlesque stage that he is quite white down all his seams, and his "Yah! yah!" can no longer be called, even by your friends, original.

BYRON.—The Christys call themselves original.

TOM.—So does Sin, but you need scarcely desire to follow the lead of one or the other. Mr. Byron, let us be serious. *Lucrezia Borgia* is very very bad, look at it how you will. *Blow for Blow* is little better. Can you not write anything better? We sincerely trust you can and will, for we have a sneaking kindness for you, and there are so few dramatic writers in England that we would fain hope that in you lie the germs of a future Shakespeare or a sucking Jonson. Hallo! he has bolted. Well, I thought his native modesty could not swallow all that.

[Exit into Evans's.]

A VERY CLEVER JOKE.—All man ar's for the TOMAHAWK ALMANACK for 1869, price 3d., which may be obtained shortly, with the two missing letters from the joke, at every respectable Newsvendor in Town and in Country. There!

A STILL CLEVERER JOKE.—The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK will be published at the TOMAHAWK office, 199 Strand, W.C.

A "LUB" OF A CLUB.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY has been lately publishing some funny (!) stories in *Belgravia* about "Clubs" and their members. As this very (!!) amusing *litterateur* has omitted several important establishments from his list, we will supply the deficiency to the best of our ability. It is not an easy matter to sink to the level of Mr. Thornbury, still we will make an attempt to copy his style.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Founded 18—. Situated in Pall Mall. It was here that the well-known General Smith used to dine four days of the week. Many very good stories are told of this club. Thackeray and Tom Hood were once asked to dine here, and after dinner were conducted to the smoking-room. Tom Hood left the door open behind him.

"Why, my dear Hood," said Thackeray, "is that open door like a receptacle for marmalade?"

"Because," Hood replied, after some minutes thought, "because it's a jar!"

From that moment Thackeray and Hood became sworn friends.

But enough; it is scarcely fair to take the wind out of Mr. Thornbury's sails.

A.B.C. FOR A.B.A.

WE predicted in these columns, some time since, what would be the result of throwing open an Oxford University degree to what is termed, by the enthusiastic champions of the penny press, "the pith and marrow of England's middle-class youth," and our prediction has been fully verified. We pointed out that there had been a good deal of frothy nonsense talked about the blessings of a university "education," in the broadest signification of that word, and that middle-class Englishmen were not such a set of fools as to hurry their promising boys off to Oxford for the purpose of wasting three precious years of their lives, even though that privilege were offered them for the moderate sum of £16 10s. However, the fact is now established, for to the mighty call of respectable and exclusive Oxford there have been in all England only seventeen responses. We have not space to devote to any elaboration of the subject, but the main causes of this failure must be patent to everyone. The class, to which the supposed advantages of an Oxford life directly appeal, is a class which can afford to pay for them. The class, to which they are now offered freely for a trifle under £20, is, on the other hand, a class which has neither a halfpenny to spare nor a moment of working time to lose. Youths, who must soon grapple with bookkeeping by double entry, bricks and mortar, and boot making, had better be doing anything, when they arrive at the interesting age of eighteen, than breaking their heads over the only sort of work an Oxford don has to give them. Such is the wise view that the proprietors of "the pith and marrow of England's middle-class youth" have taken of the question, and they are to be congratulated for their common sense. No, if Oxford really wishes to reach the heart of the nation, she must become a little more practical, and give such a prospectus of advantages to the common herd, that they cannot fail to see that no time will be lost in an aimless struggle with the construction of a couple of dead languages. We are not of course running down these accomplishments, but are merely pointing out that they are really *accomplishments*—that is, as far as a set of ambitious bakers, butchers, and candlestick makers, are concerned. Naturally, therefore, the 500 sets of rooms, prepared by the anxious lodging-house keepers, have been licensed in vain, and Oxford is still quite up to the true mark in Snobdom proper. It is still an exclusive and aristocratic retreat, and no doubt will take its revenge on the unfortunate seventeen *scholares non adscripti*, by cutting them, wounding them, and making them "feel" it generally, as thorough and high bred Oxford always does. As to the little band of outsiders we cannot help sympathising with them, though if they are not of the genuine stuff that can go in and win a scholarship or two, we can tell them they would be far better employed elsewhere. A youth, whose ultimate destination is the counter, had far better practise the art of smiling, as he asks imaginary customers "what may be the next *article*," than split his head over its peculiar use with the participate in the fifth chorus of the

Agamemnon of Æschylus. And so on to the end of the chapter. On a future occasion we will point out, in a friendly and lively way of course, to Oxford what it had better do, if it wishes to enlarge the number of its sons. For the moment it had best behave itself like a gentleman to its seventeen *non-adscriptos*, and they had best get off as soon as they conveniently can, unless they are geni, snobs, or maniacs.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL'S return for Chelsea seems to be next to a certainty. Not only has he received assurances of support from every Conservative in the borough, but even a number of the Liberal electors have promised to vote for him.

The gallant correspondent must exercise some supernatural influence over men's minds. It is no doubt very terrible to play the traitor to the true cause, but if TOMAHAWK, disagreeing as he does with Dr. Russell in every important article of his political faith, lived in Chelsea, which perhaps it is as well for TOMAHAWK that he does not, even he—with shame and remorse he admits it—really believes he would give Dr. Russell not only his vote, but his interest into the bargain.

After all, perhaps "Russell and Respectability" is a worthier motto than either "Dilke and Democracy" or "Odger and Onions."

ONCE MORE SIR RICHARD MAYNE.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has once more proved himself equal to the occasion. Our first article this week shall be about him and so shall our last. He shall be the Alpha and Omega of our thoughts. Writers in the public press have had the audacity to suggest to his Commissionership that some special rules and regulations should be framed for the preservation of order for the duration of the forthcoming troublous times. We are glad to be able to announce that Sir Richard is not offended, but, having taken the hint in the very best possible part, has drawn up the following decree which we have reason to believe will shortly be published, and will remain in force until London has regained its wonted appearance of dulness and stagnation.

Instructions to the Police for the better Preservation of the Peace of the Metropolis during the forthcoming Elections:—

- 1.—During the progress of the elections, at least two officers will attend at all the public houses and beer shops within each borough, where their presence is intended to act as a check on the malpractices of committee men and others who are understood to be in the habit of supplying beer and other liquors to the electors. These officers will report in writing to their inspector any flagrant cases of bribery and corruption that may thus come under their notice.
- 2.—The police are strictly enjoined to take no part in any disturbance that may arise from party feeling. They are to observe the strictest neutrality and hold themselves aloof from all fights and electioneering brawls. Stone-throwing may, however, be discouraged so long as the foregoing provision is strictly adhered to.
- 3.—The police are to avoid presenting themselves in the neighbourhood of the polling-places during the progress of the election. The arrangements for the voting will be left entirely under the supervision and control of the parochial authorities.
- 4.—As it is expected that the extra duty entailed on the police, during the period referred to, will be extremely arduous, officers are to understand that they will not be expected to attend to their ordinary duties, so far as cases of drunkenness, petty larceny, furious driving, and other unimportant offences are concerned.
- 5.—It is specially to be understood that the above exceptions do not extend to cases of unmuzzled dogs found in the public thoroughfares. On the contrary, the police are enjoined to redouble their vigilance in carrying out the provisions of the existing decree on this subject.
- 6.—As during the progress of the elections the whole body of the Police Force will be amply employed during the day,

for the present, night duty will be suspended. The public are therefore cautioned to observe that, the doors and windows of their premises are securely fastened and protected at 6 p.m.

By order,

(Signed) RICHARD MAYNE.

Scotland Yard,
9th November, 1868.

Who says the Chief Commissioner is waxing too old for his place. The document above quoted is surely worthy of that master intellect which asserted itself, and became great, in controlling the "shilling day" crowds of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Public must wait another ten years or so, before it talks of superannuation.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

How sweet upon the one to watch the other playing

Half timidly defying the power of that foe
That now, with gleaming smiles her trustful guest betraying,
Lulls memory's sad warning of the death that lies below.
Or now with passion foaming and deadly menace roaring,
Frights valiant and gentle hearts alike from life's last hope,
And o'er her victims leaping, her ruthless joy outpouring,
Brings noble-hearted heroes to the felon's end—a rope.

1.

A naughty word is this I fear,
And yet a word we joyed to hear
When spoken by that strange sad jester
Whom Death so early snatched away,
Ere Fortune taught him to be gay.

2.

Within this humble dwelling lived
The pet I loved the best,
Whose ears (no ass's though so long)
I lovingly caressed.

3.

Upon the lofty rocks she stands,
Her treasure clasped within her arms;
One shudder at the blood-stained wall;
And Neptune claims her fatal charms.

4.

O Benjamin, what cruel pen
Compared thee to this poor old man?
Thy conscience, not thy wit's diseased:
Those souls may pity thee who can.

5.

A name some men usurp it seems,
Who least its meaning care to know;
The god whose attributes they share,
Reigns not above us—but below.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M u f F
I achim O (Cymbeline, Act II.)
L o O
L oya L

CORRECT answers by Ruby's Ghost, Hero and Leander, The Man who didn't like "Maids of Honour" at Richmond, and A Worried Elector.

INCORRECT answers by A Confounded Foreigner (South Norwood), Lizzie and Owl, 214, Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, Harry Gough, Louisa (Leamington), Blucher, and Charles B. (Cheltenham).

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 81.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

AN HUMBLE PETITION.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

THE near approach of the first session of a new Parliament which threatens to be one of the most eventful which this age has seen, must be our excuse for intruding on your valuable time, and once more entreating your Majesty's attention to a certain grievance, under which some of your subjects imagine themselves to be suffering.

The season of Christmas, which is now so near, is from its associations some warrant for the liberty we are taking in again attempting to suggest to your Majesty a calm consideration of that course of conduct, in which your Majesty has been confirmed by time, and from which the respectful remonstrances of your faithful subjects have hitherto failed to move you. It cannot be but that one so deeply religious, and so truly charitable, as your Majesty has often proved yourself, must earnestly desire to do all that lies in her power to diminish the sorrows and increase the joys of those around her. It is therefore at the risk of repeating arguments and entreaties which have hitherto proved of little avail, that we venture humbly to urge on your Majesty whether it is not possible for your subjects to hope, without a certainty of disappointment, that the coming session of Parliament will be marked by, at any rate, a *partial* resumption on your Majesty's part of those duties and privileges which your Majesty has for so long been compelled to leave to others.

It would be disrespectful alike to the common sense and to the memory of your Majesty to recapitulate the many urgent reasons which exist for this hope on the part of your subjects. Their desire is father to the hope. Of course your Majesty will find plenty of advisers who, both in print and in speech, will flatter your Majesty with the assurance that your retirement from Society is a matter which purely concerns yourself; and that the only persons who urge your Majesty's return are West-end tradesmen, who find their profits unaccountably diminishing, and those idle pleasure-seekers, who miss the splendour of a Court, and to whom a great sorrow is an utterly incomprehensible thing. Besides these advisers, there are those judicious medical authorities who are always ready to assure the public that your Majesty's state of health absolutely requires continual absence from the metropolis, and a consistent avoidance of all those social duties which are the unfortunate penalties of sovereign power—in fact, a virtual abdication of your Majesty's position as head of Society, and an utter abnegation of all the

great opportunities for doing good, which are the privileges of such a position.

We would humbly entreat your Majesty to believe that there are many of your subjects, neither interested in West-end millinery warehouses, or slavish worshippers at the shrine of Society, yet who cannot bring themselves to acquiesce in the persistent absence of their Queen from her natural residence. There are those who, remembering what the Court of Victoria used to be, how, after many years of Royal profligacy, England beheld the unusual and inestimable blessing of a Court where the domestic affections were developed in their purest and loveliest perfection; where the fascinating example of the Sovereign lured the leaders of Society into virtuous paths; a Court which taught the young and the frivolous that, after all, good habits were as easy to imitate as bad; a Court which practically raised a more powerful barrier against immorality than all the churches in the land,—there are those, we say, who, remembering all this, and looking round with a sorrowful wonderment at the gradual undermining of all purity which is going on around them,—the result of an unreasoning imitation of all that is bad in a foreign Court, and in a foreign Society,—cannot help yearning for the frequent appearance amongst us of one who wears not the mere crown of earthly sovereignty, but the far higher crown of perfect purity; one who has the power and the will to check the growing supremacy of frivolity; one who can make her voice heard throughout every home in the land, when she bids those who are young, and who should be pure, discard the contemptible affectation of adopting the garments and the manners of the impure. That your grief abides with you, that the body is weakened by the sufferings of the soul, we do not for one moment doubt; but, speaking in the name of those who hold truth higher than the courtier's art, we entreat your Majesty to come among us once more, and to save us from ourselves. We entreat your Majesty to attempt a course of self-sacrifice which cannot but meet with its reward; to claim once more that passionate devotion which only now lies rusting in the armoury of our hearts, but which in the sunshine of your Majesty's presence would shine as brightly as it did when there was one by your side to share it.

If your Majesty considers the effect of your absence from your post, even from the lowest point of view, is it not a deplorable evil? Is it nothing that men and women should be thrown out of employ, and that the modest plenty, which had gladdened many a household, should be suddenly changed into a grim penury; that all the countless comforts, which a brisk season and ample employment mean for the honest labouring poor

among us, should one by one melt from their sight? Is it nothing that in far-off country places the pleasant music of the looms should be silenced, and that from dire necessity, and no fault of his own, the once cheerful and active labourer should sit cowering over the scanty ashes on his gloomy hearth, while the poor worn-out wife gazes with despair at the empty cupboard, which contains all that she has wherewith to feed her hungry children?

This may seem to your Majesty an exaggerated picture, and you may say (or your courtiers may say for you), what is this to me? But this is what a sad Court and a deserted palace really mean to many of your humbler subjects. Reflect, your Majesty, that your eldest son and his Princess are shortly about to leave England for a long foreign tour; no one grudges them the pleasure. But your second son is away on duty; the others are too young to take the place of the elder. What is to become of the first estate of the realm? Is the wife of a Prussian prince, or is a hero like Prince Christian to represent the Sovereign of Great Britain, Ireland, and India? Much as all your subjects love and respect your Majesty's children, they cannot always extend that love and respect to their husbands; nor can they allow that those who have cast their lot with foreigners are fit representatives of the British Crown.

Your Majesty cannot close your eyes to the gravity of the approaching struggle in Parliament. The air is big with portents—an important measure is proposed as to which your Majesty must have both feelings and desires. That your Majesty will listen to the voice of the people as expressed through their representatives, we all know; but we would prefer that, by your own presence at the opening of Parliament, you gave to all the tangible assurance that England possesses a Sovereign, whose only wish is the welfare of the country over which she rules. Such an opportunity may never occur again of casting off that gloom which has so long oppressed your Majesty. Surely, could the dead speak, he, for whom you mourn, would solemnly adjure you to do that which is clearly your duty, at whatever cost to your own comfort and inclination. Let your Majesty come forth now: every act of condescension, every gracious smile which your Majesty may bestow on your subjects will be doubly valued, when they see that self-devotion has triumphed over mental and bodily suffering alike. Heaven forbid that the day should ever come when men wearied with disappointment might listen to the voice of angry recrimination, not of respectful remonstrance; and when those who hate monarchy should ask with ruthless persistence—"Where is the Sovereign, the [paid servant of the State? Why should we vote annually a sum for certain purposes which are still every year unfulfilled?" Your Majesty, the thought of such a possibility, while it shocks and grieves us, gives us new strength in thus humbly praying of your Majesty that this Christmas Carol may be sung throughout the land:—"God bless the Queen! God bless Victoria, who has once more come among us! God bless our beloved Sovereign, who has overcome selfish grief with self-denying energy; who has arisen from the palsy of sorrow, inspired by the voice of duty; who has inherited a new life from the grave of him whom she loved, even as her people love her!"

[THE STAFF OF THE TOMAHAWK.]

INCENTIVE TO CRIME.—Ruling that Felony dissolves the marriage tie.

NEW AND MORE ACCURATE DEFINITIONS OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.—M.P.icism.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES—particularly reduced circumstances.

MILITARY REFORM.

"REDUCTIONS! We must insist upon reductions, especially in the Army."

Such is the cry alike of electors and elected all over the country this week; but there the unanimity ceases. Reduce the Staff, says one, but spare the Regiments. Reduce the Regimental Officers, says another, but spare the Scientific Corps. Reduce the expenses for scientific experiments, says a third, but give us at once the best armed and the most efficient troops at the lowest possible cost. Above all, says a fourth, reduce the Depot Battalions, for they are wholly useless, and there is no one interested in keeping them up except the Horse Guards, who like to have a number of comfortable home appointments for officers who have seen much service abroad and don't want to go out again. And a very natural "don't want" too, when it is remembered that "going out again" means another period of twelve or fourteen years' transportation. If the authorities could only be induced to try the experiment of shorter periods of foreign service, they would find themselves much less tormented by "influential friends" who "don't want" their relatives to go out again.

But, until common sense rules on this point (and how hard to expect such an exceptional occurrence!), Depot Battalions will be a favourite resource of the authorities at the Horse Guards for providing for "stay at home" friends.

The question, however, that the would-be reducers of public expense should get answered is whether, besides this home accommodation to favoured officers, there are any such advantages attending the system of Depot Battalions as can justify the expense of their maintenance.

The answer, so far as the pleas as yet put forward for the existence of these Battalions go, cannot, it is conceived, be satisfactory to the tax-payer. They mainly rest upon the necessity of making the raw recruit and the young officer become from the first a part of their Regiment by sending them to the depot of the corps to which they may be appointed. The object supposed to be gained by this is the early formation of an *esprit de corps*, which is assumed to be the essence and life of the Regimental System, which again is supposed to be the mainstay and chief support of the whole British Army.

This feeling is, we have no hesitation in saying, greatly exaggerated and over-estimated. It is a part of the unfortunate system of our Army to keep the men and officers alike from any intelligent discharge of their duty, and to confine them to a blind following of old watchwords and the narrow limits of devotion, not to their Sovereign, their country, and their duty, but to their Corps and their Regimental Colours. *Esprit de corps* is a strong band only where intelligence and rational service are weak ones; and it cannot be doubted, that if the system of general enlistment of recruits was carried out far more generally than at present, and was followed by their being collected for drill and instruction in a few large General depôts—to which young officers on first appointment might also be sent to learn their duties—much improved discipline would be ensured, much quicker progress in instruction would be obtained, and a vast deal of the expense of the present system of Depot Battalions would be saved.

Moreover, on abolishing the system of Regimental Depôts, it will be possible to put an end to that fruitful source of trouble, misery, and extravagant expense—namely, the reduction of officers to half-pay on their Regiments coming home from foreign service. The Establishment of a Regiment is increased on going abroad, and two of its companies are left at home as a depot. Promotions are made, and extra expenses thereby incurred. When the Regiment comes home again, the added officers, or those who have succeeded to their places, are put upon half-pay, and a permanent burden is thus added to the half-pay list, while young and active officers are shelved to idleness, and their prospects of advancement in their profession blighted. All these variations of establishment for home and foreign service would cease, were the Regimental Depot system abolished; and much expense to the public, and great hardships to the officers, would be prevented.

To reduce the Depot Battalions, and to institute General Depôts for recruits among both officers and men, appears, therefore, to be as feasible a cry as has yet been raised for diminishing the expense of the Army, while at the same time increasing its efficiency.

THE CAMBRIDGE STRIKE.

THAT we must eat in order that we may live, is a proposition that seems, somehow or other, to be under frequent discussion at our two great Universities. Not so long since there was, as the undergraduate world well knows, a bread and butter riot within the walls of Christ Church, Oxford; while now it appears that at least a couple of the leading Colleges at Cambridge there has been a sort of strike on the equally unintellectual subject of butchers' meat. We forget the precise nature of the Oxford grievance, but, as far as we can remember, we fancy it had its origin in a most decidedly praiseworthy disinclination on the part of the members of the House to pay fourpence for exactly twopennyworth of bread, and purchase indifferent butter at the rather aristocratic figure of three shillings and eightpence the pound. However, it matters little what were the causes of the revolution; suffice it to say, it was rapidly subdued by the good sense of Dean Liddell, who, by thoroughly investigating the affair, set a pattern that all College authorities would, under similar circumstances, do well to imitate.

Unfortunately, the Cambridge "heads" seem thicker or, more correctly speaking, harder than those of the sister University, and so at the hour of our going to press the war still wages with unabated fury. The fray has been carried into the very heart of Trinity itself; and at the moment of our penning these words, hundreds of the flower of our English youth are paying one shilling and tenpence-halfpenny for a dinner, for which, though they say a devout Latin grace, they scorn to touch, and quitting their dining-hall in bodies for the purpose of paying for, but eating a second dinner elsewhere. In a word, the College food is so bad at the price, and served up so disgracefully, that no man accustomed to the slightest approach to a decently-appointed dinner can attempt to eat it. Against this gross imposition the sufferers have protested hitherto, of course, without any result; and so, tired of seeking redress where none seems to be forthcoming, they have adopted the only alternative they can have recourse to, and have endeavoured to shame their superiors out of their lethargy by self-starvation.

Now the matter is neither very grave, nor very comic, nor very new. It is merely a good downright, common-place, vulgar scandal, quite within the province and the lashing work of the penny press; and if we are not much mistaken, it will have been half set to rights amidst the thunders of leading articles before these lines find their way into print. We, however, take note of it, because it is one of the links in a vast chain of similar abuses, which, spite the recent cheap-jack generosity of Oxford, and the more talky but less practical solicitude of Cambridge, are the real matters which imperatively demand a sweeping University reform. Were it announced that a true and correct list of all the salaries, fees, emoluments, and donations received by every College official in Oxford or Cambridge, from the Principals down to the door porters, would be published unreservedly in next Monday's *Times*, there would be a wonderful shaking in a great many pairs of highly respectable shoes. And no wonder. The whole system of University education, as understood by these *Alma Matres*, is based on a general monetary bleeding of the aspirants for their degrees. It used to be said at Christ Church that, according to emolument, the cook came in a good first, the butler a fair second, and the Dean a bad third, and that he got about £6,000 a year. *Tempora mutantur* wonderfully, and this may now be literally not quite true; but we may depend upon it the more rioting there is in the kitchen or the buttery at Oxford or Cambridge, the better it will be for the interests of sound national education.

EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

ONE of the Swiss cantons has just forbidden young men under eighteen to smoke, whilst in one of the American states it is proposed to give them the suffrage at that age. Both are Republican ideas, and seem to have something in common. We quite understand that a man should not be allowed to smoke until he has a vote; for then he can put the latter in his pipe and smoke it. It would puzzle a good many people to know what else to do with it.

TOMAHAWK'S EXCHANGE COLUMN.

William Ewart Gladstone. Has got a place in the cold. Would be happy to exchange it for an office seat. Also some rather shady acquaintances, which he would throw in with the foregoing if he could have the seat by Christmas.

Mrs. Henry Wood, authoress of "East Lynne." Has a heart-rending plot at her disposal. Would like to exchange it for an English grammar.

The Girl of the Period. Is willing to give all the back numbers of the *Saturday Review* in exchange for a little accurate information about herself. Also several sketches of herself by eminent hands, which she would send to anybody who has never seen her, in return for a photograph from life of a hippogriff.

John Bright. Has a number of rather used expletives and abusive epithets. Would exchange them with any stuttering Whig with a small vocabulary for a genealogical tree and a social position of acknowledged superiority, where insolence would be the thing and could not be resented. Also some speeches against the Factory Act, which he would give away gratis, if anybody will promise to burn them.

Lydia Becker. Has a number of old petticoats and other articles of female attire. To be had in exchange for what silly people call "unmentionables," but which, as she hates all unwomanly nonsense, she plainly designates as breeches. Also her sex; which she will exchange for the other, if the thing can be arranged.

Editor of the "Times" Newspaper. Has a number of worn-out contributors, whom he will exchange for a wise woman who can tell him which way the wind is going to blow.

Goldwin Smith. Has a lot of hard words, which he will exchange with anybody. Also an intention of going to America, which he will exchange for a good offer that will make it worth his while to stay at home.

A Humorist. Has all the back numbers of *Punch* for 1867-8, which he will gladly swop for any half-dozen a few years older.

A. C. Swinburne. Has a perfect mania for making himself conspicuous. Will exchange it with anybody who will enable him to do so.

Mr. Charles Reade. Has several translations from new French plays, which he will emasculate and exchange for hard cash.

Bernal Osborne. Has several copies of "Joe Miller," which he will exchange with George Whalley, of Peterborough, for an old song.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Has a press, which is rather in the way; also a big bed (of thorns). Will exchange them for sound Rhine wine and some Dutch cheese. Will not enter into any bargain with Carl Otto von Bismark.

John Stuart Mill, Henry Fawcett, and Edwin Chadwick. Have some very pretty compliments to exchange with anyone who will give handsome ones in return: quantity unlimited, and quality warranted.

Benjamin Disraeli. Has a seat on the Treasury Bench, which he will not exchange with anybody.

ASKING FOR BREAD AND GETTING A STONE.

THE other day a Radical candidate was addressing a number of his constituents, and descanting in the usual rotund fashion about the blessings of the franchise, the dignity of man, and the precious gifts of modern progress, when a voice cried out, "There's twenty thousand of us, down here, starving." This unseemly interruption rather marred the effect of the orator's discourse; but he did not yet attempt to grapple with the suggested difficulty, save by intimating that the Government ought to employ them. This too, five minutes after he had been accusing the Government of extravagance! Verily our legislators are an illogical lot. Byron says "A book's a book, although there's nothing in it." Perhaps also a vote's a vote, although there's nothing in it, or to be got out of it. It is not surprising, however, if twenty thousand starving people should think differently.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—When will Sir Richard Mayne resign?

THE PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME.

THEATRICAL workshops are all agog with preparations for the coming pantomimes. Masks are being created; fairies are having their wings tried; scene painters are up to their eyes in ochre and foil; and a general spirit of bustle pervades the flies, while traps are being oiled and ropes repaired. Before long we shall have the usual preludes in the theatrical columns of the daily papers, descriptive of the scenery and incidents of the promised entertainments. We have been favoured with the synopsis of the Grand Historical Pantomime to be given at the opening of the old Westminster Theatre, though there is still some doubt as to the absolute management engaged. Whether Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone becomes lessee, the performance will be much the same, so we may safely publish the programme.

Harlequin Dizzy Dog-in-the-Manger. The Great Spectacular Pantomime for 1869. Burlesque opening. The Dismal Domains of the Demon Debaters. Arrival of the Cadi of the Caucasus. Judgment of Alarcos. Forging of the chain of Erin. Sudden entrance of the Fairy Reform. Off to the haunted Mill. The Mill haunted with the Ghosts of Theories. Ballet of Amazons; *pas seul* by Signora Beckerini. Sudden disappearance of the Mill. Screams of the Amazons. Charge of the Light Brigade under Doctor Russell (if he gets engaged). The Orange Groves of the Emerald Isle. Descent of Gladstone in a halo of light. Sudden Transformation. Harlequin, Bendizzi; Columbine, Madlle Gladstone; Clown, the old favourite, Bright; Pantaloon, Whalley; Sprites, the Adullam Family. General rally. Here we are again! Which is up and which down? Stealing a march. "Never again with you robbing." Here's Sir Richard again. Change to Model Parliament. Female Suffrage. Babel and Babies. A Row and a Mill. Tom Hughes to the rescue. What will he do with it? Clown's solo on a Brummagem Teapot—"Bright were my dreams." On we go again. Change to the Pakington Toy-shop. Pop-guns and Impostors. Moncrieff et Mon Droit. Clown puts the Secretary through his exercises. Sir John rammed into a mortar and fired. Hoist with his own petard. State of War and State for War. *Pas de Dustinhiseyeso*, by Harlequin and Columbine. Off again to the Land of Muddle and Tape. How not to do it. Comic Interlude by the celebrated wag, B. Osborne. Song, "Up in a Balloon." Down again in a hurry. Foreign Arrivals. "My Nap's on the Rhine." American Notions. Say Never-die-Reverdy. How will it end? Clown and Pantaloon, &c. &c. &c. Return of the characters to Fairyland under the auspices of the Peri Prorogation.

N.B.—Seats may be retained in advance. No money returned.

"ARCADES AMBO-SADORS."

THE great success which has attended the Hon. Reverdy Johnson's appointment as American Minister at the Court of St. James', has suggested to Her Majesty's Government the propriety of immediately despatching the following gentlemen as Ambassadors to the various capitals of Europe. It will be noticed that a neat compliment is paid to the literary talent of England in the annexed list:—

Court.	Ambassador.
America . . .	Mr. Arthur Sketchley.
France } . . .	The Staff of the TOMAHAWK.
Prussia } . . .	
Russia } . . .	
Italy . . .	Father John Henry Newman.
Rome . . .	Mr. A. C. Swinburne.
Spain . . .	The Editor of the <i>Tablet</i> .
Jericho (by desire) . . .	Mr. M. F. Tupper.

THE LONDON SEASON 1868-9.

BUCKINGHAM Palace	Empty!
St. James's Palace	Empty!!
Marlborough House	Empty!!!
The Workhouse	Full.

THE SONG OF THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

I'm a Member of Parliament now,
A fig for your meetings and stuff!
I am sick of your tumult and row;
Of your cheers I've had more than enough.
For months you have forced me to crawl,
But my head I now carry erect;
If more you expect me to bawl,
At present, you fools! then expect!

A week ago I was your slave,
But now, dear electors, you're mine;
My duty it then was to crave;
To-day it is your turn to whine.
To each in rotation I bowed
Respectfully down to the earth;
And now you all come in a crowd,
To beg me to get you a berth.

What a bevy of insults I bore,
And all the time had to be blind!
At one place they pushed me before,
At another they kicked me behind.
One day I was pelted with eggs,
On another was covered with dirt;
They knocked me at noon off my legs,
And at nightfall they tore off my shirt.

I kissed all the brats in the place,
Each ruffian shook by the hand,
Vulgarity greeted with grace,
And to foulest of insults was bland.
I drank of their gooseberry wine,
Of their home-made plum buns did I eat,
And swore that they both were divine,
And begged I might have the receipt.

I told them a parcel of lies;
Praised Bright, who, I think, should be swung,
And Gladstone extolled to the skies,
Who's the greatest of humbugs unsung.
I savagely railed at the Pope,
Who's the only man left I esteem,
Washed John Stuart Mill in soft soap,
And democracy dished up in cream.

I was called a rogue, liar, and cheat;
They swore I once plundered the mail;
They declared that my father sold meat,
And added my mother was frail.
They said my name was not my own,
They averred I was deeply in debt,
And in prison I soon should be thrown
If my due I were really to get.

But what does it all matter now?
I can write M.P. after my name,
I'm a man of importance, allow,
And hold a good place in the game.
I have spent an immense lot of cash,
Which is rather a nuisance I own,
But wanting to cut a great dash,
I must not the outlay bemoan.

My wife to the levées will go,
My daughters presented will be,
No more can they sing "Not for Joe"
'Neath my windows, and mean it for me,
You must break eggs when omelets are made;
To win, must not scruple to chouse;
And through dirt and dishonour must wade,
If you wish for a seat in the House.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Sir Richard Mayne has not resigned!
WHAT THE DICKENS!—Why may the author of *Pickwick*
be associated with the Bucks of England? Because he gets
capital out of *Reading*!

JUST TRY IT!

HERE is something worth reading!—

"EXPLOSIVE MISSILES IN WAR.

"St. Petersburg, Nov. 11.

"At the Conference held here, on the non-employment of explosive missiles in war, it has been decided that no explosive projectiles weighing less than 400 grammes shall be used.

"The sitting at which this decision was come to was held on Monday last, at two p.m., and lasted two hours, the Russian Minister of War presiding. The Conference has adjourned till the 13th inst.; the drawing up of the protocol being, in the meantime, entrusted to Baron Jomini."

Without wishing to cast the slightest reflection on Baron Jomini, let us for a moment imagine that his protocol has been drawn up to the very best of his abilities, and that war has, spite the humane tendencies of the conference, somehow or other, burst upon Europe. A pitched battle then having just taken place, has been immediately productive of the following correspondence:—

THE GENERAL COMMANDING HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S
FORCES TO FIELD-MARSHAL KLOPSCHITCHOFF.

French Camp.

SIR,—I have just discovered that you have been taking a very unfair advantage of me indeed, in having had recourse, in your recent attack, to explosive projectiles weighing more than 400 grammes; I beg, therefore, to remind you that in so doing you have violated Article 13 of the "International Humane Society's Treaty," by which the employment of such formidable engines of war is strictly forbidden. Several of our rear guard, who witnessed the explosion of the missiles to which I refer, having had reason to suspect that they were over the authorised weight, have taken the trouble to collect the pieces, and I am therefore in a position to make good the charge I bring against you. I need scarcely point out that it will be useless to evade the matter by urging that you have mislaid your scales, as by Article 123, to which I also beg to direct your attention, you will observe that each commander is bound to carry a full-sized set, *with all the necessary weights*, in his coat pocket. As, therefore, you cannot have the remotest shadow of an excuse to offer for your extremely dishonourable conduct, I beg, in conclusion, to refer you to Article 239, which obliges you to write to the leading European newspapers a letter to the effect that you have fairly lost the battle; and, at the same time, retire from the position your total disregard of Article 13 alone has secured.

You are aware, of course, that you are further bound by the rules of the game to hand over to the bearer of this letter, or his representatives, as many of the projectiles in question as you happen to have in your possession.

Finally, let me state most distinctly that as Frenchmen can only fight with men of nice honour, I must decline all further communication with you, whatever, at least, on the field of battle. The man who takes two strokes at billiards, when his adversary is not looking, is of the same stamp as the general who uses explosive projectiles that weigh more than 400 grammes. He cannot expect his opponent to give him a second chance.

Should you wish, after your receipt of this letter, to continue the discussion, and think you have any legal remedy, need I say that I shall at once place it in the hands of my solicitors.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
&c., &c., &c.

FIELD-MARSHAL KLOPSCHITCHOFF TO A PERSON STYLING
HIMSELF, "THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE FRENCH
FORCES" IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF NOOVJIGORD.

Russian Camp.

SIR,—I really am surprised that you are such a fool. I know nothing of your rules, nor do I recognise *Jomini* or *Jacques*, or any other authority in war. You are on Russian soil, and I mean to drive you off it as fast as I possibly can. As to the

Humane Society's articles, we will discuss *them* when peace is declared again. For the moment, however, my sole business is to cripple you by every means in my power, and I mean to do my business thoroughly. You talk of your solicitors. I promise you in half an hour from this time you shall hear pretty sharply from *mine*, and I have got two-and-thirty of them ready loaded. None of your six-and-eightpenny nonsense with—

Yours, &c., &c.,

KLOPSCHITCHOFF.

There; we have, we think, hit the right nail on the head, though perhaps a little broadly. Doubtless, there is a good deal to be said on the subject; but depend upon it, we are right in our main conclusion. For all practical purposes Baron Jomini's protocol will prove a mere dead letter.

THE REASON WHY.

WE have been favoured with letters from several gentlemen of public position, explaining to us at length the causes which have severally prevented them from seeking the suffrages of a constituency with a view to obtaining a seat in the reformed Parliament. We regret that want of space prevents us from reproducing these letters in their complete form, but as it is clear that our correspondents owe some explanation to the public for abandoning their position as representative men, we subjoin the substance of the more remarkable communications which we have received.

Mr. Charles Dickens does not wish to make the whole country jealous by giving any particular place the privilege of electing him. Thinks speechifying in the House of Commons unprofitable, and is reserving himself for the Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Sims Reeves could only consent to sit in the House on the understanding that he had the sole control of the musical arrangements, and considers that it would be unprofessional to interfere with *Mr. Whalley*.

Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., knows he could have got into Parliament if he had wished, and that is the reason he did not try. Catch him putting himself in the position of being obliged to answer the impertinent questions of people who "want to know." Thinks the House of Commons altogether beneath him, and is not sure that he would not refuse a Peerage if one were offered to him. Wishes it to be known that he never asked for his C.B. It was forced upon him.

Mr. Dion Boucicault.—The idea of entering the House has only just occurred to him, or he would have "worked it." Feels himself capable of representing any ten Irish counties, and Ireland should be free if he had anything to do with it. It's lucky for England that he has let his chance slip.

Mr. Arthur Lloyd intends to wait till the next Reform Bill is passed, when he intends to take his seat as member for Sandringham. Has already made a successful canvass.

Mr. Spurgeon is afraid that he would find himself the only minister of religion in the Lower House, and being of a modest disposition would therefore feel uncomfortable. For the same cause could never bring himself to ask his congregation to defray his election expenses.

We are glad that we should be the means of putting the above named gentlemen right with the public. The fifty or so other persons who have addressed us must find some other channel in explaining themselves. Our advertising columns are open to them.

RE-BECKER!—The following idiotic and incomprehensible "riddle" has been forwarded to us by "a demented Revising Barrister." Why is it fortunate for England that there is only one Miss Becker in our country? Beckers two would be, yes, *be-a-curse!* (Beckers?)

A VERY CLEVER AND ENTERTAINING RIDDLE TO ASK AT THE DINNER-TABLE WHEN YOU ARE DINING WITH THE BISHOP OF LONDON, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, THE PREMIER AND THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.—When and where will the TOMAHAWK ALMANACK for 1869 be published? Early in December, and at 199 Strand, W.C.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Brevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*

*KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT
ecnepeerhT ecirP*

*TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
Price Threepence.*



Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE was observed the other day to make a rush at Mr. Disraeli in Downing street with the unparliamentary observation, "I'll have your hat." The Premier superciliously replied, "Go to Greenwich!" but has since been heard to characterise Mr. Gladstone's behaviour as "rather a Bright idea."

At the Mansion House, Mr. Disraeli spoke with the utmost assurance of his being Prime Minister on next Lord Mayor's day. At the Admiralty and the War Office no steps have yet been taken to prepare the estimates for the ensuing year, which at this period are usually two months advanced in preparation. It seems clear, therefore, that however highly Mr. Disraeli estimates his chance, he is not prepared to chance his estimates.

A NUMBER of unknown young men have been invited to Compiègne on purpose to dance with the frisky matrons of the Imperial Court. We believe that at Mabile the male sex has long had to be paid handsomely to keep the ball going; and we are glad to see that Compiègne is not too proud to recognise its poor relations, and imitate their manners and customs. But when Frenchmen will no longer dance, no matter how splendid the music, things begin to look serious. However, it is quite right, and in accordance with excellent precedent, to keep on fiddling whilst Paris is burning with suppressed flame.

SURELY the result of the election for Oxford University is

enough to make any one vote for a representation of minorities. To her eternal disgrace as a body of educated and rational human beings, Oxford has rejected Sir Roundell Palmer for Mr. Mowbray. One feels it a positive disgrace to be the son of an "Alma Mater" who can deliberately prefer to be represented by a mere nonentity, because he is weak enough to echo the parrot cry of nervous old women, rather than by a man of the very highest political and moral character, one of her most distinguished sons, and one whose whole career in life has been a spotless course of triumph. The clergy must wish to bring themselves and the Church into contempt by such a choice. Their success is perfect.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

SOME one said the alliance was safe, but the channel was safer between France and England. The notion was a good one, but as far as regards our independence towards Prussia, the German Ocean is perhaps better.

A friend of ours is always boasting about his advanced acquaintance with early architecture. I should not be astonished to hear him say he had known St. Paul's Cathedral ever since it was a little chapel.

In Woman's Parliament, what title will be given to the silent office, where every member is sure to be a speaker?

Whoever is elevated to the throne of Canterbury, we want a dignitary who can present a bold front with a spotless reputation and a cold surface—a marble arch, in fact.

WANTED.

LAST week's papers were prolific in promised wonders. They announced the immediate construction of a new Thames Tunnel, with a three minutes' journey through it, on sinking and rising hydraulic engines moving on steel rails; a new line to Brighton on improved principles, and with cheap fares; a speedy run, at seven miles an hour, right through the Isthmus of Suez Canal; and another new scheme for realising the celebrated visionary bridge, which is always on the eve of joining Dover and Calais.

In a season of such scientific social refreshing might we not go a little further, and ask for one or two things that are sadly needed? When people talk of undermining the Thames a second time in a century, there is nothing strange in making inquiries about those glaring wants of the age—to wit:—

- Good butter at one and tenpence a pound?
- A British force that can thrash an equal number of Maoris?
- An Archbishop of Canterbury who will keep the Church from catching fire?
- A Cambridge dinner that is only charged at double its real cost?
- A thoroughly "uneducated" Prime Minister?
- A little something or other done to Leicester square?
- A second-class railway carriage that is not a disgrace to the line?
- A comic paper that is not absolutely melancholy?
- The good old days before the police force and its chief commissioner were known?
- An intimate friend who will not black-ball you at your club?
- A real improvement in Park lane?
- A thorough party man who behaves himself like a gentleman in the present crisis?
- A tender steak?
- An original comedy?
- A happy pauper?
- Or, an idea more venerable than the above?

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Not among the Electors!



PARADISE LOST!

OR,
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE PERI.

(Dedicated to Miss Becker.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE THESPIAN STABLES.

DRURY LANE.

VERY little doing in this establishment. Mr. Beverley's "Beautiful Scenery" (by Paint Brush, out of Talented Assistant), goes gently in its running, but is not quite so fresh as it was earlier in the season. Halliday's "King-o'-Scots" (by Burlesque, out of Sir Walter), is still lame. Mr. Phelps's "Eccentric Comedy" is in good form, but his "Transpontine Tragedy" is said to be shaky.

HAYMARKET.

These stables have been freshly painted, &c., by Messrs. Telbin, O'Connor and E. C. Barnes. Two new comers have been added to the team—Mr. Buckstone, Jun.'s "Hereditary Talent" (by Imitation, out of Public Favour), which will improve as it grows older, and Miss Bateman's "Leah" (by Attitude, out of Bits-o'-Pathos), which might improve if it would but grow younger. The last, on account of its terrific vindictiveness, and its habit of running in the evening, is known as the "night mare."

PRINCESSES.

Mr. Boucicault's "After Dark" (by the Robber out of the Scamps of London) is still in residence here. It is said that this creature is not nearly so well trained as the Surrey "Land Rat" or his own sire the Victoria "Scamp." Mr. Vining's "Old Tom" (by Rant out of Badger) and Miss Rose Leclercq's "Eliza" (by Study out of Kate Terry), are also in the stable. "Sir George Medhurst" (by Tailor's-block out of Sentimentality), has changed hands. The owner is no longer Mr. H. J. Montague—the creature now belongs to Mr. Charles Harcourt.

ADELPHI.

Mr. Fechter's "Monte Cristo" (by Long Tale, out of Dumas) has now quite recovered from the serious mishap which occurred to him on the night of his trial. He has lost during the last few weeks a lot of superfluous flesh and looks much better for the change. We regret to say that Mr. Stuart's "Comic Tragedian" (by Good Intentions, out of Dead Failure) has turned out a "roarer."

OLYMPIC.

A new creature has arrived here—Mr. H. Neville's "Yellow Passport." From what we have learned we fear that it will prove of but little value to its owner. A few days ago it was tried with some other animals, with the following result:—

Mr. H. Neville's "Melodrama" (by Bob Brierly, out of Ticket-of-Leave)	1
Mr. Wigan's "Stolidity" (by Hawkshaw, out of Ticket-of-Leave)	2
Mr. Hick's "Painting" (by Paint Brush, out of Inner Consciousness)	3
Mr. John Bull's "Enthusiastic Audience" (by Money, out of Great Metropolis)	0
Mr. H. Neville's "Yellow Passport" (by Dictionary, out of Victor Hugo)	0
Mr. G. Vincent's "Burlesque" (by Exaggeration, out of Gag)	0
Mr. J. G. Taylor's "Awful Bore" (by Author, out of Lack of Imagination)	0
Mr. Atkins's "Fearful Nuisance" (by Tomfoolery, out of Gag)	0
Mr. B. Webster's "Independent Critic" (by Pressman, out of Bits of Paper)	0

At the commencement, "Painting," "Burlesque," "Awful Bore," and "Frightful Nuisance" took up the running, keeping the others from getting to the front. This continued for some time, when "Melodrama" took the lead, maintained it to the finish, winning in a canter. "Painting" was a good third, and "Yellow Passport" a bad fourth. "Independent Critic" showed in the front at first, but dropped off towards the close of the race. From the commencement "Enthusiastic Audience" was nowhere.

AS PLAIN AS A PIKE-STAFF.

QUESTION.—Why was Mr. Merry justified in running a race on Sunday?

ANSWER.—Because by the breaking the Fourth Commandment he won the *Grand Prix*! —(For further particulars apply to the *Falkirk Electors*.)

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

FEW deaths ever suggested sadder thoughts than that of the young Marquis of Hastings. The words "It might have been," in all their terrible depth of meaning, are uttered over his grave. The dreary hopeless sense of wasted opportunities weighs one down, as one reflects on his misdirected energies, on his mis-spent fortune. We were often accused of severity against him when living, and his friends, as is ever the case, were feverishly anxious to apply to him allusions which were not intended for him, but for the abuses, of which he was indeed one of the main causes, but not the only one. It was impossible to see one so nobly born, and of such a generous and manly nature, plunging headlong into such utter ruin and not to be angry. Many people know him only from his reputation on the Turf; few knew how kindly a heart had been seared by such debasing excitement. He had all the recklessness of a Buckingham without his wit, all the contempt for propriety of a Wharton without his genius, all the wonderful power of enduring dissipation in which Bolingbroke gloried, without the equally wonderful power of application of which he boasted less, but by which he profited more. The Marquis of Hastings had certainly no great mental endowments; quickness he had, and might have made at least as good a statesman as other young noblemen have turned out, had his energies been properly directed. But from boyhood he was under evil influences; he was one of those who was for ever violating etiquette instead of combating prejudices, who confused a noble contempt for conventionalities with an ignoble disregard of decency. There was a time before he had reached the height of his ambition and regularly "joined the Turf," when he might have been saved from his own worse self. It is not for us to discuss matters of private family history; but in an alliance, which was anxiously hoped for by those who valued his true interests the Marquis should have found a spell sufficiently strong to lure him from the dangerous fascination of the worst form of gambling which man has ever invented.

The wonderful system of "plunging"—that is, of backing horses for enormous sums—which he may almost be said to have invented, was the natural result of his disposition. He would always, from a boy, back his own opinion for any money. In this point his pluck was indisputable; he never wavered, whatever others might say to him. Everybody will remember how he went for "the Marquis" for the Leger, spite of the horse's previous defeats. This quality, as long as success attended him, made him almost dreaded by the Ring. But the result could never be doubtful, and when the tide turned against him, he found as he expected little mercy at the hands of those whose hard-earned money he had won and dissipated. If any man wishes to study the Ring, he cannot do better than read the history of the Marquis of Hastings; if, after such a warning, he chooses to throw himself into the power of such brutalized selfishness and grasping avarice, he is worthy of his fate.

The Marquis of Hastings was not one of those men who ever would do anything mean to escape the liabilities which he had incurred. We cannot believe that in the late Turf scandals he was at all a responsible actor; if he was, it only shows how the last rag of honour is lost by brushing against such company as that magnificent institution, the Turf, comprises.

We have said something about the late Marquis's private affairs. We should not have done so but for the disgraceful remarks which appeared in the *Times* leading article on this unfortunate young spendthrift. We could point to the career of many men now held in honour by society, which would furnish details of far more heartless and degrading profligacy than that of which the Marquis of Hastings was guilty. Few events of his life were more unfortunate than love for the Turf; but that the leading journal had the slightest grounds, much less right, to impute to him conjugal infidelity, we totally deny. The Pharisees of the press may rend the carcass of some black sheep, on whom society has set its indelible mark, and think to cover the offences of those whom constant whitewashing passes off as snowy-fleeced creatures. It is an easy, if a dirty task. But we protest against the cowardly brutality of the writer who paraded in a conspicuous place in such a journal, a slander none the less foul because it was uttered against one dead; against one who had sufficient offences to answer for already. Such a violation of the decency of society and of the ordinary rules which guide—we will not say gentlemen—but all men, will not add to the reputation of the leading journal.

TO THE ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The Humble Petition of Hampstead Heath, Blackheath, Clapham Common, Wimbledon Common, Chislehurst Common, Barnes Common, and others,

SHEWETH,

THAT we, your faithful Commons, are from time to time threatened with extinction and enclosure for the purposes of gain to the Lords of the Manors : that we are of the greatest importance to the health and manners of the common people : that we are the lungs and playgrounds of the great metropolis, and that we ought to be kept open and public to all generations.

We therefore humbly pray the honourable electors of this country that they will require from every candidate who may seek votes at the ensuing elections a solemn pledge and promise to oppose in Parliament every proposal for enclosing and abolishing the open places of healthy recreation around the metropolis.

And we, your faithful Commons, will, as in duty bound, ever grow.

(Signed)

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,
BLACKHEATH,
CLAPHAM COMMON,
WIMBLEDON,
CHISLEHURST,
BARNES, AND OTHERS.

LIGHT MUSIC IN PARIS.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,

Why did you insist on sending me to Paris? You are probably not aware that I went over the Channel during a howling tempest, the like of which has rarely been known in the memory of man; and when I got there I heard nothing that could interest either your readers or myself.

Did I hear the *Périchole*? Of course I heard the *Périchole*, which, by the way, it appears that we must for the future pronounce as though it were written *Périkole*—I don't know why we must, but such is the fact. There is not much in the piece beyond that it affords scope to Madlle. Schneider for acting somewhat more outlandishly than usual; it is altogether a very naughty piece, both as to what it suggests and what it realizes, and I should not advise English maidens to go and hear it. *Du reste* they will not lose much, as they will have heard all the music before from M. Offenbach's fertile pen. *La Périchole*, however, is well acted, on the whole, and although I do not like that hard comedian and graceless singer, M. Dupuis (who is always entrusted, goodness knows why, with a prominent character), I am free to admit that the general execution is bright and brisk, and albeit there is nothing new in the music, it may be ranked as a fairly good specimen of M. Offenbach's workmanship. The number which has made the most effect is the "Letter," sung by Madlle. Schneider; this composition partakes of the nature of the song in the *Grand Duchess* (*Dites lui*); it is in six-time and in the key of E flat—in fact, all M. Offenbach's sentimentalities are in six-time and in E flat. The Letter in question, however, is not remarkable; the words are by far the best portion, and the music is greatly inferior to that of the Letter sung by Metella in the *Vie Parisienne*.

M. Offenbach has other works before the French public—namely, *Le Fils Enchanté* and *L'île de Turlipatan*, both at the Bouffes. The former has been removed from the bills on account of the alleged indisposition of one of the artists; I incline to think, however, that the indisposition of the public to go and see the piece had something to do with its withdrawal. It has not, in fact, achieved any success, and the management has accordingly mounted the well-worn "*Chanson de Fortunio*" for the *rentrée* of *Désiré*. The performance has undergone a sad falling off since Bache and clever little Pfozter were engaged in the piece, but the music is really so pretty that the visitor to Paris can do worse than go and hear it.

L'île de Turlipatan is a great success, and is as magnificent a piece of extravagance as you can conceive. I would tell you the story if I could, but such a feat is beyond me; in fact, I

doubt if Offenbach himself knows what it is all about, further than that it is extremely funny; and Berthelier and Bonnet will make you laugh from the beginning to the end. The music, too, is tripping and melodious, and although the composer appears to have reached the end of his tether, so far as regards originality, this new piece is a fairly good example of his later writing.

M. Hervé, the composer of *L'œil crevé*, has a new piece which is drawing good houses, but I did not go to hear it. In all the music which I have met with from this gentlemen's pen, I find that what is his own is weak, and that any particular subject which may have taken my fancy can be traced to Offenbach. In fact, the composer of the *Grand Duchess* has it all his own way just now, and the only rival who can make a show of fighting him (and that not a strong one) is Emile Jonas. How long this supremacy will last I cannot say, but it would be a good thing, in the solid interests of this class of art, were some composer to arise who would throw down the gauntlet to the man who, at present, has half the managers in Paris under his thumb. I do not think he is making a good use of his success. Moreover, competition is beneficial in art as it is in other things. *Vale!*

YOUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"Extremes oft meet," so sages say,
And so 'tis proved from day to day.
My first and second are extremes
Which meet in many a great man's dreams.
However high my second be,
My first is higher, as you see.
If on my first you take my second,
Nought but a juggler you'll be reckon'd;
Yet if my second you would take,
My first secure you first must make.
If first upon my first you prove,
What from my second can you move?
If first you're in the competition,
Nought can defeat you—but petition.
If I've confused you, all the better;
No let you'll find though, if you find each letter.

1.
Unpleasant these, I own, to swallow;
A little gold will help them down.
But some there are, when weighed quite hollow,
Which yet have gammoned all the town.

2.
"Odi profanum," Horace says;
Profane are these and vulgar too:
An honour some may deem their praise;
I'd rather hear a loud halloo.

3.
Poor guileless thing! yet many more
Shall men disguised as birds betray;
'Tis right that lovers buy them wings,
Since they're so quick to fly away.

4.
No war's a war that's worth the waging,
Except where this sweet sequel's found:
While fools with thirst of Fame are raging,
They seek but this whose minds are sound.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

C lus S (Artemus Ward)
H utc H
I n O
L ea R
D ivin E

CORRECT answer by Ruby's Ghost.

INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, Anti-Teapot, and Linda Princess.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 82.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

THERE is no longer any doubt that Mr. Gladstone will have in the next Parliament a majority numerically stronger than any political chief, since Pitt, has ever commanded. He will be carried into office, as it were, on the shoulders of the nation, and will be confronted by an Opposition as weak, if as bitter, as the small band of Jacobins which the eccentric Fox led to constant defeat. No man, not even his original master, Peel, has, since the time of Pitt, ever had such vast political power as Mr. Gladstone now enjoys. It is not unnatural that those who are privileged to hold themselves aloof from party politics, and who may assure themselves that they are free from party prejudices, should ask anxiously, now Mr. Gladstone has got this vast power, What will he do with it?

We are not at all inclined to underrate Mr. Gladstone's great talents and high purposes; nor are we inclined to abandon ourselves body and soul, as too many seem inclined to do, to his absolute guidance. It seems to us that it is not a healthy sign when men are ready to surrender on the hustings all true independence, and to promise and vow implicit obedience to one man, although that man is for the present, doubtless, identified with one measure, and that a very necessary and just one. But for this political unitarianism Mr. Disraeli is mainly responsible; it is the natural reaction against that utter abuse of personal influence of which he has been guilty. Party allegiance has been degraded, and it is only by raising it out of the mire through which Mr. Disraeli has dragged it, that it can be reinstated in the approbation of men; and having been purified of the ill odour which the very name has contracted, be made fit for use again, as, what it undoubtedly is, a most important means of carrying good measures. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Gladstone is accepted as the Bayard of politics "*sans peur et sans reproche*;" a man of unselfish spirit whose aims are high and pure, and who strains every nerve in the honest endeavour to discover what is the right course, and having discovered it, pursues that course undeterred by any abuse, and undaunted by any obstacle. Therefore, to make him the object of a strict and unquestioning party allegiance, seems to many the best protest against such prostitution of personal power in high places as has distinguished the career of Mr. Disraeli.

Notwithstanding all the good qualities of Mr. Gladstone, it is impossible not to feel the gravest anxiety as to the future, when the government of the country will be delivered over to him. This is not the time or the place to cavil at the many changes which his opinions, we may almost say his principles,

have undergone. In office, first under the Tory Sir Robert Peel; next under the semi-Liberal Sir Robert Peel; next under the semi-Conservative Lord Aberdeen; next under the Liberal-Conservative-Whig, Lord Palmerston, the high priest of expediency; finally, the leader of the House of Commons, and practically Premier under the Whig-Radical, Earl Russell; and soon about to be absolute Prime Minister of England, committed only to one sweeping measure of Reform, with a submissive crowd of followers, the idol of the people; the hope of the Democrats; the great man, clinging to whose skirts what Whigs have taught themselves to ape Radicalism hope to creep into office—hated by the Tories, as the Romans hated Coriolanus, their greatest general, whom their ingratitude had made their greatest foe,—such is the position, such the prestige, and such the power, of Mr. Gladstone; and the happiness, the very life, of England, depends upon how he uses this power.

In all the above changes there has been a kind of progress. Mr. Gladstone has fulfilled Macaulay's prophecy, written in 1839—"Whether he will or not, he must be a man of the nineteenth century." And now Mr. Gladstone is the man of the nineteenth century. To change one's opinions, or even one's principles, cannot be in itself wrong. There is one ruling principle, indeed, which we must never change; and that is, whatever the consequences to oneself, good or bad—whether disgrace or honour—to do that which is just and right, as far as our consciences can guide us. If we have hitherto acted on certain principles, and the growth of our knowledge teaches us that those principles are wrong, it is better to leave them, even if pursued with accusations of treachery, than obstinately to cling to them, knowing them to be wrong. But it is also the duty of a public man on whom all eyes are fixed, and whose example many will blindly follow, not to make any change of this sort in a doubtful or hesitating way, or with any sidelong glance at the profits to be reached by it; but to pursue the earnest humble inquiries, and fight the difficult conflict, in the privacy of his own study, and to come forth to the world not till he is certain that right has conquered, and that he can give his reasons for his conversion. This is Mr. Gladstone's weakest point: with a passionate yearning for the truth, he combines a singularly casuistic habit of thought; he balances the pro and con, and inclines to the one or the other, before all people; he is so anxious to believe that every question has two sides, that he often does not make up his mind on which to declare till it is too late: on the other hand, he often rushes impetuously to the aid of the weaker side without considering if,

morally, it is the stronger one. Impatient of contradiction, more impatient of control, he commits himself to extreme courses before he is able to justify them; he is so eager to be original and independent, that he is in great danger of being crotchety and tyrannical. Judging him from his past history, he is more than likely to fight with all his skill of oratory, and his passionate zeal, for the abolition of entail and primogeniture, not because he is convinced that they ought to be abolished, but because he sees that those who advocate their abolition have some right on their side, and that prudence and mediocrity are ranged against them. Because prudence and mediocrity are often on the side of rank abuses, Mr. Gladstone will show them no quarter, even when they are decidedly in the right. It is not necessary here to argue the question as to whether the sub-division of the land into small freeholds is desirable; the system has failed everywhere, except where large tracts of unoccupied land capable of improvement afforded a practical remedy for the paralysis of all energy and enterprise which such a system produces. A community of persons hovering on the verge of pauperism may be better than a community of wealthy persons and hopeless paupers; but we doubt it: at any rate, the true remedy is to abolish the pauperism, not to reduce the wealthy to something as near pauperism as is possible. We have opened up a wide field of discussion, which may be tilled some other time. At present let us hope that Mr. Gladstone will not throw away all moderation, because he needs much zeal. Let him boldly face the great social difficulties which embarrass the real moral progress of this country. Let him, having disposed of the one political question on which the elections have turned, nobly resist the temptation to pursue the ultra-Radical programme against his better convictions. Let him consolidate the political liberty of this country by a social Reform Bill, which shall abolish those noxious abuses which now poison the happiness of our poorer fellow-subjects. Let him fight against the tyranny of money, against the religion of Mammon. That is the real established creed, the overthrow of which truth, justice, and morality demand. Let education unfettered spread its blessings over the land, and teach all the people to use their political power aright. The liberty we require is not the liberty to speak or vote as we please, but liberty from that social tyranny which debases and enslaves body, mind, and soul alike.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TUILERIES.

SCENE.—*The Emperor's Smoking-room.*

Enter TOMAHAWK.

LOUIS NAP.—*Tiens! c'est toi! comment ça va?*
 TOM.—*Ne vous dérangez pas, Sire!* We're getting on uncommonly well. I expect you would like to say the same.
 LOUIS NAP.—*I!* I get on like the house which is on the fire. Have you seen the new streets, the new uniforms, the new—
 TOM.—*Régime.* We'll talk about the beauties of Paris another time. I want to know where the fire is that causes so much smoke.
 LOUIS NAP.—You mean the stupid reports in the *Gaulois*.
 Bah! *ce sont des canards*—
 TOM.—*Des navets!* There is some truth in them, or you wouldn't have given yourself so much trouble to deny them.
 LOUIS NAP.—Well, the fact is, there was a row, but of course I have taken my precautions ever since the famous Second of December, and they will find it quite another affair now.
 TOM.—Why! what makes better barricades than omnibuses thrown on their sides across the street?
 LOUIS NAP.—*Bigre!* But you know something about barricades.
 TOM.—Pray don't mind me. I shall not assist at demolishing your throne.

LOUIS NAP.—Demolish my throne. Why! *mon cher*, the people hasn't got a chance now. All my boulevards diverge from points where there are barracks or dépôts. I can have 50,000 men in Paris under arms in half-an-hour, and one dose of Chassepot *les chassera hors de leurs peaux*, will make them jump through their skins.

TOM.—I have no doubt you are ready to check-mate on any square, but there's that new street which leads from the Palais Royal to the New Opera House. It seems to me there are barricades already made, to look at the stones and bricks lying about.

LOUIS NAP.—That didn't escape your eye. I have often thought of that myself, and have not forgotten it. Take the word of the Cæsar of France that a revolution is next to impossible.

TOM.—Nothing is impossible to unity. But take a bit of advice and don't tease your public. What did it signify to you whether *feu* Monsieur Baudin had a statue or not? Do you suppose any one would have thought of Baudin or his statue a week after the erection of the monument? It is puerilities such as this which do your prestige more harm than a dozen Mexican wars.

LOUIS NAP.—I believe you are right. I ought to have left Rochefort alone, or given him a place somewhere or other about the back staircases when he was in the *Figaro*. That *Lanterne* has thrown out more shadows across my path by its small flashes than any amount of brilliant opposition articles.

TOM.—Make the people love you.

LOUIS NAP.—They won't; that is the long and the short. And if they won't love me they must fear me.

TOM.—There must be fear on one side or the other, and in that case it is best for the fear to be on the people's side—best for you, that is to say.

LOUIS NAP.—It is very easy to talk like that, but I should like to see you in my place—a usurper; no legal right to anything I possess; not particular to a T as to keeping oaths with an army that always wants *gloire, victoire*, and all the rest of it; a priesthood I have the utmost difficulty in conciliating; and a people who, every fifteen or twenty years, feel an irresistible itching to oust King Log for King Stork, and King Stork again for King Lucifer—anything for a change, and the throne well shaken; until the glut of smoke and civil war satisfied they settle down for another twenty years to general frivolity and the fashions of the future.

TOM.—That's about it; and I confess I don't want to be in your place; but should fate will that we should be the King Stork chosen next, we certainly would not waste our energies on miserable attacks on the small press or personal sympathies and antipathies. If a few of the opposition wish to desecrate the ground where Baudin's remains lie with some ugly chapel, or more hideous obelisk, if not in Liberty's name, in the name of Common-sense let them do it. Meet the *Lanterne* with the bright sun of honesty. Drown the noise of the opposition with the clear bell of patriotism; and let your guiding star be no longer self, but—

LOUIS NAP.—*Nom d'un chien*, but I believe you are reading me a lecture. Be good enough to take yourself off, or—

TOM.—That is the least I can do; for our artist is tired of taking you off. So, *sans adieu*. Love to the Empress and the little boy. By the way, shall I get him into the Treasury when I get back? It might be as well, you know; you really don't know what may happen.

LOUIS NAP.—I know what will happen if you don't leave the Tuileries; and that in double quick time.

TOM.—So do I. I shall first receive a *communiqué*, then an *avertissement*, and finally, be fined for the benefit of your Exchequer. No, thank you; I arrived by the Telegraph; I return by the same. Perhaps you would kindly hold the Lantern up as I go down stairs.

[*Exit.*]

MOTTO FOR MR. ESKELL, THE AUTHOR-DENTIST.—“*Arm to the teeth!*”

ELECTION RING.—There was no great fight for Westminster. But Smith effectually stopped a Mill.

HUNGER KNOWS NO LAW.

CAMBRIDGE is in revolt. The undergraduates have arisen in open mutiny, and have set the authority of the Dons at defiance. It is not that the young men have refused any longer to submit themselves to the ignominy and inconvenience of being gated or sent to extra chapels; the cause of disagreement is one far more serious—in fact, the undergraduates have quarrelled with their food. It appears that at Sidney College the Bachelors and Commoners have for some time past absented themselves from Hall, and have expressed their determination to keep away until the whole system of College dinner provision should be supervised. At a great many other colleges the example of the Sidney men is now being followed. At some of the colleges the objection is to the price, at others to the quality, of the provisions, and at several to both. The practice of the objectors is to assemble, hear grace, so as not to subject themselves to penalties for absence, and then to leave *en masse* and proceed to dine at their lodgings or the various hotels. At Sidney College, however, the Reverend Master intimated that he considered this proceeding a breach of discipline, and that until the young men returned to their dinner tables he would not interfere in the question or consider their statements. On this the undergraduates held a meeting, at which it was unanimously decided that they would dine in Hall no more during the present term.

It does very little credit to the discretion of the university authorities that squabbles such as these should be allowed to find their way into the newspapers. When an abuse exists, and in this instance there is no doubt but that an abuse *does* exist, it should be remedied in a sensible and straightforward manner. If the undergraduates evinced a spirit of mild insubordination in the course they at first adopted in the matter, so much the worse for the system which controls them, but it is really too monstrous that the pigheadedness of Dons should be permitted to develop what in the first instance was little more than a reasonable protest into a serious revolt. It is to be hoped that some higher university authority than a mere head of a college may intervene while there is yet time, and by taking the proper steps to provide for the undergraduates "a capital dinner for eighteenpence," stop their mouths and their breaches of discipline at one and the same time. If something is not done, and at once too, the Cambridge "Dinner Question" will become an epoch of disaster in the university history of the nineteenth century.

SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

My labour has been thrown away,
My money spent in vain,
And I, alas! have lost the day
I fondly hoped to gain.
To win, I scrupled not to rat,
Equivocate, cajole;
And now, despite it all, I'm at
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
I stand and stare, and rend my hair,
At the bottom of the poll!

A man more quiet never was;
I dreaded party rows;
But what can husband do that has
A most unquiet spouse?
She taunted me with having not
The spirit of a mole.
She made me stand; and this my lot—
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
'Twas all my wife. But such is life,
At the bottom of the poll!

I urged I was not sure to win,
That modest lives are sweet;
She said she did not care a pin
For life without a Seat.

She always meant that I should play
A most distinguished rôle;
And so I occupy to-day
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
They've drunk my beer, and I am here
At the bottom of the poll!

I was in such a dreadful fix;
They would not let me be;
Mother and daughters longed to mix
In the best society.
My modesty alone, they said,
Still kept them from the goal;
But they were thinking of the head,
Not bottom, of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
My daughters weep, and my wife can't
sleep
For the bottom of the poll!

They little know what I've endured,
Through what I've had to pass;
And how their vanity has lured
Me on to be an ass.
How I have had a part to act
Undignified and droll,
Only to find my poor self tacked
To the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
'Tis an urchin's joke, "There goes the
bloke
At the bottom of the poll!"

How many thousands I have spent
I dare not yet inquire;
But soon will come my punishment
And retribution dire.
For now election charges will
Be coming in a shoal,
And I must pay the little bill
For the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
To lavish pelf, and find oneself
At the bottom of the poll!

O were I but a Barristère
Or county magnate eke,
Me could my Party make a Peer,
Or else a London Beak.
But as it is, a mere C.B.,
Like to the mighty Cole,
I fear they'll not e'en make of me
At the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
I'd as lief be drowned or hanged as found
At the bottom of the poll!

ALL WE HEARD OF HIS SPEECH.

FREE and enlightened voters, let me state
To you my humble rights to (*stop his jaws*);
Thus qualified, I boldly leave my fate
Within your hands (*ironical applause*).

My colleague tells you with his well-known force
(*Hisses and groans*), his steps I follow after;
Let me then beg you'll Church and State divorce,
And be respondent to my (*cheers and laughter*).

AN ACETATE in which there is no poison.—A. C. Tait, Arch-
bishop of Canterbury.

MCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,

Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet resigned !

MR. LAYARD is returned again for Southwark, and evidently in first-rate order. His language is coarse and virulent as ever. The Conservative Press is "a sink into which all the lies and the calumnies and the filth is drained over the face of the land, not to enrich it, but to dirty it." Bravo ! Bully Layard ! It is evident that you don't write for the Liberal Press, or it would be much in the same condition as that which you so elegantly attribute to the journals of your opponents.

WHAT a mighty power is respectability ! The *Times*, which reviled the Marquis of Hastings in its largest type, had a column and a half in equally large type dedicated to the praise of Baron James de Rothschild. The Baron was a prudent speculator, not a rash gambler. He died with a million or so more than he came into the world with—not poorer by several thousands. He was not a profligate, with no sense of decency ! Well ! if the Baron was "a man made old to teach the worth of age," we would prefer dying young, even should the *Times* scrawl "damnatus" on our tombstone.

FROM PILLAR TO POST.

THE ex-Queen of Spain has not yet decided where to take up her abode. Her Majesty is at present in Paris, but it is stated that she intends shortly to quit that city, as her reception at the French Court has not been so cordial as her previous experience of the hospitality and urbanity of the Emperor of the French had led her to expect. This, after all, is not very surprising, as however delighted the Emperor may have been to entertain right royally the reigning Queen of Spain, now that the luckless Isabella presents herself at the Tuileries simply in the character of a lady at large, the position assumes a somewhat awkward aspect.

In consequence of the marked coldness shown to the ex-Queen in Paris, which in the first instance was selected for her Majesty's permanent residence, her advisers have put themselves into communication with several other Courts, with the view of ascertaining on what terms Isabella would be taken in elsewhere. The answers to these letters will not, of course,

be made public, but we believe ourselves to be in a position to publish as authentic the following conditions understood to be imposed by the various Governments which have been applied to on the subject.

ENGLAND.—No Royal palace would be placed at the ex-Queen's disposal, but a lease of the Pavilion at Brighton would be granted to her Majesty on reasonable terms. The ex-Queen would not be received at Windsor, but she might expect an occasional invitation to Marlborough House or the Mansion House. Her Majesty would not be recognised by the Archbishop of Westminster.

AUSTRIA.—On the ex-Queen's taking the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, and transferring to him her interest in the Spanish throne, a palace at Trieste (unfurnished) would be presented to her by Government.

PRUSSIA.—There would be no objection to her Majesty taking up her residence at Berlin, provided she deposited in the Treasury a sum of twenty millions of money as a guarantee against embroiling Prussia in any misunderstanding with a foreign Power.

ITALY.—The ex-Queen would be received by the Royal Family, and a residence at Milan would be placed at her disposal, on the understanding that her Majesty would consent to be hooted by the populace whenever it might suit the convenience of the Government to encourage a demonstration against the Romish priesthood. Broken windows would be mended by the authorities, and a liberal compensation would be granted for the bruises and contusions of her Majesty's suite.

SWITZERLAND.—The Pension Wallace is now vacant, and has been left in good condition by its last occupant. Undeniable references would be required, and the first quarter's rent would be payable in advance.

DENMARK.—Being a free country, the ex-Queen may live in any part of it she pleases ; but as the Government is perfectly aware that there is nothing to be got out of her, the ex-Queen would not be recognised at Court. No project for a matrimonial alliance between a member of her Majesty's family and that of the King of Denmark would for a moment be entertained.

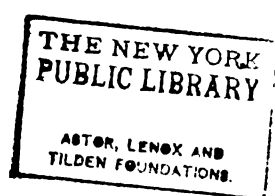
DAHOMY.—The King would feel highly honoured if the ex-Queen would accept his hospitality, and he would promise to invent entertainments for her edification and amusement which should entirely dispel the memories of the bull-fights of her native land. The King of Dahomey would also be prepared to offer her Majesty half his throne, if agreeable. Should this offer be accepted, the ex-King Consort would be provided for.

On the whole, we are inclined to counsel her Majesty to quit the Continent where she is so little appreciated, and by accepting the terms of the great African potentate (which, it may be observed, are far more liberal than those of any European Government), reassume the exalted position for which nature intended her.

SHAME ! SHAME !

A WOMAN or two bayoneted, a few children trodden under foot to death ; a handful of electors shot down here and there in the streets ; some good English blood spilt freely and royally, with the Riot Act read twice or thrice, and the thoroughfares cleared by the charging soldiery. What more could be desired to prove to the world that this is an honest, hearty, free, and enlightened nation ? We may well thank God that things have not been even worse than they have ; that our devilish political savagery has borne no more bloody fruit than this. And yet, after all, what a disgusting spectacle !

Talk of England being the centre of civilisation, and her institutions the finest the world has seen ! Stuff, sheer impudent stuff ! There is not a people in Europe that cannot point to us with scorn, and show us nobler aims and more generous rivalries than our own. Had the scenes that have, during the past ten days, been enacted throughout the length and breadth of this country, taken place upon the Continent, there would have been a universal self-righteous howl wherever penny papers flare, or pulpits thunder. The story of a British general election is a disgraceful story, and one on which every true Englishman must cry shame, shame, utter shame !



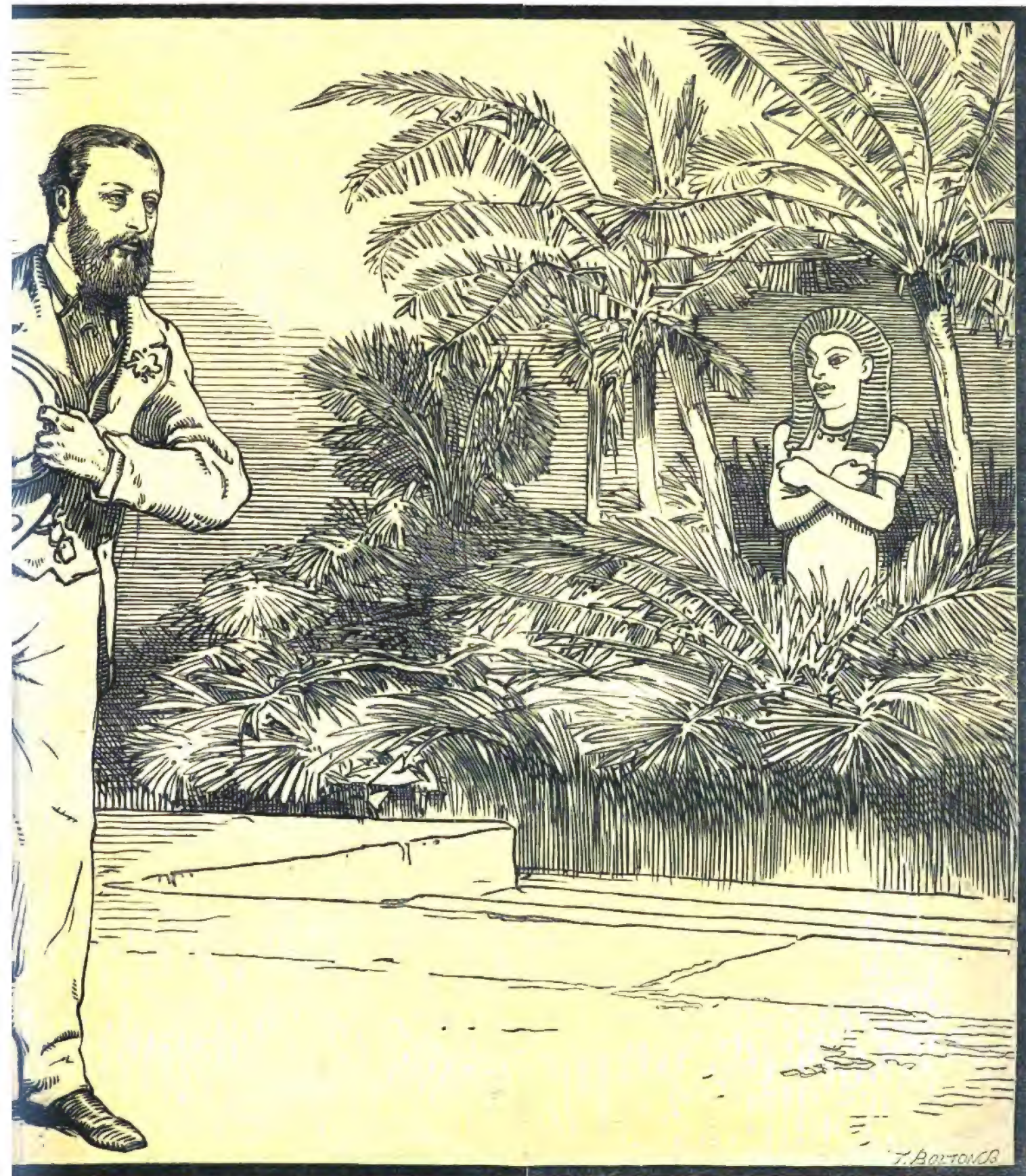
THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



"D O N T D E

November 28, 1868.



"ERT ME."

(DEDICATED TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY BRITANNIA.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

TALKING IT OVER.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND MR. JOHN BULL.

MR. JOHN BULL.—Well, Sir, and what do you mean to do now?

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—“Mean” to do, my dear friend—?

MR. J. B.—Don’t call me your “dear friend,” Sir; I don’t like it.

MR. B. D. (*smiling softly*).—Not? Ah, you do not understand me!MR. J. B. (*growling*).—No, nor does anybody else. But come, Sir, don’t waste my time. Just say, in plain English, if you can possibly get yourself to be straightforward for two minutes together, what you are going to be up to now?MR. B. D.—Still suspicious? But never mind. (*Smiling more softly, and as if he had not heard him.*) You were saying—I beg your pardon—?

MR. J. B.—You know what I was saying. Confound it all, Sir, what’s your policy? That’s what I ask you.

MR. B. D.—Policy? Ah! yes, to be sure. Why, honesty, of course. That is the best policy, as the poet—

MR. J. B. (*very angry*).—The poet be—MR. B. D. (*interrupting him*).—Oh fie! But come, let us be calm, my dear friend. (*Movement on the part of Mr. John Bull.*) Let us be calm, and I will state, briefly as I can, and plainly, honestly, and categorically, as I always do—(*smiles*)—what line of conduct I have proposed to myself as most fitting in the present condition of affairs.

MR. J. B.—Exactly. Out with it, Sir; that’s what I want to hear.

MR. B. D.—Of course it is; and very natural that you should. Well, then, in the first place, I think it is the duty of a Prime Minister to consider the interests of his country above all other interests; and as I do consider this, I cannot feel respect for the statesman in that position who would not fling his own personal reputation to the winds when a great imperial crisis demands the sacrifice. (*Takes breath.*)MR. J. B. (*impatiently*).—Come, Sir, come: none of this froth for me.MR. B. D. (*quieting him*).—“Froth,” my dear Sir? You just listen. Having, therefore, submitted to you that philosophical proposition, I will now go on to say that, as far as I am concerned myself, I should regard myself as a traitor to my Queen, my country, and my—

MR. J. B.—Pocket—go on, sir.

MR. B. D. (*smiling sweetly*).—Pocket, were I to abandon the helm of the State under any combination of circumstances whatever. You see—(*watching the effect of his words*)—that is, I cannot think it the duty of a true patriot to give over the control of the vessel to incompetent hands. Gladstone does not know what he is about. I do. So, you see, thinking it better that anything should happen rather than that I should—should—

MR. J. B.—Let go of the public purse-strings.

MR. B. D.—Thank you, yes; that is the idea—let go of the public purse-strings—I mean to stay in myself, and—and—

MR. J. B.—Pitch your old colleagues all overboard together?

MR. B. D.—The idea again; yes, overboard together. I shall then, through what call a just appreciation of the political necessities of the day, make up a new Cabinet. Let me see. We will have Bright for Foreign Affairs, Potter in the Home Office, get Beales in for Greenwich, and push him somehow on to the woollack. Then as to Odger and Mill I dare say they would be useful in the Upper House. With regard to the rest, I—

MR. J. B.—Gladstone, for instance?

MR. B. D.—You are quite right. Of course we would not forget him. A—a—(*smiling very sweetly*)—colonial governorship—say St. Helena?MR. J. B. (*suppressing his indignation*).—And your measures?

MR. B. D.—To suit the necessities of the age of course. We should abolish the Irish Church, and the English Church, and the House of Lords, and the Constitution, and the Excise duties, and the standing army, and—

MR. J. B.—Anything else?

MR. B. D.—Yes, we should establish universal suffrage, and

the ballot, and equal division of landed property, and woman’s rights, and the people’s charter, and—in fact, anything that might be agreeable to all parties.

MR. J. B.—In short, Sir, you mean to tell me you will pay any price, however low it be, for power?

MR. B. D.—My dear friend, you have hit it exactly. I do.

MR. J. B. (*indignantly*).—Then know, Sir, that I won’t have you at any price. I’ve had quite enough of you already, and mean to kick you out. There, Sir, that’s what I’ve got to say to you, and now you may go.

BY AUTHORITY.

OUR contemporary, the *Daily News*, is becoming quite remarkable for the exclusiveness of its information. One day last week, when its pages were inconveniently crowded by the reports of the borough elections, the place of honour immediately below the last leading article was reserved for the following interesting announcement:—

“The Queen, who, since the lamented death of the Prince Consort, has used plain note paper in her correspondence, has adopted a monogram consisting of the regal R under an imperial crown, with the legend Victoria across the letter. The design, which has received its last improvements from her Majesty’s own hand, is being executed in black and silver.”

The paragraph does not end here, but we are even made acquainted with the name and address of the highly-honoured individual who has been entrusted with the execution of the design.

We notice the announcement, as we fear that badly-disposed people who do not entertain a proper respect for the exalted character of the Penny Press, may take it into their mischievous heads to suggest that this tit-bit of “exclusive information” is nothing more nor less than a paid-for advertisement. Not a bit of it. We are happy to be able to assure our readers that the paragraph in question headed the most important items of the day’s news, and bore no sign of being anything but what it pretended to be. Is it likely that a respectable paper, even in reduced circumstances, would stoop so low as to palm off on the public a paid-for advertisement for a bit of the latest news? Impossible. Such a subterfuge would be unprecedented in the annals of British journalism.

THE NEXT ELECTION.

IT really would seem, from the outrages that occurred before the hustings last week, that we are, indeed, becoming the “barbarous” nation alluded to so frequently by “our lively neighbours,” the French. The newspapers, at the time of the Election, absolutely teemed with tales of murder and blood. “Shooting dead” and bayoneting were both resorted to by the free and independent electors as means for attaining their ends. Talk about “French cruelty” and “Spanish brutality,” why neither can compare with English murder! Yes, “murder” is the word. The Irish Church question has nothing in common with leaden bullets—the problem of Reform may be worked to a solution without the aid of cold steel. But there, the matter is over for the present: let us hope that the next election may be no worse. Still, a sensible man cannot shut his eyes to the fact that from bad we seldom grow by our own accord to better. It’s not impossible that we may see something like the following if we live to welcome in the year 1890.

DULLBOROUGH ELECTION.

November 16, 1890.

To-day being the day appointed for the polling at this borough, the Hustings were thronged from a very early hour in the morning. The Clerks of the Returning Officer were clad in mail, a costume which saved them from many a sabre cut, and not a few bullets. It was feared that the Liberals had undermined a part of the booth, with the intention of blowing the Register to atoms. Happily the rumour turned out to be false. At about noon the Conservatives, who had mounted some heavy guns on the roof of the Town Hall, opened fire on the voters. At the request of the police (who explained that the guns were

old and likely to burst), and after some ten or a dozen shots had been fired, the amateur artillerymen desisted from their dangerous employment. It will be remembered that Messrs. Brown (L.), Smith (C.), and Jones (C.) are now the only candidates, as Mr. Robinson (L.) retired (shot through the stomach) on the day of nomination.

NOON.

State of the Poll.

Brown (L)	114
Smith (C)	94
Jones (C)	27

Prices.—Liberal votes, £5 a-piece. Conservative votes, £7 10s. Trade brisk.

We regret to say that party feeling still runs very high—Mrs. Brown and the Misses Brown (2) were murdered by some *persons*!—we won't call them *gentlemen*—while engaged in shopping. It is feared that the Liberals will retaliate by slaughtering Mr. Smith's mother-in-law.

TWO P.M.

State of the Poll.

Brown (L)	323
Smith (C)	247
Jones (C)	Retired (shot through the head).

Prices.—Liberal votes, £3 a-piece, or 2 for £5. Conservative votes, £5 a-piece. Trade dull.

Most of the churches have been pulled down. The scholars at the Ragged Schools have been liberated, and have fraternised with the prisoners set free from the Town Gaol. A few women were killed in the last charge of the Military. The Volunteers are giving no quarter.

FOUR P.M.

Close of the Poll.

Brown (L)	400.
Smith (C)	Retired (mortally wounded).

Prices.—Liberal votes, 5s. a dozen. Conservative votes, 6s. a gross. Scarcely any business doing.

It will be seen that Mr. Brown headed the poll. This gentleman certainly deserves the success which has attended his efforts to secure a seat in Parliament. He is most fortunate to have passed through the ordeal of election with only the loss of an eye and the fracture of an arm.

Mr. Brown, on his appearance on the Hustings, was received with loud cheers and much hissing. After a while it was judged expedient to look after the Returning Officer. It is with deep regret that we announce that this worthy gentleman was discovered lying dead under the Reporter's table. It is supposed that a random shot (fired by the Conservatives) killed him earlier in the day.

WHAT IT HAS COME TO!

APPROPOS of the contemplated absence of Royalty from the metropolis in the coming season, we publish the following items of intelligence, which may have a special interest for those among our readers who subscribe to the *Court Journal* :—

There will be no season at Paris this Christmas, as it is reported that the Emperor has determined on passing the winter at Bath, his advisers having considered it inevitable that he must soon get into hot water. Guided by this opinion he has made his selection of this still fashionable watering-place for his temporary domicile.

Her ex-Majesty, the Queen of Spain, will continue to occupy her present residence in Coventry. There will be no Court at Madrid.

The Sultan of Turkey and suite will make a short stay at Margate, where they will appear (for a limited number of nights only) at the Hall by the Sea (admission one shilling). There will be no Court at Constantinople.

The King of Prussia has taken the whole of the Lord Warden

Hotel, at Dover, for six months. It is said that his Majesty, who has suffered of late years from a great deal of feverish excitement, has been urgently advised to pursue a lowering regimen for a short period, and that he purposes, therefore, taking a course of the celebrated powders named after the sea-port he is about to visit. There will be no Court at Berlin.

The Emperor of Russia has started for Naples. It is reported that he is about to descend the crater of Vesuvius with a view to protesting strongly against the continual use of explosive material by the authorities in that volcano. The mission is scientific and humane, but we regret to say that in consequence there will be no Court at St. Petersburg this winter.

The King of Denmark will be occupied next season in an advertising tour, having several ageing relations to marry off while there is any market for them. He will, however, be willing to put a substitute in his place, with use of the crown, and a salary (payable in advance) of £100 a year. He will be glad to hear from Prince Christian, or any other walking talent, as, in the event of no one turning up, there will be no Court held at Copenhagen next year.

ENIGMA.

He breathed it in my glowing ear,
Down 'neath the willows by the mere.

Oh! how I treasured it within my heart!
And when relentless Time brought round the hour,
When these sad words were spoken "we must part,"
I knew that o'er my life he held this power,—
If he broke this, that he would break my heart.

His letters came, warm from his passionate soul;
Each loving word assumed his much-loved form.
To read them o'er whole nights from sleep I stole,
Nor dreamed the calm so sweet presaged a storm.

At last it came, no outward semblance bearing
Of that dread poisoned dart that lay within,
And I the envelope was madly tearing
To reach the loving words I deemed no sin.
And then in hard and cruel lines displayed,
I read the truth, and knew myself betrayed.

Knew that this man whom I had deemed so pure,
Had trampled on all honour and all truth;
E'en in the deadening trance of grief, full sure,
Was I that he could never show me ruth;
He who, though wed, had stole my virgin love,
And lies to witness called his God above.

So this I took—since nought for me was left
But in the world to wear my load of shame;
Of every hope, of every joy bereft,
Fain was I to forget my very name.
Religion mocks me with a phantom peace,
I cannot hate—to love I cannot cease.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

P ill S
O d E
L ed A
L oo T

INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, Ruby's Ghost, Charley and Owl (Lower Norwood), E. C. Dering, F. Thomas (Liverpool), Happy Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, George Sydney Russell Jackson (Coleford), Castlebar Terrier, William O'Hara, O. Jumping Moses, The Rattling Skull and Crossbones of Kensal Green, The Howling Maniac of Harrow and the Parson's Daughter, A Groan from the Cobden Statue, Dyrba Deyol, The Wendover Wonder, Samuel E. Thomas, and Hero and Lander.

ERRATUM.—The first word in the answer last week should have been Cuss, not Cluss.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 83.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

THE late Civil War! Where? in America? No. In England. We have had a General Election in Great Britain and Ireland, and we have, in consequence, had a Civil War. Fellow-subjects have armed themselves against one another, and everywhere detachments of the standing army of the State have been held in readiness to act against their own countrymen. This, in plain language, has been the condition of Great Britain and Ireland for the last three weeks. The exercise of the greatest constitutional right which we, as a nation, possess, namely, that of electing our own representatives, cannot be carried on without the intervention of the military. This is not a very creditable fact, but it is none the less true.

The Anglo-Saxons may be an order-loving race in general, but it cannot be denied, that on particular occasions they are more violent and brutal than any other civilized race. We leave it to connoisseurs in morality to decide what moral superiority is shown by those who break a fellow-creature's head with a bludgeon, or smash his features into a jelly with their fists, over those who prefer to use the knife on such occasions of brotherly intercourse. However, even in Ireland, where we know the shillelagh flourishes side by side with the shamrock as an emblem of national honour and generosity, knives and firearms seem to have been used during the late elections by others than foreigners, or hired butchers, as the soldiers are sometimes admiringly termed. Some philosophers, considering the religious bigotry which was inevitably aroused by the Irish Church Question, and which was assiduously cultivated by the supporters, if not by the chiefs, of both parties, may feel inclined to congratulate the country on the comparatively small list of killed and wounded which is the result of the election contests. Perhaps, some member of the new Parliament will move for an accurate return of persons killed or injured; but we, who look at moral facts rather than the arithmetical details of statistics, are quite ready to base our observations on the lowest return that any admirer of British institutions may be able to compile by the aid of his sympathies, or of his imagination.

There is but little good in endeavouring to impress upon the intelligent electors and non-electors of this country that there is no political virtue, and not much argument, in breaking their opponents' heads. This is an obvious truism; and like most truisms, will never be practically believed or acted on by those who are determined not to believe or act on it, however often it be repeated. What we wish to do, is to try and make some

suggestions towards the solution of this difficult problem; how are these disgraceful scenes of violence and bloodshed to be prevented?

It has been forced upon the perception of many writers, and thinkers, during the last week or two, that, after all, nominations are practically useless, except to facilitate rioting. Why should not the names of the candidates be affixed to the church doors, and published generally throughout the borough, or district, which they aspire to represent? We do not know why; except that this is obviously the most sensible course to pursue. It is at the nominations, generally, that the worst element of election mobs—the non-electors or roughs—have a grand opportunity for a vigorous display of their partialities. But even the abolition of the ceremony of nomination would do but little; there would still remain those numerous gatherings of the constituents, which are convoked by the various candidates previous to every election. Electors *will* inflict on themselves this somewhat unnecessary torture, and of course they have a right to ask questions of their proposed representatives, and to hear from them some profession of faith, even though experience teaches them that these professions often, owing to circumstances over which, of course, the candidate can have no control, fail to be fully realised by his future practices. What, then, can we do? Given, a public meeting, at which Jones, the Liberal, meets the electors, how are we to prevent the supporters of Smith, the Conservative, from being present, and testifying their presence by whatever forcible methods they may please to adopt? As to only granting admission to those who have previously received tickets, practically we know this to be little protection against disturbances. Besides, if the meeting is to be of any real value, all opinions ought to be represented. Though it may be a confession of guilt, we think it would be better that special constables should be sworn in on all such occasions, to serve till the elections are over; that plenty of these special constables should be present at every meeting to keep order in the room, and to prevent any person armed from entering. In fact, all sticks and umbrellas should be left at the doors. In the case of open-air meetings, a strong cordon of constables should keep the ground, as soldiers do during a review, and no persons who may come with an obvious predetermination of disturbing the peace should be admitted on the ground. These suggestions may not appear to be very brilliant or original; but we believe that most persons will bear us out in stating that, for some inscrutable reason or other, there is very rarely any care taken by the proper authorities to keep the peace at public meetings of a political character. It is one thing to attempt to suppress such a meeting, and

another to take those ordinary precautions to prevent a breach of the peace, which all subjects have a right to expect from the civil authorities.

But after all, unless all elections are to be conducted by proxies, which is impossible, breaches of the peace, of a more or less serious character, must be expected as long as violence is the argument at once most congenial, and intelligible, to a mass of the population. How the Ballot is to prevent such crimes as have been perpetrated during the late election contests, we don't know. The Ballot will not reconcile differences of opinion, it will not abate the virulence of demagogues, it will not enlighten the ignorance, or refine the brutality, of the "roughs;" it seems to us that the very fact of not knowing which way the electors are voting, will only exasperate those enthusiastic partisans who fight more for their colours, than for their opinions. Make as strict laws as you like against bribery and intimidation; even go so far as to shut up the public-houses on polling days, but there still will exist in the mobs the same elements of ferocity and violence; and we can diminish these only by the spread of education and civilization. In other countries where the passions are quite as strong, if not stronger than in England, such scenes of brutality, as the papers were obliged to record during the last two weeks, are not the inseparable accompaniments of election contests. America, the country most akin to our own, alone can vie with us in this disgraceful distinction. The Irish population there, as here, generally distinguish themselves, on all occasions when recklessness with regard to their own or of other persons' lives can be most favourably displayed. But it is not only the Irish who bruise and stab, and shoot, their opponents. Greater alertness of the law to defend order, and greater severity in punishing any breach of it are necessary. And far greater earnestness and perseverance are needed on the part of all statesmen, and politicians generally, in endeavouring to raise the exercise of political rights out of the arena of faction fights. There is one section of the community, namely, the clergy, which may learn an useful lesson from the late elections, the county ones, especially. There is no doubt that their influence has been very great, and now they have chosen to exert it to its utmost, has achieved, they may consider so, great results. They have probably succeeded in exciting more animosity against the Church of England in one month, than the enemies of that institution have in many years. They have made her foes ten times more bitter than before; they have changed her lukewarm allies into earnest opponents; they have destroyed the courage, and sickened the souls, of her noblest and her truest friends. Let them enjoy their triumph while they can. Let them gloat over the seats which they have won for the Conservative party by a shameful perversion of their holy office. We, in common with many other Christian subjects of this realm, ask the clergy this question:—"If you will do so much in the cause of politics, can you do so little in the cause of morality? If you can lead your sheep to the polling-booth, can you not lead them from the public-houses?"—perhaps, in some cases, they were taken thence to record their votes for the maintenance of the Irish Establishment.

There is no need of rich endowments, and mighty dignities, and venerable honours, to procure the services of men who preach but the doctrines of self-interest and uncharitableness.

THE REAL GREENWICH PENSIONER.—Mr. Gladstone.

THE STEP FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.—From South Lancashire to Greenwich.

MILITARY REFORM.

CONSIDERABLE dissatisfaction, not to say disaffection, has been felt in the ranks of the Militia, in consequence of the omission in the military toast at the Guildhall feast of all mention of the Militia, the Army having been toasted and the Volunteers also, but no mention having been made of the Militia. It is of course possible, nay probable, that the omission was purely accidental; if it was intentional, no words would be too strong to reprobate so studied a slight upon the old constitutional force of the country, and no place could have been less appropriate for such a slight than the banquet hall of the City of London, whose Train-bands and City Militia have never failed to make themselves felt in time of internal disturbance in this country.

As far as regards the reply to the toast, it was hardly possible for the Duke of Cambridge to introduce the mention of a force not mentioned in the toast for which he was answering; and the Militia may rest most entirely assured that their value is fully recognised and their zeal and loyalty acknowledged by His Royal Highness Commanding-in-Chief, who has on many occasions gone out of his way to express his sense of the importance of the Militia force as the first line of Reserve behind the regular Army of the country.

But, at the same time, it may be doubted whether the Militia is utilized to its full extent, or put into active operation for aiding the regular forces as prominently as it might be, either by the Government or by the Militia themselves.

As regards the Government, there can scarcely be a second opinion that in sanctioning the plan, some few years ago, for militiamen to re-engage for a second period the authorities at the War Office took a wholly erroneous view of the object and aims of the Militia force. Clearly the main object of that force is to have at hand a large number of partially, if not completely, trained young men ready to form an active Reserve in time of necessity, and further to have a system by which a large number of the population shall have received the rudiments of training and military discipline. What, then, could be the object of inducing by increased bounties tens of thousands of trained militiamen to re-engage for the purpose of being trained again! Thus each man trained cost twice as much as he need have done, and the numbers trained were only one-half what they might have been. It is to be hoped that among the expected measures of military reform, and when the great question of an effective Reserve shall receive the attention it so fully deserves, the re-engagement of militiamen may be at once put a stop to. There is no difficulty whatever in filling the ranks of the Militia Regiments. In fact, most of the Corps are under restrictive orders not to take candidates beyond a certain number below the quota. There can, therefore, be no necessity for filling the school with pupils who have already completed their course of instruction.

And upon the same consideration, there can be no reason why much greater encouragement should not be given to militiamen to enlist in the regular Army. At present this is *allowed*, but by no means encouraged; and yet it is manifest that a militiaman with his one, two, or three years' drilling, is worth more than a raw recruit who has yet to learn the goose-step, and it would be worth while to allow such trained men to reckon the whole of their Militia service as Army service, and, in fact, to give every inducement to such men to go from the playing at soldiers to actual service.

What, then, can be the reason why the Government do not adopt so manifestly simple a plan for feeding the Army without the necessity of keeping up the expensive machinery of the recruiting service? The answer is not a comfortable one. It is because many Militia Colonels have seats in the House and votes in Parliament, and many Militia Colonels object to have their regiments "pulled to pieces after all the pains they have taken in drilling them," and "to have their corps made mere pipes for supplying the army." Some Colonels of Militia take a much less narrow view of the case, and give free leave to their men to join the Army. They recognise the advantage of establishing a close connexion between the Militia and one or more regiments of the Line, giving the Line their young men as recruits, and receiving back from the Line veteran soldiers as sergeants and instructors, and this reciprocal tie has uniformly been found to work admirably, wherever it has been fairly tried. But such cases are the exceptions, and for-

tunate it will be for the country and for the Militia, when such exceptions become the general rule; and when the Militia, closely connected with the Line, will serve as a reserve, a nursery, and a refuge for the regular troops. Then the recruiting for the Army will no longer be a source of doubt, of trouble, and of infinite expense; and then the Militia need not fear they will be slighted or overlooked by the Military authorities, or by the Country, even though they may be forgotten by the toast-master at Guildhall.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

THE sere and yellow ranks of non-dancers round a ball-room are misnamed. It is the buds in their button-holes which are wall-flowers blossoming on the old ruins beneath.

..

Set a Becker on horseback and she will ride to the hustings.

..

Women were only half angels when they stood on their political rights, but now that they are incapacitated for sitting they partake more of the nature of cherubs, who, whatever heads they possess, can never take their seats in any conclave.

..

If the Hanoverian creams are kept in the stables and Her Majesty remains out of town, the Queen's coachman says his heart is as heavy as bran-mash. In fact, he finds it like a safety match, light only on the box.

..

When a great composer like Rossini dies, he leaves us heirs to a never-failing fund. His notes will never be dishonoured.

..

Young speculators talk of the wild times when they went in for fifteen per cent. That wild time must have grown on some of the banks which failed in the crisis.

..

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!"—yet there are many idle poor who prefer to go to their uncle.

..

Creditors are like corns: they are always reminding one where the shoe pinches. The only way to get rid of them is to cut them—and that won't prevent them coming again.

..

What a comedy of grief is that performed by sympathetic undertakers! Their motto should be "Hearse and Rehearse."

UP AND DOWN THE BOULEVARDS.

TOMAHAWK feels that with his great name he ought to extend the lines of intelligence of which he holds the ends in London. When a paper like the *Royal Area*, for instance, can afford a correspondent in Paris who can make three columns out of a reported elopement and invents the scandal when it does not come to hand, surely, thinks TOMAHAWK to himself, we can have our occasional correspondent abroad who shall forward veritable news, dished up with Parisian sauces, for the nourishment of readers at home. When we take an idea into our head, we don't leave it bobbing up and down for an age, like a moth against a ceiling, but away we start on a bee-line to our project. At the same moment that we make our readers acquainted with our intentions, we are in a position to give them our Parisian correspondence hot from the Boulevards.

[FROM OUR OCCASIONAL PARISIAN.]

Paris, Nov. 25.

You have heard how full the Church of the Trinity was at

Rossini's funeral; how impossible it was to get tickets (your O.P. had to pay fifteen francs for his), and what a crush there was inside, of those who assisted at the performance; for it was a performance at which, besides the voices of Nilsson, Faure, Duprez, Roger, &c., &c., was heard again the splendid contralto London knows so well as belonging to Alboni, the queen of contraltos. You have heard how miserable a *cortège* conducted the Swan of Pesaro to Père la Chaise. Have you heard how Rossini made his peace with the Church on the strength of having written the *Stabat Mater*? Have you heard that the musical world will soon be in raptures over the most heavenly composition that has perhaps ever been heard, that called by its author *La Petite Messe*, which drew tears from Meyerbeer when he first heard it played by Rossini? Do you know that Rossini very often signed himself "Rossini, Pianiste," so fond was he of his instrument? If you are ignorant of all these facts it is a proof your correspondent can be useful. . . .

There has been no disturbance in Paris, though the Baudin affair is still on the lips of all; but one thing is certain, that one sees more sergents-de-ville about the streets than is usual, especially in the evening. On returning from the theatre a year or two back you might come from the Porte St. Martin to the Madeleine, and perhaps not see one; now you will see two or three dozen. Another sign of the time: wherever you may call you will find people reading the history of the *Coup d'Etat*, which throws a halo round the imperial brows, but a halo which brings L. N. out in his true colours. It seems that the police has found it impossible to stop the sale of toy lanterns. You have charms, brooches, pins, match-boxes, pipes, cigar-cases, and heaven knows what besides, in the shape of lanterns. You have buttons imitating the cover itself of Rochefort's pamphlet, and each number of the work makes its appearance regularly every month on the table of every *abonné*, printed in the smallest pica on cigarette paper, the whole number going through the post at the price of an ordinary letter.

I may state here that the numbers of the TOMAHAWK which I had the pleasure of disseminating the last time I was in Paris have had great success *dans le monde*, the cartoons being particularly admired which have had H.I.M. for a subject. This, a pardonable vanity in a land where illustrated journals are to be met with in larger numbers than elsewhere. Your musical correspondent told you what he thought of the *Pericholle* (pronounce *koll*, not *sholl*). Everyone who hears it will agree that the second act is dull and tedious beyond measure, and there is nothing in the piece which can make it run much longer. At the Palais Royal there is one of those farces which appear in that theatre occasionally, so droll that the audience begins in convulsions, and gradually goes into hysterics. I have not laughed so much since I saw Robson in *Retained for the Defence*. This farce is called *The Bouquet*, and is of that undoubted Parisian existence which is ignored in London very properly; but that fact does not make the piece less amusing.

A propos of actors I may tell you a story I have just heard about the King of Prussia. A short time ago a company of Parisian actors went to Berlin to give a certain number of performances of the best pieces of the Gymnase and the Théâtre Français. The troupe was engaged while in Berlin to play one night at the palace. After the performance, the King came into the *salon* reserved as a green-room, and with perfect good-nature would not allow any ceremony while he remained in the room. The *jeune premier* (were I speaking of an English company I should say the walking gentleman), an Englishman by birth, took the King at his word, and conversed naturally with His Majesty on acting; so the King of Prussia told him that "there was nothing he should have liked better in life than to be an actor, but he confessed he should prefer low comedy to the higher walk of the drama." Fancy the King of Prussia, a man of six feet two, a low comedian. He has done some funny things in his time, too. I may tell you, too, that that *jeune premier* is a Mr. Stuart, who is engaged by the director of the New Gaiety Theatre in London for the opening piece. *Au revoir*. Next week.

THE ENGLISH POLL-TAX.—Hairdressers' charges.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.—Mr. Cross returned and Mr. Gladstone rejected.

ENFIELD CHASE.—Mr. Labouchere's attempt to catch up his colleague at the Poll.

,KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
WILL BE READY ON DECEMBER 12,
Price Threepence.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heath) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has NOT yet resigned!!

WE understand that after his defeat for Middlesex Mr. Labouchere intends to change his name to Le Bout trop-chère.

ULSTER has declared itself Liberal. There is hope yet that Mr. Murphy may be numbered amongst the perverts (as the Anglicans call them).

MR. PURCHAS'S name having proved a perfect mine of wit to the Comic Papers, he intends, so we believe, to reserve all rights of translation.

NOMINATIONS must be abolished. That is settled. Nomination rhymes to commination, which is a much more appropriate name for the scene of abuse and violence which constitutes the first stage of a British Election.

THE Prince of Wales lost no time in going to see Schneider in her new character, and he took the Princess of Wales with him. We hope that on this occasion Madame Schneider condescended to be decent in her gestures, and her speech.

A REPORT has been set abroad, and has, incredible to relate, actually obtained credence with some enthusiastic disciples of Mother Church, that Her Majesty, the Queen Victoria, intends to abdicate in the event of Mr. Gladstone's being called upon to form a Ministry. Although few but fanatics, and weak-minded enthusiasts, could believe such a monstrous rumour, still we think it right (considering that the Irish Church question has called into being very many such creatures) to give this wicked falsehood a most unqualified contradiction. It is alike an insult to the Sovereign, and to the statesman in whom the people of this country have placed their confidence, and to whom they have entrusted the execution of an act of justice tardily conceded to one portion of the Imperial Kingdom. It is alike an insult to the Monarch, and to the people, to give anything but hearty denial to such a statement. If the so-called Constitutionalists really value the Constitution of England, the last thing they should attempt is to bring about a collision between any two of the Estates of the Realm. Her Majesty

will herself give the most perfect refutation to such calumnies, by appearing in person at the opening of the new Parliament, a large majority of which is pledged to the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, and by giving her gracious sanction to such policy when the time has arrived for so doing.

BREAK HER UP!

(See CARTOON.)

COME, tow her into port—her day is done;
Aye, tow her in, she cumbereth the sea.
She mocks the glory of yon blazing sun,—
Mocks all that God has made good, pure, and free.

Some ships have braved the battle and the breeze,
Have lent the toast to many a brimming cup,
Have fought a noble fight. Honour to these,
But not to *her*. In with her, break her up!

She left these shores to do a work. She failed.
The canker worm lay hidden in her beams.
E'en now false colours to her masts she nails:
Away with her, she is not what she seems.

Heed not her tale of tempest and of flood,
Of stout, true honest hearts, of ringing cheers!
Her crested waves have been red waves of blood,
Her salt sea spray the salt of human tears!

Then tow her in, break up her rotten hull;
Let every fragment to the flames be hurled.
Men cry that England's justice has burned dull.
Quick, break her up, and lighten the whole world!

QUITE REUTER.

NATURALLY enough, a little confusion seems to have arisen lately on the Continent in connection with the progress of the general election in this country. Vienna, it appears, was especially in the dark, while in some of the remoter parts of Europe the telegraphic wires played such havoc among accounts of electioneering riots, and members' names, that Englishmen, who had no other means of receiving any communication from home, must have been in no little anxiety as to what was really going on. For instance, the following might have been confusing, if not even alarming:—

London, 24th Nov., 4 p.m.

Great fight expected in the *Liverre-pool* this afternoon. Sir Gladstone at the head of 6,772 Liberals has read the *riot-act* to the dragons. The Lor-maire called out. The Marquis Benjamin has run off with all the funds.

The opposition very *cross*. Much fear of fights. 5 p.m.

A dreadful fight has been. More than seven thousand of the enemies of Sir Gladstone have been jammed to the death. (*Conservés, faites "Conservatives."*) The Lor-maire has been seized by the mob and put on the top of a poll. 6 p.m.

The Lor-maire still on the top of a poll, and can not get down. Dreadful accounts of people being put on the tops of polls everywhere. Beale, Duc Cambrige, Duc Edinborg, Smeeth, Greeneech, and all the clever members of the 'ouse on the tops too. 7 p.m.

And a good deal more to the same effect. How on earth is it that our continental friends cannot get hold of the right end of anything English? Do we make parallel mulls about them? If so, the sooner M. Reuter is suppressed as an unnecessary and confusing luxury, the better.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AST, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE BALLAD OF THE BEATEN.

Ho ! Listen, worthy people !
Some facts while I relate,
Of the General Election
Of Eighteen Sixty-Eight.

There was a mighty hubbub,
And men throughout the land
Thought that to be declared M.P.
They only had to stand.

From study and from workshop
Came forth ambitious souls,
To canvass the electors
And carry all the polls.

A mighty Revolution
Had England seen, 'twas said ;
None should be sent to Parliament
But worked with hand or head.

None save the swart mechanic,
Or philosophic sage,
Should sit and prate and legislate
For the forthcoming age.

Exulting in the prophecy,
First came the bumptious Beales,
And neared the Tower Hamlets
With a rabble at his heels.

Straight off to maiden Chelsea
The classic Odger strode ;
And on his hack to Hackney
The martial Dickson rode.

From Avignon to Westminster
Journeyed omniscient Mill,
Whose lucky fate 'tis to be great—
His friends', to pay the bill.

Iconoclastic Bradlaugh
Down to Northampton hied,
And Chadwick sought Kilmarnock,
Chadwick, Mill's joy and pride.

Then Lushington the priggish
To Abingdon felt called ;
And Roundell, " Ho ! for Clitheroe !"
In exultation bawled.

To Warwick hurried Cremer,
And claimed it for his own,
While Goldwin Smith's great pet, Sandwith,
Spouted in Marylebone.

England can boast two Joneses ;
To Manchester one sped :
This Ernest ; t'other, Mason,
To Boston turned his head.

Pert Brodrick down to Woodstock
Strutted with doughty air ;
And Hartwell, Probyn, Howell,
Marched off—the Lord knows where.

And *Daily News*, *Spectator*,
And *Star*, and many more,
Promised us such a Commons
As ne'er was seen before.

Philosophers and workmen
Should put down Peers and grouse,
And landlords be abolished
By an enlightened House.

Oh ! men grew sick with waiting
For coming of the day
When the New should burst upon us,
And the Old should pass away.

Alas ! for the *Spectator* !
Alas ! for *Daily News* !
Alas for *Star* ! and those that are
Of philosophic views !

When came the day of polling,
Dread Bradlaugh came to naught,
And Hartwell for three hundred
Guineas had off been bought.

In vain the House of Blenheim
Had the pert Brodrick cursed ;
He on the poll was second,
Whilst Barnett was the first.

Beales, in the Tower Hamlets,
Was miserably spilt ;
And Dickson's sword at Hackney
Was shattered at the hilt.

And back to calm Avignon
Had Despot Mill to go ;
And Roundell got his *conge*
At little Clitheroe.

Warwick rejected Cremer,
Chadwick was overthrown ;
And Goldwin Smith's great pet, Sandwith,
Was flung in Marylebone.

And Jones, yclept the Ernest,
And Mason, honoured shade !
And Lushington, and Odger,
All in the dust were laid.

Then rose from the defeated
A clamour loud and deep ;
Virtue, they said, had gone to bed,
And Honesty to sleep.

But answered them the victors,
" You have yourselves to blame ;
Do what you will by Act or Bill,
England remains the same ;

" And men of sense and gentlemen
Instinctively will choose
O'er uninstructed demagogues
Or academic views ;

" And though we may be fallen
On somewhat ticklish days,
She doth command her sons to stand
Firm on the olden ways."

FROZEN-OUT CANDIDATES.

THE "hard cases" during the recent general election have been more than usually numerous. It is impossible not to sympathise with the many gentlemen in Othello's unfortunate predicament, without whose familiar presence the House of Commons must for many years wear an aspect of desolation. The public are already asking what these unfortunates, with their occupation gone, will do with themselves. In most instances it is impossible even to surmise, but we are glad to be able in the cases of the below-mentioned unsuccessful candidates, to put the public in possession of their present proceedings and the courses they have severally determined to adopt.

MR. J. S. MILL is engaged in writing a work on the Rights and Wrongs of Women, which he intends to dedicate to his future constituents, the Ladies of Westminster.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE is seeking an engagement at Covent

Garden to appear in the forthcoming Christmas Pantomime; or, in his character of the Champion Comic, is open to an engagement at a Music Hall.

MR. BEALES is organising a series of Hyde Park indignation meetings for every alternate Sunday in 1869, and has bound himself under penalty of being bonneted by his hundred thousand constituents to provide a bran new grievance for each demonstration. He thinks that Londoners will find that they have made a mistake in not sending him into the House of Commons.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL is regretting that he was induced to put his faith in Chelsea, but is consoling himself with the reflection that he is as valuable a public servant out of the House as in it.

SIR ROBERT CARDEN has resumed his wonted occupation of hounding orange-girls into the police-cells.

MR. REARDEN is back in Piccadilly and is attending to his business. He is highly indignant at the ingratitude of his late constituents, and is very much inclined to cut Mr. Gladstone. He intends to belong to the Carlton Club as a preliminary step to his conversion to Toryism, and has written to Mr. Disraeli to ask him to put him up.

A rumour has reached us that Messrs. ROEBUCK and HORS-MAN have retired to Colney Hatch for the winter, but we are unable to vouch for its authenticity.

MEETING A WANT!

IT has occurred to us that, at a moment when all men are taking breath in a lull of the excitement consequent on a general election, and the Liberal majority has become the after-dinner question of the day, a few ready-made jokes might be useful, for the double purpose of adding spice to a rather dreary topic of conversation and softening those asperities and differences which too often are the result of excited political feelings. As we presume, moreover, that we count among our readers many wits who have a sparkling reputation to maintain, we have much pleasure in supplying them with the subjoined fund of mirth which, we assure them, they can dip into without any hesitation whatever. Every single *mot* has been carefully thought out by some local Sheridan, and specially imported by us from heaps of that stinging and elegant satire, to which a general election not unusually gives rise. If, therefore, it can not exactly be launched *sans reproche*, it, we again assure them, may be confidently tried *sans peur*. As a guide to anyone about to make a selection we have appended our opinion of its merits to each.

LOCAL AND PARTICULAR JOKES.

- | | |
|--|---|
| (1.) What did the Tower Hamlets say to Mr. Beales and his successful opponent? (<i>Excellent.</i>) | (1.) You don't get in <i>Beales</i> , but <i>Sam</i> you do. (<i>Sam-u-da!</i>) |
| (2.) Why did Russell fail for Chelsea? (<i>Old.</i>) | (2.) Because he would have his <i>Freake!!</i> |
| (3.) Why has South-West Lancashire something of the cur about it? (<i>Elegant.</i>) | (3.) Because it prefers a <i>Cross</i> to a thorough-bred! |
| (4.) Why is Bath to be pitied? (<i>Local and bad.</i>) | (4.) Because one of its new members is tight, and one of its old ones could not save his bacon. (<i>Tite and Hogg!!!</i>) |
| (5.) Why would not Westminster have Mill? (<i>A sound good old joke.</i>) | (5.) Because it did not want a member who could not raise the wind himself, but might turn at any moment when it happened to blow!! |
| (6.) How was it the Liberals lost one seat for Mid-Surrey? (<i>Bold.</i>) | (6.) Through mere <i>pique</i> (<i>Peck</i>)!!!!!! |
| (7.) Why is Cambridgeshire a good judge of wine? (<i>Vague.</i>) | (7.) Because it knows the proper <i>Brand</i> when it sees it! |

(8.) Why is South Norfolk the best represented constituency in England? (*Not original, and decidedly bad.*)

(8.) Because it returns a whole house (Howes)!!!!

(9.) Why is Liverpool the most dismal borough in the world. (*Out and out the worst of the lot.*)

(9.) Because the Liberal member is half nothing but *bone*, whom the Conservatives have buried in *graves*, and heaped no end of *sand* on. (Graves, C.; Sandon, C.; Rathbone, L)!!!!!!!!!!!!

(10.) Why ought South Durham, Chester, and South Notts to go in for gardening? (*Misty.*)

(10.) Because the first stands the *peas*, the second the *rakes*, and the third the *barrow*. (Pease, Raikes, Barrow)!!

GENERAL ELECTIONEERING JOKES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| (1.) What is the difference between a Member of Parliament and a borrowed umbrella? (<i>Old.</i>) | (1.) One is returned, and the other isn't! |
| (2.) How does a young Oxford undergraduate's plea to his creditors resemble a three-cornered constituency? (<i>Wants working out.</i>) | (2.) Both endeavour to represent a minority! |
| (3.) What is a strong party reading of the words "going to the poll?" (<i>Old again.</i>) | (3.) Knocking in the opposition's head!! |

PHOTOGRAPHIC NUISANCES.

WE do not intend to follow the example of some of our elegant contemporaries, and puff the reigning *Lais* or *Phryne* of the day. But we wish to enter a strong protest against a custom, which has now extended to shops in the most fashionable localities, and which are much patronized by the mothers and daughters of Society, namely, the custom of exhibiting, in the most conspicuous part of the windows, portraits of the most notorious courtesans of the day amongst the Royal Family, the Bishops, the Prime Ministers, and other celebrated personages. We can readily believe that the young ladies of moral England may have some curiosity to see authentic portraits of those, whose manners, but not whose morals, they so perseveringly copy; but such a morbid curiosity is to us a sign of the gross degradation of Society. It sickens us to see the coarse, idiotic, sensual, features of these goddesses promoted from the scullery to reign over the Casino, impudently smirking and leering side by side with the pure gentle faces of those whom all Englishmen justly love and honour. Is it come to this, that we wish publicly to confess our shame? to declare to all the world that we have so degraded fame to the level of notoriety that a great philosopher, a venerable bishop, or a well-beloved princess, is but on a par with the last "lady of the ballet" who has perpetrated the most popular feat of clumsy indecency at one of our theatres, or the favourite pet of the hour, whose pockets are filled with the money and the love letters of our gay youth? Shame on all respectable tradesmen who thus turn their shops into an advertising mart for unblushing profligacy!

THE NEW PREMIER.

IT is with much pleasure that we announce that the First Minister of the Crown after the expulsion of Mr. Disraeli from office will be the Right Honourable the *Daily Telegraph*, of Fleet street. As the "coming statesman" has already filled up the places in the Cabinet, no beggarly bureau-seekers need apply for advancement. The Premier elect has also been pleased to "desire" the Queen to "open Parliament in person," as it is most advisable that Her Majesty should distinctly know the feeling of the nation. Without pretending to be in the confidence of the great creature, we believe we are right in supposing that when in power the *Daily Telegraph* will carry the following plans into execution:—

- 1.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to send

its Parisian correspondent to the Upper House with the title of the Marquis of Fairytale.

2.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to put a couple of learned (and advertising) "doctors" on the Civil List, and will be graciously pleased to pension off several well-known "baby-farmers."

3.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to suppress the TOMAHAWK, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*.

4.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to order all adults (of both sexes) to purchase daily a paper said to have "the largest circulation in the world," under pain of death.

THE AMATEURS!

PREFACE.

I FEEL that I have undertaken a Herculean task—I feel that I am scarcely equal to the occasion. Not only will my task be Herculean, but unpleasant. Who likes to write of the foibles of mankind? Who cares to show up their faults and expose to view their petty meannesses? Not I, assuredly, and yet I am convinced that it is my duty to give my experiences of the amateur, for, mind you, I have seen him in many characters, and never without experiencing a feeling of the most profound disgust for his stupid assumption, a sentiment of the bitterest contempt for his laughable incompetency, and a sensation of the most genuine loathing for his overweening conceit. Those who read what follows will find that I do not confine my remarks to the narrow limits of the private theatre. No, I intend invading the sanctum of the Amateur Author, looking o'er the books of the Amateur Man-of-business, peeping into the heart of the Amateur Philanthropist, and inspecting the actions of the Amateur Soldier. Amateurism is the curse of the nineteenth century; it is the essence of all that is false and contemptible. It is a pretty word for blatant folly, a nice name for invincible conceit. If my sketches give offence, I shall scarcely be sorry, for my conscience will tell me that they have been composed without malice—true to nature they shall never be personal. I make caps for the use of the world, but I wish none of my friends to try to wear them.

And here let me pause. I have given a preliminary flourish on my trumpet to excite the curiosity of TOMAHAWK'S TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND READERS; in the next number it shall be my care to satisfy their very natural craving for information. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, I drop my pen. I have written in *italics* between brackets to make my article look pretty—

(To be continued—the Amateur Author, next week.)

A FALSE ALARM.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—

I ran over the other day to Paris with a charming young person who was in my charge. One of my duties, the morning after our arrival, was to give her a good look at the shop windows, and I was nowise averse from doing so. You know how extremely observant girls are; and it was therefore the most natural thing in the world for her to exclaim to me, almost as soon as we were on the Boulevard des Italiens, "Look at that pretty face! And is she not handsomely dressed?"

I was at once all eyes, and was rewarded with a glimpse of certainly a very striking profile. But it was only a glimpse and nothing more, for my gaze was scarcely riveted on the fascinating object before its possessor, who was examining some sketches in a print shop, turned away and walked on a-head of us.

"Oh, what a pity!" I exclaimed. "See, poor creature, she is deformed: something is the matter with her spine."

My companion burst out laughing. I need scarcely say that I was disposed to regard her conduct as outrageously heartless, and of a kind that even the levity of youth could scarce excuse. Here was a lovely woman, born to dazzle and delight, afflicted by a cruel decree with a physical defect that marred all her charms and, doubtless, embittered her life. Here was I, bleeding at every pore with warm human sympathy at sight of so sad a spectacle, and here was a giddy young monkey laughing, as if to kill herself, at both of us. I was about to remonstrate

somewhat harshly, when she found words to say, amidst her tittering,

"She is *not* deformed, and her spine is as right as yours or mine. She has got one of those things on—don't you see?"

"What things?" I asked, beginning to be enlightened a little.

"Panniers, do you mean?"

You know, my dear cousin TOMAHAWK, that our common grandmother wore "panniers," for I remember our once finding them, when we were children together, and having a tremendous bit of fun with them.

"No, not panniers," said my little friend, now beginning to blush. "Panniers are worn at the side, and that ——" Here she pulled up.

"Is worn ——" And here I pulled up.

"Precisely," she said, now both laughing and blushing. "I assure you, you may spare your pity, for she is dressed in the height of fashion."

Half-an-hour's more experience assured me that what she said was quite true. Every pretentiously-attired woman we met had — "precisely," as my young friend expressed it. How otherwise am I to put it, unless I say that they had all spinal complaints? What it looked like I scarce know how to explain to you, unless I remark that it was uncommonly like laughter holding none of its sides, or a shrug of what I cannot, with physiological accuracy, call shoulders. But the thing must be seen to be appreciated; and I entertain no doubt but we shall soon see it in Piccadilly. All I can say is, that the Duke of Wellington's statue will then no longer be the most comical thing in that famous thoroughfare.

Always, my dear TOMAHAWK,

Your affectionate country cousin,
THE SCALPING-KNIFE.

A WORD WITH SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE.

"DOWN wi' Gladstone! Yes, down wi' 'im. We 'a don' wi' 'im. We 'a turned 'im out. We 'a— Dang 'im. Cross and Turner for iver!"

Like a drunken bully, who, when his side has been beaten, vents his impotent rage at kicking at the winner, to the intense delight of his defeated comrades, South-West Lancashire, amid the intense delight of all good Tories, has dismissed, has turned out as unsuited to her and hers, the statesman to whose policy and principles victory has been assured beyond the possibility of defeat. He whom England has authorised, whom Ireland has accepted, whom Scotland has demanded, as the leader to carry out the policy of justice and reconciliation, whom the United Kingdom—at last united in one common determination—has called to the front with an overwhelming shout, he is not good enough for South-West Lancashire!

Ah, well! We all know the fate of a prophet in his own county; we have heard of mob preferences before now. "Away with him, we will not have this fellow to represent us."

And the artisans who have been helped in their hard task of feeding their families by the cheapness of bread obtained by *his* wisdom; the manufacturers who have made their fortune through the freedom of trade which *he* fought for; the gentry whose articles of luxury have been brought to their doors by the commercial treaties that *he* contended for—all have united to "turn him out"—all have used the fortunes he got for them to sweep him from their land.

"Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounties feed."

But, perhaps, you Lancashire men are right after all. Yourself so sober in your habits that you do not sit by tens of thousands sopping from Saturday midday to Sunday midnight; so virtuous that eight out of every fifteen of your children are actually born in wedlock; so pious, under your beloved Establishment, that only 13 per cent. of your population are in the workhouses or gaols; so distinguished as scholars, orators, and men of science, that your sons are enrolled in the list of European celebrities *without number*—you do right to reject the dissolute, besotted, irreligious, muddleheaded, stuttering, unknown Gladstone! There should be some relation between the represented and the representative; and there is none between you and him. No; Europe—let alone the United Kingdom—ap-

proves your choice; and you may rest well assured that the names of the men you have chosen will be enshrined in the hearts of millions of a grateful people, when the name of William Ewart Gladstone has been forgotten—and not till then.

ELECTIONS' EVE!

A SONG OF THE FUTURE (?)

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
Though November is the dullest month of any in the year,
Yet to-morrow I shall represent my country—oh! how droll!
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll!

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother, (I hope one won't be mine,)
But ten thousand voting virgins will be flocking to my sign,
Supported by my Coleridge—Mill, 'neath Becker's steadfast soul,
Shall I be Queen of the Poll, mother! I, be Queen of the Poll!

The Benches soon shall welcome me, the Lobby be my haunt,
That spinster Speaker by her winks and frowns shall ne'er me daunt,
My rights are good as any, and my name is on the roll,
And I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll.

I have been wild and wayward, but those days are past and gone,
The Valse is fled, the Kettledrum, the Croquet on the Lawn;
Another Lawn, clear-starched and white, rises before my eye,
The Speaker's risen to orders, why the Dickens shouldn't I!

Pardon my slang, for auld *slang* syne, I'm still a woman true,
And women's tongues were never made to say what they might rue;
But there's one thing on my mind, mother, to ask you I'd forgot,
Shall I repair to Parliament in petticoats or—not?

Now, good night, good night, dear mother, ah! to-morrow'll be the day
When women's rights are settled, then won't we have our say;
And then 'midst England's patriots, my name shall I enrol,
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll!

AT THE ACADEMY.

NOT the Royal Academy but the Royal Academy of Music, an institution which in no other country of Europe, but barbarous England, could be so neglected as it is now. We squander millions every year in firing useless guns at useless targets, to say nothing of the countless hundreds which go towards the support of equally useless birds of prey known as servants of the crown, but we grudge a thousand pounds from the national purse towards any institution connected with art. There is no School of Painting or Sculpture, properly so called; there is no School of Music; there is no School of Elocution; there is no School of Acting, in this highly civilised country. The Royal Academy of Music is now so badly off, receiving as it does no assistance or encouragement from the State, that but for the unselfish conduct of the various professors, who have been content to receive only a per-centage on their salaries in order to keep it open, this highly useful Institution would have died of inanition.

There are now, every week, public rehearsals, or, more properly, concerts, given by the students, and it is to invite attention to them that we write these lines. We were present at the last concert, and, although we were painfully impressed by the singular inadequacy and shabbiness of the accommodation, considering that this is the only School of Music which England possesses, yet we were delighted to see how much industry and perseverance had been expended in a good cause. Ridiculously scanty as is the extent and wealth of the Royal Academy of Music, it has numbered among its pupils some of our best

musicians; and, even fettered as it is by want of funds, it does much now to create a class of educated musicians, and to cultivate the taste and talent of our young male and female aspirants to musical fame.

One of the greatest of living English composers, Sterndale Bennett, is at the head of this establishment. We heard some very charming music, and the pupils, if some of them smacked rather too much of the pupil-room, still showed how well they were taught, and what pains they took to profit by the teaching. The great faults that struck us in both instrumental and vocal music were, first, faulty pronunciation of the words, and next, a want of expression and soul. One singer (a Miss Christian) was certainly a notable exception, for she sang a song founded on a Scandinavian legend with great intelligence and feeling. She has contracted a habit of breathing too audibly, which much mars the effect of a very sympathetic voice. But we do not wish to be censorious, or to make invidious distinctions. All the students acquitted themselves with much credit, and showed that they had at any rate taken the greatest pains to prepare their various pieces. Two young ladies recited a scene from the *Hunchback* with great spirit, and did much credit to the Professor of Elocution. The part-singing is capable of great improvement. But severe criticism would be out of place and cruel. We heartily commend these concerts to the patronage of those who wish to encourage the study of music in this country, and who are anxious to aid all organizations which tend to wean our youth from the degrading frivolity which is the curse of this age.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE WRITERS.

THERE were once upon a time nearly two years ago, six very clever writers and one very clever artist, and they met together and said to one another,

"We are all very, *very* clever, why should we not produce a very clever paper? Why should we not write and draw something quite, *quite* new? Why shouldn't we make the articles witty and scholarly, why shouldn't we think out the cartoons until they become masterpieces of satire and fine drawing?"

And the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist said with one voice, "Why shouldn't we?"

And it was agreed that such a paper should be started, and one of the six very clever writers, (but one who was not so clever as the other five,) the Editor, suggested that it should be called the TOMAHAWK. His suggestion was adopted by acclamation. And from that time to this the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist have held together, through good and evil repute, writing and drawing for the very clever paper like a band of brothers—like an army of warriors. Naturally, what with the very clever writers and the very clever artist, the very clever paper has been a very great success.

A fact which says much for the common sense of the British public.

Unhappily, in this wicked world of ours, there are many stupid people, and among these stupid people may be found several silly scribblers, and these silly scribblers thought that they could write and draw as well as the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist. And they brought out a great many papers, and those papers were one and all—DEAD FAILURES!

And the names of these dead failures were *Banter*, *The Censor*, (much better than the others and edited by a clever man), *Toby*, and

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO THE LAST ENIGMA.—Vow.

CORRECT answers by Samuel E. Thomas and Annie E. T., Anti-Teapot, Harry Rutley, Curly Greens, Jack Solved It, Lizzie a Leetle Out of Sorts, Kate A. Thomas, Pretty Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, Ruby's Ghost, Nobody's Child, Romping Jack, A City Clerk, Frank Walker (Pimlico), Robert le Diable, Chalker, A Single Young Man, Lucy Dermont, Rolla, Dick Turpin, Richard Staynes (Gloucester), Michael Angelo, Miss S. Barnes, Ginger Bill, Charles Sinclair, The Young Husband, Double Quick, A Young Englishman, and Aldiborontiphosphornio.

INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, True Blue, and The Wendover Wonder.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 84.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

A FAREWELL.

TO THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAËLI.

MY RIGHT HONOURABLE FRIEND, —I did not think to have so soon had the opportunity of congratulating you on your retirement from that position which was really hardly worthy of you. Attack and not Defence is your line; Obstruction, not Progress, that of the party which you lead; therefore, you will excuse me if I rejoice at your surrender of the Treasury Bench to your opponents. The Conservative party were somewhat in the same position as the defenders of Thermopylæ. There was a narrowness about that pass which is common also to their policy with regard to the Irish Church. I am glad to see that you have wisely resolved, evincing more foresight, if less self-devotion, than Leonidas, to retire before your forces are all slain, especially as your intimate knowledge of human nature must convince you that there may be more than one Ephialtes ready to betray you. What wonderful feats of arms, what prodigies of valour, what wily stratagems, what bold *coups de main*, will you not perform with that small but well-disciplined band of followers, now that you can act on the offensive! I look forward, O Caucasian mystery! with a keen delight to the wonderful exhibition of strategy which you are, doubtless, planning for the future. Dull, indeed, would be the political prospect, if Parliament should be deprived of such a—statesman, shall I say?—of those wonderful impersonations of character, which justify us in the belief that the true dramatic genius of England still survives in the person of Benjamin Disraeli.

Suffer me to take a slight retrospect of your career as Prime Minister of this country which has, alas! been so prematurely brought to a close. Believe me, it is a mournful task. What Premier will ever furnish me with such delightful subjects for cartoons as your right honourable self? In whom else but in you (and perhaps the Emperor of the French), can we look for that charming versatility, that facile power of transformation, which render you such an inexhaustible subject for the pen or the pencil? You are like a moral chromatope; one shake of the hand and behold! the intricate combination of colours, which we so admired, yields to another combination equally intricate, and equally beautiful. How dull, how dreamy, is the sombre sameness of an earnest and principled man compared with the ever-changing attractions of a chameleon such as you! Now the champion of the aristocracy, thundering forth denunciations of democracy, and shaking the very heavens with terrible forebodings of the dire calamities which the rule of the people *must*

bring down upon the land; next, the mild and half-hearted advocate of a silly compromise, of which no one saw the silliness clearer than yourself; then, hey presto! the plausible pleader for the rights of the people, changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from the leader of the Tories to the life-long devotee of Household Suffrage! Oh, when shall I behold so exquisite an entertainment again! How I laughed (and so did you, dear Benjamin, in your sleeve) as you held up before the bewildered country squires that old bogey, at a distant glimpse of which they had so often shrieked with fear, and showed them what a very harmless puppet it was, and let them tie leaden weights to its arms and legs, and bind ropes round its waist; while there were you, all the time, you clever dog you! with a large pair of shears, ready to cut off all the weights, and undo all the ropes, at the bidding of your opponents. "Excellent knave! Perdition catch my soul but I do love thee!" How you gammoned those honest old squires with tales of a Conservative reaction, and the wonderful safeguard of the ratepaying clauses, till they did not know whether they were standing on their heads or their heels! How you must have enjoyed the foolish ill-temper of Peel, and Cranbourne, and Carnarvon, who really looked upon the matter in a serious light, and gave up their splendid offices rather than perjure themselves both in speech and in thought! They would not see the joke, the prigs! I declare I cannot write for laughing, when I picture to myself you in the Cabinet Council, cocking your eye at Stanley, while you proved to Gathorne Hardy and Ward Hunt, and such genuine old Tories, that it was all right, and that the Reform Bill was a true Conservative measure! Ah, we never shall have such fun again.

Then about the Irish Church; how could you keep your countenance when you heard Lord Mayo blundering solemnly through that ridiculous proposal to "level up" the different religions, and trying to explain that ingenious plan for an endowed Roman Catholic University, which was to consist entirely of Catholics, and be entirely managed by Protestants; and to which, you knew very well, neither party would agree? It really was wicked of you—it was the only spiteful thing you have done for a long time, making that very respectable Earl go through such a ridiculous farce as his subsequent explanations of his former explanations, and then—oh cruel blow!—not content with the ridicule already heaped upon him, you must needs draw down upon him a fearful avalanche of contemptuous abuse by appointing him Viceroy of India! Was this kind? What had the wretched man done to you, that you should so relentlessly persecute him? Could he have been very troublesome

during the discussion of the Reform Bill? He must have done something which offended you very sorely, or you never would have had the heart to inflict so fearful a punishment on him. Had you only left him alone, and appointed him to some harmless sinecure, who ever would have heard of, much less praised, or blamed, the Earl of Mayo?

And yet, my dear friend, there was something noble about your conduct on the Irish Church matter. To attempt to arouse the "No Popery" cry, with all its attendant bitterness and bigotry, was one of those humorous tricks of your sarcastic nature which you cannot help. But it certainly showed your good-nature—I suppose you had tired of the fun—not to drag your party into further ridicule and disgrace, by making them give up the Irish Church. No, you spared them that blow, and, I must repeat, it was really noble of you! As for your resignation, so admirably timed, it is the cleverest thing you have done; it looks *so like* a generous and patriotic action.

What are you going to do now? Not stick to your principles, or what may be left of them? Don't say that, please! What on earth is to become of the country if you do? Why, such an action would be like the death of Garrick; it would "eclipse the mirth of nations." No; you cannot be so cruel as that: you will badger Gladstone, and spring all sorts of mines under him, and sneer at Bright (though you generally get the worst of that), and you will exhaust the tempers, and perhaps the prudence, of your opponents, till you see the country won't stand it any more; and then you will let the Bill for disendowing and disestablishing the Irish Church pass the Commons, at least. But after that? Do you intend to destroy the House of Lords by inciting them to a useless resistance to the national policy? Or better still, will you ally yourself with the extreme Radicals and Irish patriots, and move for a repeal of the Union? It would be just like you. Would not it be capital fun! Do you look forward to another lease of office, and will Freedom of Religion, and the Divorce of Church and State, be coupled with the name of Benjamin Disraeli, leader of the great Conservative party? Unlikelier things have happened. By my faith, what a capital speech you would make against the English Establishment! But I don't think your party is quite enough educated for *that*. However, *made virtute*, Benjamin! and who knows what you may make them do yet?

It is very hard to say good bye to you as Premier, indeed it is. Gladstone after you is like Fidelio after the Barbieri. It is very grand, but it is very dull. But, alas! life is not all comedy. Even clowns have wives and children, and other serious cares that can't be painted out, or grinned away. The greatest comedian sighs sometimes, and dies once. It is a very pleasant thing to sit in court and roar till your sides ache at a funny barrister, but Justice cannot always wear the cap and bells, and she has another sword than Harlequin's.

Long may you be spared, greatest of successful men, to adorn the Senate of your country; to infuse into that body some of that airy grace and comic versatility which it so much needs! Long may it be before the voice of Benjamin Disraeli is silent, before his well-known form is absent from that bench to which he is an honour—no, not the Treasury—but the Opposition Bench of the House of Commons.

Your faithful admirer,

TOMAHAWK.

ERRATUM.—Mr. Finlen said he was the only public character that dared openly to advocate the cause of Fenianism. We suppose he meant Public-house character.

PULLING TOGETHER!

To those who look confidently on the future of the country, we beg most respectfully to offer the following ideas, picked up recently in the course of conversations held by us with various people in various circumstances of life. We offer no comment.

THE OPINIONS OF

Marmaduke Hawkswith, Esq., of Brackhurst, Great Grobford, Beds.

"The new Parliament, Sir! I'll tell you what: if Bright, Gladstone, and Beales, backed up by a set of blackguard Radicals, think they are going to cut into the position of the landed proprietors and touch the privileges of the aristocracy, the country won't stand it, Sir, won't stand it! You just see whether the Opposition will let a single measure pass. I should rather think not. The Tory party is still alive, Sir, and means to stand no humbug; and if it comes to blows—well, Sir, Beds will show what she can do, and I'll answer for Great Grobford. What? bring in the ballot and touch my influence, and rob me of my two-and-thirty votes! Why, they will be taking my pigs and my horses next. Just as if my tenants weren't every bit as much my property as my pigs. A set of scoundrels, Sir!"

The Rev. Porter Mocks, Vicar of West Whiffington, Bucks.

"Oh dear no, they will never be able to interfere with the temporalities of the Irish Church; the country would not suffer it for a moment. Of course it is only the thin end of the wedge, and I trust I have faithfully discharged my duty to my Queen and country, as a true minister of the gospel of peace, in having, during the last four months, most urgently pressed upon my flock the manifest dangers of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you. From Dublin to Canterbury there is but one step, and the English See, as a necessity, would immediately follow the Irish. And were that to fall, West Whiffington would be swept away like a straw upon the stream, and, in the chaos that would set in, I should possibly lose my £439 per annum. Oh no, my dear Sir, believe me, the country would not suffer *that*."

The Honourable Charles Languard, of H.M. 3rd Dragoons.

"Well, yes, you see, I confess I don't go in for politics and all that style of thing—no. But—aw—as to that fellow Gladstone—aw—I should say that he was—aw,—cad, you know. And as for these other fellows—you know the fellows I mean—yes, Bright—aw—and that fellow that pulled up the railings in the park, I should say that they ought not to be allowed to stand, and—yes, stand—that's what they ought not to be allowed to do—yes. You see, if these sort of fellows were to get up a row, it might interfere with the 'Row,' or the opera, or something—aw—of that kind; and that wouldn't do at all, you know. In fact, it would quite spoil a fellow's season—yes."

John Mactoovey, Esq., of Ballacree, County Cork.

"What! touch the glorious work of 1688 and insult William of blessed memory! Let the Queen of England, or anyone else, but lay half a finger on just as much as a brick of the Church, and the Orange boys shall deluge Ireland in blood from one end to the other, to the tune of Boyne Water! What, do you say Orangemen are not loyal? Sure, they know their duty to their colours, drums, and pockets; and if the Crown doesn't throw itself into their scale, so much the worse for the Crown, that's all."

Edward Hetherington D'Arcy, Esq., of the Junior Carlton.

"These Liberals want keeping in check, and Benjamin Disraeli is the man to fix the lines. As to their majority, such as it is, in the Lower House, we shall be perfectly able to hamper that when decisive action is required. In the event, of course, of this spoliation measure being sent to the Lords, we can rely on them to teach the country the great lesson it at present seems disinclined to learn. Why Disraeli the other day thought of making a dozen new Tory peers, but even without that fresh constitutional blood, we can trust the Second Estate of the realm to support the Crown in its determined opposition to the revolutionary tendencies of the people. The

country may go to the dogs and the Commons with it, but we shall still have our Peers, God bless them!"

Brutus Barrow, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

"The fact of the matter is this: If there is any dead weight thrown in by the Upper House against the overwhelming determination of the country, as expressed by its Commons, England will be on the eve of a crisis greater than any she has witnessed for the last 220 years. Everything has long been ripening for revolution, and Englishmen need very little more political education in that direction. The Minister, or the chief of the Opposition, that would run the risk of a civil war for a mere party purpose ought to be sent to the Tower, and his head pinned up on Temple Bar. This is what men are saying to each other, and depend upon it, the stuff that made the Commonwealth is to be found, if the hour of anarchy should strike."

John Bull, Esq.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business, and I begin to suspect a good deal of humbug has been talked about my blessed 'Constitution.' 'Pon my word, I believe it is very much out of order."

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLES BY THEIR CHOSEN ONE.

ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The proud position in which you have placed me at the head of the poll at every bookstall and news shop in the United Kingdom, makes it incumbent on me to offer you my best thanks, and to state the course which I purpose to pursue in the forthcoming and every future Session:—

My affection for the CROWN, and my attachment to [the SOVEREIGN, need no explanation. Any change, however small, in the direction of Americanizing those valuable institutions would undoubtedly be disastrous.

The *Church of the State* and the *State of the Church* are questions beyond me. I will only say that it is my intention to support my own ESTABLISHMENT in this country in the fullest vigour and efficiency, and to have an establishment in Ireland so soon as we can educate that bull-loving people to understand real wit.

My POLITICAL VIEWS are well known. Thanks to my renowned artist, they are no-Tory-ous.

I am CONSERVATIVE of all that is good, honest, and just.

I am a REFORMER of all that is bad, mean, and unworthy.

I am LIBERAL in everything.

As regards the EXPENDITURE of the country, I am unwilling to check it so long as the nation continues to spend its money in the way it now does, only I think every one should buy a *second copy* for his best friend in addition to his own: all LOANS (of copies) should be strictly forbidden, as interfering with the due circulation of the precious articles.

I am in favour of COMPULSORY EDUCATION in the proper, that is in one direction of all ranks and all ages; two-pence a week is the fixed rate for the education and enlightenment of everybody (apply at the office, 199 Strand, W.C.)

To PERSONAL RATING I have the greatest objection, in fact to personalities of every sort. Only public crimes and public wrongs are brought to my bar and judgment-seat.

I am prepared to uphold FEMALE SUFFRAGE universally, as I know that universally Female Suffrage upholds me.

In conclusion, I appeal to my past career as evidence of my consistent support of law and authority, as well as of the rights of the people. Were I in want of a motto, I would select, as second to none, in the words of the Scottish Bard,

Who will not sing
God save the Queen
Shall hang as high as the steeple.
But while we sing
God save the Queen,
We'll not forget the People.

TOMAHAWK.

THE IRISH POLL-TAX.—Broken Heads.

THE HEAD OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Of course "*Le Taile*!"

THE GLOBE UPSIDE DOWN.

ONE more engine for ruining confiding persons is added to the already too numerous throng of such contrivances at present existing in London. Yes, another theatre! There will soon be as many theatres as publichouses in this Christian City. The latest addition is not a very beautiful one. Some kind critics may call it elegant; but to us the combination of cherry-coloured velvet, pink paper, and maroon-covered seats does not appear to evince any extraordinary elegance of taste. One feels too, in the stalls, as if the pit were all tumbling down on one's back. The stage and proscenium are very spacious and handsome, but the auditorium has a cramped, or humpbacked appearance. But enough of the house itself. The wedding-cake style of decoration finds favour with less "spirited and talented managers" than Mr. Sefton Parry. The entertainment provided on the opening night was better than we hoped to meet with from our recent experience of theatrical novelties. As to the *entrées*, the usual National Anthem was played, but—merciful relief!—not sung. The words were taken as read. The same course might have been pursued with great advantage as regards the manager's address.

Mr. Byron has a very happy imitative genius. He has already adopted the Craven, the Boucicault, and the Watts-Phillips modes, with various success; and now he has followed the lead of Mr. Tom Robertson with decided success. Mr. Byron has humour of his own; he also has a geniality, a hearty sympathy with what is good, which he is not afraid of showing, in both of which qualities he certainly has the advantage of the author of *Society*. In *Cyril's Success*, while he proves himself nearly as deficient in the constructive art as his great prototype, he also shows himself nearly as skilful in epigrammatic dialogue. There are some lines in Mr. Byron's new drama which are well worthy of being preserved in any collection of witty sayings. But as for the plot, it is in its main incident childishly improbable. Miss Henrade is not the actress to conceal any deficiencies of the author. She does not speak her words very audibly, and her power of facial expression does not compensate for her vocal deficiencies. Mr. David Fisher's return from exile all must welcome, who value unexaggerated acting. Mr. Clarke's make-up was very good, but rather too pointedly like a character in the real literary world, rather too faithful an imitation of nature. The new "*jeune premier*," Mr. Vernon, is possessed of a very disagreeable nasal voice, and (we imagine) of a good opinion of himself, by aid of which valuable qualities he will, no doubt, as others have done before him, make his mark in the theatrical world. Miss Maggie Brennan absolutely succeeded in overcoming that aversion which all must feel at the sight of a woman dressed in a frock coat and trousers. She must pay a little more attention to the foreign languages, of which she has to pronounce a few words, if she wishes to perfect the intelligence which she, undoubtedly, by nature possesses.

As for the way in which the new piece was put on the stage, we have not much to say. To introduce a view of Skiddaw and the Cumberland Mountains into the background of a villa in Brompton, savours somewhat of sensation. A drawing-room in May Fair is, let us trust, not usually so dreary as represented on the stage of the New Globe. We live to learn, or else one might take exception to a club of which, the exterior being represented as in Pall Mall, the smoking-room was a cross between the parlour of a public-house and the old Garrick Club. Given, however, such a club, we are ready to admit the probability of a young scion of the aristocracy bursting out into tears before a large party of the members. It is the misfortune of authors who aim at realism, that when they profess to give us a representation of what we all know well, that we cannot help detecting, and resenting, any inaccuracies. The management decidedly deserves great credit for one piece of economy. In the first act two criticisms, one favourable, the other hostile, are read aloud to the successful author. The aid of an opera-glass enabled us to perceive that the two papers consisted of the *Saturday Review* divided into two unequal parts. We merely mention this trifling error as unworthy of a manager, who justly earned a character for scrupulous attention to details, by the way in which he placed on the stage the immortal scene on board ship in *For Love*.

Finally, we recognise in *Cyril's Success* a wholesome reaction, on the part of Mr. Byron, from such trashy hashes of London *Journal* romances as *The Lancashire Lass*.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

.ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
WILL BE READY ON DECEMBER 12,
Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet resigned!!!

WE hope before it is again occupied, the Treasury Bench will be well scoured.

THE general opinion seems to be that Mr. Gladstone's "Chapter of Autobiography" should rather have been called "A Chapter of Ought-n't-it-to-be-ography."

WE understand that Sir John Pakington, in consideration of his great naval knowledge, will be offered the command of the Channel Fleet. Should he accept the post, we shall, no doubt, soon see the whole fleet start by the Overland Route for India. If he succeeds in accomplishing this feat, which has hitherto baffled all navigators, Sir John Pakington will be justly entitled to the gratitude of his country.

A PECULIAR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ways of publishers are wonderful. Messrs. Longmans, on the strength of Mr. John Stuart Mill's recent crushing political defeat by the Conservative Mr. Smith, advertise all his works afresh, adding to the name of the author, *late M.P. for Westminster*. We should have imagined that "actual M.P. for Westminster" could never have added much lustre to Mr. Mill's literary and philosophical reputation; but how anything can be gained for them by constantly reminding us that he was left at the bottom of the poll by one of the most important constituencies in the Kingdom, we cannot for our lives understand. Mr. Mill has certainly done everything in his power to blacken his own good repute, and to make his great name useless; but we cannot think he has sunk so low as to be exalted by being remembered as *late M.P.* for anywhere. "Fame is the wise man's means," says Bacon; but is the late member for Westminster's political *fiasco* Fame? We should give it another name, if it were left to us to christen it.

REFLECTION ON SEEING MR. BANDMANN'S OTHELLO.—
"There is a tall and sweating devil here."

MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

(See CARTOON.)

THE world repeats itself. Each fleeting age
Revives old fashions long since passed away,
The gladiator is still the rage;
Britons yet love a Roman holiday.

The sword, the trident, have they lost their power?
Can they still wound? Is this a play? and yet,
An Ex-Prime Minister, at this same hour,
Caught in his own, can swear he held the net!

For what then do they battle? Are they slaves,
Butchered as once in Rome of old, for sport?
Or are they but a set of armed knaves,
Who know not truth, whose honour can be bought?

Well, there they stand, great Cæsar of the seas,
Ready for death, obedient to thy will!
Thou hearest, borne upon this northern breeze,
The "*Morituri te salutant*" still.

POLITICAL RE-UNIONS.

THE return of the Liberals to power has necessitated much consideration as to the formation of the Whig Cabinet, and Mr. Gladstone has fixed the days to be devoted to the claims of the various aspirants to office. The following is, we understand, the programme:—

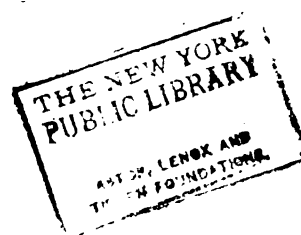
- DEC. 1.—To consider whether "the Party" will serve under Mr. Gladstone as a Premier.
- 2.—The same subject.
- 3.—The same subject. Amendment moved as to the expediency of fitting up a Cave with accommodation for about eighty members.
- 4.—The same subject. (No conclusion come to.)
- 5.—To consider claims to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ten candidates.
- 6.—(Sunday). A day of rest.
- 7.—Renewed discussion on the Exchequer.
- 8 to 12.—To consider claims to the office of Secretary of State for War. Twenty-seven candidates.
- 13.—(Sunday). Day of complete exhaustion.
- 14.—To consider claims to the post of Foreign Secretary. No candidates, adjourned.
- 15.—To consider claims to the Great Seal and Woolsack. Candidates the whole of the Whig Bar.
16. }
17. } General scramble for all the other places.
18. }
- 19.—(Saturday before Christmas). Final resolution to decide the whole of the appointments by tossing-up, best out of three. Departure of everybody for the holidays.

This course of action was decided upon ten days ago, and no doubt Mr. Disraeli's premature abdication may hasten Mr. Gladstone's arrangements, but we shall not be surprised to find that the foregoing programme has been pretty closely adhered to.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*Hibernia*," a Powder Magazine, companion to "*Britannia*," a Monthly Magazine.
"Dropped Among Railway Directors," by the Author of "*Fallen Among Thieves*."
"He thought he was Toole," by the Author of "*He knew he was Right*."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Mr. Disraeli's resigning.





THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY—THE AUTHOR AMATEUR—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE. *The Epicurean, its ubiquity, its members, and its use. In the Smoking-room. A "Saturday Reviewer." The Amateur Unmasked. "A low cad." Cawley's "Ideaw." The new "papaw." The fear of "Punch." The Editor of the TOMAHAWK a fool! What the new "papaw" wasn't like. The Proposed "Dinnaw" accepted.*

LAST week I announced my determination to expose the conceit, the incompetency, and the utter folly of that large class of Englishmen—the Amateurs. This week I have great pleasure in redeeming my pledge by presenting you with a pen-and-ink sketch of Macauley Fitz-Muddle.

[As I have no wish to be personal, I will say nothing of his "outer man." My friend may be tall or short, have black eyes or blue, brown hair or red, he may wear diamond rings or emerald scarf-pins, be hatted by Lincoln or coated by Poole, for all I shall say about the matter. No, I shall only tell of his deeds, leaving his dress to his tailor, and his *chapeaux* to those who send in the bills for his hats. Some people may say that his costume is the only good thing about him. Well, if they do, I won't be so unpolite as to contradict them.]

But to continue. We both belong to the same club—the Epicurean—and it is in the smoking-room of the Epicurean that I generally meet him. *Eh bien en voyage.* Time, eight o'clock p.m. I have had a modest dinner (cut off the joint and a pint of sherry), and am enjoying a manilla-cheroot. I am lying on one of the sofas in the smoking-room trying to read the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the 12th or 13th edition of the *Glowworm*. Other members are seated on chairs chatting quietly, or dozing (in some cases) noisily.

[*En passant* I may say that I don't mean any club in particular by the Epicurean—I simply take a respectable middle-class establishment—a club which has a Committee of old fogies and brainless youngsters, a club which boasts a clever *chef* and a good cellar, a club which supports the *Times* and repudiates the TOMAHAWK, the *Record*, and papers of that class; in fact, a club which suits rich "City men" admirably, and is "just the thing" for youthful snobs attempting to creep (when no one is looking) "into society." Oh, everybody knows the kind of place I mean. There are heaps of 'em in town just now. Not bad things in their way. You may safely dine in them, but of course you mustn't allow yourself to be put up for them. As a journalist is outside the pale of civilised society, any place will do for me—so I belong to the Epicurean.]

To continue, we are all enjoying ourselves more or less. The waiter (in a gorgeous livery—all plush and waistcoat) is leaving the room when our friend, Fitz-Muddle, calls out in a loud voice,

"Heaw, waitaw! Come heaw!"

WAITER (*returning obedient to the summons*).—Yes, Sir.

FITZ-MUDDLE.—Just bring me a brandah and sodah.

WAITER.—Thank you, Sir—(*going*).

FITZ-MUDDLE (*in a still louder voice and with a glance round the room*).—And waitaw, bring me some more foolscap papaw, and some more pens, waitaw!

WAITER (*going*).—Thank you, Sir.

[*Exit waiter.*]

MYSELF (*waking*).—Hallo, Cawley, my boy—writing as usual.

FITZ-MUDDLE (*not half liking to be called "Cawley," short for Macauley, by such a "cad" as I*).—Yars, I'm very hard at work. Lots to do. Since dinnaw I've written a leader for the "A. B.," knocked off a sonnet for the "P. Q.," and I'm now doing an article for the *Saturday*.

MYSELF.—Really! I didn't know you were on the staff of the *Saturday*.

FITZ-MUDDLE (*with another glance round the room*).—Oh, yars, I write 'em a leader every week.

MYSELF (*thinking to myself "what the dence can the Editor of the 'Saturday' have been about to let such an idiot as Cawley write for him"*).—Well! I'm really glad to hear it. Oh, you'll get on, my boy—knew you would! Which article was yours, last week?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*rather confidentially*).—Well, to tell the truth, there wasn't any article of mine in the *Saturday* last week.

MYSELF (*with returning hope*).—Indeed! Well, the week before?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*more confidentially*).—As far as I remembaw, I don't think there was—

MYSELF (*with joy*).—Or the week before that?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*bringing his chair up to me and speaking very confidentially*).—Don't talk so loud; we are disturbing the othaw membaws. I don't mind telling you (as you are a brothaw journalist) that none of my articles have appeared in the *Saturday* as yet. I have reasons for believing that the editor is keeping 'em to bring 'em all out in one numbaw, to send up the circulation, or something of that sort. However (*with returning boldness*), you really should read the last thing of mine that appeared in "*The Farthing Rushlight, a Magazine for Girls*"—rather after Tennyson, but (from what I'm told) bettaw.

MYSELF (*gathering myself together and preparing to leave the room*).—Look, my boy, I won't swear that I'll read it myself, but if you like to send it to me I will give it over to a promising eight-year-old I know—my sister Jennie. Now she really will appreciate it. Good night, old man. [*Exit.*]

FITZ-MUDDLE (*to intimate friend*).—Low cad that fellow?

INTIMATE FRIEND.—Yars, very low. Fellow with brains—brains awfully bad form. Something to do with the papaws, isn't he?

FITZ-MUDDLE.—Yars. Awful mistake letting in low cads.

INTIMATE FRIEND.—Very much so.

[*Enter waiter with foolscap paper. FITZ-MUDDLE flourishes a lot of pens about, and the scene closes in.*]

Cawley and I were never on very good terms; I hated the man's conceit, and he detested my outspokenness. I don't believe he was really a bad fellow at heart, but his foible was too much for me. If we both had given up writing, I daresay we should have become very good friends; but as such an arrangement was (at least on my part) impossible, we were a sort of amiable enemies. One evening as I was hard at work in my study, writing a sensation story, he came in smoking a very strong cigar. Cursing *sotto voce* my carelessness in leaving the "oak" of my chambers un-"sported," I looked up and greeted my visitor.

"Don't mind smoke, old fellow?"

"No," said I, "sit down and make yourself comfortable. Just let me finish this page—I've got the heroine clinging to the mast of a sinking ship in the Atlantic, and want to bring my hero to rescue her. Shan't be an instant."

"Oh, don't mind me."

Scratch—scribble—scratch, and then I cried, "Now I'm at your service—what is it?"

"Well;" he looked at his cigar and blew a cloud of smoke, "I've got an ideaw."

"My dear boy," I seized his hand and wrung it heartily, "pray let me congratulate you."

"Oh, don't play the fool," he said testily, "why can't you be serious when a fellow comes to you on business?"

"Business. I'll be serious. Fire away."

"I'm thinking," said he in a pompous tone, "of bringing out a papaw. I know Billy Townshend, and he says he can write, and Johnny Parker, who sent something to *Punch* once, and knows they were afraid to put it in, and—and, oh, a lot of other fellows. I'm to edit it, of course, and the other fellows will be the staff."

"Well, then, what do you want with me?"

"Oh, you could put me up to how you look through proofs, and how you correct the spelling; and tell me where I could get a fellow to sell the thing, you know, and all that."

"What's it to be like?"

"Well, it's rather hard to describe."

"Will it be anything like the *Times*?"

"No," said he, after some consideration, "I don't think it will be much like the *Times*."

"Like the *Athenæum*?"

"Well, no, not exactly—that's to say, not much like it."

"Or the TOMAHAWK?"

"Oh no," he cried, quickly; "that's an awfully low papaw. Besides, the editor's a downright fool you know: he refused a lot of things I sent him!"

"Well, then, the *Illustrated London News*?"

"No—at least, I don't think so. Fact is, I don't know exactly what it will be like."

"Well, that's in its favour."

"Is it?" he said, doubtfully. "Why?"

"Because, if it's like nothing we have now, it must be novel."

"No," he replied, after much musing, "I may be wrong, but I don't think it will be a novel. I don't know, though," he added, "Townshend's a capital fellow for a plot. But I don't think it ought to be much like a novel—I don't know, though. At any rate, you will dine with me and our fellows at my rooms and talk it ovaw!"

I accepted his invitation, he took his cigar off, and I returned to my sensation.

What passed at the "dinnaw" shall be told in my next.

TIME, THE AVENGER.

SEVENTEEN years? Will the dead never die?
Why should the blood splashed on a barricade
Walk life anew, rather than his whose eye
Is calmly closed behind the curtain's shade?

Why the mean victim of a civic brawl
Riddled with well-aimed bullets of the brave—
My brave Prætorians—have leave to crawl
When other vermin rest there, from the grave?

A Statue! Why a Statue? And to whom?
I am not dead as yet. Nay, give me time.
Softly, my loving subjects! O'er my tomb
Of course you'll raise a monument sublime.

But I am in the flesh, if somewhat cold,
And in my veins runs something that is life;
Morny is dead, and I am growing old;
What reck's it? Is there not an end of strife?

Who says I deluged all the streets with blood?
What if I did? I since have beautified.
I am Augustus. Where there erst was mud,
There now is marble. Paris is your pride.

Have I not fetched Kings from the furthest East,
Aye, from the ice-bound North, Czar, Sultan, Queen,
All save a weak old Pontiff, here to feast,
And summoned Europe to the wondrous scene?

All this I did for *you*. Well, yes, I own
I do deserve a Statue. Only wait;
Infirm I am, but I can sit my throne,
And still sustain the splendours of the State.

What! Not for *Me* the Statue? For whom, then?
For a poor devil Deputy that died,
In that far back December's havoc when
France by mistake my Destiny defied.

Tush! *They* subscribe for *him*! Impossible,
Where is my sword? No, not my sword—my pen;
I will explain to them that 'tis not well
To conjure up the ghosts of sleeping men.

How! They refuse! They write, subscribe, harangue,
And even now prepare the pedestal
For him they call my victim. Fools! Go hang!
They must be tutored better; must, and shall.

Where is my pen? No, not my pen; my boy.
This is the Child of France, and also mine!
See here the Nation's hope—its pride—its joy—
Born to transmit the great Imperial Line!

They heed me not. I hear another name—
Nor mine, nor his—borne on their cheers aloft;
How shall I scare them, since I cannot tame?
Were Morny here, he had not been so soft.

Hence then both child and pen! The cannon's roar
And quick-resolving grape must make an end;
They'll do it well—aye, as they did before.
I rose in blood. In blood I must descend.

MR. POOLE'S LATEST FASHION (Dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales).—The "Nihil Fit."

HOME FOR LIBERAL SCOTCH M.P.'S.

The Home, December 1.

SIR,—I am directed by the committee to call your attention to the election by the Liberal constituencies of Scotland of a number of gentlemen whose birth and social position will make it difficult for them to hold the place ordinarily assigned to Members of Parliament. To meet this difficulty the committee have engaged the present "*Home*," where provision will be made to meet the requirements of the individuals in question, with due reference to the modest scale of their former position. Strict attention to cleanliness and sanitary regulations will be enforced. Funds are, however, immediately required to provide the members with necessary clothing, and specially with the garment which English prejudice associates with ideas of decency; and it is with this object that the committee solicit your influence and co-operation.

Subscriptions will be received at the Home.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. S. MILL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Messrs. Thistledown	5	0	0	Count Glasowhiskey	1	0	0
Messrs. Banks and Braes	1	0	0	Apothecaries' Company			
A Scotch Liberal, in				a supply of sulphur			
postage stamps				and disinfectants.			
(damaged)	0	0	3				

OH! WONDERFUL MAN!

MR. HOWARD PAUL is a very great genius we all know, but no one could have guessed how gigantic was his intellect, had it not been for a paragraph which has been going the round of the papers. Mr. Howard Paul has suggested a continuation of *La Grande Duchesse*. The heroine "to be married to Prince Paul, and to henpeck him," (what a brilliant idea!), and then—here comes the most wonderfully original notion—"the blacksmith to be sent for to make the *sabre de mon père* straight!!!" and then "the history of the wonderful sabre to be told!!!" Was there ever such a witty ingenious dog? Two English authors are to write the libretto. One could not carry out such grand ideas all alone. After this who will not admit that England indeed possesses a second Shakespeare?

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION.

THE Reform League, in condoling with Mr. Beales on his recent defeat in the Tower Hamlets, expresses a confident opinion that he would have been returned at the head of the poll but for the interference of the Police. We quite believe it; but we must say it is rather a *naïve* confession to come from such a quarter. It is not every man's friends who would think they were complimenting him by the assurance that the criminal classes would have sent him to Parliament if the guardians of the law and our pockets had only let them; nor is it every man who would be grateful for the information. We fear that Reformers and Enthusiasts generally have a very small sense of humour. We cannot congratulate the League on that particular score, but we thank them for about the first incontrovertibly true statement they have ever made.

ENIGMA.

TELL me what is it that we are,
And yet we never know;
Which mounts with us to heaven above,
Or sinks with us—below?

'Tis what we're always thinking of
When least of it we dream;
'Tis what we all must try to be,
Yet never try to seem.

Q. WHY are members of Parliament said to *sit* in the House of Commons?

R. Because a House divided against itself cannot stand.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 85.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "HAPPY FAMILY."

MR. GLADSTONE'S first Ministry is now complete. The only feature which distinguishes it from a Russell Ministry is the exchange of Mr. Milner Gibson for Mr. Bright. No one will deny that the exchange is a very advantageous one to the Premier, and to the country. If Mr. Lowe is not to be Mr. Gladstone's puppet, (and we should think the member for London University would furnish very unpromising material for a dummy), it must certainly be confessed that the fact of the Reviler of the Working Man being placed in so prominent a position, is a guarantee against any democratic intentions on the part of Mr. Gladstone. Whether the Presidency of the Board of Trade will have the same sedative effect upon Mr. Bright as it had on Mr. Milner Gibson, it is impossible to say; but, except to abolish the rate-paying clauses, and the representation of minorities, it is not very likely that the great agitator will exert his influence very much. He may rest under the shade of his laurels, and leave to Beales, Bradlaugh, Finlen, and Co. the task of bringing about the next "bloodless revolution."

Altogether, we cannot help feeling that the New Ministry represents the transitional state in which we are. It is something to be rid of Earl Russell, but there still cling to the skirts of progress some of the genuine selfish indolent Whigs, who trade on the reputation of the name, associated as it is with one of the grandest revolutions in history, but which then belonged to a far different stamp of men than the present owners. We should have preferred to see Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Mill in the Cabinet, even if their presence necessitated the exclusion of the courtly Granville, the ponderous Hartington, the canny Argyll, or even that well-conducted genius Göschen. Why the latter gentleman has been placed at the head of the Poor-law Board, except as a guarantee that Mr. Gladstone yet retains sufficient Whiggism in his composition not to interfere with the enlightened and genial rule of red tape, we do not know. Red tape! the colour is appropriate, for it has been dyed in the blood of many victims. We see no promise of any real advance for the cause of true Reform in the composition of Mr. Gladstone's Happy Family. As a specimen of incongruous elements fused into a temporary unity, it is interesting. The idea of Mr. Bright sitting on the same bench as Mr. Lowe is very amusing; we wonder if those back numbers of the *Star* which denounced in such vigorous language the slanderer of the working classes are still extant? or has Mr. Bright bought them all up, and burnt them on the altar of friendship? Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville are strange colleagues, but stranger subordinates, of the

"People's William." Fancy the pink of elegance and aristocratic grace receiving a deputation headed, let us say, by Finlen; indeed, as Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Granville may have to confer with ticket-of-leave men. It is very refreshing to see what wonderful conversions the Treasury Bench is capable of producing. Lord Clarendon, as the associate of the Radical member for Birmingham, would be a strange sight for the ghost of Lord Palmerston, if that jaunty spectre should "revisit the glimpses of the moon" some night of this session. However, let us rejoice that men can forget their differences so easily, for their country's sake, if not for their own.

Surely England never had deeper cause to regret Lord Westbury's escapades than now, when she beholds the woosack adorned by Lord Hatherley (late Sir William Page Wood). It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Peers and of his party, that he will prove a silent friend of the Administration. We want above all things now a Lord Chancellor who has the ability and energy to grapple with that most difficult question, Law Reform. Lord Hatherley may have a secret fund of genius and daring, like Lord Mayo, but he has scarcely as yet given us the right to suspect him of such peculiarities. The combative quality of Mr. Lowe's mind might have found a more genial province for its exercise at the War Office, than at the Exchequer. He would have snubbed the Commander-in-Chief to some purpose. Mr. Cardwell found courage to censure Governor Eyre, but we much fear he will be inclined to temporize with the Royal Horse Guards. One negative virtue the Cabinet decidedly possesses: it does not include Mr. Layard. At the Board of Works it is to be hoped that that darling of the *Morning Advertiser*, (the organ of the publicans is sure to support license,) may find some navy who will be a match for him in strong language.

We will not criticise the *personnel* of the new Ministry any further. We will only ask them a few questions as to their intended policy, which if they do not answer satisfactorily, by their conduct as well as by their professions, they will not be worthy of the confidence of those whose Liberalism means something more than antagonism to Church Establishments, and extravagant laudation of Mr. Gladstone. Of course the Irish Church question will be settled as quickly as possible. It will not be made to stretch over seven years for the purpose of ensuring to us the blessing of the present Whig and tamed-Radical Government. But what next? Are we ever to see the Poor-law office, and all its shameful shams and abuses, swept, and garnished with humanity and brains? Are permanent officials to be allowed to thwart every attempt at Reform, every

effort to benefit the deserving poor instead of the undeserving vagrant? Are the same vermin to swarm in our military and naval departments, and pursue, unchecked, their career of murderous blundering to which so many brave men have already fallen victims, under which so many noble hearts have been broken, so many lives made one long misery? Are the creatures of the Treasury still to be allowed to cheat the nation by applying the money, voted by Parliament for one work, in repairing the waste and loss incurred in some totally different work? Is the audit of the public accounts still to be in the hands of the nominees and slaves of that very department, whose expenditure they are supposed to check? Are thousands to be flung away every year in pursuing profitless experiments, while a few hundreds are grudgingly given to the support of education or of the fine arts? Are offences against property still to be punished with imprisonment, while outrages against life, and limbs, and decency, are compounded for by a fine? Are human beings still to be allowed to herd together in dens of fever and sinks of moral corruption, while our stables, our piggeries, and our slaughter-houses, are rigorously inspected? Are scoundrels to be allowed to poison the food and drink of the poor at risk of no other punishment but the payment of a small commission on their profits to the Government? Are hundreds and thousands of children still to be condemned by the brutal neglect of their parents to life-long ignorance and vice? Are our police to hunt harmless dogs to death, while garotters and housebreakers are allowed to walk freely amongst us, with their hands on our throats or in our pockets?

These are important questions, and some answer must be given to them. We have had enough of Whig palliatives; we want such abuses, as are pointed at above, rooted out of the land. The hydra self-interest must be slain. John Bull must be no longer bound hand and foot with that invention of the devil, red tape. The *laissez-aller* principle is a very pleasant one for the rich and the happy, not for the poor and wretched. We have got as much political liberty as we want, and perhaps more than is good for some of us. We want a little social liberty. We want to be released from the tyranny of custom. We all know that "the British Empire is the home of &c., &c., that Britannia rules the waves, and Britons never *will be slaves*," because they are the slaves of time-honoured abuses, to which they cling as evidences of their liberty. This is a glorious country, and a poor wretch is free to be starved to death or poisoned, and, for all some people care, he is welcome to such freedom. There is plenty of gold in the bank, and plenty of money to be made in the City, and British goods are bought and sold all over the world, and our vast commercial enterprise is our proudest boast, and our morality is purer than any other nations, we are a wonderful and prosperous people—and charitable too, look at the subscription lists. We know all this, and very gratifying it is; but we are getting rather tired of repeating all this self-laudation, and when we walk in the streets, we can't help looking at the gutters as well as at the shop-windows; unless we are very much mistaken, there are a good many people who have lately woken to the knowledge of the fact that a great deal of our national greatness is nothing but an idle boast, and that there is scarcely any civilised country in which so many disgraceful abuses are fostered, as in rich Christian England.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS EVERGREEN.—The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.—Why?—Why? you stupid.—Because it keeps its leaves all the year round.

MILITARY REFORM.

Months ago we pointed out that the pretended economy of the Scheme for Control in the Departments of the Army would really be only a cloak for extravagance, waste, and jobbery, that numbers of officers would be put on large pensions, that numbers more would be promoted to new and more highly-paid posts, and that numbers of new appointments would afterwards be made.

Well, the reductions have begun, and have begun, as we foresaw, with reckless extravagance, such as has not often been paralleled. The first high officer whose reduction the new arrangements have caused has been pensioned off on a pension just five times as large as he had earned by law. The Director of Stores, after 12 years' service at Pall Mall at a salary of £1,200 a-year, has been put on a pension of £1,000 a-year for life.

Now, under the Act of Parliament, which governs, or is supposed to govern, such retirements, the highest pension that Admiral Caffin (an Admiral at the War Office!) could have earned after 50 years' service is £800; the pension he is entitled to after his 12 years' service is £200; and the able arithmeticians at the Treasury seem to have found out that the only way to calculate his pension was by adding what he could have got, but didn't (£800), to what he could have got and did (£200), and so have decreed him a life pension of £1,000 a-year.

If all the reductions are carried out on this scale, we may indeed tremble at the prospect of the forthcoming retrenchments.

True it is that we have heard within the last few months of the reductions in the naval dockyards, which have "reduced" numbers of labourers and their families to penury and the workhouse. But they were *only labourers* without any "rights" to "retired allowances;" and are not the savings on their wages available towards giving "handsome" pensions to the poor officers who have to be reduced?

May we suggest to some one of "our new members" that he might signalize his commencement of parliamentary life by strictly watching and closely scrutinizing the various retirements which "our new economies" will render henceforth of daily occurrence. Let his voice be first heard in Westminster denouncing such jobbery and robbery of the hard-pressed taxpayer as is involved in such "retrenchments." Let him demand a distinct and definite statement of what reductions are to be made, of what promotions have been promised, and of what numbers are to be retained in connexion with the new scheme for Army Control. Let him moreover ascertain whether any of the appointments in the new departments have even already been given to officers who are not in the ranks of the departments to be reduced, thus entailing unnecessary pensions on the public. Let him consistently and persistently undertake the scrutiny of these fearful extravagancies, and we will promise him the gratitude of the nation,—and also plenty of work to occupy him for some time to come.

MISS MUTTON.

WHAT we confess we should think a great compliment to ourselves if we had written a novel has been paid to Mrs. Henry Wood, of the 'Argosy,' by M. Nus last week at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris. What we should consider an equal injustice has been done at the same time in not recognising that lady as originator of the plot which M. Nus has used for his drama entitled *Miss Mutton*.

Mrs. Henry Wood wrote a novel called *East Lynne*. M. Nus has brought out a most successful piece taken from this novel.

An outcry has been raised at the cool appropriation of the same, and we are not altogether astonished at it, but what we cannot understand is that Mr. Charles Reade has not opened his mouth on the subject. Perhaps he has already paid a sum of five pounds to the French pirate for the absolute use of his drama, so that before long we may be gratified, and Mrs. Wood charmed at the same time, to see *East Lynne* on the stage as an entirely original comedy, by the Authors of *White Lies*, or *Le Château de Grantier*; *Art or Mistress Siddons*; *A Village Tale* or *Claudia*, and other equally happy emanations from the same brain.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

"A PENNY for your thoughts," said TOMAHAWK, as he suddenly appeared in the midst of the first Cabinet Council of the New Ministers.

"Come, this is Christmas Time, let's have some fun. Write down on slips of paper what you are thinking of, and give them to me."

"Agreed," says Clarendon, always genial and ready for "a game."

The slips of paper were handed in. TOMAHAWK read them, one by one, to himself, of course.

MR. GLADSTONE.—How on earth am I to manage this lot? Let me see, there are three ways; by coaxing—that's not in my line; by trickery—that's more in Dizzy's line; by bullying—well, I must see what Bright says. I hope Lowe has turned his wooden horse out to grass for the winter. I shall quote Homer if he begins with his Virgil. I don't believe he understands Greek.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—Is it a dream? No, it is not. I am on the woollack. I wonder whether the debating societies of some future age will discuss the difficult question, "Why was Sir W. Page Wood made Lord Chancellor?" For the same reason, I suppose, as that for which Eve accepted Adam. There was no one else.

LORD CLARENDON.—Here we are again! Jolly is not it? I am so glad they've moved Layard to the Board of Works—he'll be at home there—lots of mud. Bright is not such a bad fellow after all—I shall offer him a cigar (which he did).

LORD GRANVILLE.—I must be polite to everybody! I lead the House of Lords, thank goodness. Lucky for them it is not Russell. It might have been worse if Gladstone had made Beales a minister. Ah, *canaille*! I must not forget to bow to Bright.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.—Well, I'm all right. I've got something to do. I kept in with Gladstone all along. I was right. Fancy Granville leading the House! Why, I don't believe he has ever read the "Reign of Law." I shall send him a copy.

MR. CARDWELL.—War to the knife—with the War-office estimates.

MR. LOWE.—So this is what my Philipics of 1866 have brought me to! Chancellor of Exchequer under Gladstone! I wish they'd let me pay the bishops; would not I stop their salaries for non-attendance to their duties. I shall have my portrait taken as Laocoon.

"Laocoon ardens summâ decurrit ab arce," &c., &c.

MR. CHILDERS.—

"Oh, my ship it is ready, and the wind blows fair,
And I'm off to the Admiraltee, Mary Anne."

Yes, and won't I stir those old admirals up, that's all. Why, it will be better fun than a Kangaroo hunt.

MR. BRIGHT.—What an ass I shall look in silk stockings! Never mind, I'll bring in a bill to abolish primogeniture, court dress, entails, and all tomfoolery. I should like to have a good set-to with Bob Lowe for £10,000 a-side and a new Reform Bill. Never mind, perhaps he'll play billiards with me. I can beat him at that.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE.—I wonder whether Ireland will be safe when this Irish Church business is going on. If they send Lord Halifax out, I am sure the "pisantry" will make shillelaghs out of him. Ha! Ha! Ha!

MR. GOSCHEN.—I am going to count how many paupers there are in England; that is my idea of Poor-law Reform. I suppose they put me here because I am very good at figures. It's about all I am good for, but it is hard on the poor. I ought to have had Lowe's place.

"Read! Read!" they cried, as TOMAHAWK laughed at one after another of the *naïve* confessions.

"Oh, no, that would never do; you won't get on very well as it is. I must take these little slips with me, slips of thought;

take care, my dear boys, that you don't make any such slips of the tongue, or my friend, Dizzy, will be down on you pretty sharp. Good bye, I hope this time next year we may all meet again, and in the same place. Meantime, 'A Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year' to you all."

With this very original remark, TOMAHAWK took his departure.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

RULE *Britannia*,
Britannia rules the waves,
And mans her noble fleet
From TOMAHAWK's young braves!

OVER THE SEE.

THE discussion concerning the residence of the Primate of England is still on the *tapis*; but although everyone seems to agree that some alteration in the existing arrangement should be made, no two people are of the same mind what it is to be. As the greater ventilation a subject of such moment receives the better, we do not hesitate to publish some of the schemes which have been submitted to us for our consideration. Of course we have made it a point, in the first instance, to consult those persons who are most nearly interested in the several proposals, and we append the objections which have been pointed out to us; but for our own part we frankly confess that we shrink from the responsibility of giving a decision on a question of such intense importance.

Scheme No. 1.—The Archbishop to be provided with a magnificent suite of apartments in all the Royal Palaces, and to accompany the Court to whatever residence the Queen may be pleased to occupy.

Objected to by her Majesty.

Scheme No. 2.—The Tower of London to be handed over to the Archbishop for a town house, and immediate arrangements to be made for placing Hampton Court Palace at his Grace's disposal as a country residence.

Beefeaters dissatisfied, and determined opposition from the present occupants of apartments at Hampton Court.

Scheme No. 3.—The "Official residence in Downing street" to be occupied permanently by the Archbishop.

Objected to by somebody at the Treasury.

Scheme No. 4.—The Archbishop to build a palace at Canterbury (at his own expense), and to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Objected to by his Grace.

Scheme No. 5.—The Archbishop to have no permanent residence, but to take up his abode for the period of one month with each of the Bishops of the Established Church in succession.

General consternation amongst their Lordships. Threat of the Bishop of Oxford to apostatise.

Scheme No. 6.—The freehold of the Canterbury Hall to be acquired, and the establishment to be entirely redecorated for his Grace's reception.

No particular objection of anybody.

Scheme No. 7.—The Archbishop to be provided with a palace at Rome, and not to be interfered with.

Objected to by 40 per cent. of the members of the Established Church.

As for the Dr. Tait's own views on the subject, should anyone consider them worth asking for, we believe we are correct in stating that he would wish to retain his present residence in St. James's square, to use the palace at Fulham as a summer retreat, to occupy Lambeth Palace if it suits him, not to go near Addington Park unless it does, and, above all, to run down to his little house near Margate, which is his own personal property, whenever he has a moment to himself.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

.ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
SECOND ISSUE IS NOW READY.
Price Threepence.



* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet *resigned*!!!

WE understand that the Royal Tradesmen have assumed for their motto, "Ex Nile oh! Nihil fit!"

MR. GLADSTONE'S seriousness of purpose is fully shown in his refusal to make a place in the ministry for that arch jester, Bernal Osborne. Surely he has better wit and better sense, too, than Ayrton.

NOT even the robes of the Sovereign were present at the opening of Parliament. Perhaps Her Majesty is so pleased with the people's Representatives that she does not wish to bring their debates to a *clothes*.*

A WELL-KNOWN and generous Irishman has refused the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police (offered to him in anticipation of Sir Richard's resignation) because he declared that he "would rather be any *thing* than *Mayne*!"

WILD BOAR-GIA!

A NOT very imperial organ on the other side of the Channel has, thanks to the recent accident to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, found out a new meaning in Compiègne. Those much-prized invitations, for which many a Parisian lady would part even with her false hair, are not, after all, the beautiful compliments the world would have us imagine. The paper is white enough, but death works in the ink. Napoleon, like the Borgia, wishes to get rid of his "friends" in a friendly way, and so, poison being out of fashion, owing to the prevailing taste for *post-mortem* examination, he hits on the no less happy expedient of giving them a day's sport. Savage and trained stags, and the wildest of boars, are kept ready at all deserted spots in the forest, and woe to the *chasseur* who is led into the snare.

* Surely "CLOSE" is not meant by the writer.—[ED. TOMAHAWK.]

According, then, to JULES, the recent escape of the Prince was quite providential, he having been inveigled into the "ont" solely that his life might avenge the hitch, say in the reciprocity treaty.

JULES has, on the strength of this, favoured us with the following, which is, of course, absolutely authentic.

SCENE—*The Palace at Compiègne.*

Enter the EMPEROR, the KING of PRUSSIA, the CZAR, the QUEEN of SPAIN, and PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

The EMPEROR.—Good morning, gentlemen and woman.

The CZAR.—Good morning, you Sar!

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—O yes! Ros bif! I am Anglische! dam. O yes!

The KING of PRUSSIA.—No, Sir, you are one Schlesviger. Clean my boot.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—O yes! I am Anglische Duke! 'Oorah! Long lives the Queen!

The QUEEN of SPAIN.—'Oorah! 'Oorah!! 'Oorah!!!

The EMPEROR.—O yes! Let us 'ont. (*To the CZAR.*) You shall go and find one little stag that not bite, tied by his 'orn to a strong tree. I give you this gun. (*Gives it.*) It carry nine-mile, and kill ten stag each time. Go and stick it on the eye of that little stag, I tell you of, and fire. Ha! ha! you kill him dead; it is the 'ont. *Vive le sport*, gentlemen and woman!

The CZAR.—Thank you, Sa'ar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to the KING of PRUSSIA*).—You shall follow him, and hold the stag when he is dead, or cut off his leg, when he not look. (*Gives knife.*) It is great sport. I do it myself —(*aside*)—at the dinner! Ha! ha!

The KING of PRUSSIA.—I will stick this in to the Czar. (*Laughs.*) That is only my one little joke, you know. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to the QUEEN of SPAIN*).—You would like *le sport*. There is a little pig with blue ribbon on his face; so tame! You will 'ont him? (*Gives spear.*)

The QUEEN of SPAIN.—O yes! (*Aside.*) I shall 'ont you. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to PRINCE CHRISTIAN*).—You not worth the 'ont, eh?

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—That is one lie. They do make *le sport* of me in my country. I am Anglische Duke. 'Oorah! [*Exit.*]

THE LAST CUR OF THE SEASON.

WHEN Sir Richard Mayne issued his obnoxious manifesto against the dogs in the early part of the summer, not the least irritating point of its introduction was the aggressive manner in which every available brick wall was placarded with the "Notice." When the other day the Chief Commissioner was pleased to repeal his edict it was but natural to expect that the same publicity would be given to the retraction of the order as was accorded to its imposition; this, however, has not been the case, for the public have been left to find out for themselves from *quasi*-authoritative newspaper paragraphs, that their dogs had been restored to liberty. Unwilling, however, as Sir Richard Mayne may have been to rush into print just at present, the order of last June could only be cancelled by a further proclamation. The following document was evidently not intended for publication to the world; but as one of Sir Richard's confidential subordinates has done us the favour to forward a copy to us we cannot, in acknowledgment of the attention, do less than to give it a place in our columns:—

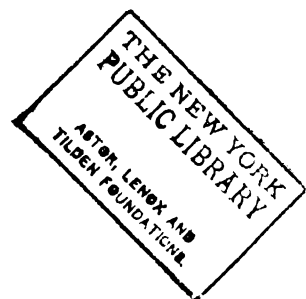
COMMAND.

WHEREAS for the past three months certain common persons, styling themselves the public, have dared to approach me and to declare to me that the order for the removal by the Police of stray and unmuzzled dogs was no longer necessary, I have considered it due to myself, and the office I do the country the honour to hold, to refuse to entertain such impertinent representations. Now, however, that Parliament is about to assemble, it is my WILL and PLEASURE that the order above referred to shall be in abeyance till in my wisdom I CHOOSE to renew it.

Signed,

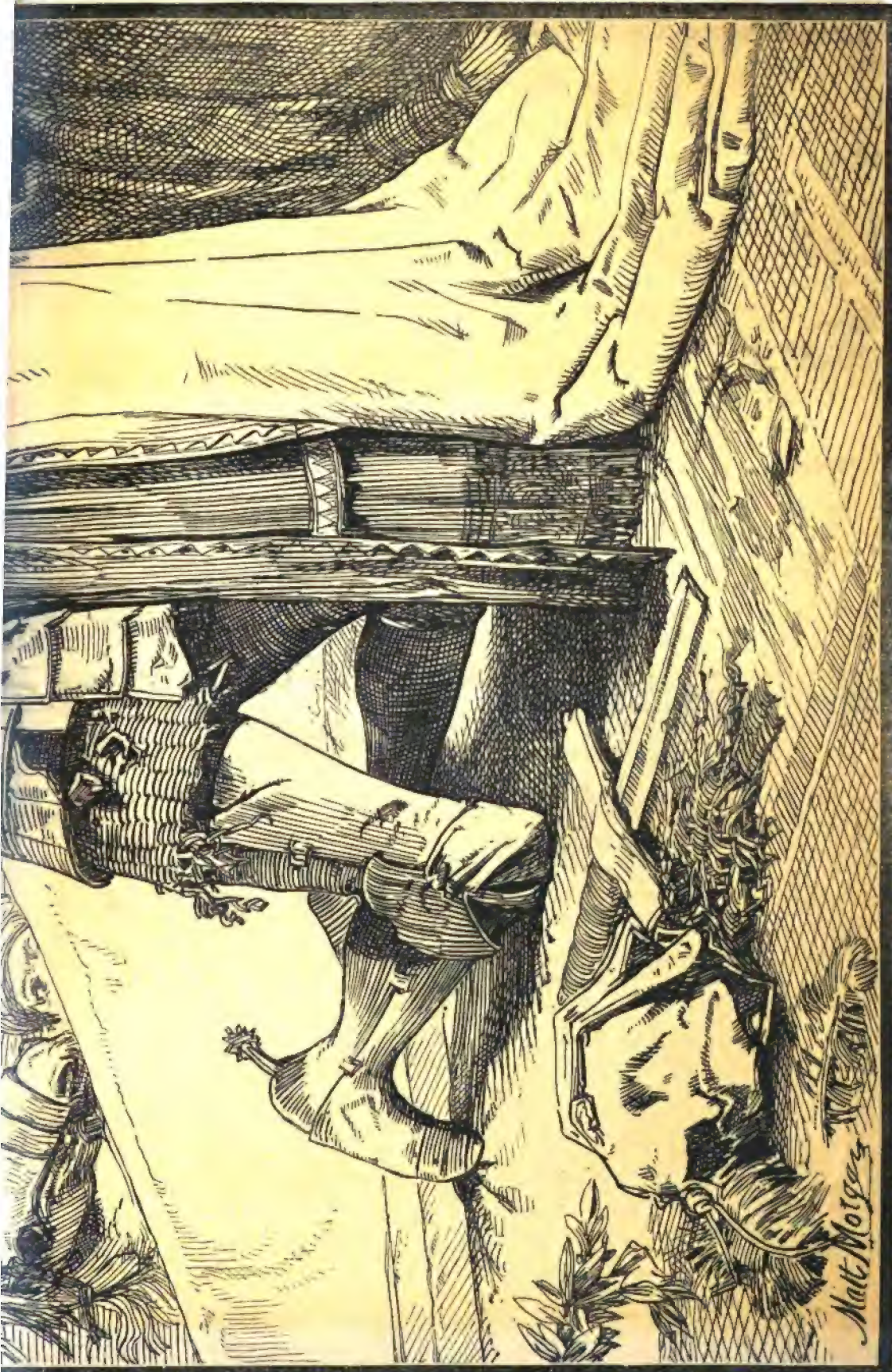
RICHARD MAYNE.

Scotland Yard, 30th November, 1868.



THE TOMAHAWK, December 19, 1868.





"FINIS CORONAT OPUS!"

(DEDICATED TO VISCOUNT BEACONSFIELD AND THE EX-PREMIER OF ENGLAND.)



THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE THE AMATEUR
AUTHOR.*Cawley's Rooms, the Guests, the "Dinnaw," Table-talk.*

I WENT to "dinnaw" at Cawley's rooms to keep my promise. The rooms strongly reminded me of their tenant—they were vaguely grand and superficially comfortable. I found that our friend had many tastes—on an easel was a picture, which would have been *very* good if it had only been well painted. On the piano was some musical MS., which would have been *extremely* clever if only it hadn't been the waltz out of *Faust*, completely spoilt, and turned into a polka. The glass over the mantel-piece, with the picture of Cawley's mother, and its crowd of title-bearing cards, showed where, in its owner's character, the gentleman ended and the snob began.

There were four guests, all more or less shirt-front and stephanotis. One (Townshend), because he belonged to one of the Government Offices attached to the Houses of Parliament, was supposed to be a great authority upon political subjects. Another (Parker) having a brother unpaid *attaché* to the British Legation at Timbuctoo, was believed to be in the secret counsel of all the Crowned Heads of Europe. The remaining guests, Bloomfield and Rice, were of the stamp of the "Young Man of the Period," weak, silly, and vicious.

These clever young gentlemen stared at me when I entered the room, and seemed to put my dress clothes on trial. My waistcoat (being cut six inches higher than the mode) at once proved the case against me, and my clothes were found guilty, and sentenced to be snubbed for the remainder of the evening.

About this time Cawley entered the room, got up in shirt-front and black velvet; I was introduced to my judges, and we all went down to "dinnaw."

The "dinnaw" was decidedly good.

Cawley had the reputation of an epicure, and certainly on this occasion did his best to maintain it. We did not speak very much during the meal, and what follows is a fair sample of our conversation.

CAWLEY.—Haw, just take this bottle to Mistaw Rice (*servant obeys*). I say, old fellow, just taste that, and tell me what you think of it.

RICE (*pours out a glass of wine and devours a crumb of bread*).—Fine bouquet! (*He stares at the glass hard, holds it fiercely to the light and stares at it hard again, he then brings it under his nose and smells it, keeping his eyes fiercely fixed on vacancy. This done, he takes a sip large enough to fill his mouth, keeps his mouth full for five-and-twenty seconds while he ruminates, and then gulps the wine down. Turning his eyes towards Cawley he gravely bows in approval.*)

CAWLEY.—Yars, it is drinkable. (*A dish is brought in, guests refer to their cards, and take a languid interest in the movements of the waiter.*)

PARKER.—Yars, I know Wales has gone to the Nile to see the Viceroy of Egypt without giving offence to the Sultan. Sultan's awfully jealous. You all of you know story about *La Grande Duchesse*.

EVERYBODY BUT I (*smiling languidly at the faint recollection of some good story*).—Yars, gra'fun.

PARKER.—Very much so. I know I'm right, got the tip from St. Petersburg.

TOWNSHEND.—Think you're wrong. Hear its economy. Say so at the House.

BLOOMFIELD (*calling attention to sudden emotion of Cawley, who now looks like a fashionable demon*).—Why, my dear fellow, what's the mattaw?

CAWLEY (*trying to control his rage*).—I knew she would! I have told her ovaw and ovaw again, and yet she does it! On my soul, it's too bad!

RICE (*tasting contents of last dish*).—Mean too much bread crumbs?

CAWLEY (*in a heart-broken voice*).—Yars!

GUESTS.—Confoundedly provoking. Bear up, old fellow. (*Said to console Cawley.*) Rather like bread crum m'self.

CAWLEY (*smiling sorrowfully at their well-meant attempts at consolation*).—Had presentiment this morning that something this sort would happen!

(Appearance of a fresh dish.)

And so on. I gradually and unconsciously adopted the manners of the other guests, and by dessert time was tasting and nodding like the rest of them. Yes, to my shame let it so be written.

And now came the business of the evening.

But pray pardon me, I am tired. Wait till next week.

A BARGAIN FOR BEAUCLERKS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, for the want of something better to discuss, has been moralizing over the agony column of the *Times*, and in an article which the leading journal reproduced in its own columns, has been quoting a batch of curious advertisements which are always to be found in that region of mystery, imagination, and humour. It is a pity that the following escaped the eagle glance of our ever vigilant contemporary, for it certainly serves as a text for a sermon at least half a column long:—

FOR SALE, the BUST of Admiral Lord AMELIUS BEAUCLERK, G.C.B., G.C.H., under a glass shade, standing on a pedestal, picked out white and gold, with the trophies. Price £10, worth considerably more. Apply at ———

Surely the advertisement must have a hidden meaning. To begin with, who is his lordship, and why should he suddenly be forced before the world as a public character? Again; why should it be considered expedient to protect him with a glass shade? Then what are his trophies, and why will the advertiser take £10 for the lot, when the trophies alone are evidently worth all the money? There is something more than natural in the announcement, if philosophy, or, better still, Inspector Clarke, of the Detective Police, could but find it out. Failing such solution of the enigma, however, let us hazard a guess at its meaning. May it not be that a bust of Lord Amelius Beauclerk has fallen into the hands of somebody or other who, finding it an unsaleable article, has resorted to the agony column of the *Times* to bring forward some relative of the noble admiral who would be willing to pay a ten-pound note to buy up the advertisement, or is his lordship a sort of Lord Nelson, who wants a little pushing?

DIVES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is something about the charity of Mr. Peabody, which, seeing we do not live in the first age of Christianity but in the nineteenth, may well afford matter for more than a mere passing comment. Not that we have the time or taste to devote to a sort of moral essay on the highest duty but one that a man can discharge. On the contrary, we wish merely to direct attention, in a casual way, to a question that it seems to us to ask with great point and force. Are the rich of this country doing their duty, or anything like it? Here is Mr. Peabody, enormously wealthy it is true, giving handsomely to the poor. Possibly, and we hazard the suggestion, we trust, without any detraction or offence, the great sums he has already handed over for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-men, have not in the remotest degree affected the course of his daily life or the amount of his personal expenditure. Still, after all, and especially in these days, when real charity is scarcely understood, it must be admitted that Mr. Peabody is far in advance of all other benefactors of mankind, and that the way of his giving is royal, thorough and substantial, and we may safely say thus much. If men of something like equal wealth would only follow his lead in the same spirit, what blessings might not be scattered broadcast on that most degraded, most miserable herd in Europe, the poor of England! Take, for instance, a man like the Marquis of Westminster; he gives, it is true, to various charities here and there, but to what extent? To one then, that when his enormous revenues are taken into consideration, is not to be named in the same breath with real charity. He is down, say, on some fund for £500, and Robinson, the government clerk, is also down for twenty shillings. Robinson then gives proportionately just double what the Marquis does, for he has his £400 a-year, and of that gives $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while we suppose no one will venture to assert that the income of the Marquis of Westminster amounts only to £200,000 a-year. But this is not even the proper

aspect of the thing, for without in the least touching upon socialism, there is a much more striking one, when the subject is regarded from another point of view. Robinson, to refer to him again, has no doubt the greatest difficulty in sparing that pound and the other four that he makes a point of devoting every year to charity, in as much as his attempt to support his family decently on £400 a-year is attended with great difficulty and anxiety. Now it is to be presumed that any Englishman living, be he Archbishop, Duke, or cotton-spinner, could live like a prince on £100,000 a-year, or, to descend in the scale, like a less luxurious, but still comfortable, individual on £50,000, or even like a plain Christian gentleman, without any killing economy, on £20,000! Our really rich man, then, could give, not his 1½ per cent, like poor Robinson who feels it, but his 300 or 600 per cent. or more, and, as far as the comforts and blessings of this life are concerned, never feel it at all. Of course he never will do this, for he will quiet his conscience with all sorts of sophistries to the end of the chapter. All thanks, then, to Mr. Peabody for the new light he throws upon this vital question. His gift is a fine satire on the comparatively paltry alms-giving of our wealthier classes. That the satire will have the least effect, who, who knows the selfish and lying twaddle with which those who have all excuse their luxuries to those who have nothing, can for a moment hope? It is a gloomy subject, perhaps, and one that many of our readers would gladly dismiss, but it is, nevertheless, or soon will be, one of the great questions of the day. As we leave it we will make one apposite remark. It is rather the fashion among the rich to look on Dives as a thoroughly bad man. This is a mistake. He was simply very worldly.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR (THAT IS TO BE).

THE following specimen of a work, which will no doubt be the literary sensation of next season, has been forwarded to us.

CALAIS.—Arrived here all right. The sea was rather rough, but I have seen it rougher. When the sea is rough some people don't like it. I don't mind it. I can smoke. Alexandra is pretty well considering.

[I forgot to say that I intend to write a book about my tour. Alfred has had a book done; and my mother is quite a celebrated authoress. I don't see why I should not do something. I shan't get Knollys or Keppel to do any of mine. Not I.]

How jolly it is to think we have got away from London for four months. I am sorry for the people, if they miss me; I daresay Arthur Lloyd will be awfully cut up—and it's very hard on the Strand Theatre, but I can't help it. I could not let Alexandra go through another season. So as the mother *won't* come out, I had to bolt.

I suppose Christian will take my place. What a joke! We're off to Paris. *Vive l'Empereur, Vive Schneider!* Hurrah!

I must not be quite so familiar in my style. I must manage to get in something serious too—some information about the countries. I shall get Alexandra to write me an essay on the costume of the Egyptians. I suppose I shall manage to kill a crocodile. I should think if Alfred could kill an elephant, it will be deuced hard lines if I can't kill a crocodile—in fact, ever such a lot of crocodiles—and the sacred Ibex—no—Ibis.

But I forgot, here we are in Paris. I suppose I need not say much about Paris. It's the chief town of France, "and all tha-at thort of thing." Alexandra does not appreciate my imitations of Dundreary, but she laughs, bless her dear face!

As I was saying—Paris is a very large town. They manufacture lots of things there—chocolate, hats, fichus, chignons, bad cigars, good dinners, Emperors, and Schneiders. I am getting funny! I shall read this to little Victor, and see if he laughs—then I shall try it on Knollys. If he don't laugh—ah! he better had—that's all. This is an awfully jolly place. They don't stare at one. Alexandra and I walk about quite comfortable—nobody bothers us. Let's see, what shall we do to-night? Oh! we'll go and see Schneider.

It does one a great deal of good to see a French play, it's very good practice to see if you can follow what they say. Alexandra don't admire Schneider. I am sorry for that. I don't think she has got much sense of humour. She don't admire Arthur

Lloyd—and she never will laugh at "The Chickaleary Cove," though I sing it first-rate. Ask Carrington—he says we ought to get up a burlesque, private of course, at Sandringham. But I am wandering from my subject.

I am now going to relate a circumstance which befell me in the Forest of Compiègne. The Forest of Compiègne is so called because—By Jove! the Empress must have been a beautiful woman; she is now a splendid creature. I like Nap too, he is a plucky fellow, but he looks awfully seedy. I should not like to be him—too much trouble. These French take a deal of ruling.

Well, I was going to relate a circumstance that happened to me at Compiègne. But there, you know all about it. The papers kicked up ever such a fuss. It was only a scratch.

We're off again to Paris. Let's see, what shall we do to-night? Oh, suppose we go and see Schneider. Yes, we will—

(The MS. breaks off here.)

ACROSTIC.

SOMETHING that everyone should have,
And no one be without—
The first is excellent alone,
But when unto the second joined,
It's really out and out.

1.

The greatest actor that the world e'er saw—
At least you should declare so when in France;
Of course in England it would be barbaric
To say that anyone could equal Garrick.

2.

The silliest, most pretentious paper
That e'er was touched by fingers taper.

3.

A type of creature not, alas! extinct,
Of many vices he's the sum succinct.

4.

A name which does belie its derivation,
Of many men no gentle termination.

5.

A useful creature, which if you can't name
As Shakespeare says, "By cock you are to blame."

6.

The first of letters which old Cadmus hit on;
Which many fools since then have tried their wit on.

7.

Cut off a king's head, then cut off the tail
Of him who made so many; you'll not fail
To find what otherwise would labour much entail.

8.

A name that's very oft with lucre's joined,
But not with filthy lucre, or purloined.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—One's Own Self.

INCORRECT answers have been received from Burley, Digby, Ruby's Ghost, Samuel E. Thomas, Rataplan, Lizzie Gray, C. Armstrong, Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, 'Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Charles Livesay, and A Cockney Hippophagists.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE,

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 86.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE ABUSE OF CHARITY.

We certainly ought to be a very happy nation, if to give to others entitles man to be happy; for there really seems no end to the purse of generosity on which so many advocates of misery draw at this season. We never yet saw a return of the sums subscribed through the columns of the papers, and other channels, to various charities at Christmas. The return could, at the best, be but a very conjectural one; at least, it would give a very imperfect idea of the amount of money which is given away at this festive season. Still more difficult would it be to estimate the amount of good done by such donations; and most difficult of all to compile a list of those whose charity had not done, on the whole, more harm than good to those who received it. We are afraid the list would be a very small one. Half the money that is given in England every year in the form of alms would serve, if properly applied, to free us from poor-rates. There is no more terrible extravagance than this; it makes one despair to see how much is given injudiciously, and how much more is spent iniquitously. How many of our public or private charities really benefit the recipients of their bounty? How many degrade and demoralize those whom they profess to elevate and to save? We would rather incur the charge of misrepresentation and exaggeration, which we know will be made against us, than attempt to answer that question. Only let us try and say a few words which may help some whom this fearful and stupendous problem, how really to aid in diminishing the poverty and misery around us, perplexes and distresses.

Apathy is the ordinary state of people's minds on this subject. To put your hand in your pocket and give a beggar a shilling requires little exertion and less thought; but to enquire into that beggar's history, to sift his statements, and then to try and see how you can help him to make himself independent, requires much exertion and more thought. To roof over four brick walls, divide the building into cells, and fill these cells with the houseless, doling out to them bread and water, and gruel, and a blanket or two, is a very simple system for the relief of distress. The vagrant wants a lodging, he wants food, he wants drink, he wants something to keep him warm; supply him with these wants and what more need you do? He gets such relief here to-night, and will get it somewhere else to-morrow night, and so on. Vary the story; take the penniless man into the workhouse instead of into the casual ward, lodge him, feed him, clothe him; if he has the luck to get employment let him get it, but

don't help him to do so, don't try and fit him for any work—and if he chooses to give up his work when he has got it, why take him back again, and proceed as before. This is the national system of relief, and are the individuals of this nation to be expected to pursue a wiser one? Give, give, give; supply the present need, and never look to the future, is the motto of most benevolent persons, if not of most benevolent institutions. Let us say nothing of the greedy absorption of the funds of charities by paid officials; of the perquisites and vails, and salaries; the necessary expenses, such as mere little dinners for the governors, new rooms with new furniture for the master or matron, or head-nurse; with the other countless modes of eating up the guineas of the benevolent subscribers; let us say that such things are mere myths and wicked inventions of captious cynics, how much of the money professedly spent for the professed purposes of the charity, is spent with any probability of fulfilling such purpose?

There are, thank God, some charitable institutions in this country which endeavour seriously to encounter this great difficulty of securing the permanent, and not only the temporary, benefit of the recipients of their bounty. It is, in a great measure, the fault of our infamous Poor-law that the bewildered hearts and minds of benevolent men too often recognise only the existence of misery without seeking for the cause.

Money is invaluable in giving instant relief; Heaven forbid that we should check the promptings of the generous heart! But we must not stop at this stage; a little patience, a little labour, a little thought, and we may prevent the recurrence of the distress, that money alone can relieve, by other means. It is impossible that any individual can find employment for every destitute creature who appeals to his charity, for there is scarcely any public institution to help him in such a task; but we all can do much by a little exercise of judgment and true unselfishness, in abstaining from gratifying the impulse of our nature to give at once, and so cry quits with our consciences. It requires time and labour, which we cannot spare so well as money, to make our charity of any real use; but better take one case of distress and relieve it wisely, than ten and relieve them foolishly. Make this your great object in all cases—to raise the receiver of your bounty from dependence, however slowly, however painfully, rather than keep him in comfortable bondage. Let every shilling that you give help him to whom you give to earn sixpence, and you will have done good. But if you give twenty shillings with no other result but that when they are spent you must give twenty shillings more, you are but subsidizing the misery that you seek to destroy.

WHEN GREEK MEET TURK!

or,
HOW IT REALLY STANDS.

To what stage the rupture between Turkey and Greece may have arrived, by the time these lines are in print, it is impossible to conjecture, but as it is highly important that there should be no sort of misconception in the public mind as to the origin of the quarrel, we have much pleasure in giving the last telegraphic diplomatic correspondence prior to the present crisis.

Constantinople, Dec. 13.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Remonstrate at once as to this last Cretan business, and demand instant dissolution of the volunteers. The conduct of Greece lately towards our august Empire has been of the most dastardly, lying, and irritating character, and as a great nation, though it does not wear Paris hats and drink European spirits, will not suffer itself to be insulted with impunity, request, without any further delay, ample apologies for the past and satisfactory guarantees for the future.

Athens, Dec. 13.

From the Turkish Embassy to the Foreign Office at Constantinople.

Have done what you ordered. The young King was very impudent, and said I had better next ask to see his father-in-law. He also observed that the sooner a "row" got up the better for all parties, and that he thought the Sultan a great fool not to have married well. Our conversation ended in his throwing a footstool at my head.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 5 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Did you throw it back?

Athens, Dec. 13, 6 p.m.

From the Turkish Embassy to the Foreign Office at Constantinople.

No. I thought I had better not.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 9 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.*

On your return you will be sewn up in a sack with a monkey, a boa constrictor, and a copy of Tupper's religious poems and thrown into the Bosphorus. In the meanwhile, you will do your best to bring matters to a crisis by violating every diplomatic obligation.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 10 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Insist on the old terms once more. Threaten your immediate departure, and say that 50,000 men will march on to Thessaly at once. See the King again, and give this last message to him direct from the Sultan.

Athens, Dec. 14, 9 a.m.

The King of Greece to the Sultan of Turkey.

Yah! Anything else? Fire away, you old savage.

Constantinople, Dec. 14, 11 a.m.

The Sultan direct to the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

I have sent the last message to all the Courts in Europe. You ought to get answers in the course of the afternoon. Mahomet is really a great prophet!

Paris, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of the French to the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Never mind. Take five days more of it. France has her eye upon you. This business affects us more than you. Wait.

Vienna, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of Austria to do. do.

We have our eye upon you. Bear it bravely, and remember this business affects us more than you. Wait.

London, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The St. James's Cabinet to do. do.

We must see what the others are going to do first. Hard words hurt no one, so you must take what you get, and remembering that this business affects us more than you, wait.

* This telegram was subsequently discovered to be a practical joke on the part of the young King.

Berlin, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The King of Prussia to do. do.

What a bore you are. Don't move a man, of course. Never mind what happens. Don't you see this business affects us more than you? You must wait.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of Russia to do. do.

Hand me over Constantinople, and I'll get you out of it, and I will rent you a mansion in Leicester square, London, and allow you £1,600 a-year. There!

Frogmore, Dec. 14.

Prince Christian to do. do.*

When you are hit, never hit anybody again. It hurts. Why don't you come over here. There's a fine opening for Continental talent, I can tell you. Merry Christmas to you! You'll soon learn English. Look at me. "Ooray!"

Strand, Dec. 18.

H.R.H. Tomahawk to the Turkish Nation.

You have been shamefully treated by Greece, who has violated every international obligation over and over again. Oriental as you are in your religion, habits, and thoughts, you will, in this quarrel, have the sympathies of all honest men. It would be a disaster to break up the peace of Europe at the present moment, but if you must fight, go in and win.

TREATS FOR STREETS.

THE Chief Commissioner of Police would seem to be inclined to court a little popularity now that Parliament has met. He has supplemented the repeal of his dog tax by the institution in the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis of semaphores to regulate the traffic, arranged on the same principle as railway signals, and worked by policemen. The signal directs the approaching vehicle to come on carefully, or to stop altogether as necessity may require. The new system is already in working order on several of the most dangerous crossings, and has turned out such a success that Sir Richard Mayne has been encouraged to follow it up by the introduction of a series of entirely original schemes, of which the following come first in the list:—

Every house in the Metropolitan Police District is to be fitted with a flag-staff from the centre window of the first floor front, from which a red flag shall be displayed when the master of the establishment is not at home.

The police on duty are to be connected with each other by electric telegraph wires, through which they will be able to communicate with each other from any distance and at any moment.

The police stations of London are to be connected by a private underground railway, in order that any number of the Force may be massed at any given spot without awakening suspicion by parading the streets.

Lastly, Sir Richard Mayne is deeply engaged in perfecting a wonderful invention by which the leading thoroughfares shall be left to take care of themselves, but we regret to state that, although for many months experiments have been tried in Regent street, Piccadilly, and other places, the invention does not promise to be as successful as was anticipated.

OUR LITERARY CHRISTMAS BOXES.

To Lord Lytton—a (Rightful) Heir-skin.
To Charles Dickens—a bucket of incense.
To Alfred Tennyson—a wooden Trumpeter.
To Robert Browning—a guide to the understanding.
To Victor Hugo—an order to the Queen's, by order of the King.
To Dion Boucicault—Unlimited Liability.
To Charles Reade—a French Pâté.
To Mark Lemon—a round of applause.
To Tom Hood (the younger)—a Little Fun.
To Tupper—an Extinguisher.

With TOMAHAWK's compliments and best wishes for the coming year.

* Another practical joke on the part of the King of Greece. This telegram is not genuine.

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY. MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE, THE AMATEUR AUTHOR.

The new "Papaw" receives its title.

"WELL, gentlemen," said Cawley, "you know what we have met for?"

There was a pause here, while the servant carried round coffee, the *liqueur* case and a box of cigars. After he had retired, Cawley continued:—

"I'm thinking of starting a papaw, and I want you fellows to help me."

"Delighted, I'm shaw" said everybody but I. I simply smiled, lighted a cigar, and waited to hear more."

"That's all right," said Cawley, and then he looked towards me, as he observed "the first thing to be considered is whether it shall be a 'daily.'"

"Or an 'Annual'?" said Parker, trying hard to look business like.

"Or an 'Annual'?" echoed Cawley.

"Prefer 'Annual m'self,'" said Rice, "less bore you know."

"Yars—less bore you know," replied everybody but I, and (this time) Cawley.

"Do you know," said our host, "I think it had better be a daily. I've got a cousin (fellow in the Foreign Office), who says he'd buy a penny paper if they'd bring out a new one. Well, he'd buy it if it were a daily, you know."

"Quite so," observed everybody, puffing away at their cigars, "think then it had better be a daily."

So that point was carried.

"Now," said Cawley, "what shall we call it?"

There was a long pause, and then somebody (it was Bloomfield, I think), began talking about the opera.

"I say," said Cawley, "don't think we'd better settle about name of the papaw?"

"What d'you say to 'The Primrose,'" asked Parker, "and have a lot about the price of flowers for the button-hole. Flowers for the button-hole awfully dear, you know. Should like to write about 'em."

"Or 'The Huntsman's Horn,'" said Rice; "you might write 'edited by the late Horne Tooke.' It would make the people laugh so."

"Or call it 'The New Bradshaw,' and have the time of the trains to Greenwich in it. Awfully useful for fellows going to have a whitebait dinner at the 'Ship,' you know."

"Or call it 'The Morning Call' and give the addresses of anybody changing houses. Save a fellow a lot of trouble in leaving cards."

"What do you think about it?" asked Cawley, addressing me.

"Well, the titles that have been mentioned are scarcely general enough. You see they are all *class* names."

"Don't you think 'The Huntsman's Horn,' 'edited by the late Horne Tooke,' rathaw good?"

"Oh, yes," I replied; "very good indeed; but I think we might find a better. For instance, what do you say to 'The Hercules'?"

"Not a bad ideaw," replied Cawley, scratching on the tablecloth. "Editor Hercules." "Let's call it 'The Hercules.'"

"Delighted, I'm shaw," said every one, and so it was decided the new "papaw" was to be called 'The Hercules.'

"And now comes the question," continued Cawley, "what shall be the price?"

"Oh, sixpence," said Parker.

"Why not half-a-crown? Hate cheap papaws m'self," murmured Bloomfield.

"Well, you know," faltered Cawley, "my cousin (fellow in the Foreign Office) said he'd buy new penny papaw!"

"Well, then," said everybody, "why not make it a penny?" So that also was decided.

"That's, all I think," observed Cawley in a satisfied tone. "I don't think we've got anything else to decide."

"My good fellow," I cried, "how about the office, the date of publication, the advertisements, the advertising, the—in fact, —everything?"

"Oh! you'll see to all that like a good fellow. You know

I'm the editaw, and of course I can't attend to those kind of things!"

And with this speech Cawley changed the conversation. So to me was entrusted the production of *The Hercules*. How the task was carried out shall be told at a future time.

HEARTY LAUGHS FOR THE 25TH!

WHY must everything at the *Holborn Circus* turn out a success? Because every time there is any clapping there is sure to be a *round* of applause.

THE greatest number of people in reduced circumstances are to be met with daily—on what line? Give it up? On the Metropolitan, for every official along it is doing duty below his proper station!

A THOROUGHLY BAD CHRISTMAS JOKE.—How will H.R.H. the Prince of Wales flavour his roast beef this year? Why, with the *saucers of the Nile*!

NOW FOR IT THEN!—The coldest fun this Christmas is to be had, where? At the new Gaiety Theatre—and why? Because if one goes there, one is in for the *Esquimaux-tour* (*Escumoteur*)!!

THE ECHO OF AN "ECHO."

GREAT expectations were formed both of the quantity and quality of a new paper called the *Echo*, which was splendidly advertised long before its appearance. Its size and substance are so dismally at variance with the anticipation naturally formed of them, that when the news-boys run along the streets crying out lustily, "The *Echo*! the *Echo*!" those who buy it for the first time echo, "O—h!" upon seeing it. It is said they never buy it a second time, and that we shall soon see another illustration of "*Echo in vocem*," the news-boys' occupation being *vox et præterea nil*.

NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

THE insult recently offered to the American Minister by a committee of English working men will, we trust, have its effect. It is not reasonable, of course, to imagine that a thoroughly representative Committee of the kind should be acquainted with the ordinary usages of Society, or understand the behaviour of gentlemen, and therefore it would be simply out of place to say that Mr. Robert Coningsby, its mouth-piece, had to do a remarkably snobbish thing.

That Mr. Reverdy Johnson, representing as he does a great empire, should in his official capacity have condescended to accept an invitation from a parcel of nobodies, speaks highly for his determination to spare no pains, or shrink from any ordeal, however disagreeable, that might in any way consolidate the good feeling now happily springing up between the United States and this country. We can only trust that he will let this exceptional bit of low breeding on the part of a few ignorant Englishmen serve to set off, in a still stronger light, the really genuine welcome and true British hospitality he has experienced elsewhere. He was kind enough to say something of the sort in his public reply to the letter informing him of the vulgarity to which we have referred; and it is only in keeping with his every official act since his arrival amongst us that he should have done so.

All honour, then, to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and the spirit he represents.

As to the conduct of the "Committee" that had the impertinence to address him, it has merely furnished another additional weapon for the hands of those who are gradually getting more and more opposed to the bore of the age. The working-man proper has had a good deal to answer for lately, but yet he was supposed to be up to the average in British ideas of the duties of host, and likely enough to give a man a decent dinner if he asked him to his table. However, the fact turns out quite to the contrary. A Polynesian savage seems to have better manners.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

acnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
SECOND ISSUE IS NOW READY.

Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the pages.

LONDON, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet resigned!!!

THE report that, rather than be party to any more so-called reforms of that admirable institution, the Secretary to the Poor-law Board intends to resign, is, we are happy to say, unfounded. Mr. Fleming loves the poor too well to desert them now, besides there is no member of his family ready to take his place. England is said to owe much to the Dutch, but how much more does she owe to the Fleming!

WE understand that it has been arranged to run a special train from Scotland every Monday, for the benefit of those Scotchmen seeking for employment in India. The Duke of Argyll has set aside Tuesday and Wednesday for the reception of such applicants. In order to prevent any inconvenient crowding of the streets, no application will be received later than nine o'clock. A strong body of police will be in attendance. Tickets, entitling the holder to a quart of whiskey and oatcake *ad libitum*, may be had in the entrance hall of the India Office.

POOR Mr. Reverdy Johnson! He has been subjected to a cruel disappointment. The Reform League asked him to dinner, as he thought, and now he finds that it was all a mistake, and that the great Adelphi Spouting Club will have nothing to do with him. We hope the worthy American Minister will get over the shock of such a calamity. Mr. Johnson has one peculiarity which the American Radicals cannot overlook, and which is an unpardonable crime in the eyes of those vulgar and self-conceited public-house orators over whom the great Beales presides; he is, in the highest sense of the word, a gentleman, and they can as little understand the courtesy which induced him not to insult certain English gentlemen, merely because they differed from him in opinion, as they can practise such courtesy themselves.

THE MOST HONEST TRADE!—Why, Toma-hawking!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN
BRIGHT, M.P.,

President of the Board of Trade.

Now that, friend John, I must revere
A Minister in you,
I very much should like to hear,
In language definite and clear,
What you propose to do.

Of course, the House of Lords you will
Abolish at a blow,
And forthwith introduce a Bill
Which shall the Bench of Bishops fill
With sacerdotal woe.

The custom of Entail, I'm sure,
You will at once forbid;
And of that blot unjust, impure,
The law of primogeniture,
The country you will rid.

The Army, as a thing of course,
Will straightway be dissolved.
War will be dried up at its source;
Questions of right with those of force
No more will be involved.

Now that in office you're installed,
We in a week, at most,
Shall see the F. O. overhauled,
All our ambassadors recalled,
And consuls take their post.

The Royal Navy shall no more
Insult the peaceful seas;
No more the wicked Armstrongs roar,
Or rude proud pennons from the shore
Flap in the morraing breeze.

Paupers will henceforth be unknown;
Taxes will drop to nil;
And our free breakfast-tables groan
With imports cheap from ev'ry zone,
And each man have his fill.

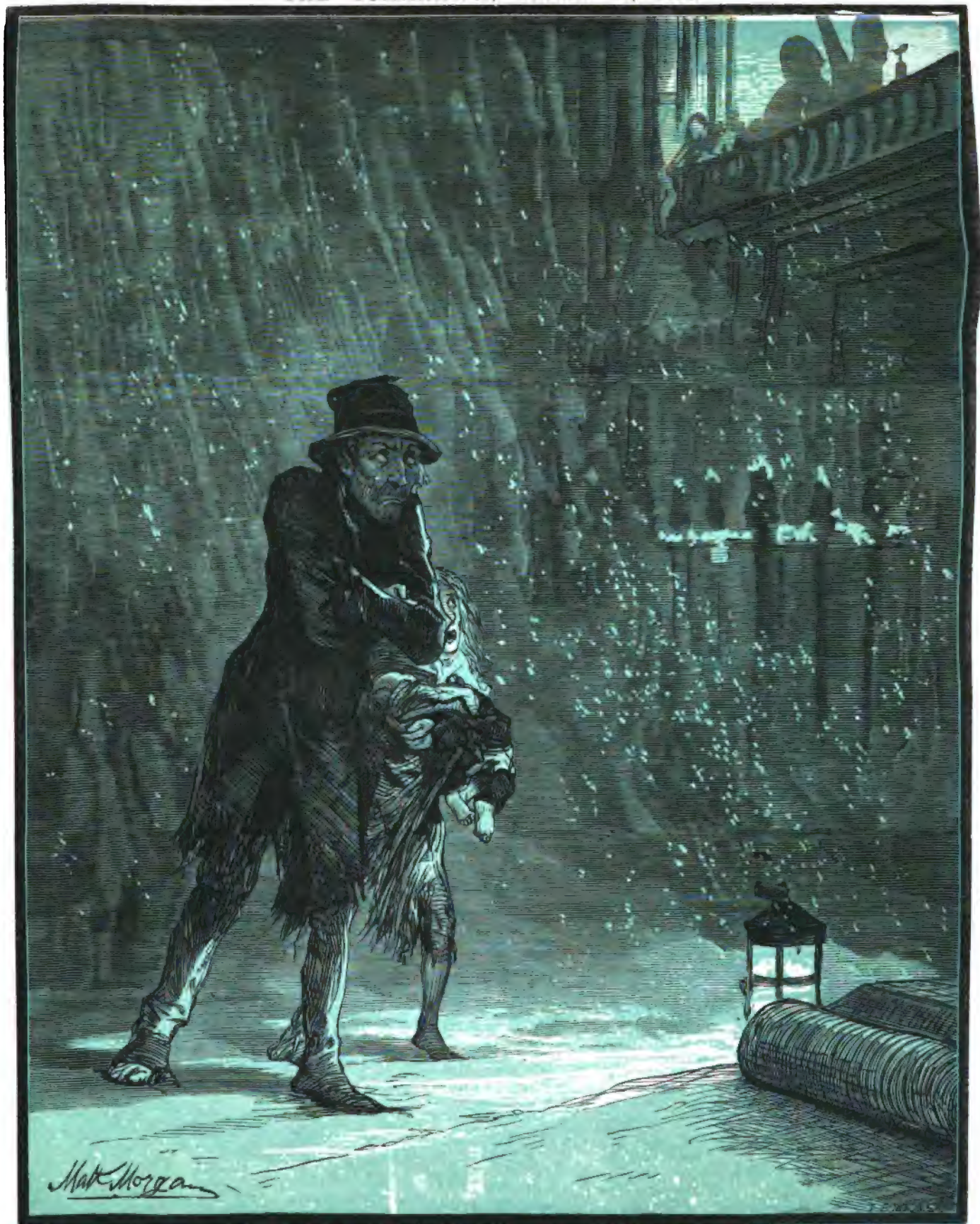
No hind will want a plot of land,
But in a trice will get;
Supply shall far surpass demand;
Tenants on their own soil shall stand,
And never be in debt.

If these fine things shall happen now—
As you have always said;
They would, if we would but allow
Plain folks like you to show us how—
Then, honours on your head!

But if they don't—and I, John, am
A sceptic, I aver—
'Tis plain you are a noisy sham;
And, not to deal in empty flam,
I always thought you were.

"TAME CATS" GOING TO THE DOGS!

THIS is our "Index Number," and we have no space to express all we think about Mr. Yates's new drama. Enough to say it is as bad as a false shilling in dialogue and plot, and like a bad shilling should be changed as quickly as possible. No words of ours can do justice, or rather injustice, to Mr. Blakey's acting. This gentleman was simply AWFUL!!! Mr. Hare was good, and Miss Wilton *piquante*. As *ruste* we may sum up the play (remembering as we do the realistic scenery) in three words, "Doors and bores!"



“ A MERRY CHRISTMAS! ”

OR,
A SILENT APPEAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS MAY BE SENT TO

The Boys' Home, Regent's park road, W.
St. Giles's Soup Kitchen, 14 King street, Long Acre.
Providence Row Night Refuge, 22 Finsbury circus, E.C.
Model Soup Kitchen, 32 Osnaburgh street.
Field Lane Refuges, 31 St. Paul's churchyard.
Refuges for Homeless Children, 8 Queen street, W.C.

Destitute Children's Dinner Society, 25 Grosvenor mansions, S.W.
The Bluegate Fields Ragged Schools, 44 Pigott street, East India road.
The Good Shepherd Ragged Schools, Pomeroy street, New Cross road, E.C.
Christmas Dinner Fund, 8 Hildrop road, N.
Newport Market Refuge, 89 Charing cross.
The Metropolitan Free Dormitory Association, 22 Lamb's Conduit street.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



